



CEREBUS

Volume

15





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fax transmission

from Dave Sim at fax no.

to the attention of: Anyone reading
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(I don't have e-mail and can only be contacted
by escargot mail at Box 1674 Stn. C Kitchener
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Sincere thanks to everyone who has devoted that most valuable of human commodities -- their time -- to reading my and Gerhard's work.

Dave Sim, creator, writer, co-artist

Gerhard does prints and commissions and can be contacted at gerhardart.com

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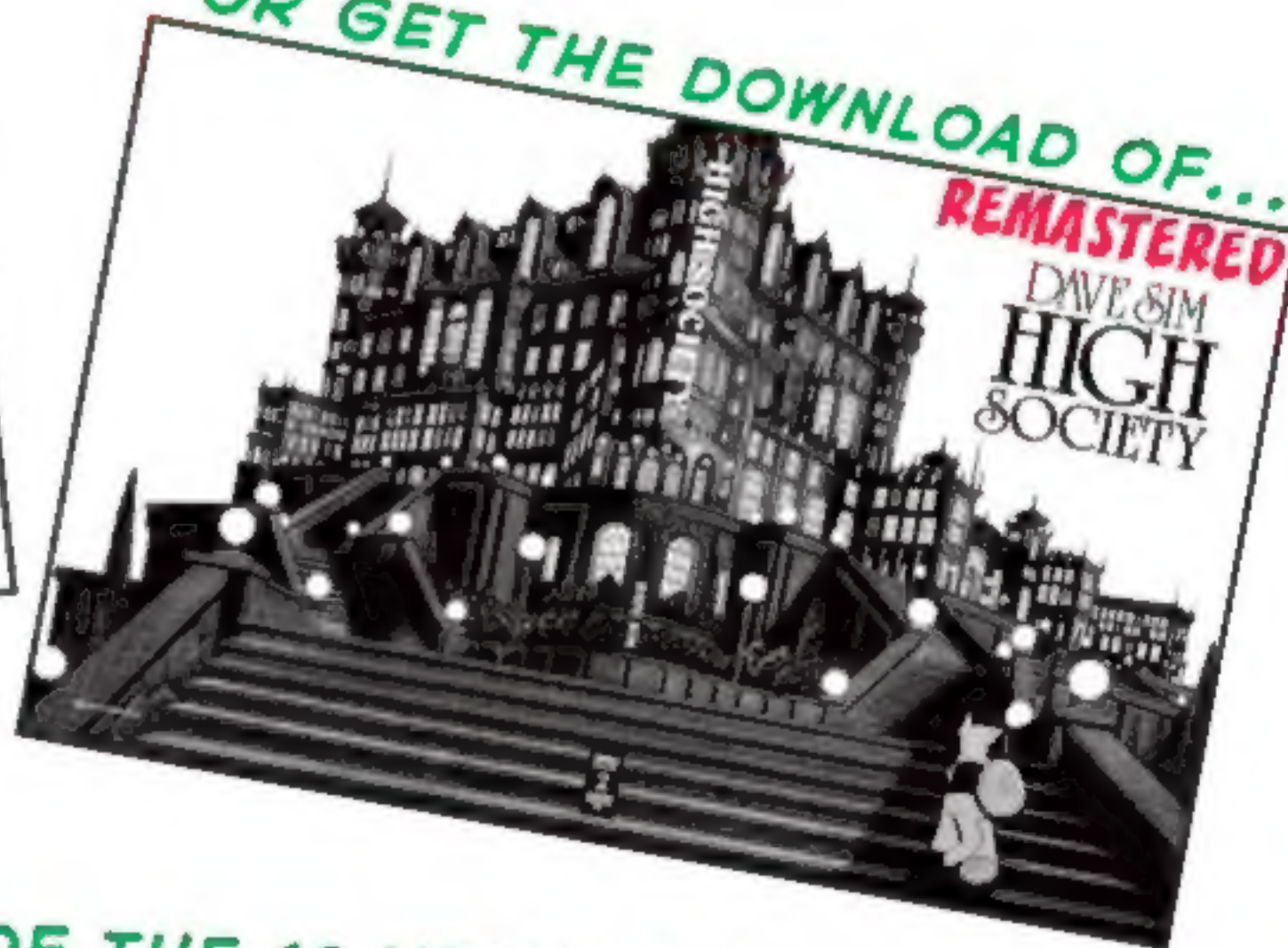
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LATTER DAYS

DAVE SIM & GERHARD



Cerebus

GOD
YHWH
"CHASING YHWH



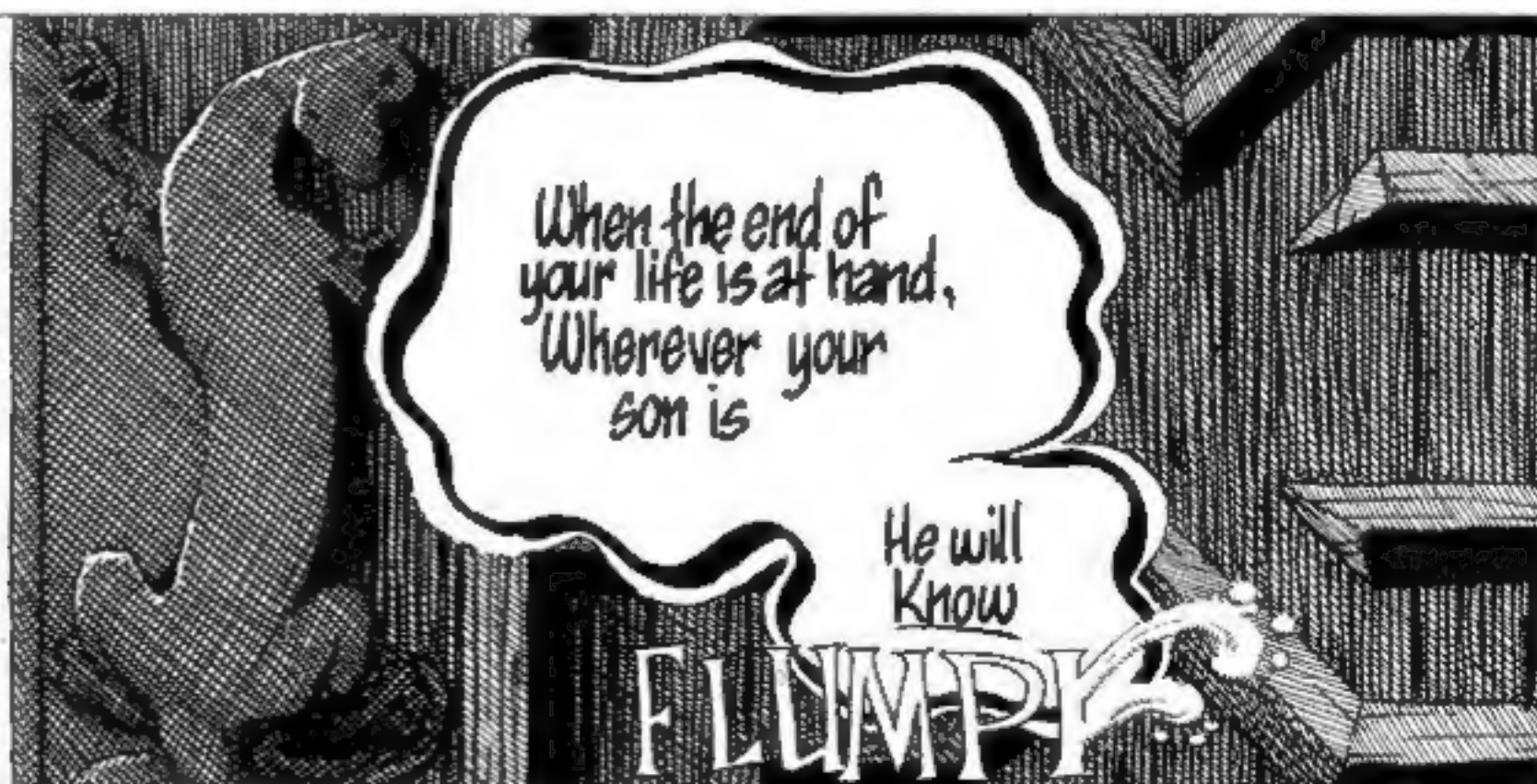
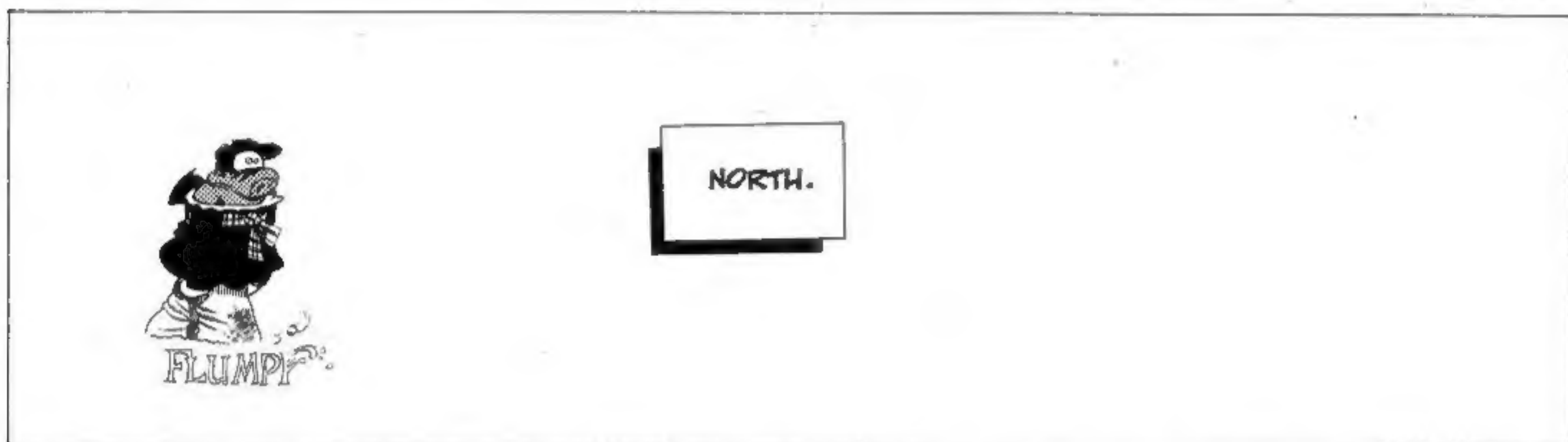
"DAZZLING!...
I COULDN'T BELIEVE THE SIZE OF THE
BATHROOM IN MY SUITE! ...THE CLIMATE
WAS SO WONDERFUL! ...THE SERVICE
WAS PERFECT! ...THE FOOD WAS DELICIOUS! ...THE
ROOMS WERE SO COMFORTABLE! ...THE
STAFF WAS SO POLITE! ...THE
ENTIRE TRIP WAS A SUCCESS!"

"INCOMPARABLE!
THE BATHROOM WAS A WONDER!
THE CLIMATE WAS SO WONDERFUL!
THE SERVICE WAS PERFECT!
THE FOOD WAS DELICIOUS!
THE ROOMS WERE SO COMFORTABLE!
THE STAFF WAS SO POLITE!
THE ENTIRE TRIP WAS A SUCCESS!"

"I PREFER THE EARLY
PUNNIER DAYS."

"BUT EVEN I HAVE TO ADMIT
CHASING
YHWH IV:
THE FINAL CHAPTER







And he
Will return
home To you

In Time
to say
Goodbye

'SEE!'

"WHETHER MAGUS
DORAN ACTUALLY
SAID THAT..."

"OR WHETHER CEREBUS
JUST IMAGINES REMEMBERING
MAGUS DORAN SAYING
THAT..."

FLUMPI



"THE GOOD
PART IS:"

"AS SOON AS CEREBUS
CAN FIND SOMEPLACE
NICE..."

"WHERE CEREBUS CAN GET
HIMSELF **KILLED**..."

"CEREBUS
CAN STOP
THINKING
ABOUT ALL
THIS
FOR **EVER**"

"BECAUSE
CEREBUS
WILL BE
..."

"...YOU KNOW..."

"**DEAD!**"

FLUMPI



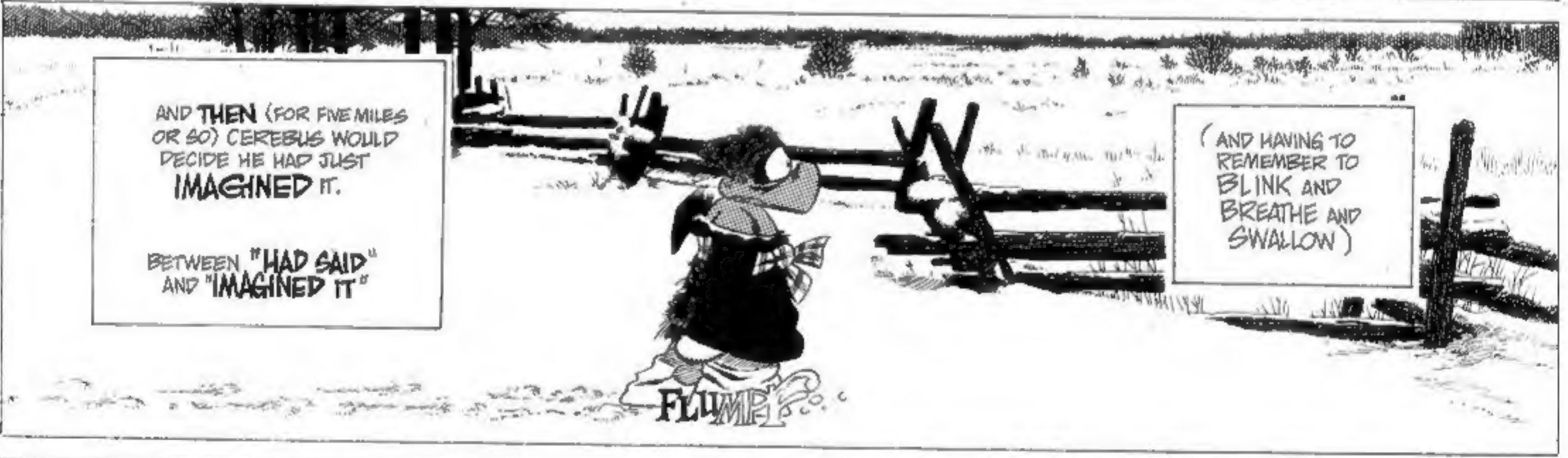
"IT'S IMPORTANT..."

"...TO ALWAYS HAVE..."

"...SOMETHING
TO LOOK FORWARD
TO."

"...SO -- FOR FIVE MILES OR SO -- CEREBUS
WOULD DECIDE THAT MAGUS DORAN
HAD SAID THAT TO CEREBUS' DAD."

FLUMPI



AND THEN (FOR FIVE MILES
OR SO) CEREBUS WOULD
DECIDE HE HAD JUST
IMAGINED IT.

BETWEEN "HAD SAID"
AND "IMAGINED IT"

(AND HAVING TO
REMEMBER TO
BLINK AND
BREATHE AND
SWALLOW)

FLUMPI



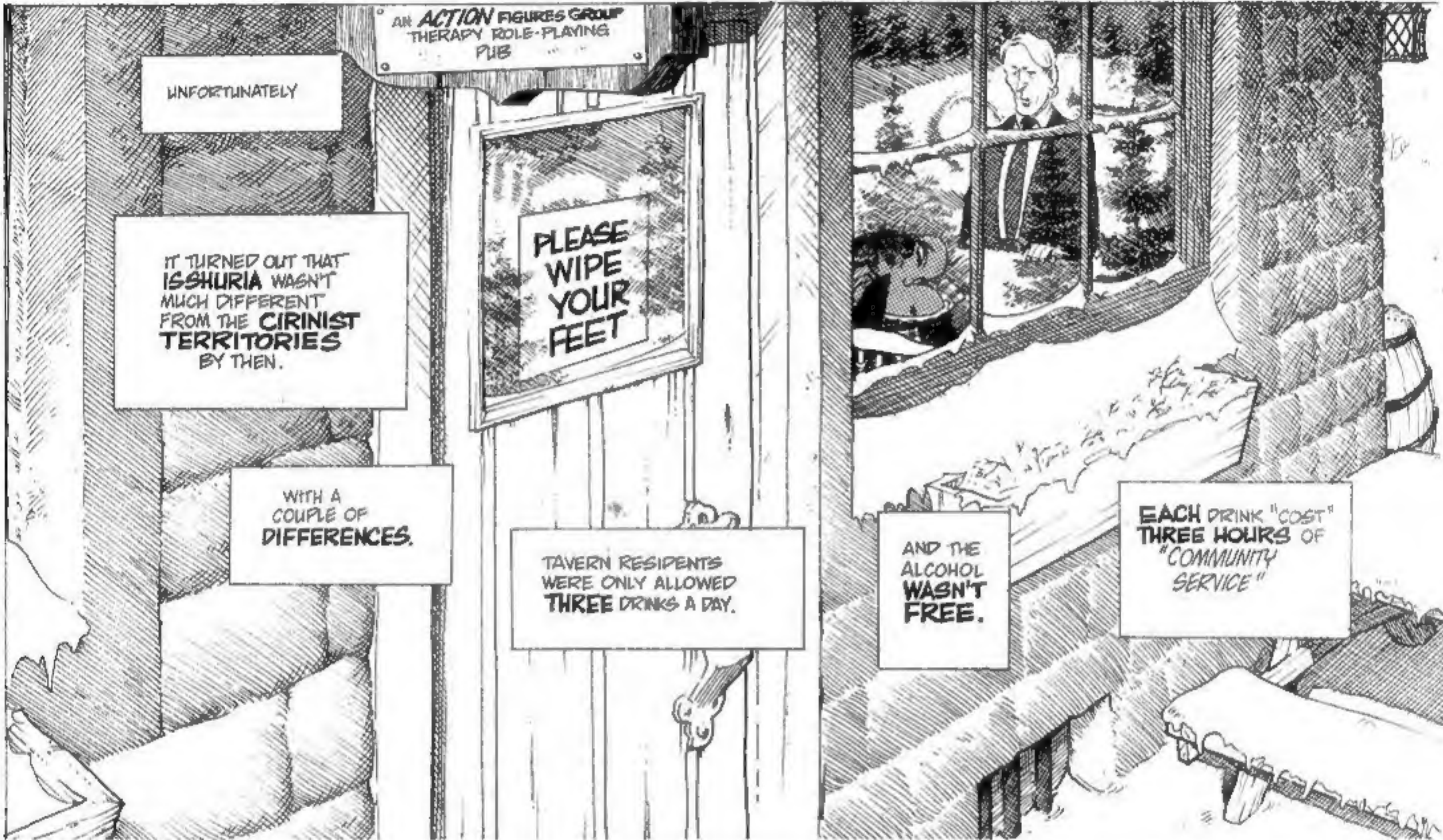
BLINK
SNIFF
GLP

FLUMPI

THE
MILES
JUST
FLEW
BY



CEREBUS
THOUGHT HE
HAD FOUND
THE PERFECT
PLACE TO GET
HIMSELF
KILLED



UNFORTUNATELY

IT TURNED OUT THAT
ISSHURIA WASN'T
MUCH DIFFERENT
FROM THE CIRINIST
TERRITORIES
BY THEN.

WITH A
COUPLE OF
DIFFERENCES.

TAVERN RESIDENTS
WERE ONLY ALLOWED
THREE DRINKS A DAY.

AND THE ALCOHOL
WASN'T
FREE.

EACH DRINK "COST"
THREE HOURS OF
"COMMUNITY
SERVICE"



HA! YOUR WIFE
TAKES YOUR MOTHER'S
SIDE IN AN ARGUMENT

"SEVENTY-FIVE
EMASCULATION
DEMERITS"

OR
ONE DRINK

FOR EACH COMPLETED
GAME OF "THE SCAB AND
MAGGOT"— THE LIFE SKILLS
ROLE-PLAYING GAME FOR
REAL MEN.

C'MON SIX! C'MON
SIX

CLATTER
CLATTER

TWO

ONE. TAK
TWO. TAK

"YOU FAIL TO ADMIT
THE VALIDITY OF YOUR
WIFE/MOTHER'S POINT
QUICKLY ENOUGH"

AAAGH

"LOSE ALL
INTIMACY
CREDITS
FOR NEXT
FIVE
TURNS"

WHY COULDN'T
I HAVE ROLLED
A SIX?

HA
HA



AS "LOW MAN" ON THE
"COMMUNITY SERVICE"
TOTEM POLE, THEY
STARTED CEREBUS ON
LATRINE DUTY...

JUST LIKE
IN THE
ARMY.

SCRAAPE PLOP SCRAAPE PLOP



CEREBUS
HADN'T BEEN
SHOVELLING
FOR VERY
LONG...

...WHEN
SOMETHING
HAPPENED

TIP

CEREBUS DOESN'T
REMEMBER
WHAT HAPPENED
EXACTLY... BUT

SOMETHING
HAPPENED

THUMP



AND CEREBUS
BLANKED
OUT

FOR A
LONG

LOOOONG

TIME

WHEN CEREBUS
FINALLY **BLANKED**
"IN" AGAIN



HE TRIED TO
FIGURE OUT HOW
LONG HE HAD BEEN
TENDING MR. GURZKY'S
SHEEP.

CEREBUS ADDED
IT UP **ONE** WAY

THEN ADDED IT
UP **ANOTHER** WAY
AND IT ALWAYS
CAME OUT THE
SAME:





BASICALLY, A SHEEP IS A WALKING STOMACH...

...THAT TURNS GRASS AND HAY...

MUNCH MUNCH MUNCH

...INTO MEAT AND WOOL



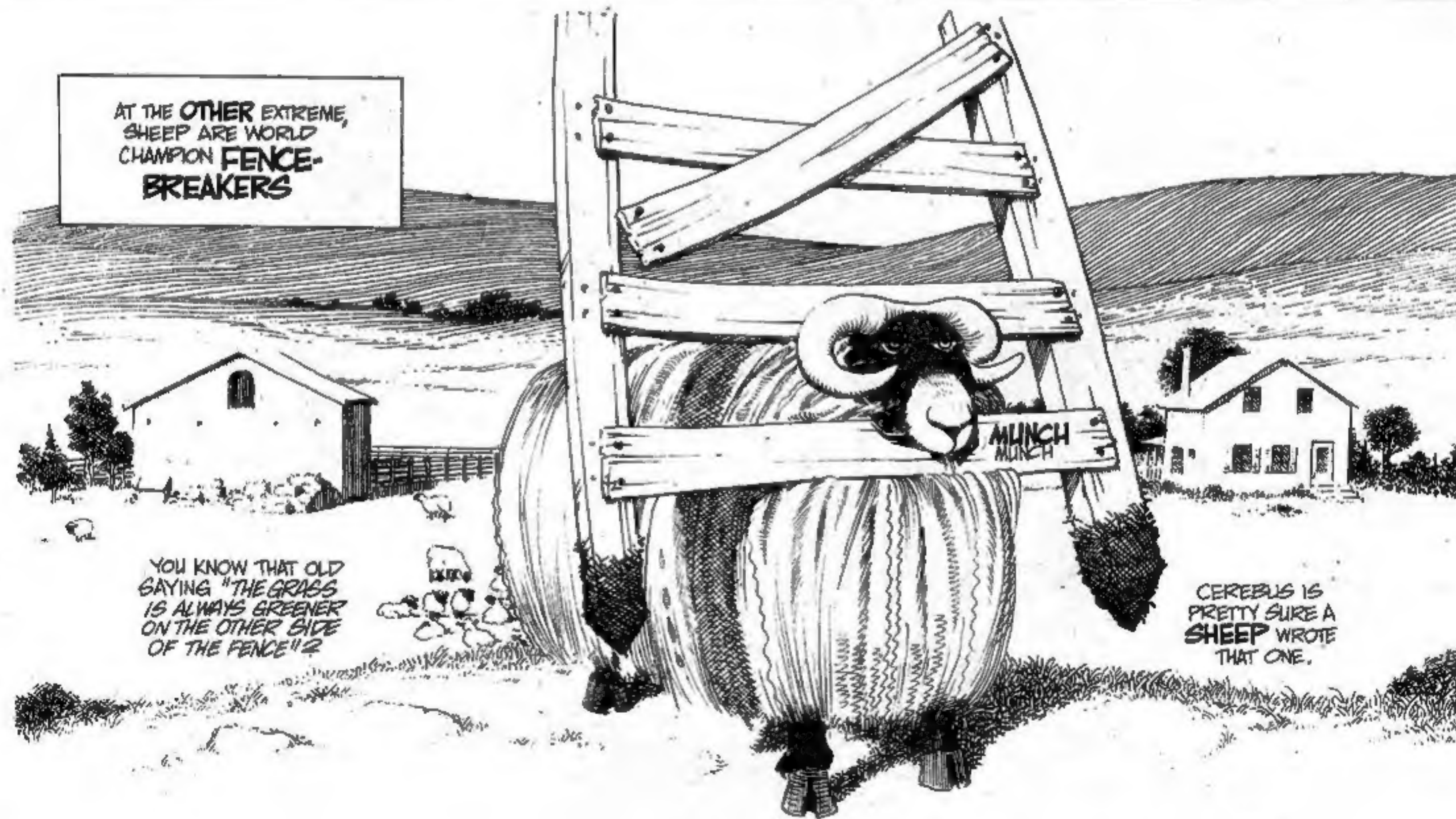
THE SLIGHTEST DISTURBANCE CAN SEND THEM RUNNING IN THE OTHER DIRECTION...

...AND EVEN IF NOTHING ENDS UP ATTACKING THEM THEY CAN GET SO SCARED...

DOING!

...THEY CAN JUST COLLAPSE AND DIE ON THE SPOT.

DOING DOING DOING DOING



AT THE OTHER EXTREME, SHEEP ARE WORLD CHAMPION FENCE-BREAKERS

YOU KNOW THAT OLD SAYING "THE GRASS IS ALWAYS GREENER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE"?

MUNCH MUNCH

CEREBUS IS PRETTY SURE A SHEEP WROTE THAT ONE.

MR GLURZKY USED TO SAY
"A SHEEP'S WORST ENEMY
IS ANOTHER SHEEP."

TRUER WORDS WERE
NEVER SPOKEN.

IF ONE OF 'EM HAS
WORMS, FOOT-AND-
MOUTH, LIVER FLUKE,
SWAYBACK OR
SCRAPIE...

THEY ALL HAVE WORMS, FOOT-AND-
MOUTH, LIVER FLUKE, SWAYBACK
OR SCRAPIE.



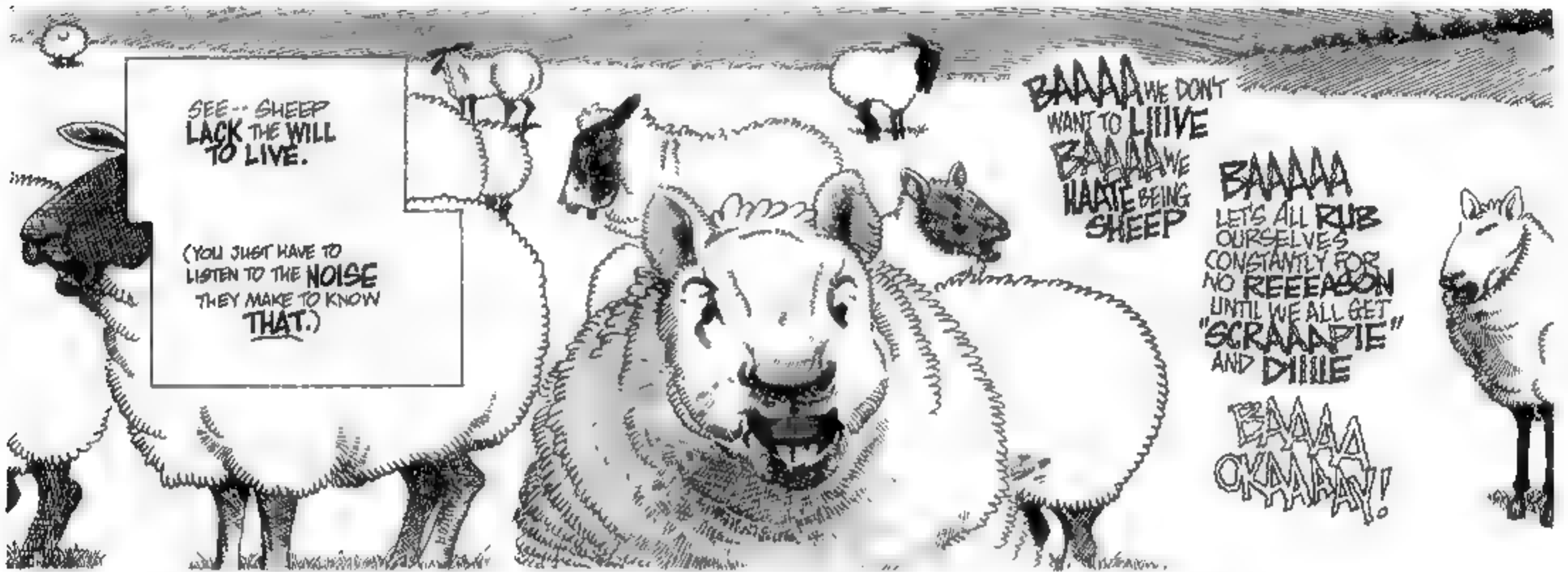
SEE-- SHEEP
LACK THE WILL
TO LIVE.

(YOU JUST HAVE TO
LISTEN TO THE NOISE
THEY MAKE TO KNOW
THAT.)

BAAAA WE DON'T
WANT TO LIVE
BAAAA WE
HATE BEING
SHEEP

BAAAA
LET'S ALL RUB
OURSELVES
CONSTANTLY FOR
NO REEEASON
UNTIL WE ALL GET
"SCRAAPIE"
AND DIE

BAAAA
OYAAAA!



YOU HAVE TO "DIP"
THEM-- ONCE IN THE
SUMMER, AND THEN
ONCE IN THE WINTER
TO KEEP THE WORMS
AND THE PARASITES
AWAY

HOLDING EACH
SHEEP "UNDER"
FOR A FULL
MINUTE.



DON'T WEAR
YOUR GOOD
CLOTHES



AT THE SLIGHTEST
HINT OF LAMENESS,
CATCH THE SHEEP.

...INSPECT THE
FEET.

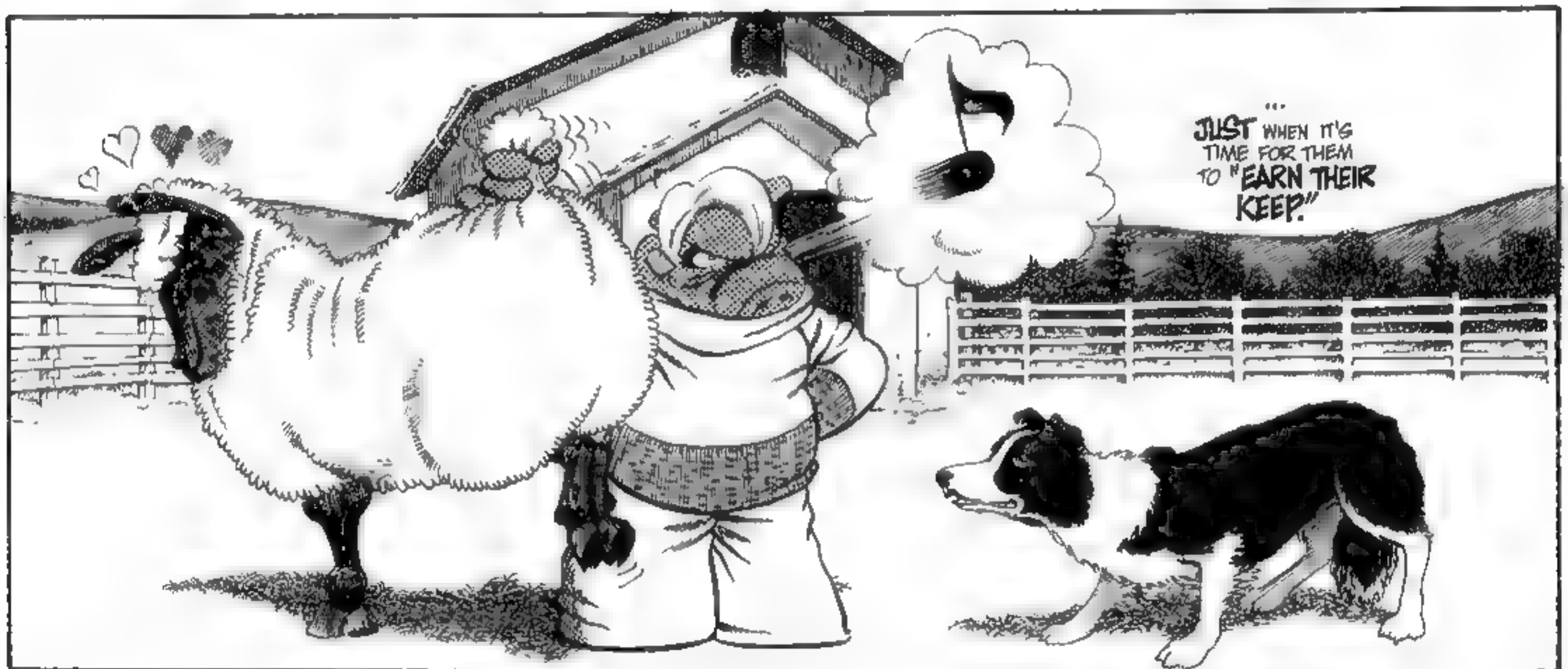
...USE THE
KNIFE
(WHERE
NECESSARY),...

...AND PUT SOME
FOOT-ROT MEDICINE
ON EACH BAAAA?
HOOF

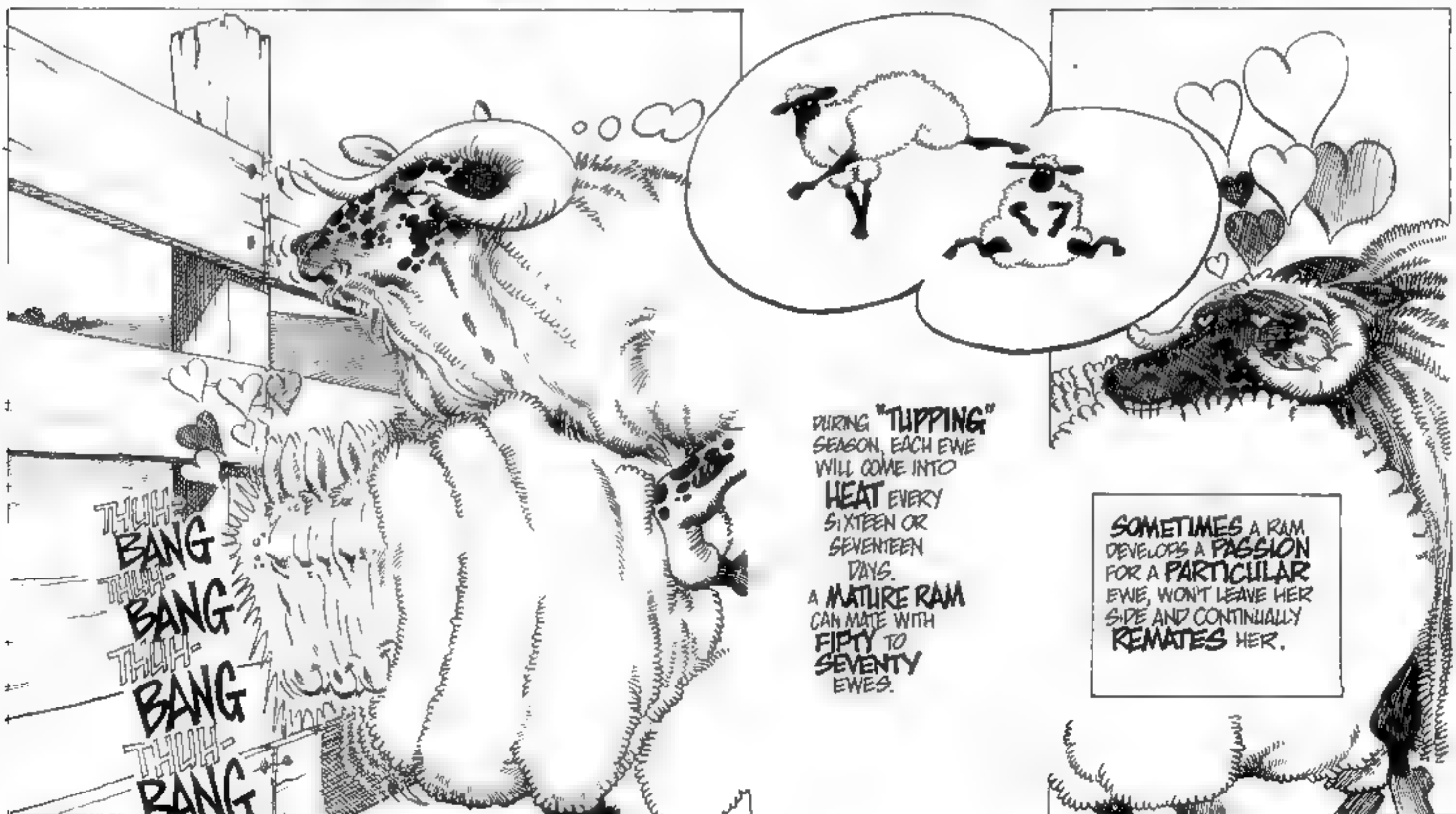
CHIP
CHIP



DON'T NEGLECT THE RAMS, EITHER.
RAMS HAVE AN INFURIATING HABIT
OF WALKING SOUNDLY TEN MONTHS
OUT OF THE YEAR -- AND THEN
COMING UP LAME....

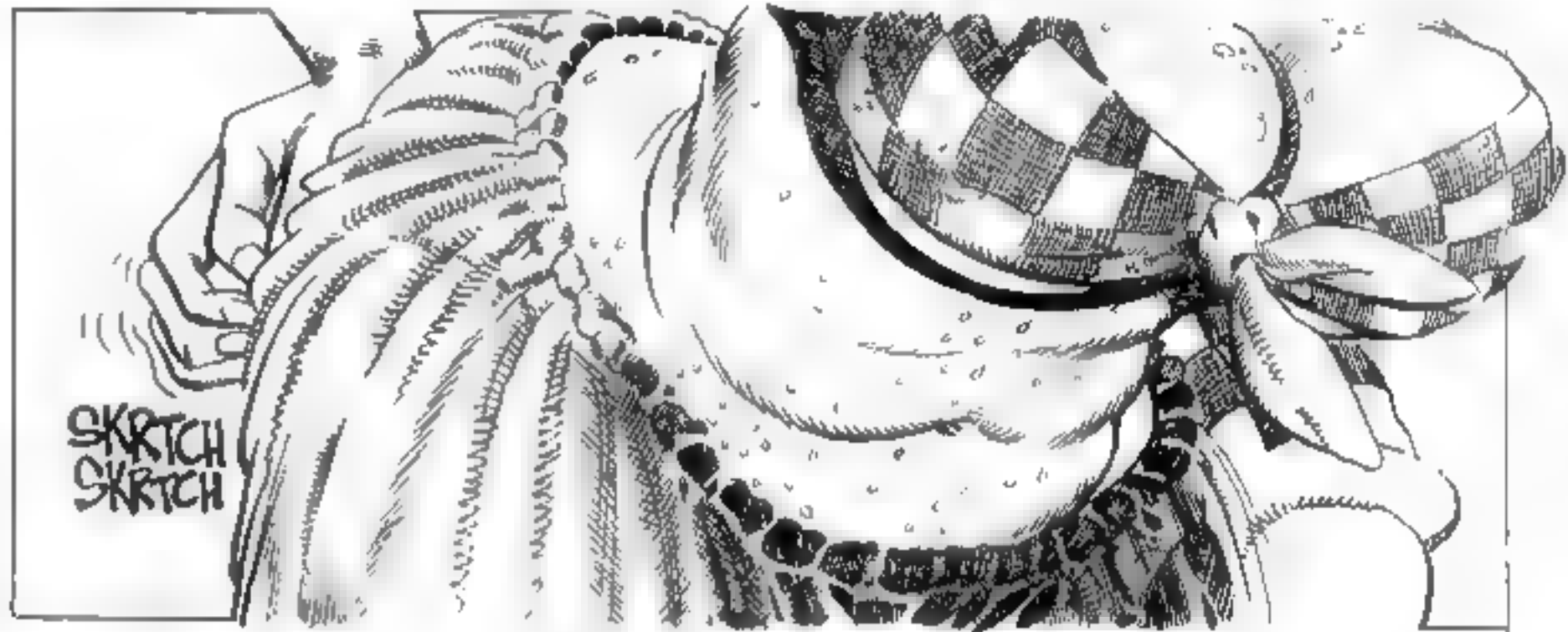
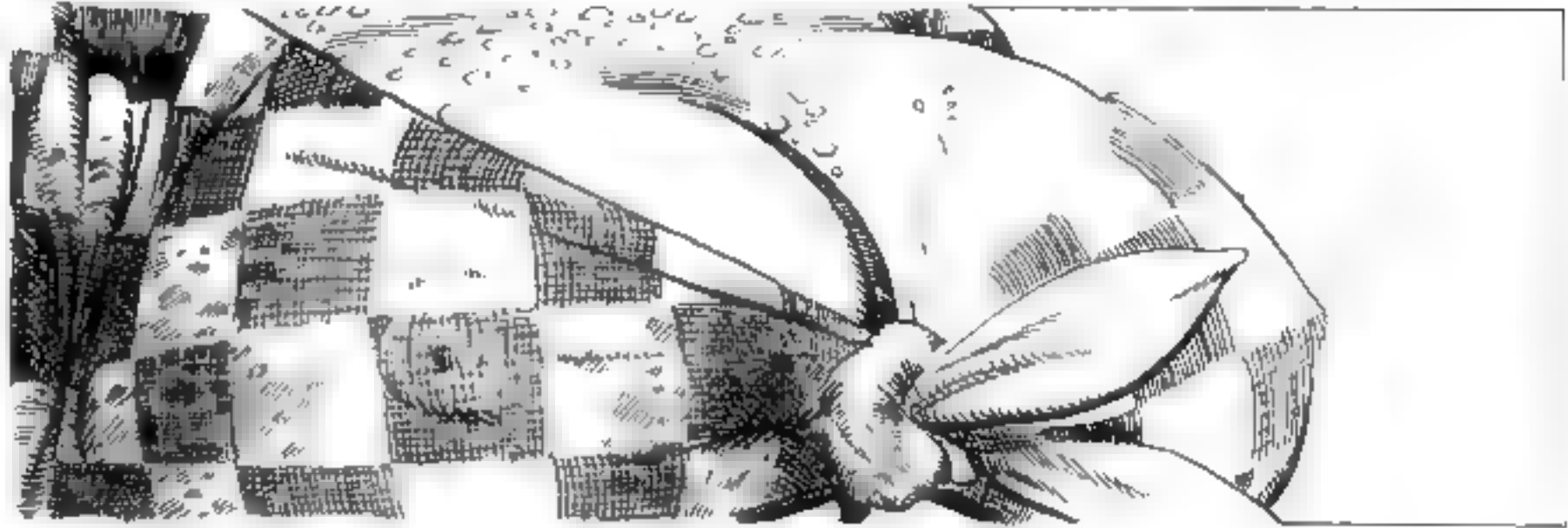
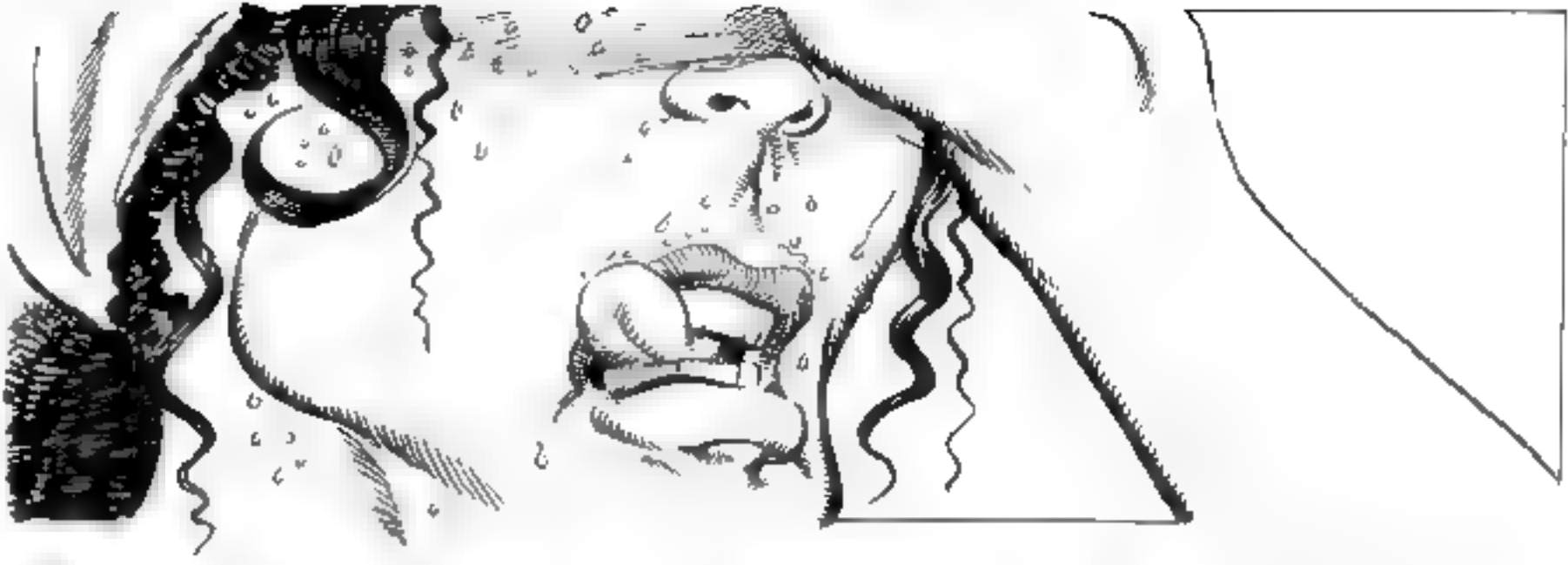


JUST WHEN IT'S
TIME FOR THEM
TO "EARN THEIR
KEEP."



DURING "TUPPING"
SEASON, EACH EWE
WILL COME INTO
HEAT EVERY
SIXTEEN OR
SEVENTEEN
DAYS.
A MATURE RAM
CAN MATE WITH
FIFTY TO
SEVENTY
EWES.

SOMETIMES A RAM
DEVELOPS A PASSION
FOR A PARTICULAR
EWE, WON'T LEAVE HER
SIDE AND CONTINUALLY
REMATES HER.



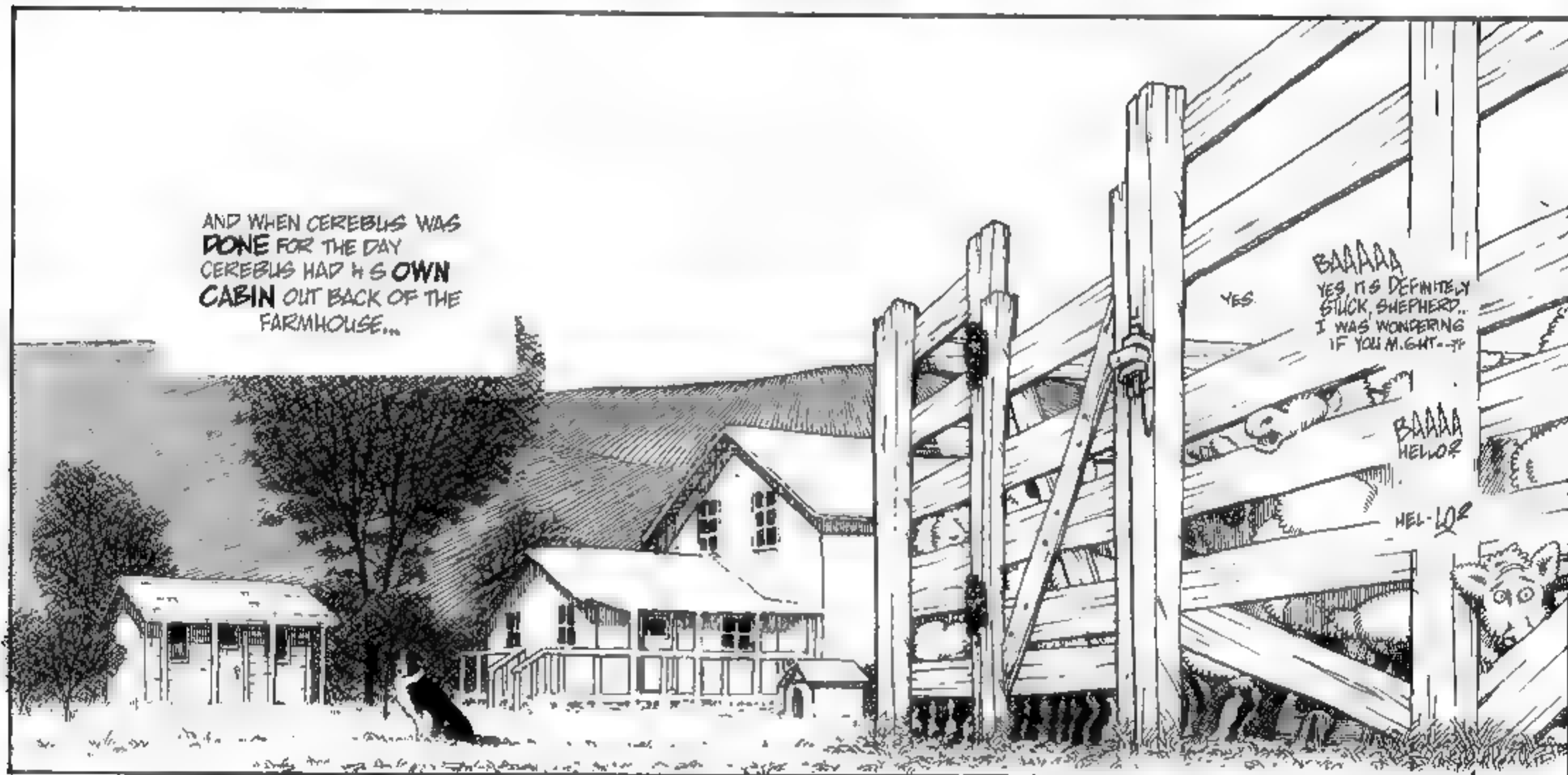
(SORRY, CEREBUS GETS A
LITTLE CARRIED AWAY
TALKING ABOUT SHEEP)

ANYWAY -- THE POINT IS -- WHEN
CEREBUS 'BLANKED IN' CEREBUS
REALIZED THAT HIS LIFE WAS
GOOD!

CEREBUS HAD LEARNED
A TRADE AND CEREBUS
WAS GOOD AT IT!



AND WHEN CEREBUS WAS
DONE FOR THE DAY
CEREBUS HAD HIS OWN
CABIN OUT BACK OF THE
FARMHOUSE...



...WHERE MRS. GURZKY
WOULD LEAVE CEREBUS'
SUPPER ON THE
TABLE.

FRESH
SHEPHERD'S
PIE.

BREADED
TROUT.

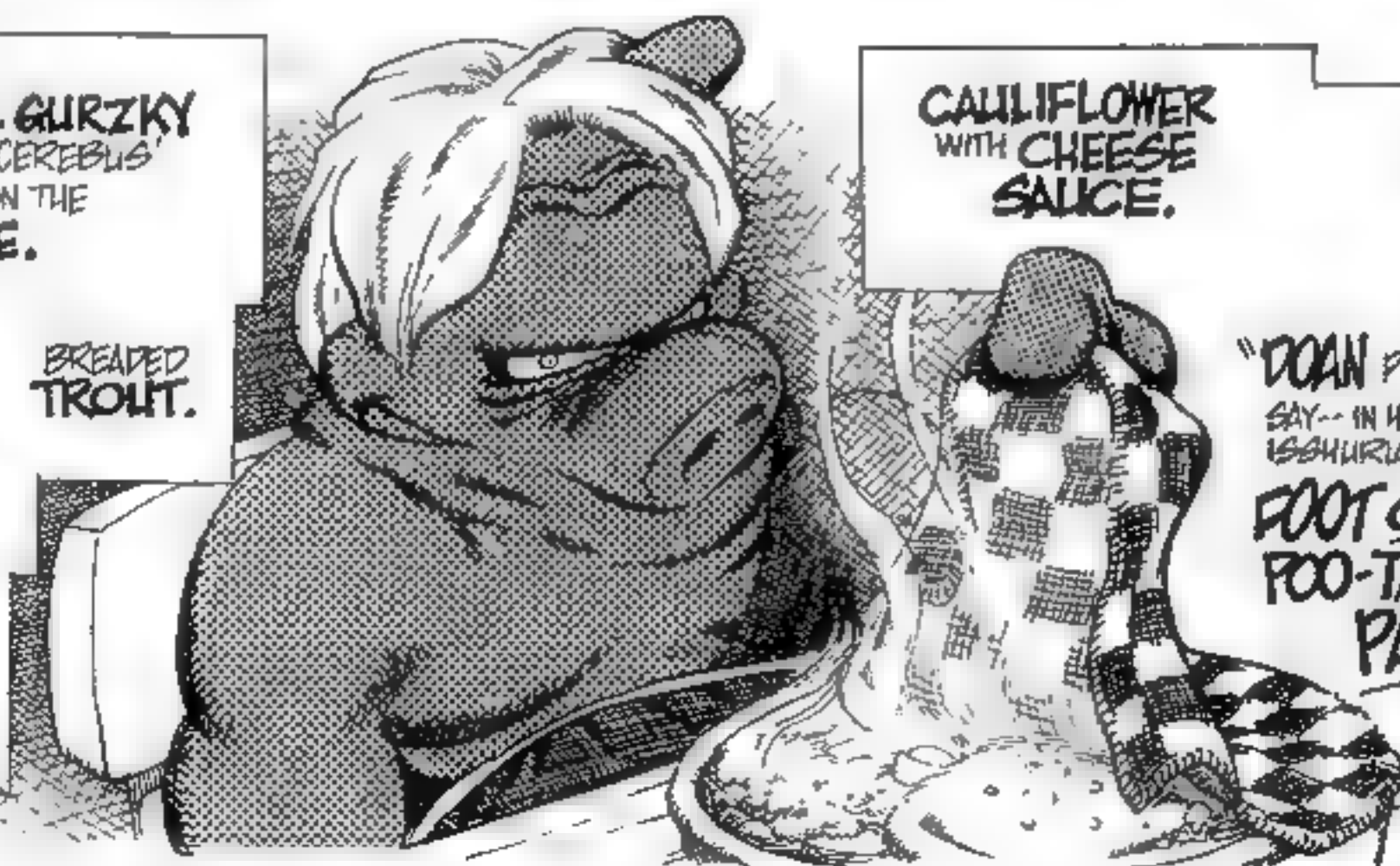
MUTTON
STEW.

CAULIFLOWER
WITH CHEESE
SAUCE.

HEH, SHE REFUSED TO
LET CEREBUS EAT RAW
POTATOES

"DOAN FEE APSURT." (SHE WOULD
SAY -- IN HER THICK NORTHERN
ISGHURIAN ACCENT) "GOOT
FOOT ONELY THIZ HONZ ' ROW
FOO-TAH-TOOZ FOOR
PASSINT."

("PEASANT")





OH, RIGHT! AND MR GURZKY HAD SAWED THE LEGS OFF OF THEIR OLD TABLES AND CHAIRS - SO CEREBUS HAD "CEREBUS-SIZE" FURNITURE FOR ONCE IN HIS LIFE! THAT WAS REALLY GOOD! (WHERE WAS CEREBUS? OH, RIGHT) AFTER SUPPER, CEREBUS WOULD...



HAVE A GOOD
HARD "PULL" ON
THE JUG OF CORN
LIQUOR THAT MR.
GURZKY KEPT
BEHIND THE
HAY BALES...

GULP



AND THEN CEREBUS
WOULD SETTLE INTO
BED AND READ A

(PGOT) ?

WHAT?
(CEREBUS FORGOT
A PART)

FORGOT A PART?
WHAT PART?
CEREBUS DIDN'T

(SNEAKING INTO THE
BUSHES UP BEHIND
THE FARMHOUSE...
AFTER THE CORN
LIQUOR)

(AND SPANKING
THE MONKEY
WHILE WATCHING
MRS. GURZKY
HAVE HER
BATH)

CEREBUS
DOESN'T
REMEMBER

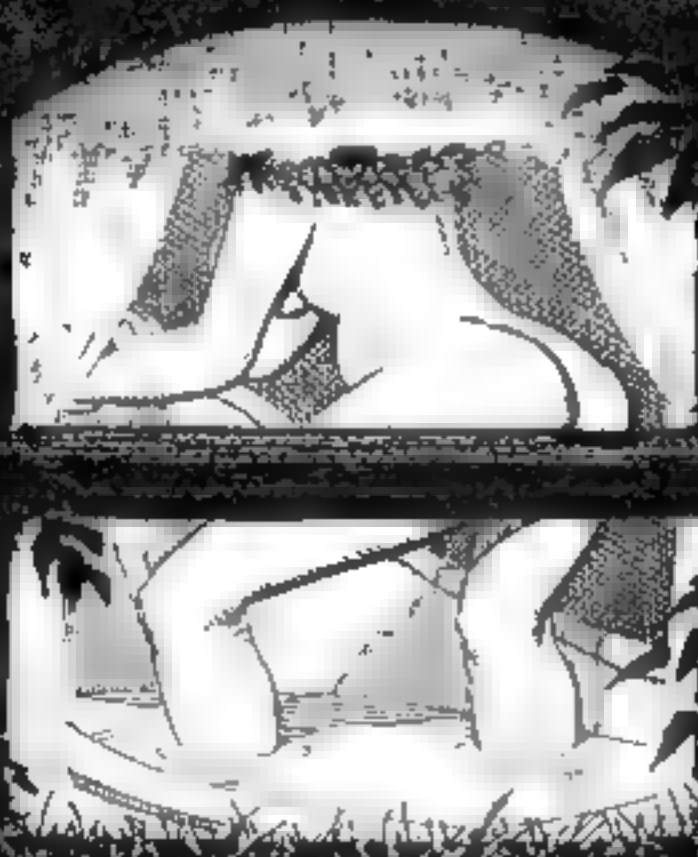
THAT CEREBUS
ONLY DID THAT ONCE (ONCE?)

A FEW
TIMES (A FEW
TIMES?)

(NOT
IMPORTANT)

(IT'S THE
WHOLE
POINT
OF THE

SHUT
UP!



SORRY.

WHAT WAS
CEREBUS
SAYING AGAIN?

ON AYE... AND THEN CEREBUS WOULD SETTLE INTO BED AND READ ANOTHER ISSUE OF "THE DREAM MASTER"... AND THEN TURN OFF THE LIGHT... AND CEREBUS WOULD LIE THERE IN THE DARK... LISTENING TO MR AND MRS GURZKY IN THEIR BEDROOM QUARRELING..... (HM

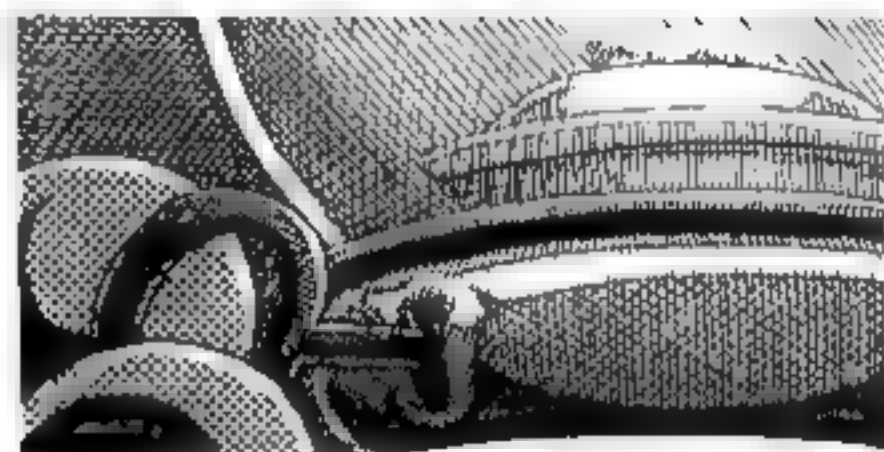
.... "QUARRELING" ISN'T REALLY THE RIGHT WORD WHAT CEREBUS WOULD LISTEN TO WAS MRS GURZKY LANDING ON MR GURZKY LIKE A TON OF BRICKS THE MOMENT HE WALKED IN THE BEDROOM.)
"EFF.. I HADT... KNOAN!"

(HEH HEH CEREBUS WON'T TRY TO "DO" MRS GURZKY'S ACCENT... WITH THE PAUSES BETWEEN THE WORDS AND EVERYTHING OR IT'LL TAKE FOREVER TO TELL YOU THE STORY.)

"IF I HAD KNOWN WHAT THIS PLACE WOULD BE LIKE I WOULD NEVER (NEFFER!) HAVE COME SOUTH WITH YOU! PEASANT! EVERYONE HERE IS PEASANT! ALL THEY DO IS TALK ABOUT EACH OTHER BEHIND BACK--THEY ALL CROUCH LIKE ANIMALS (AH-NEE-MAL) WATCHING TO SEE WHO IS GLEEP WITH WHOM; WHO IS NOT DO WHAT EVERYONE THINKS EVERYONE SHOULD DO: WHO IS DO WHATEVER EVERYONE THINKS EVERYONE SHOULD NOT DO. WHEN I, MRS. GURZKY, SIT AT TABLE IN MARKET WITH SWEATERS (SOO-WAY-TARE)..."

(MRS GURZKY KNITTED THESE GREAT SWEATERS FROM THE SHEEPS' WOOL -- THAT'S WHERE THE GURZKY'S MADE MOST OF THEIR MONEY EVEN THOUGH MRS GURZKY CALLED EVERYONE "PEASANT" LOUD ENOUGH SO THEY COULD HEAR, SHE COULDN'T KNIT FAST ENOUGH TO KEEP UP WITH THE DEMAND THAT'S HOW GREAT HER SWEATERS WERE)

...I HAVE TO FIGHT URGE TO RIP OFF ALL MY CLOTHES AND DANCE NAKED JUST TO SEE STUPID, HORRIFIED (HORE-E-FIGHT) PEASANT FACES."



SEE, GOD (CEREBUS PROBABLY THOUGHT OF HIM AS TARIM AT THAT POINT) GOD WAS SHOWING CEREBUS WHAT CEREBUS' LIFE WOULD'VE BEEN LIKE -- WITH JAKA -- IN SAND HILLS CREEK. MR GURZKY NEVER WENT TO TOWN -- OR HARDLY EVER -- AND WHEN HE DID, HE COULDN'T LOOK ANYONE IN THE EYE -- AND NO ONE WOULD LOOK HIM IN THE EYE (AND HIS FAMILY HAD HAD THE SAME FARM FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS). ALL HE HAD IN THE WORLD WAS MRS GURZKY AND THE FARM AND THAT'S ALL CEREBUS WOULD HAVE HAD. JUST JAKA. AND CEREBUS WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO LOOK ANYONE IN THE EYE AGAIN. OKAY, JAKA WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN RUPE, BUT SHE WOULD'VE BEEN JUST AS "HOTTY-TOTTY" -- JUST AS "MY SHIT DON'T STINK", MOUTHING OFF AND PULLING HER "PALNU FACE" AND JUST LIKE MR. GURZKY ONLY HAD MRS. GURZKY AND SO ALL'S HE COULD DO WAS JUST LISTEN TO HER MOUTHING OFF AND MOUTHING OFF AND MOUTHING OFF, THAT'S ALL CEREBUS COULD'VE DONE WITH JAKA.

SO, THE WEIRD THING WAS, EVEN THOUGH MR. GURZKY HAD MRS. GURZKY, CEREBUS DIDN'T ENVY HIM ONE BIT. IN FACT IT WAS ONE OF CEREBUS' FAVOURITE THINGS -- TO JUST DRIFT OFF TO SLEEP, LISTENING TO MRS. GURZKY MOUTHING OFF TO MR GURZKY KNOWING THAT THERE WASN'T ANYONE IN THE WORLD THAT CEREBUS HAD TO LISTEN TO

MOUTHING OFF
TO
CEREBUS



WELL... NOT EVERY NIGHT. ABOUT THREE OR
FOUR NIGHTS OUT OF THE MONTH
MRS. GURZKY WOULD SAY (INSTEAD)

"HOW... STYEWPT... OFF ME!"

(STILL JUST AS LOUD
THOUGH... SO, EVEN
THOUGH CEREBUS WAS
OUT BACK IN HIS CABIN,
CEREBUS COULD
HEAR EVERY WORD)

"I HAVE WORN, BY ACCIDENT, MY
WOOL PANTIES ALL DAY (WOOLHL
PAWN-TEEZ OLE DAY) AND NOW
I HAVE THE ITCH EVERYWHERE
DOWN THERE"

(THIS WAS NO BIG SURPRISE
EITHER TO MR GURZKY OR
CEREBUS SINCE MRS
GURZKY WOULD HAVE BEEN
SCRATCHING HER
ASS EVERY FIVE
SECONDS ALL DAY!)

(ALTHOUGH CEREBUS WOULD
PRETEND NOT TO NOTICE)

"YOU BAD HUSBAND!" (SHE WOULD SAY)
"WHY YOU NOT REMIND ME
I SHOULD NOT WEAR WOOL
PANTIES? WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO ABOUT MY
ITCH (HITCH)? LOOK
HOW RED AND SWOLLEN
(GOO-WOLE-IN) I AM!"

"JOIN THE CLUB," CEREBUS
WOULD THINK AND IT
WOULD TURN INTO A
LONG, LONG, LONG

THA BANG

THA BANG

THA BANG

THA BANG

THA BANG

THA BANG

THA BANG

THA BANG

THA BANG

THA BANG

THA BANG

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THA BANG

THA BANG

BUT CEREBUS STILL CAME
OUT AHEAD ON THE DEAL
(THE WAY CEREBUS
LOOKED AT IT).

THREE OR FOUR NIGHTS
OUT OF THE MONTH CEREBUS
WOULD'VE KILLED TO
TRADE PLACES WITH
MR GURZKY

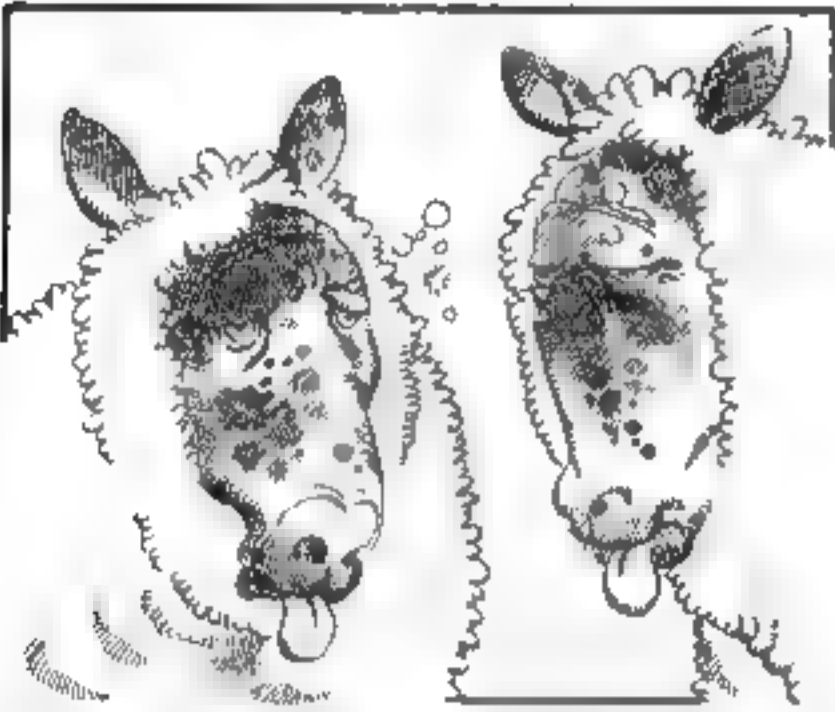
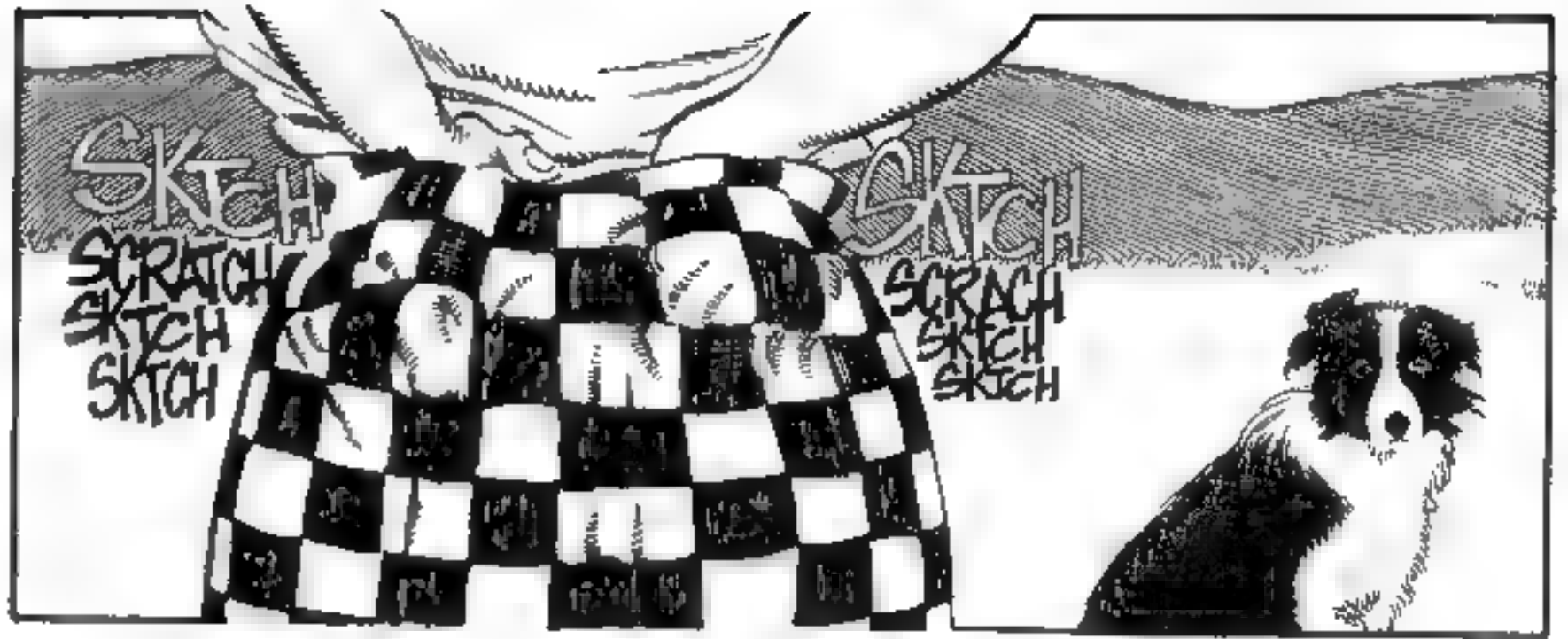
...AND TWENTY-FOUR
OR TWENTY-FIVE NIGHTS
OUT OF THE MONTH
CEREBUS WOULD RATHER
ROLL AROUND IN
BROKEN GLASS
THAN BE
MR GURZKY.

SO LIFE
WAS GOOD.





ANYWAY, ONE NIGHT -- (THE NIGHT THAT CEREBUS FINISHED READING "MORPHEUS, MASTER OF DREAMS" AS IT TURNS OUT) (CEREBUS DOESN'T KNOW IF THAT HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH WHAT HAPPENED, BUT... THERE YOU GO) A NIGHT AFTER A DAY IN WHICH MRS. GURZKY HAD BEEN SCRATCHING HER ASS WITH BOTH HANDS EVERY TWO SECONDS (SO CEREBUS WAS PREPARED FOR A LOOOONG NIGHT)

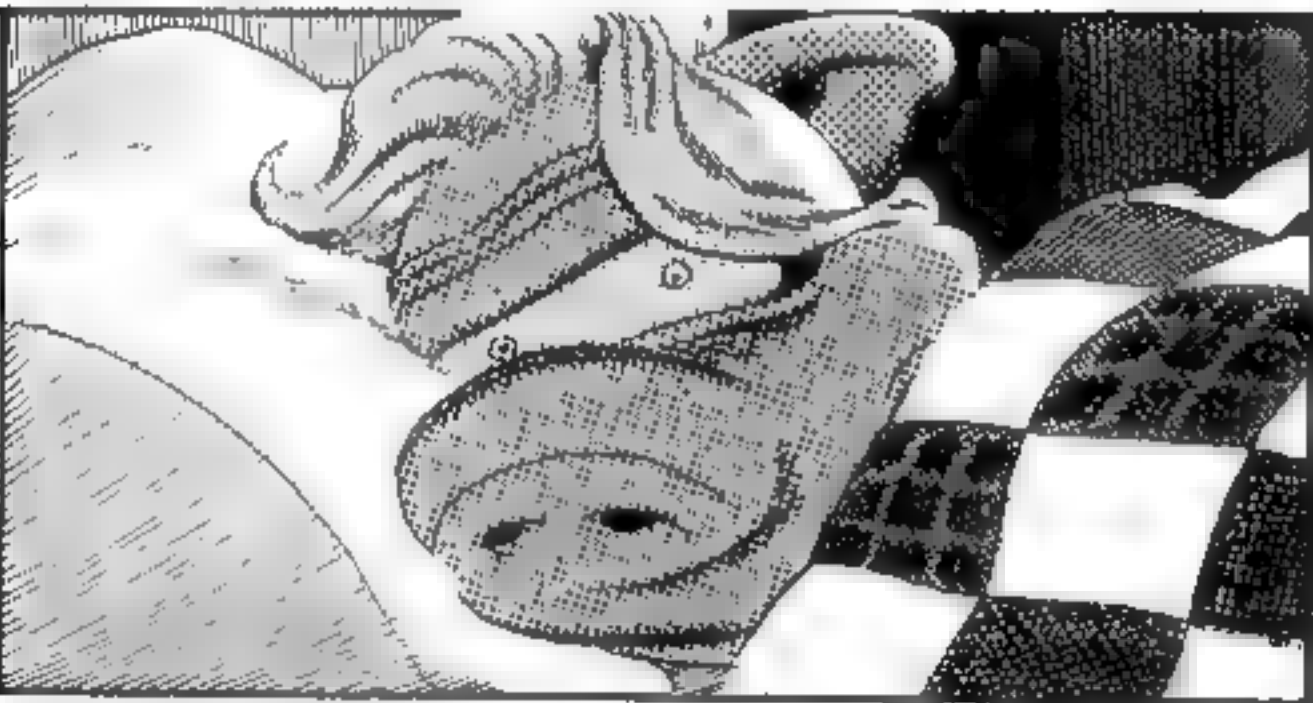


MRS. GURZKY DID HER "WOOD-UHL PAWN-TEEZ OLE DAY" NUMBER. ONLY THIS TIME MR. GURZKY SAYS (HE SAYS) "NOT TONIGHT, OKAY? GURZKY IS TOO TIRED..." (THE BONES OF THE FLOCK HAD GONE THROUGH AN ABORTION STORM THAT DAY - WHICH IS ABOUT AS MUCH FUN TO GO THROUGH - FOR A SHEEP FARMER - AS IT SOUNDS) (AND, YEA, CEREBUS WILL SPARE YOU THE DETAILS) (YOU'RE WELCOME)

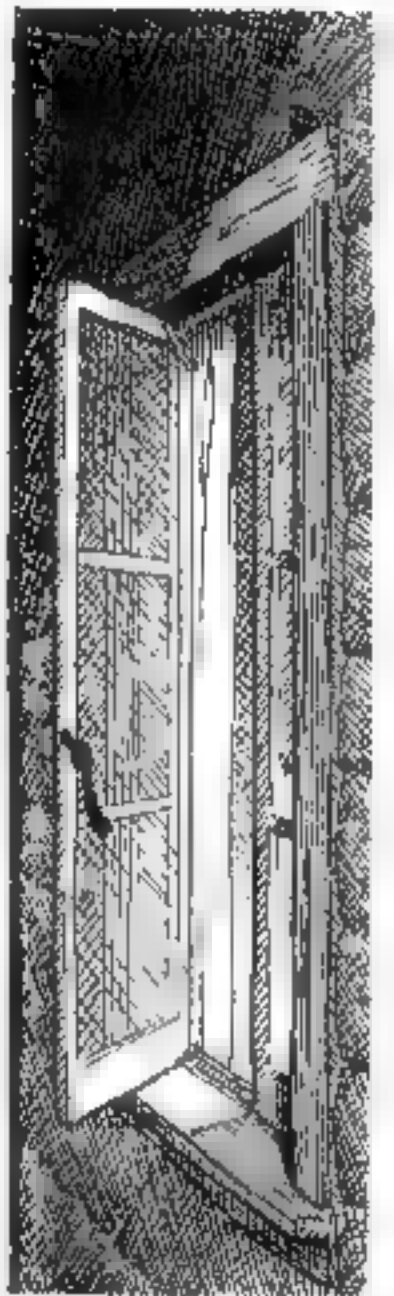


"NOT TONIGHT." THAT WAS A "FIRST" SO CEREBUS THOUGHT, "GREAT!" BECAUSE IT SEEMED TO CEREBUS WE COULD ALL USE SOME SLEEP..

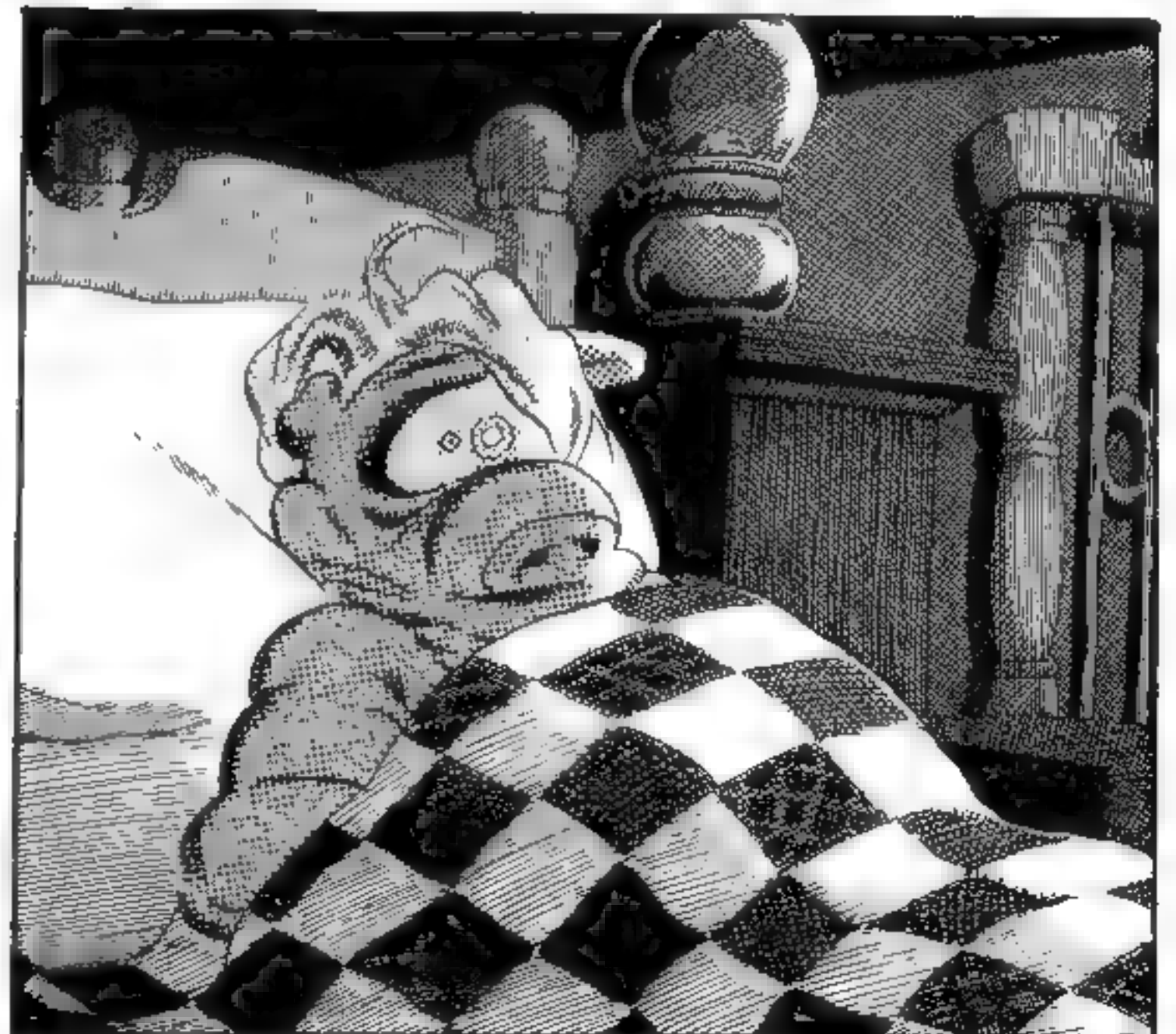
..SO CEREBUS TURNED OVER AND STARTED TO DRIFT OFF WHEN SUDDENLY HE HEARS:

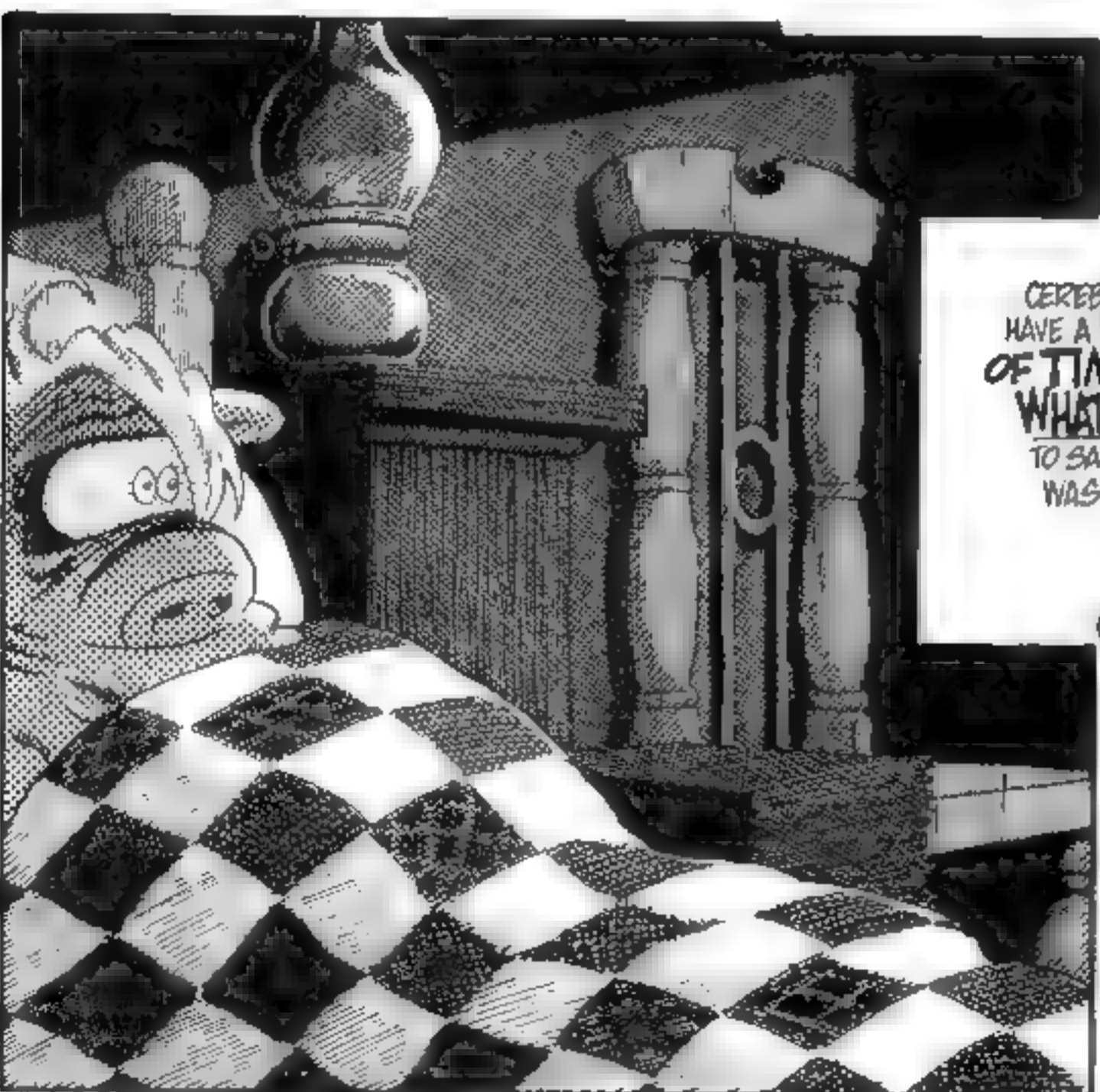
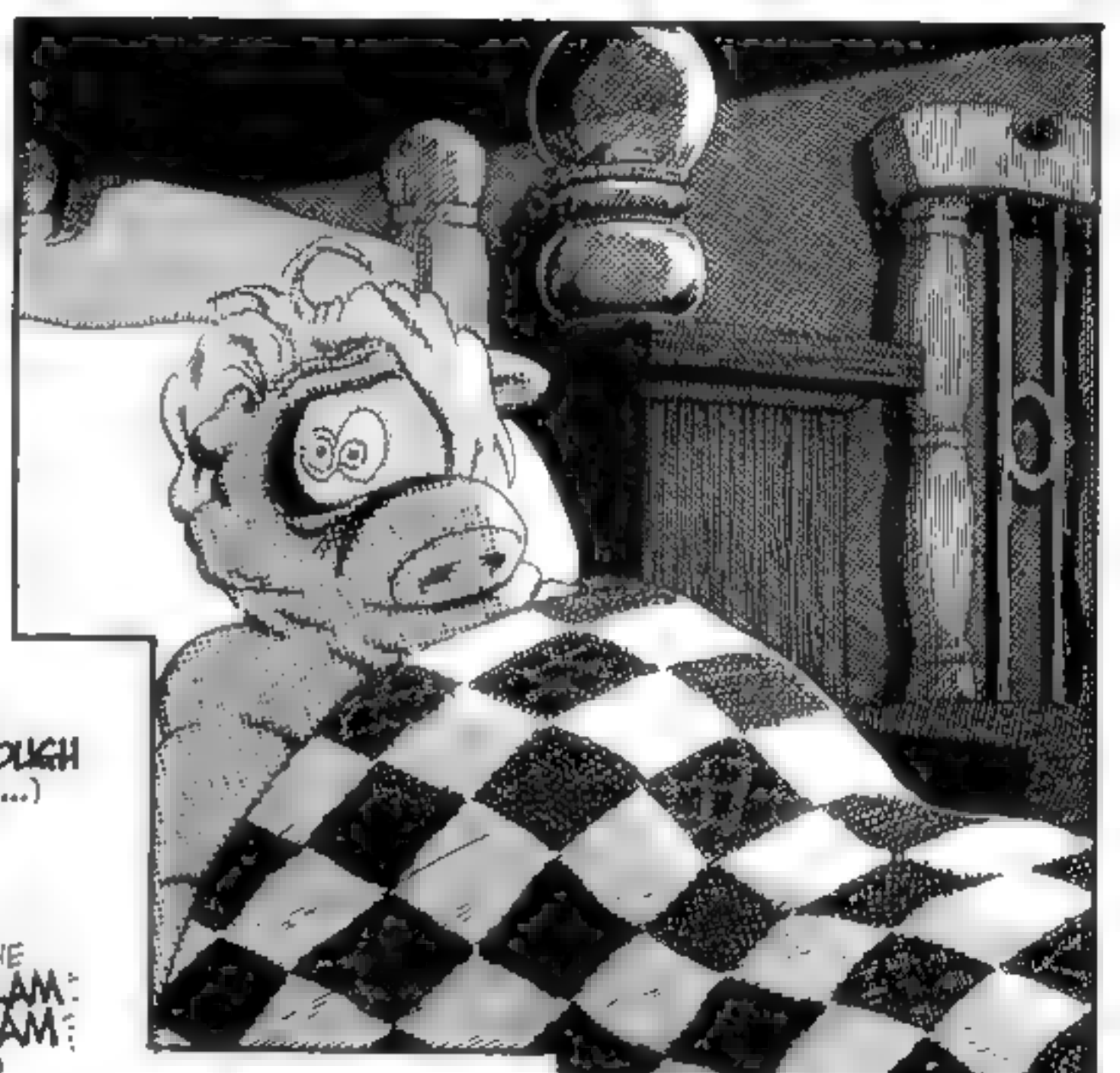
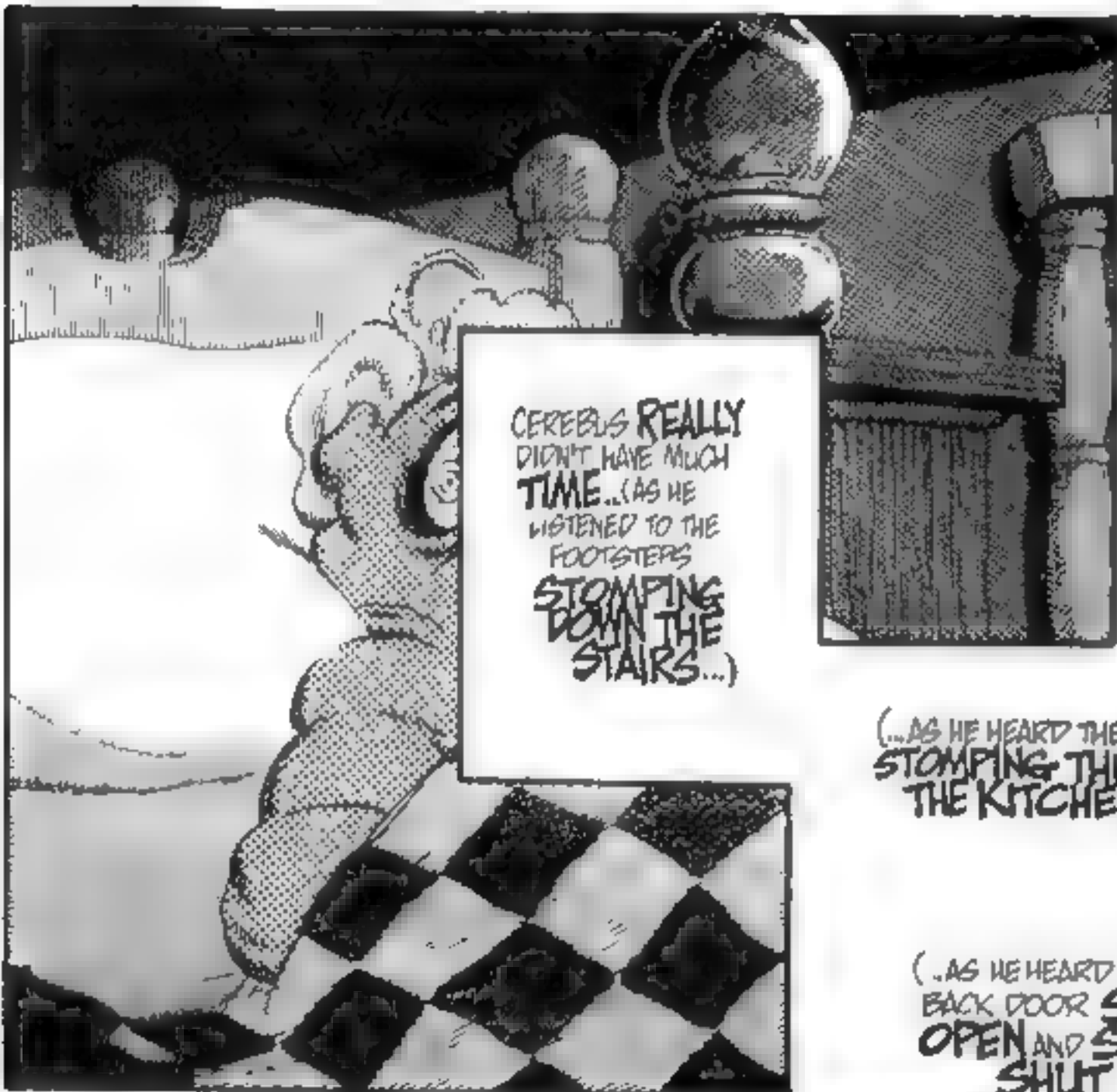
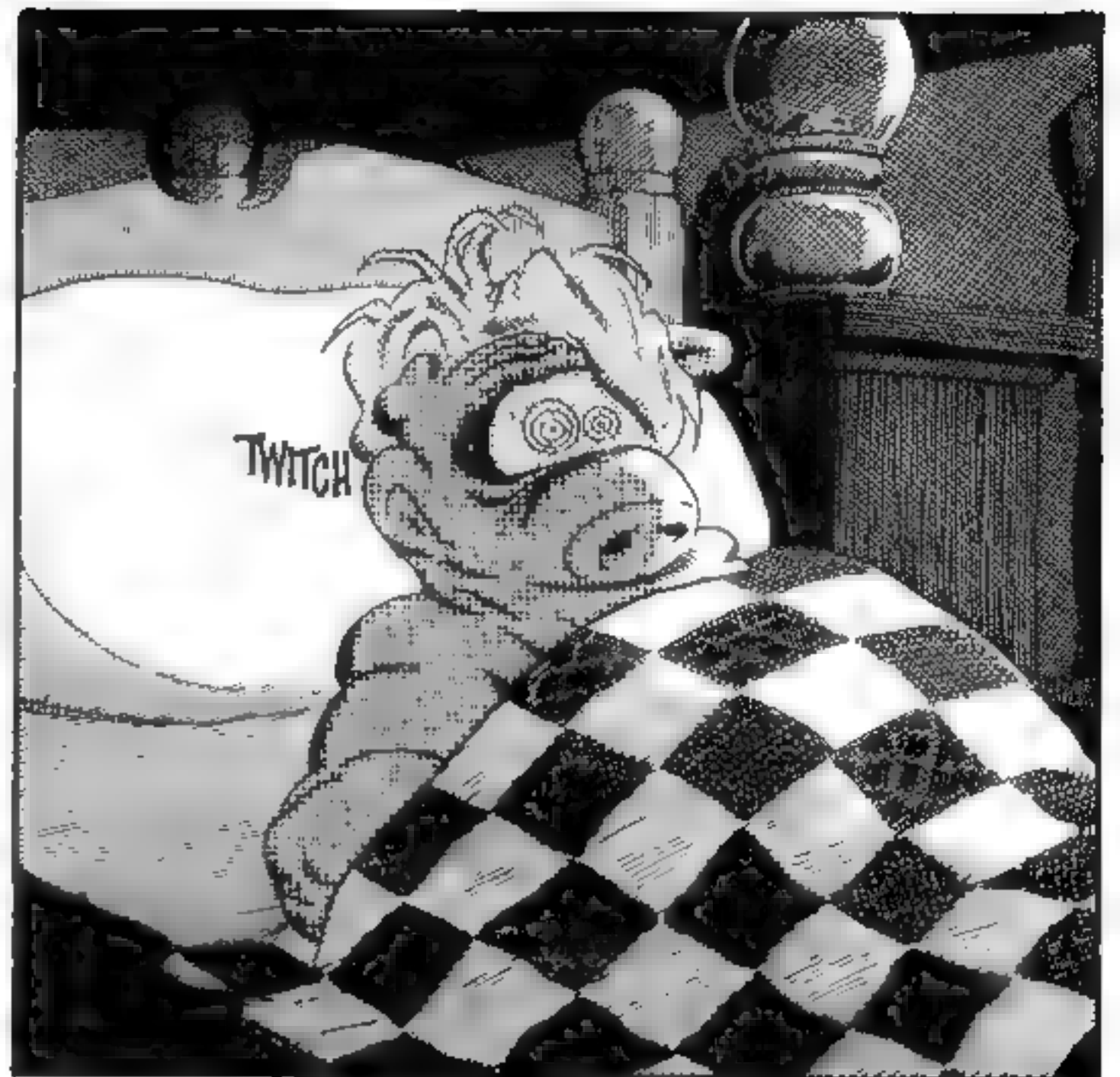


"IF HEW ARE NOT MAN ENOUGH TO SCRATCH MY HITCH! MAYBE I WILL GO AND SEE FRED!" (CEREBUS WAS GOING BY THE NAME "FRED" SINCE "CEREBUS" HAD BEEN DAD'S LAST NAME WHICH -- FOR OBVIOUS REASONS CEREBUS DIDN'T FEEL ENTITLED TO USE ANYMORE)



"MAYBE FRED WOULD LIKE SOMETHING MORE THAN TO JUST WATCH ME IN BATH EVERY NIGHT!"





(FORTUNATELY
IT TURNED OUT
TO BE **MR.
GURZKY**)

HE JUST STOOD THERE WITH
THE **AXE** FROM THE **WOODPILE**
HUFFING AND PUFFING AND
TWITCHING AND MAKING
INSANE WOLF NOISES
DEEP IN HIS THROAT

CEREBUS DIDN'T SAY
ANYTHING -- HE JUST WAITED
TO SEE WHAT **MR. GURZKY**
WOULD SAY (OR DO)

(**CEREBUS** HAD ALWAYS SUSPECTED
THAT **MR. GURZKY** HAD HIRED
CEREBUS BECAUSE **CEREBUS** WAS
THE ONLY PERSON **MR. GURZKY**
HAD EVER MET WHO WAS
SHORTER THAN **MR. GURZKY**)

(**CEREBUS** HAD ALSO ALWAYS
SUSPECTED THAT **MR. GURZKY**
DIDN'T BELIEVE **CEREBUS**
WHEN **CEREBUS** TOLD HIM
ABOUT ALL OF **CEREBUS** WAR
EXPERIENCES)

CEREBUS COULD SEE
THAT **MR. GURZKY** WAS
BUSY TRYING TO
MAINTAIN A LEVEL
OF **MURDEROUS**
RAGE WHILE TRYING (ALSO)
TO FIGURE OUT IF IT
WAS A **REALLY REALLY**
GOOD IDEA -- OR A
REALLY REALLY
BAD IDEA TO SWING
THE **AXE**.

(**CEREBUS** WAS MORE
THAN WILLING -- UNDER
THE CIRCUMSTANCES -- TO
LET HIM THINK ABOUT IT
ALL NIGHT) (IF NEED
BE)

(SO THAT
WAS WHY
THE FOOTSTEPS
WENT

STOMP-STOMP
STOMP-STOMP
STOMP-STOMP)

(FUNNY THE
THINGS YOU
NOTICE AT A
TIME LIKE
THAT)

ANYWAY, **MR.
GURZKY** FINALLY
SAYS "FIRST
YOU **STEAL**
GURZKY'S SHEEP!"

(**CEREBUS** WASN'T ABOUT
TO INTERRUPT HIM BUT
THE LOOK ON **CEREBUS'**
FACE MUST'VE SAID:
"STEAL YOUR SHEEP?
FRED DIDN'T STEAL
YOUR SHEEP YOUR SHEEP
ARE IN THE SHEEPFOLD
WHERE THEY BELONG."

BECAUSE **MR. GURZKY**
THEN SAID:)

"YOU THINK **GURZKY**
IS **DEAF?**
YOU THINK
GURZKY DOESN'T
HEAR
THE **SHEEP**
?"

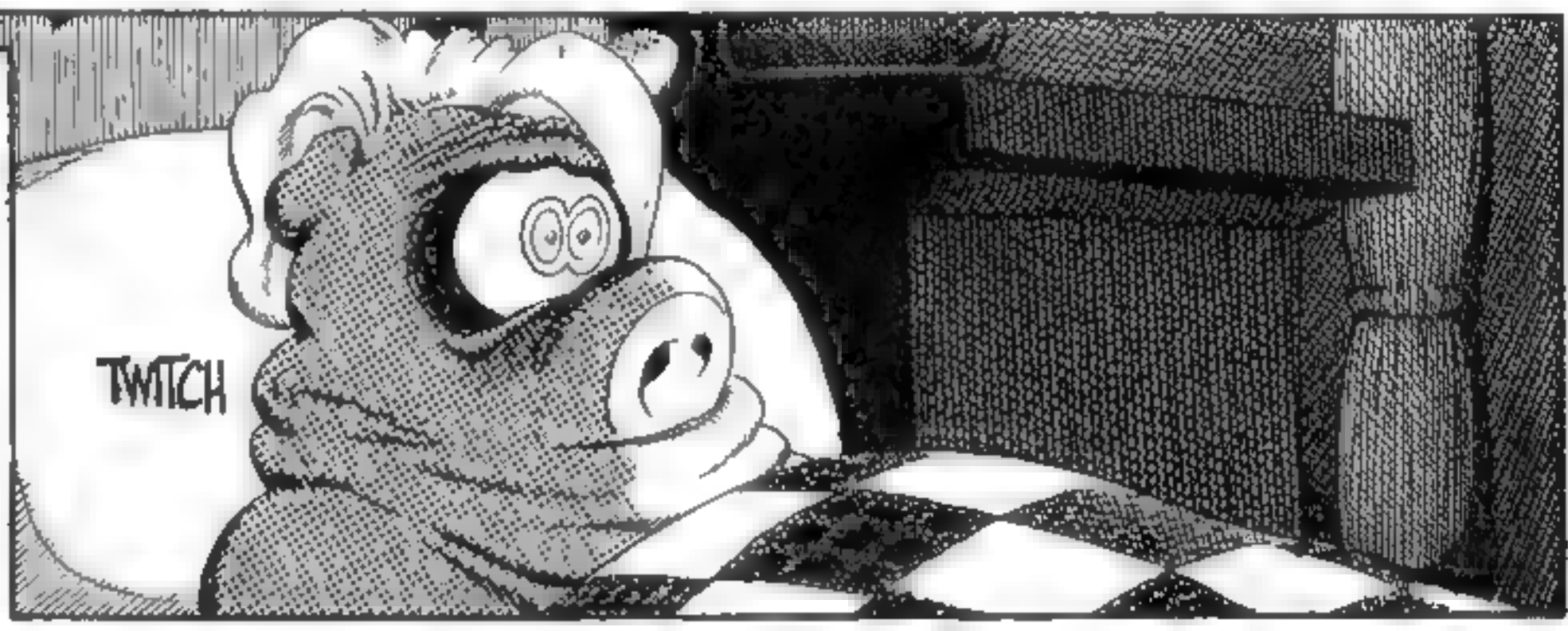
"ALL DAY THE SHEEP SAY:
'BAAAAA
IGNORE
GURZKY!'
'BAAAAA
FRED IS
OUR
SHEPHERD!'"

'BAAAAA
WE DO ONLY
WHAT FRED
TELLS US
TO DO!'

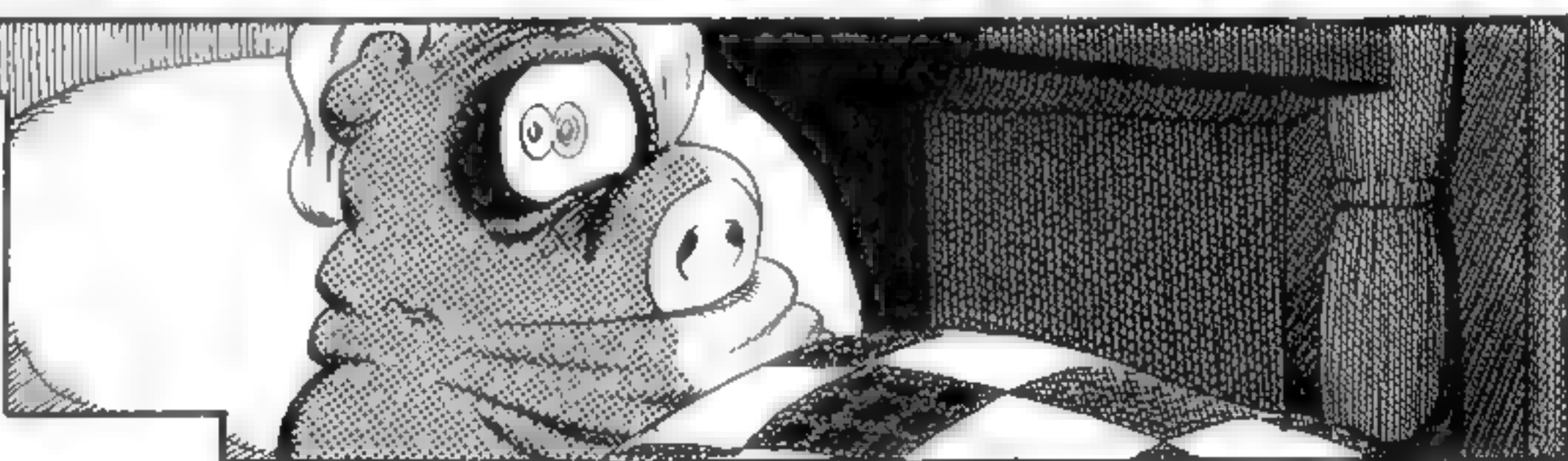


(WELL--AS CEREBUS ALREADY
TOLD YOU ALL THE SHEEP
EVER SAID WAS "BAAAA
WE HATE BEING SHEEP!" (AND)
"BAAA--WE WISH WE WERE
DEAD!" (AND) "BAAA LETS
ALL GET SCRAPIE AND
DIE!")
(SO REALLY...

TWITCH



...THAT WAS WHEN
CEREBUS FIRST
REALIZED THAT
MR GURZKY WAS
CRAZY.)



SO...
CEREBUS DIDN'T MOVE A MUSCLE
OR SAY A WORD-- HE JUST WATCHED
MR GURZKY. WAITING TO SEE
WHAT (IF ANYTHING) HE WAS GOING
TO DO WITH THE AXE.

(FINALLY--AFTER A
FEW MINUTES, MR
GURZKY REMEMBERED
THAT HE HADN'T
FINISHED HIS
SENTENCE)



"AND NOW" (HE CONTINUED) "NOW
GURZKY FINDS YOU HAVE
BEEN SPYING ON HIS
WIFE?!"





WATCHING
HER IN HER
BATH
AND

(THERE ARE A LOT OF DIFFERENT
"CLUTE TERMS" FOR IT... "CHOKING
THE CHICKEN"... "MILKING THE
TROUSER SNAKE"... BUT CEREBUS
WASN'T ABOUT TO PROVIDE
ONE WITH MR GURZKY STANDING
THERE TRYING TO FIGURE OUT
WHAT HE WAS GOING TO DO
WITH HIS AXE.)



CEREBUS SUDDENLY HAD
THIS WEIRD IDEA THAT
MAYBE REASON WOULD
WORK SO (AS REASONABLY
AS POSSIBLE) CEREBUS SAID,

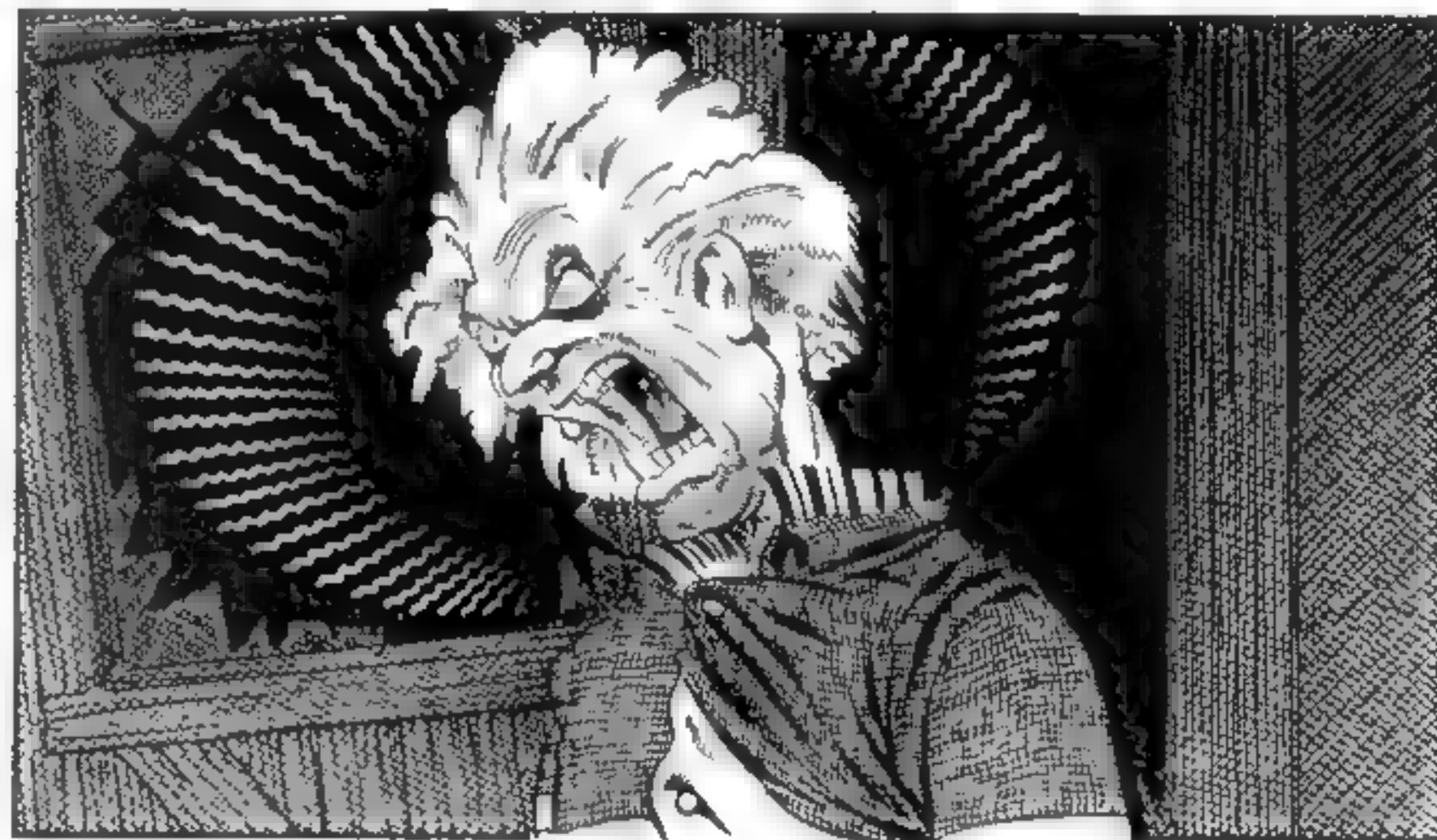
"FRED JUST WANTS
TO DO HIS JOB, MR GURZKY..."

(WHAT A MISTAKE
THAT WAS)

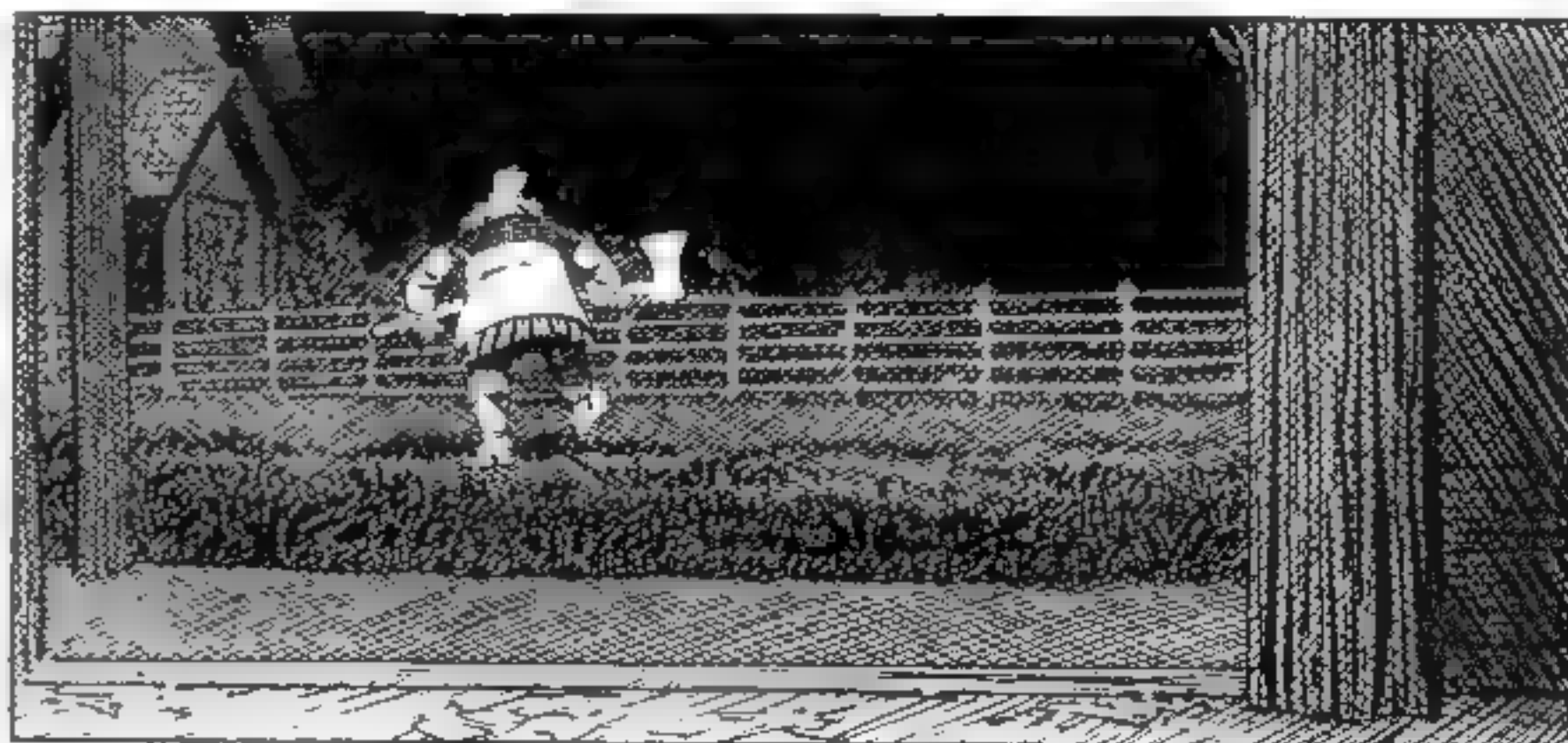
"JOB?" (ASKED
MR GURZKY...)

(IF HE ASKED THE QUESTION
ONCE, HE MUST'VE ASKED IT A
DOZEN TIMES)

(SINCE CEREBUS DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO
ANSWER THE QUESTION, CEREBUS
DECIDED TO JUST WAIT FOR MR
GURZKY TO STOP ASKING IT) (WHEN SUDDENLY...)

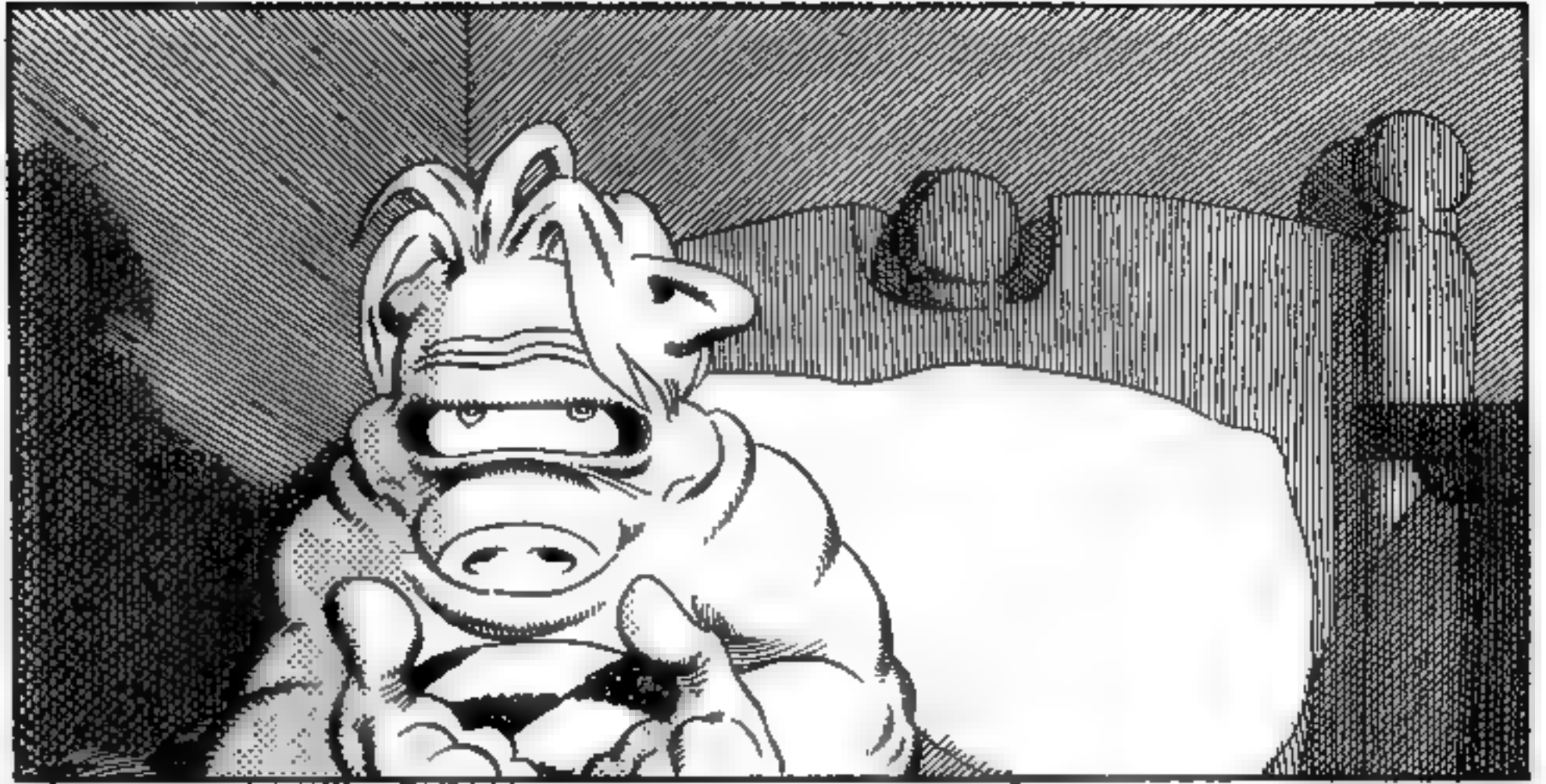


MR GURZKY GAVE OUT
WITH THIS EVIL HIGH-
PITCHED SCREAMING
LAUGH AND STOMP-STOMP
STOMP-STOMPED OFF IN THE
DIRECTION OF THE SHEEPFOLD

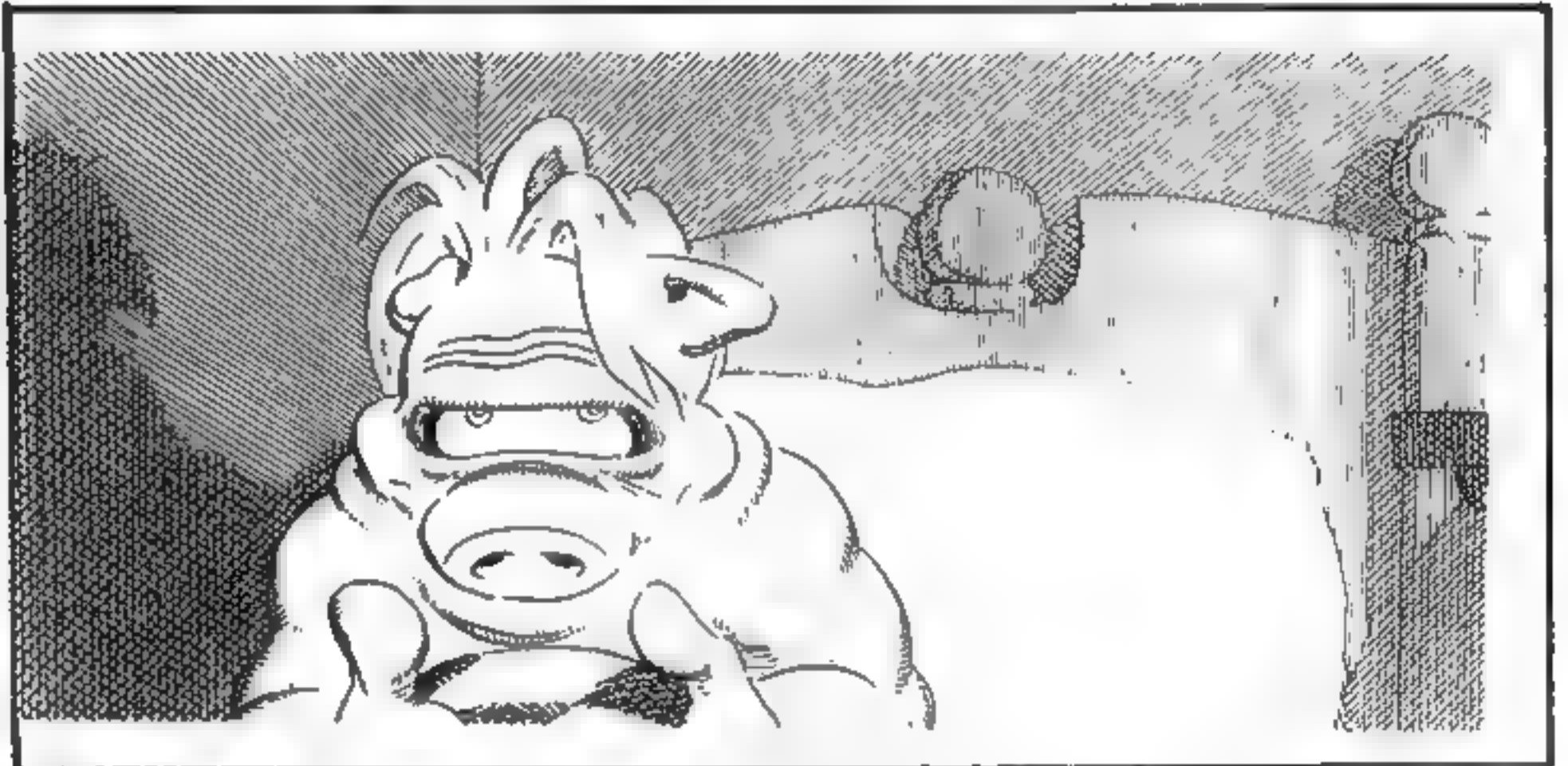


THE SECOND-TO-LAST
THING CEREBUS
THOUGHT (JUST BEFORE
HE "BLANKED OUT"
AGAIN) WAS

"THIS IS REALLY
GOING TO DRIVE
DOWN THE WHOLESALE
PRICE OF MUTTON
IN TOWN."



AND THE LAST
THING CEREBUS
THOUGHT (AS HE
HEARD THE SHEEP
FOLD GATE SLAM
OPEN AND SLAM
SHUT) WAS



"WELL..."

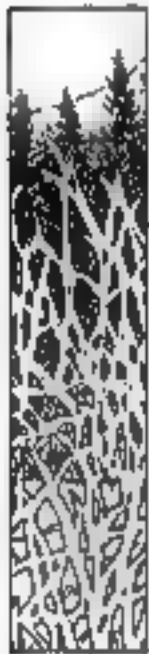


"THEY ARE
HIS SHEEP."





NORTH.
(AGAIN)



NORTH INTO
NORTHERN
ISSHURIA
(MRS. GURZKY'S
HOMELAND)
AWAY FROM
CEREBUS'
SHAME
(AGAIN)



"MAYBE THAT
WAS THE
PROBLEM
MAYBE YOU
HAD TO GO
FURTHER
NORTH TO
FIND A
NICE PLACE
TO GET
YOURSELF
KILLED."
CEREBUS
THOUGHT



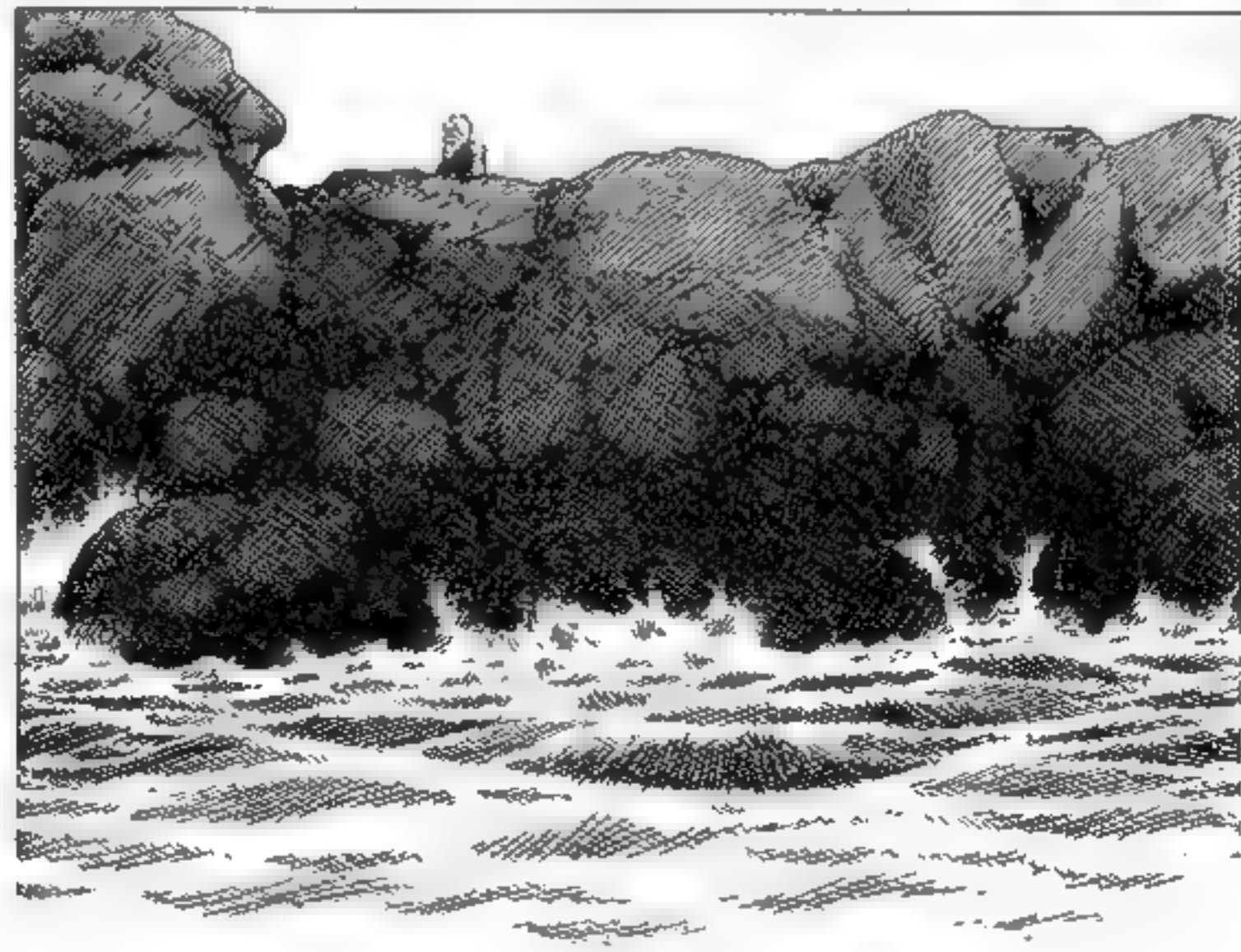
CEREBUS WAS
STILL LOOKING
FOR A PLACE...

...WHEN CEREBUS
RAN OUT
OF NORTH



EAST,
THEN.

"IT SHOULD
BE THE
EASIEST
THING IN THE
WORLD TO
GET YOURSELF
KILLED."
(THOUGHT
CEREBUS)
"WANDERING
AROUND IN
THIS FAGGY
SHEPHERD
OUTFIT."



WHEN HE "BLANKED IN" AGAIN
CEREBUS WAS A TAVERN
RESIDENT AT A PLACE
CALLED MCBEE'S...



MCBEE'S
TAVERN

AND THE NEXT TIME CEREBUS
"BLANKED IN" AFTER THAT...

...IT WAS WINTER.

(CEREBUS HAD LOST
A LOT OF WEIGHT
AFTER SOMEONE
HAD EXPLAINED TO
HIM WHAT A
"CALORIE"
WAS)

SKETCH
SKETCH

(AND HOW MANY OF
THEM THERE WERE
IN THE CLOTTED
CREAM AND BUTTER
SAUCES ALL OF
MRS GURZKY'S MEALS
WERE SWIMMING
IN)



SO ANYWAY, THE ONE MORNING
INSTEAD OF ALL THE TAVERN
RESIDENTS GETTING MARCHED
RIGHT OFF TO WORK...

(ICE FARMING IN THE WINTER)
(CEREBUS FOUND ICE A LOT
EASIER TO DEAL WITH THAN
SHEEP)

THEY MARCHED US INTO THIS
STUFFY OLD BARN
WITH THE WALLS LINED WITH
ROWS OF BENCHES

IT WAS A REAL FIVE-
BAR GATE ARENA (JUST
LIKE BEAR HAD DESCRIBED
THEM!)

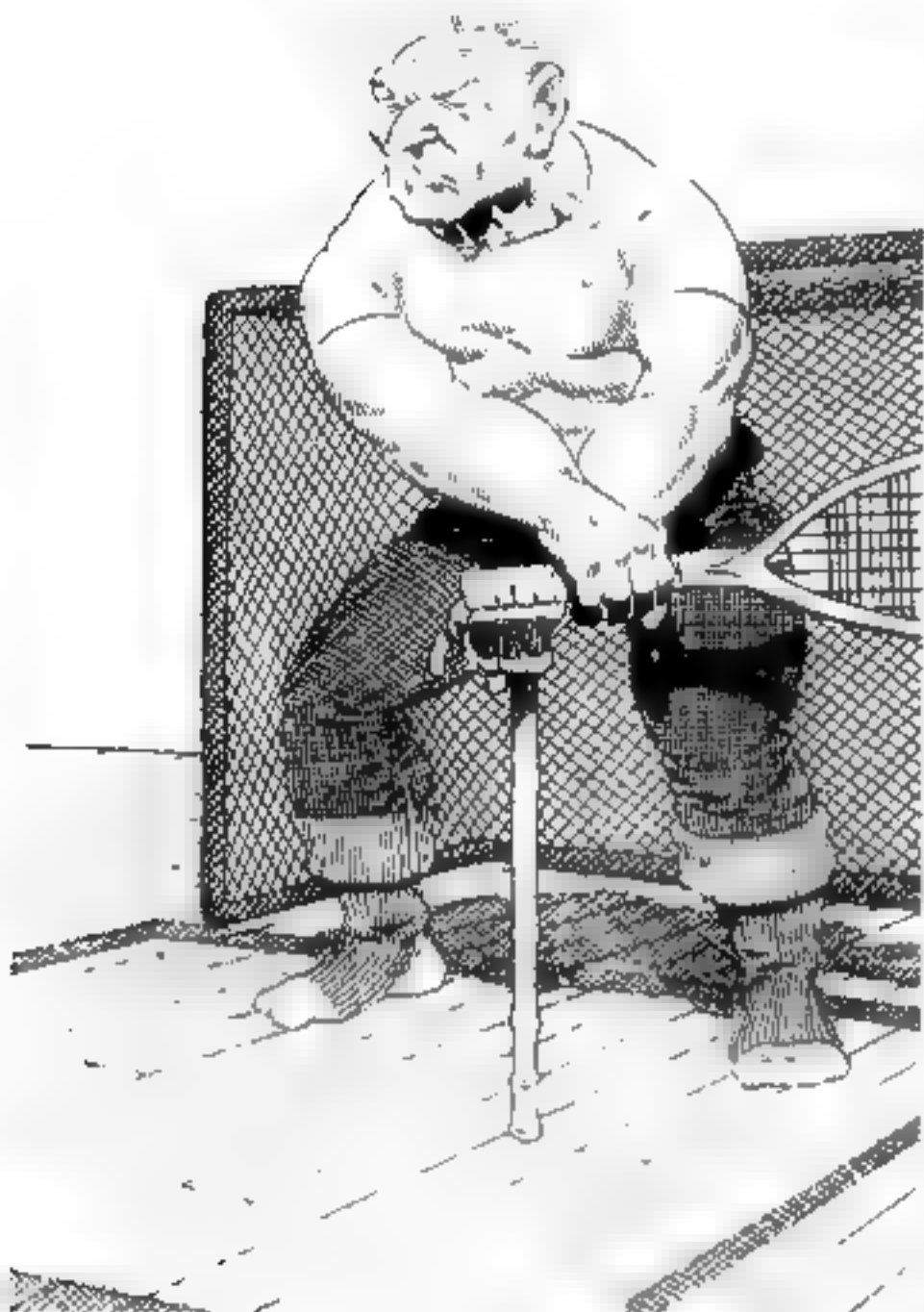
(THE NORTHERN ISSHURIANS
CLAIM TO HAVE INVENTED
FIVE-BAR GATE, SO - IN
NORTHERN ISSHURIA IT'S
PRACTICALLY THE STATE
RELIGION)

(AS WE ALL FOUND
OUT DURING THE
TEN-THIRTEEN
CRISIS YEARS
LATER)

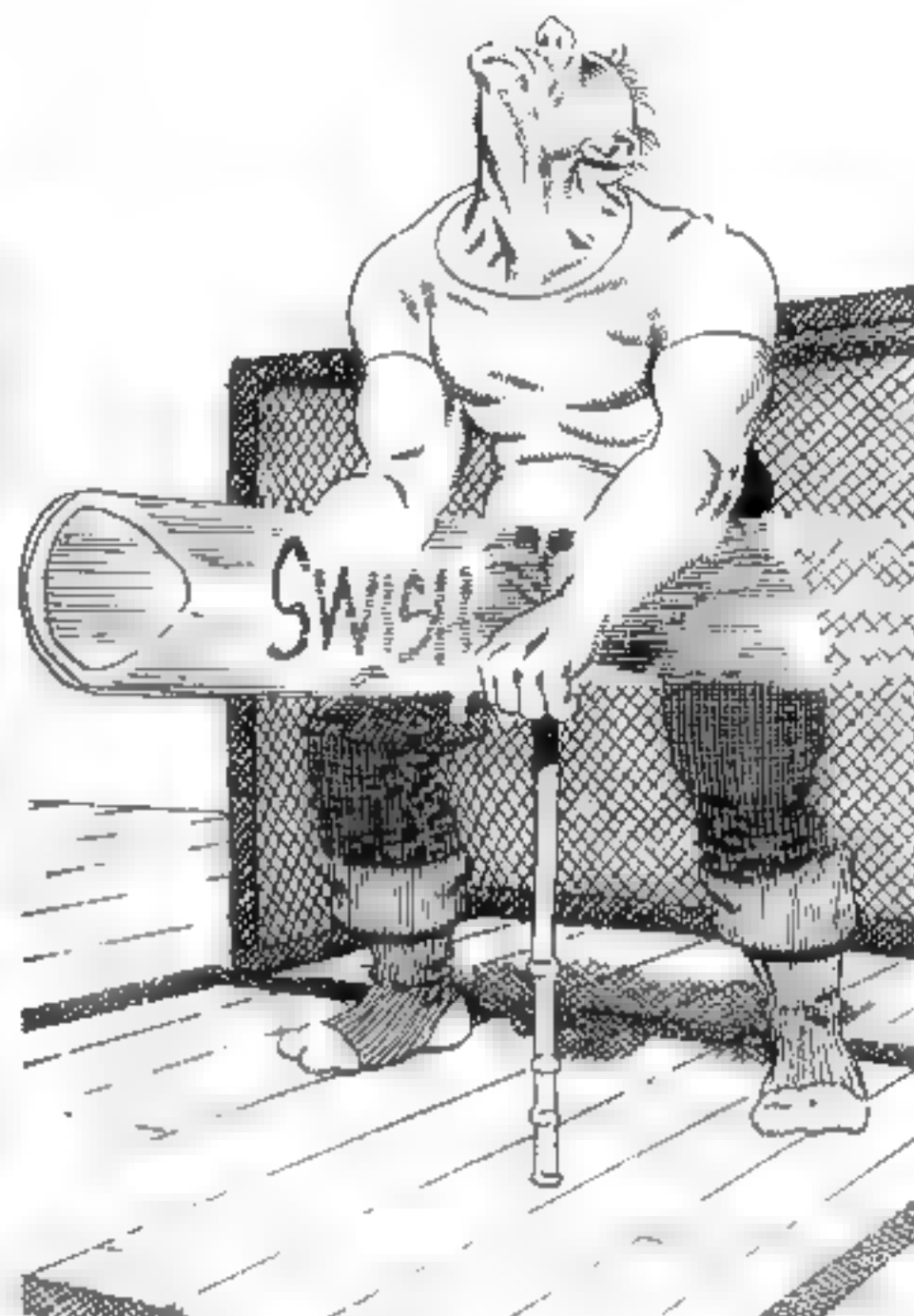
TUNG!
TANG! THWOK

BIP
BIP
BIP
BIP
BIP

EVERYONE
GOT A
TURN.



AND YOU KEPT
PLAYING...



...UNTIL YOU
LOST.



SEE THE
THING
WAS...



DOING
DOING
DOING



...CEREBUS
DIDN'T LOSE

SO CEREBUS WENT BACK TO M'BEE'S AND READ THE LATEST "ISSUE" OF "RABBI" WHICH WAS REALLY, REALLY GOOD - LIKE "MORPHEUS" EXCEPT THERE WAS JUST ENOUGH TALKING AND LOTS OF GUYS DIED IN REALLY, REALLY INTERESTING WAYS.

(THAT'S HOW YOU CAN TELL IF IT'S GREAT WRITING: BY HOW MANY GUYS DIE AND HOW MANY REALLY, REALLY INTERESTING WAYS THE WRITER - IN THIS CASE GARTH INNISCENT - FINDS TO KILL GUYS)

(SEE -- THERE'S A PERFECT EXAMPLE RIGHT THERE:)

("RABBI" IS GREAT WRITING BECAUSE RIGHT AWAY AS SOON AS THE FIRST GUY DIES IN A REALLY, REALLY INTERESTING WAY YOU CHECK TO SEE THE NAME OF THE WRITER ON THE FRONT: GARTH INNISCENT')

(BUT WITH "MORPHEUS", BECAUSE THE WRITER DOESN'T KILL ENOUGH GUYS AND HE DOESN'T FIND REALLY, REALLY INTERESTING WAYS TO KILL THE GUYS THAT HE DOES KILL, YOU NEVER CHECK TO SEE THE NAME OF THE WRITER ON THE FRONT...)

(.. AND THAT'S HOW YOU KNOW "MORPHEUS" ISN'T GREAT WRITING) SO, ANYWAY...

... SUDDENLY EVERYONE COMES RUNNING BACK IN! 'HERE HE IS!' 'IT'S OKAY!' 'I FOUND FRED! HE'S IN HIS BUNK!' (SO CEREBUS SAYS,) 'WHAT'S UP?' (AND EVERYONE SAYS) 'YOU'RE UP - IT'S YOUR SHOT!'

(AND CEREBUS SAYS,) 'FRED'S SHOT? THE REFEREE TOLD FRED 'GOODBYE.' (AND EVERYONE LOOKS AT CEREBUS AS IF CEREBUS IS NUTS.)

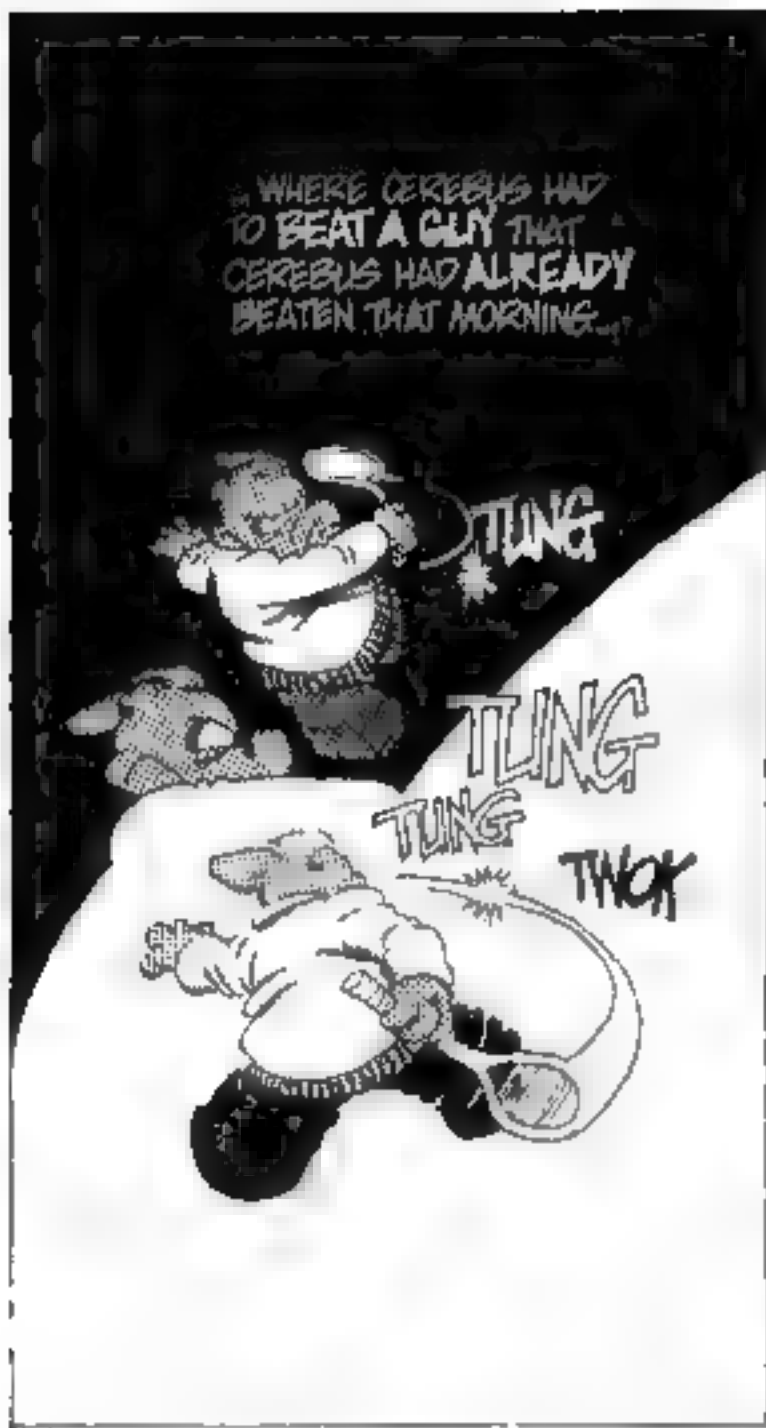
FINALLY SOMEONE EXPLAINS "NAY, NAY... THE REF SAID YOU 'HAVE A BYE' FOR THE SEMI-FINAL ROUND! YOU DON'T PLAY IN THE SEMI-FINAL ROUND. YOU GO STRAIGHT TO THE FINALS."

"OH." (SAID CEREBUS)

"C'MON! EVERYONE IS WAITING!"

SO OFF WE WENT BACK TO THE ARENA...

(EVEN THOUGH CEREBUS REALLY WANTED TO STAY AND FINISH "RABBI" - 'CAUSE IT WAS RIGHT AT THE PART WHERE HE WAS ABOUT TO USE HIS "SEVEN-HEADED CANDELABRA" TO SET FIRE TO THE BAD GUY)



...WHERE CEREBUS HAD TO BEAT A GUY THAT CEREBUS HAD ALREADY BEATEN THAT MORNING...



...THEN WATCH A GUY BEAT ANOTHER GUY (BOTH OF WHOM CEREBUS HAD ALREADY BEATEN)...



...AND THEN (AGAIN) BEAT THE GUY WHO BEAT THE OTHER GUY IN THE GAME CEREBUS JUST WATCHED.



AND THEN EVERYONE APPLAUDED CEREBUS!

(CEREBUS HADN'T BEEN APPLAUDED SINCE HE WAS CAMPAIGNING TO BE PRIME MINISTER)

(BUT THIS WAS DIFFERENT BECAUSE THEY WERE APPLAUDING CEREBUS FOR ACTUALLY DOING SOMETHING)

(WHEN YOU'RE RUNNING FOR PRIME MINISTER PEOPLE ONLY APPLAUD BECAUSE THEY HOPE IF THEY APPLAUD LOUD ENOUGH, YOU'LL TAX EVERYONE ELSE AND GIVE THE MONEY TO THEM)



THEN THEY TOLD CEREBUS THE GOOD NEWS THAT CEREBUS DIDN'T NEED TO GO TO WORK ANYMORE AND THAT CEREBUS WOULD BE REPRESENTING MCBEE'S IN THE "REGIONALS"

IT WAS A GOOD DEAL.

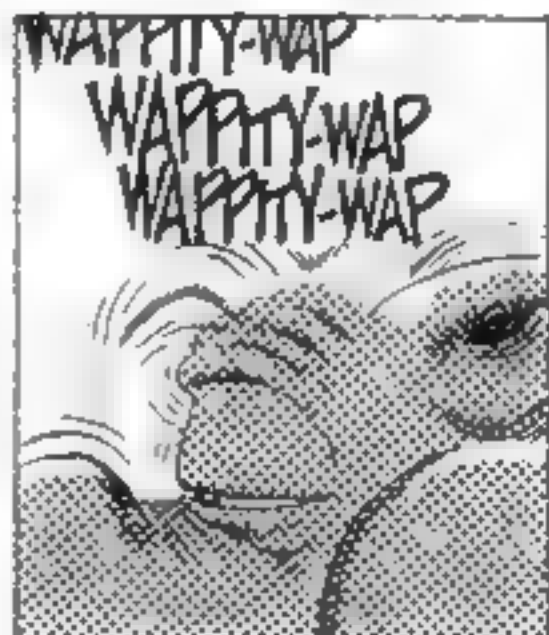
CEREBUS JUST PRACTICED FOR AN HOUR OR TWO EVERY MORNING



TOOK A STEAM-BATH.



HAD A MASSAGE.



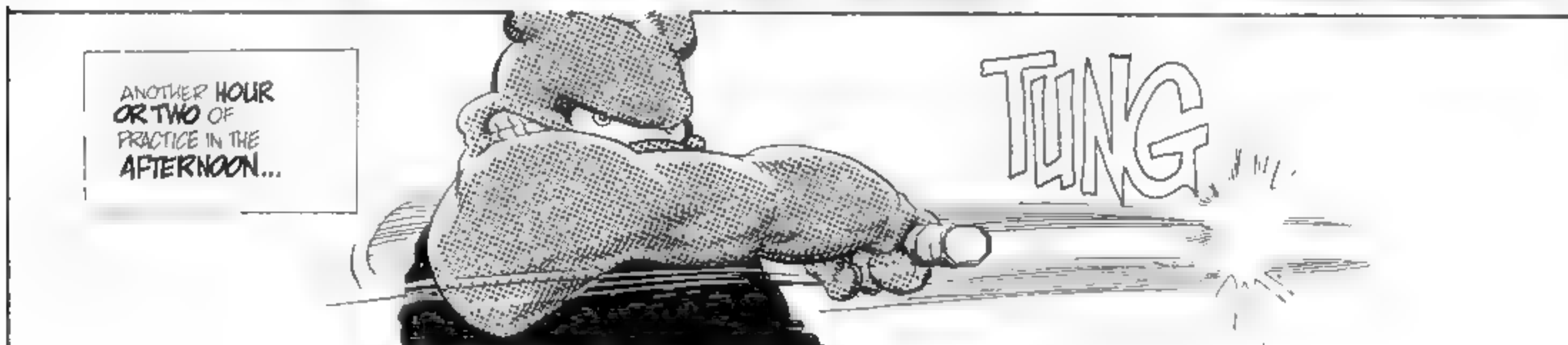
WAPPITY-WAP
WAPPITY-WAP
WAPPITY-WAP



LUNCH.



CRUNCH CRUNCH
CRUNCH CRUNCH
CRUNCH CRUNCH
CRUNCH CRUNCH
CRUNCH CRUNCH
CRUNCH CRUNCH
CRUNCH CRUNCH
CRUNCH CRUNCH
CRUNCH CRUNCH
CRUNCH CRUNCH



ANOTHER HOUR OR TWO OF PRACTICE IN THE AFTERNOON...



RABBI
"IF THIS BE
MY
MITZVAH"
 by
GARTH HINNOCENT



THEN
LIGHTS
OUT.

AND CEREBELLIS ASKED,
"WHAT, FRED, WHAT?" AND
THEY ASKED "WHAT'S
YOUR LAST NAME,
FRED?"

AND CEREBUS ALMOST SAID
"FRED" (WHICH WOULD'VE BEEN AWFUL
SPEND ALL THOSE YEARS ANSWERING TO
"FRED FRED")

FORTUNATELY THEY WERE
KA-THUNK KA-THUNK KA-THUNK
KA-THUNK KA-THUNK KA-THUNK
KA-THUNK KA-THUNK
FIXING THE ARENA ROOF
THAT DAY, SO CEREBUS SAID
"HAMMER. FRED
HAMMER."

AND THEY CAME BACK IN A
COUPLE OF DAYS WITH A
SWEATER THAT HAD A
HAMMER PAINTED ON THE
FRONT AND "HAMMER"
LETTERED ON THE
BACK.

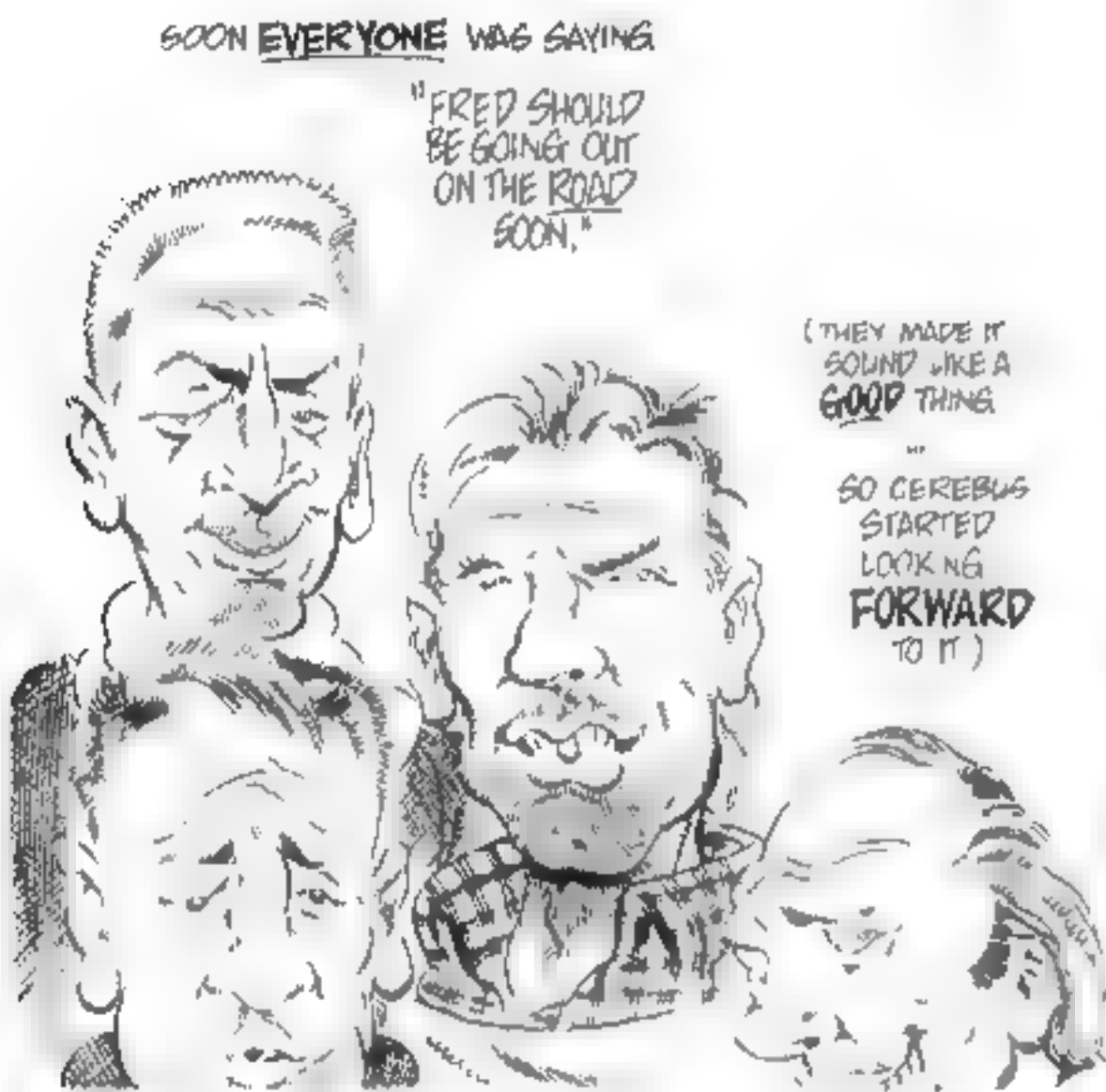
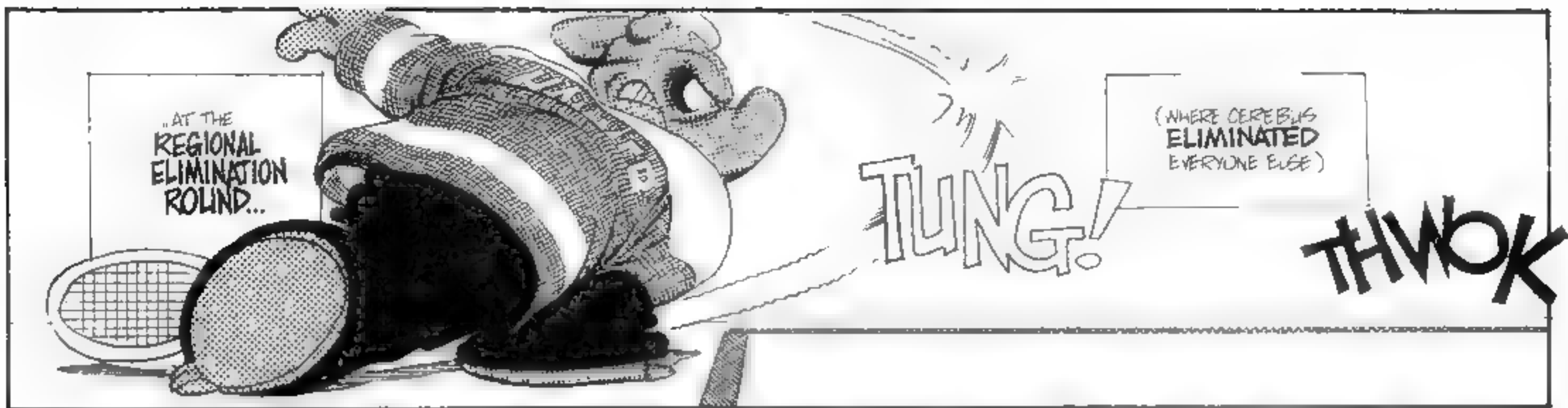
SO CEREBUS WORE
HIS NEW SWEATER

AT THE REGIONAL QUALIFYING ROUND...

THING

(WHERE CEREBAK DISQUALIFIED EVERYONE ELSE)

(WHERE
CEREBUS
DISQUALIFIED
EVERYONE
ELSE)

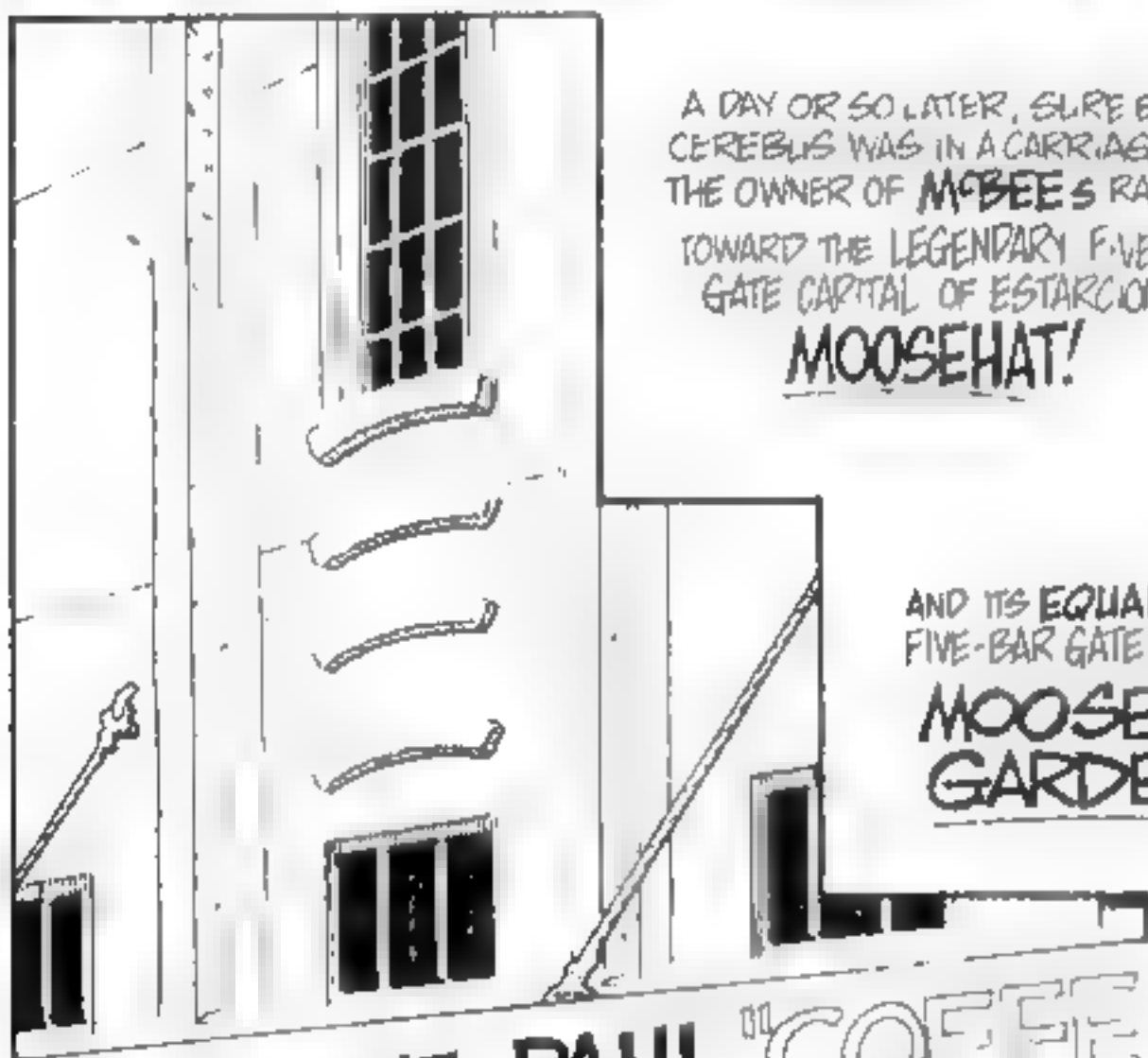
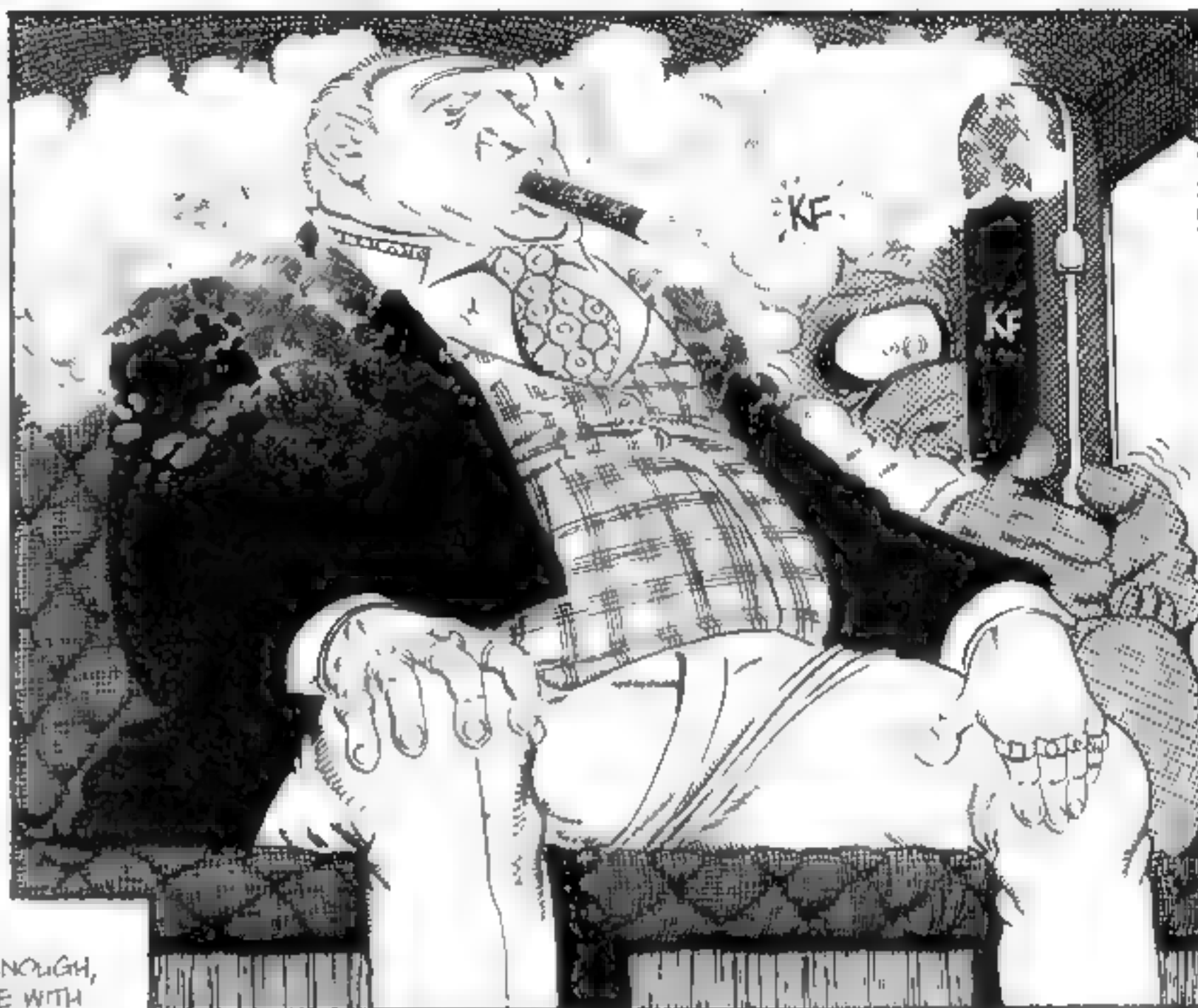


SOON EVERYONE WAS SAYING

"FRED SHOULD
BE GOING OUT
ON THE ROAD
SOON."

(THEY MADE IT
SOUND LIKE A
GOOD THING

...
SO CEREBUS
STARTED
LOOKING
FORWARD
TO IT)

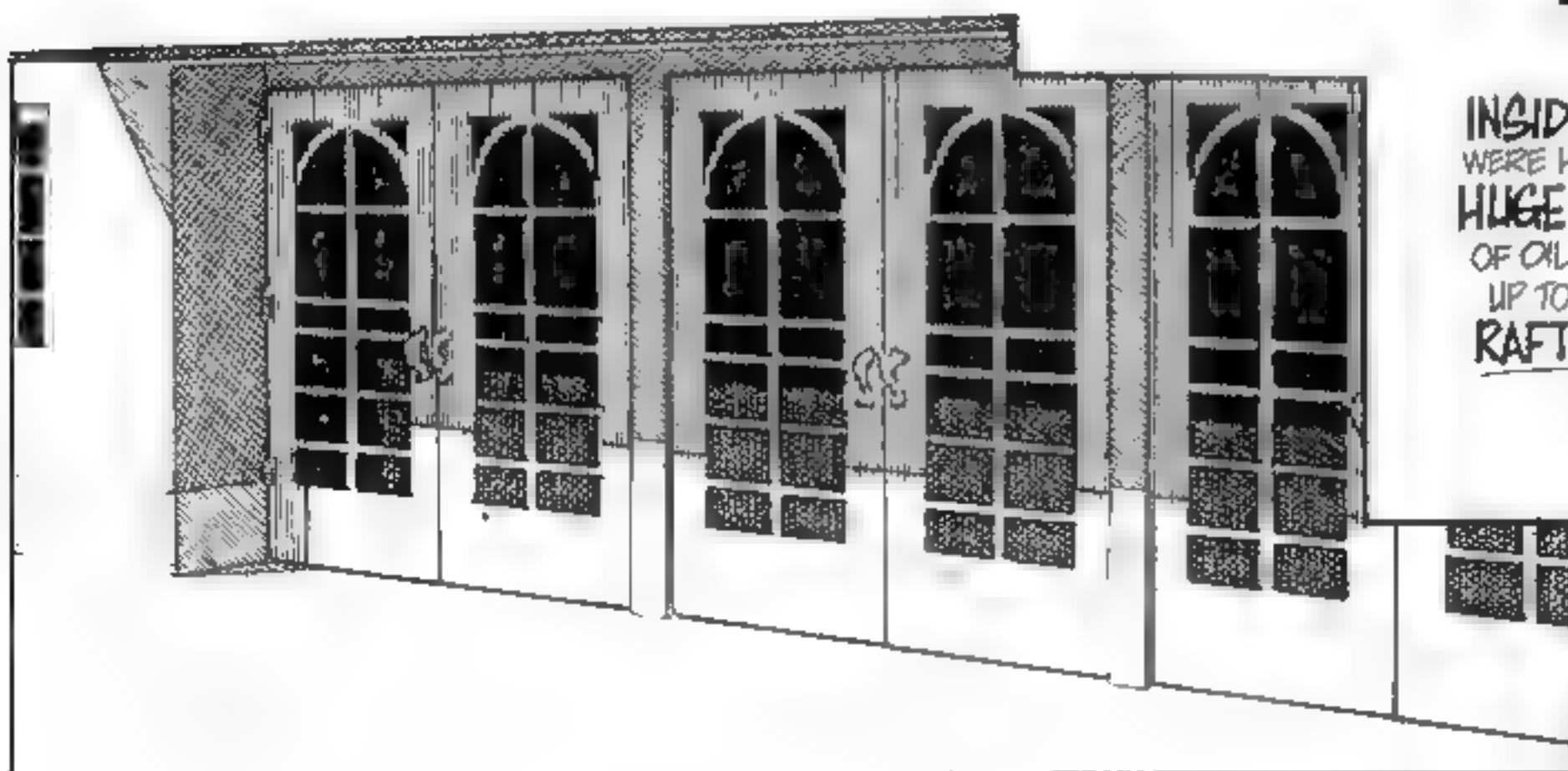
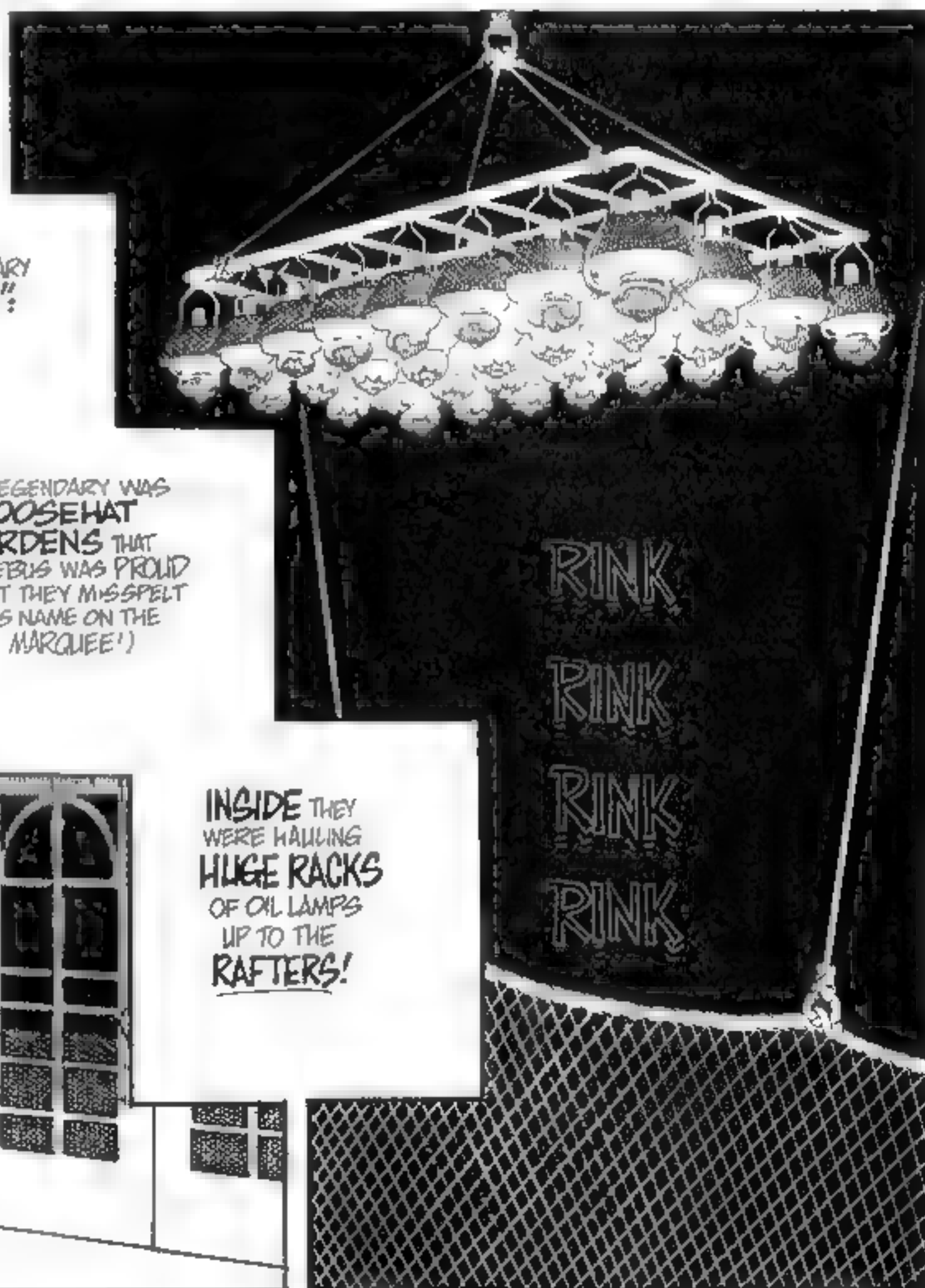


A DAY OR SO LATER, SURE ENOUGH,
CEREBUS WAS IN A CARRIAGE WITH
THE OWNER OF MOBEE'S RACING
TOWARD THE LEGENDARY FIVE BAR
GATE CAPITAL OF ESTARCION:
MOOSEHAT!

AND ITS EQUALLY LEGENDARY
FIVE-BAR GATE "SHRINE":
MOOSEHAT
GARDENS!

TONIGHT: PAUL "COFFE"
VS
FRED HAMNER

(SO LEGENDARY WAS
MOOSEHAT
GARDENS THAT
CEREBUS WAS PROUD
THAT THEY MISPELT
HIS NAME ON THE
MARQUEE!)



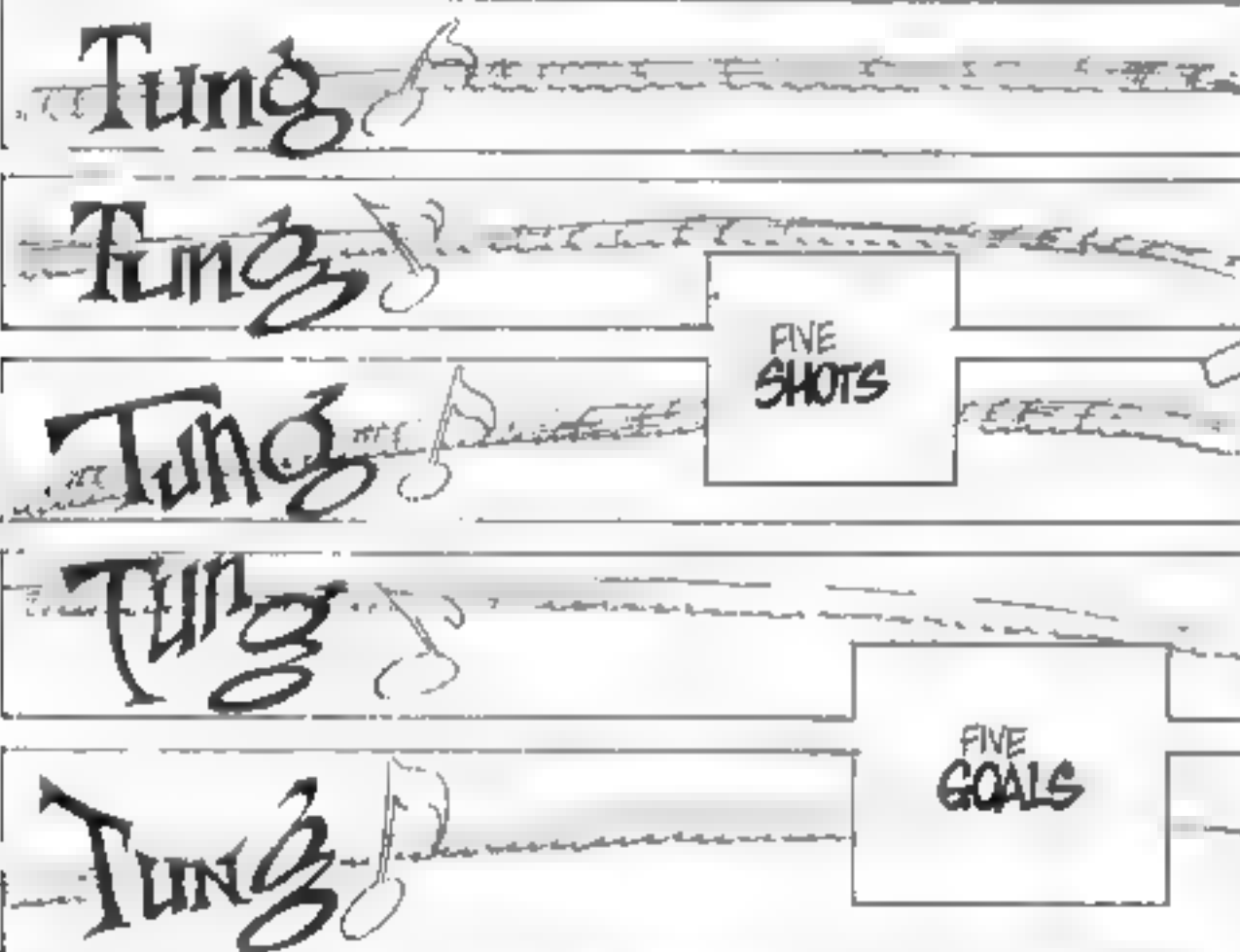
INSIDE THEY
WERE HAULING
HUGE RACKS
OF OIL LAMPS
UP TO THE
RAFTERS!

THAT MADE IT SO
SUPER-BRIGHT ON THE
COURT THAT YOU COULDN'T
SEE A SINGLE PERSON
IN THE CROWD



EXCEPT IN "THE PEN"...
(THE PLACE AT THE BACK
OF THE COURT WHERE
--USUALLY-- OTHER
PLAYERS SIT WHILE
AWAITING THE RESULT
OF ANOTHER
QUALIFYING OR ELIMINATION
GAME)

..A BEAUTIFUL
YOUNG GIRL



CEREBUS
SEASON
WAS
OVER.



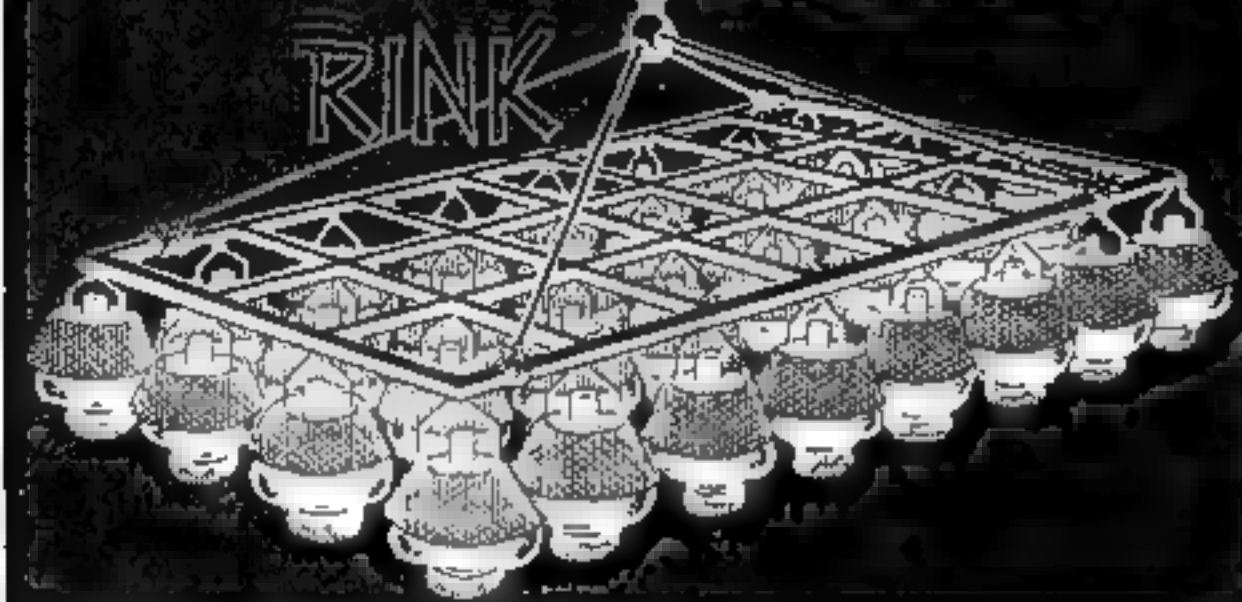
AND WE WERE ON OUR WAY BACK
TO MCBEE'S IN THE CARRIAGE.



(ACTUALLY ONLY THE OWNER WAS IN THE CARRIAGE)
(HE TOLD CEREBUS TO RIDE ON TOP WITH THE
DRIVER ON THE WAY BACK)

RINK
RINK
RINK
RINK

THEY WERE
HAULING THE
HUGE RACKS
OF OIL LAMPS
DOWN
FROM THE
RAFTERS.



"WHO. WAS. THAT GUY?"
(CEREBUS ASKED THE DRIVER)

"APPRECIATIVE WHISTLING NOISE,"
(SAID CEREBUS)

AND THAT WAS WHEN CEREBUS FIRST HEARD THE NAME
PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN...

...
AND HIS CHAMPIONSHIP SHUT-OUT STREAK OF FORTY-AND-
OH!

(THAT IS:)

FORTY GOALS FOR AND NO GOALS AGAINST IN EIGHT CONSECUTIVE CHAMPIONSHIP SERIES AT MOOSEHAT GARDENS!



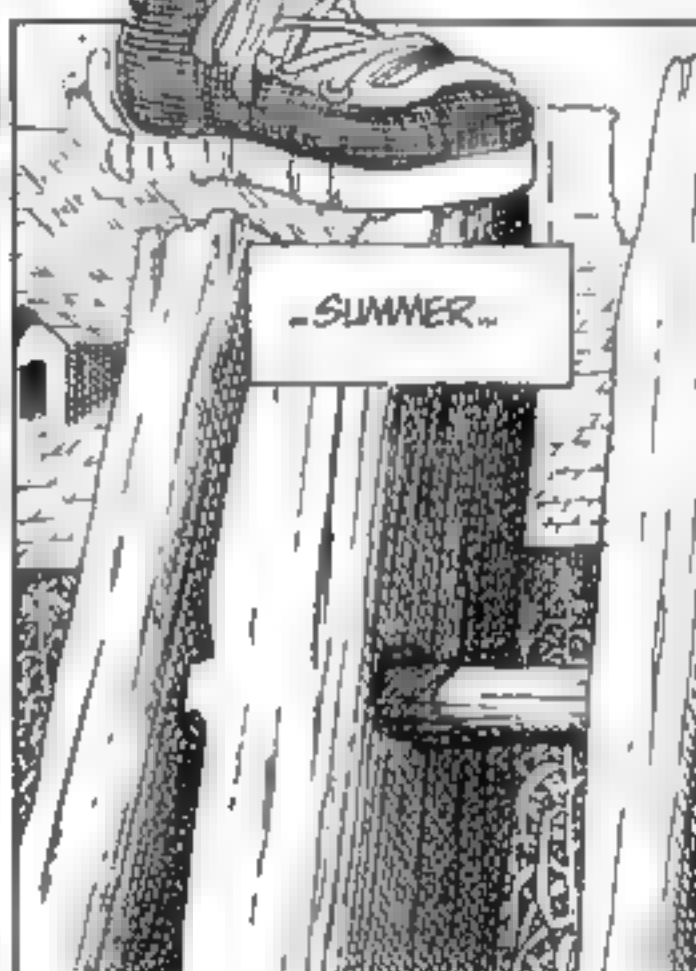
(IN THE MEANTIME IT WAS BACK TO THE OL' ICE FARM)



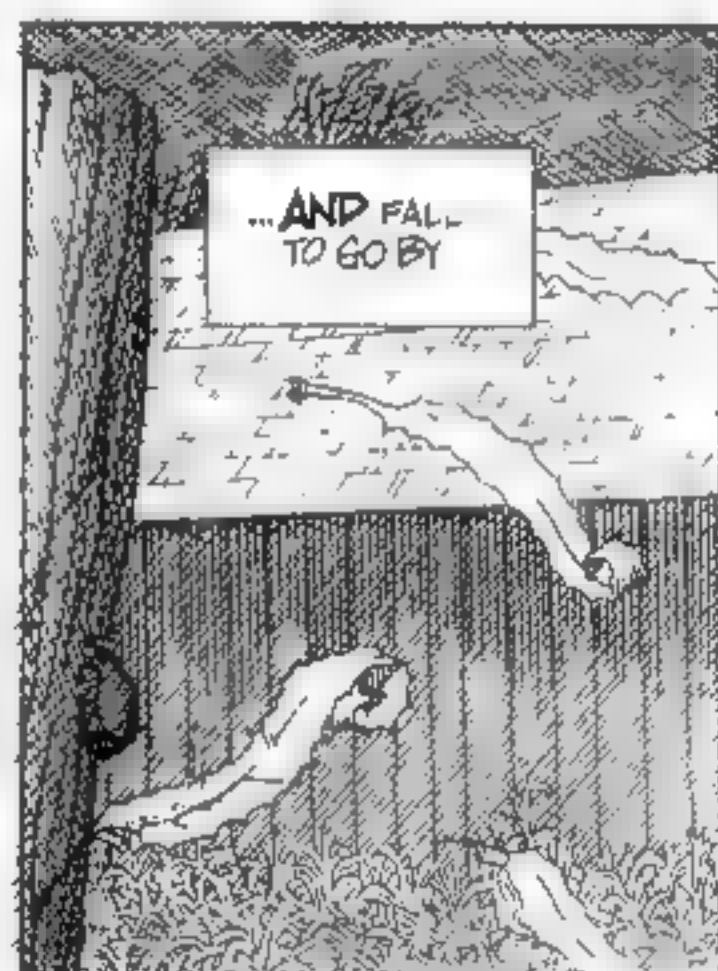
CEREBUS COULDN'T WAIT FOR THE REST OF WINTER...



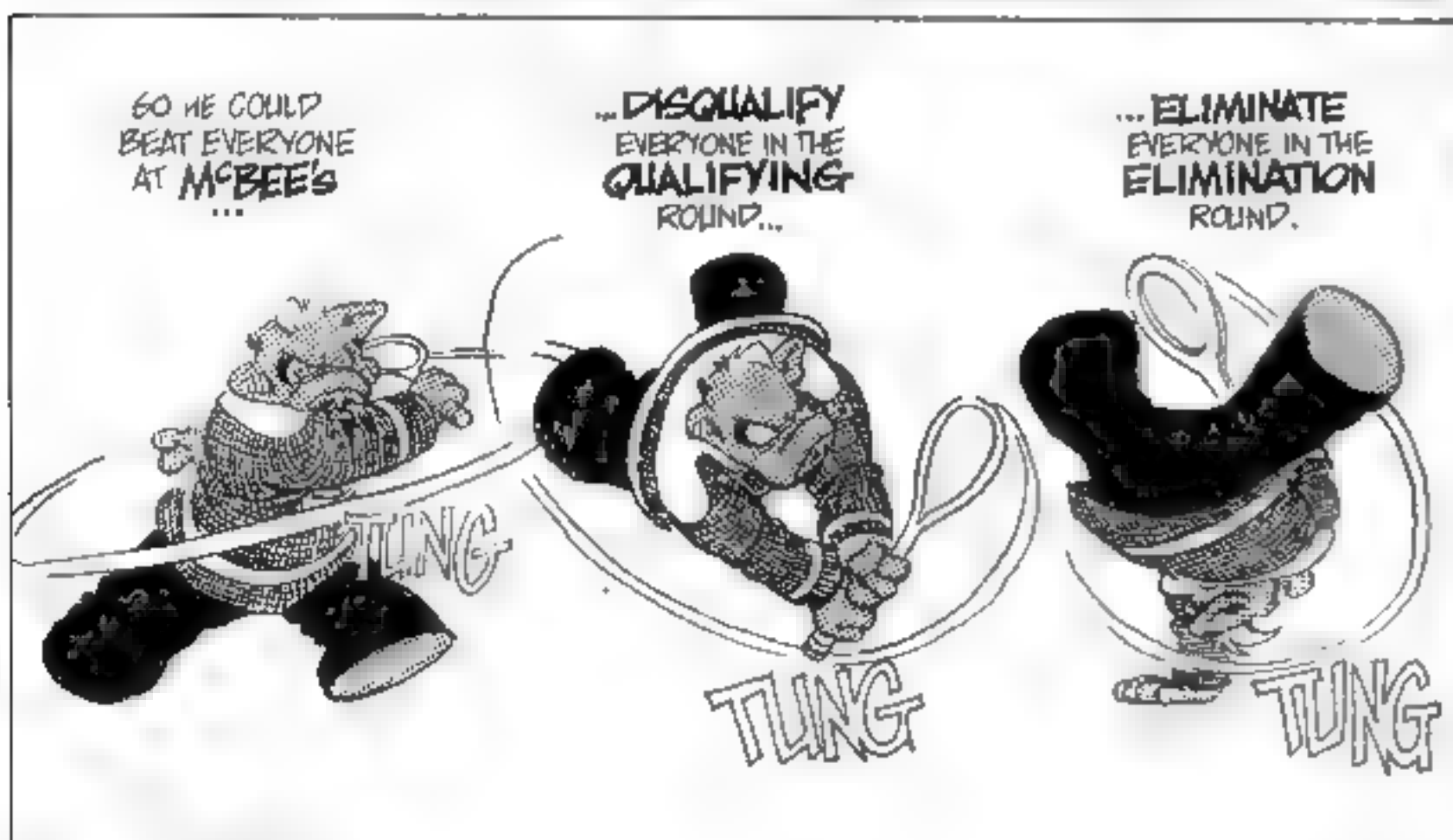
...SPRING...



...SUMMER...



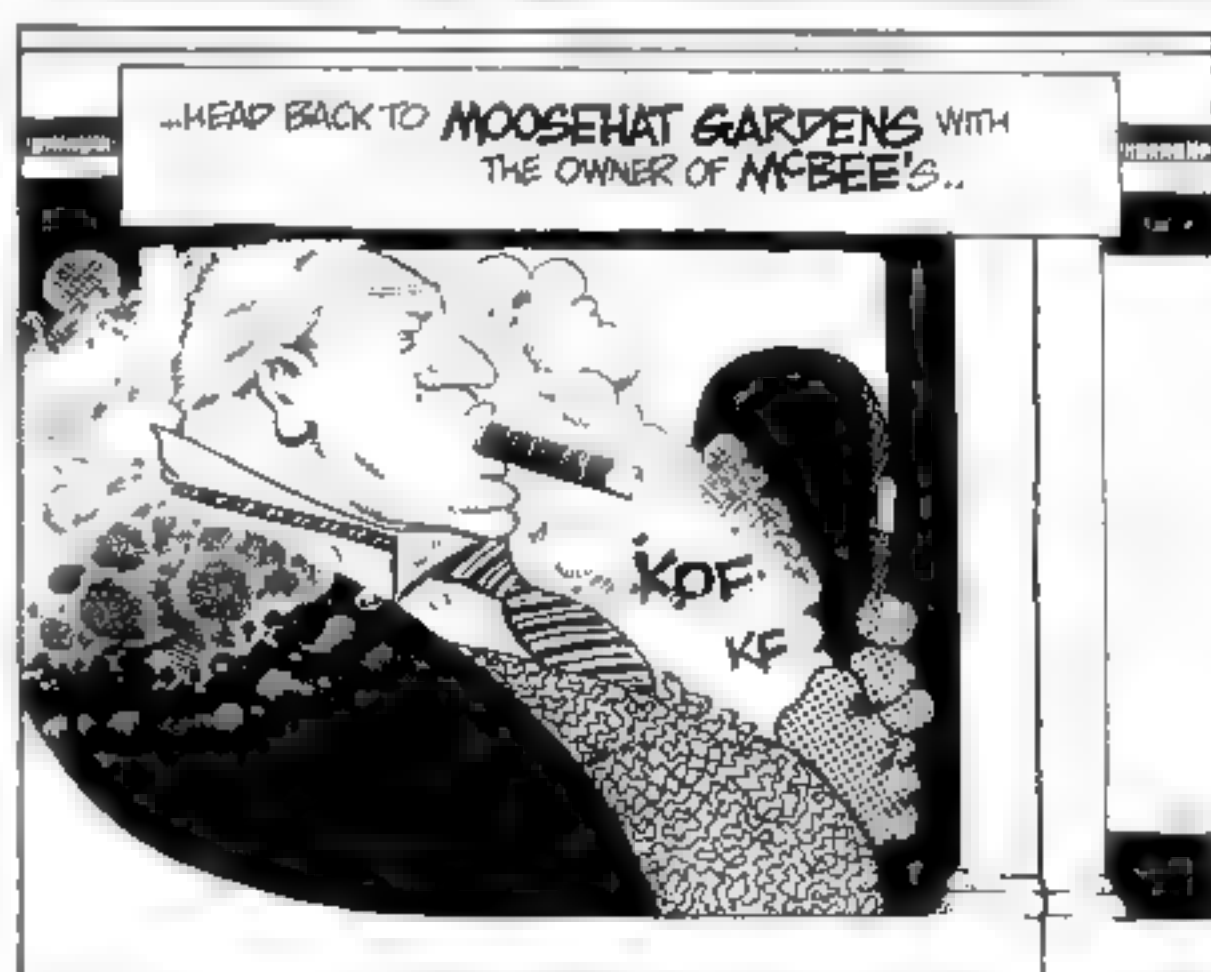
...AND FALL TO GO BY



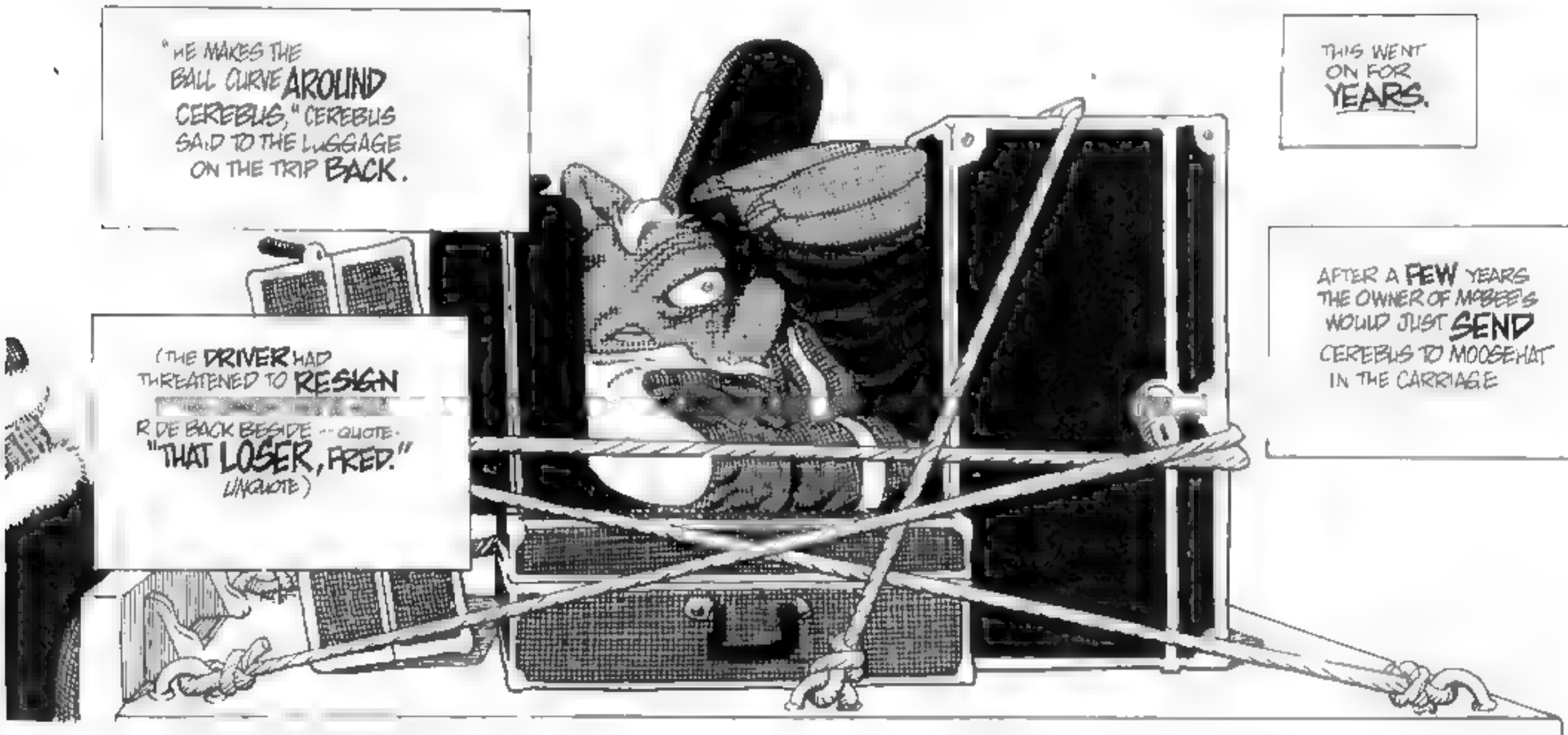
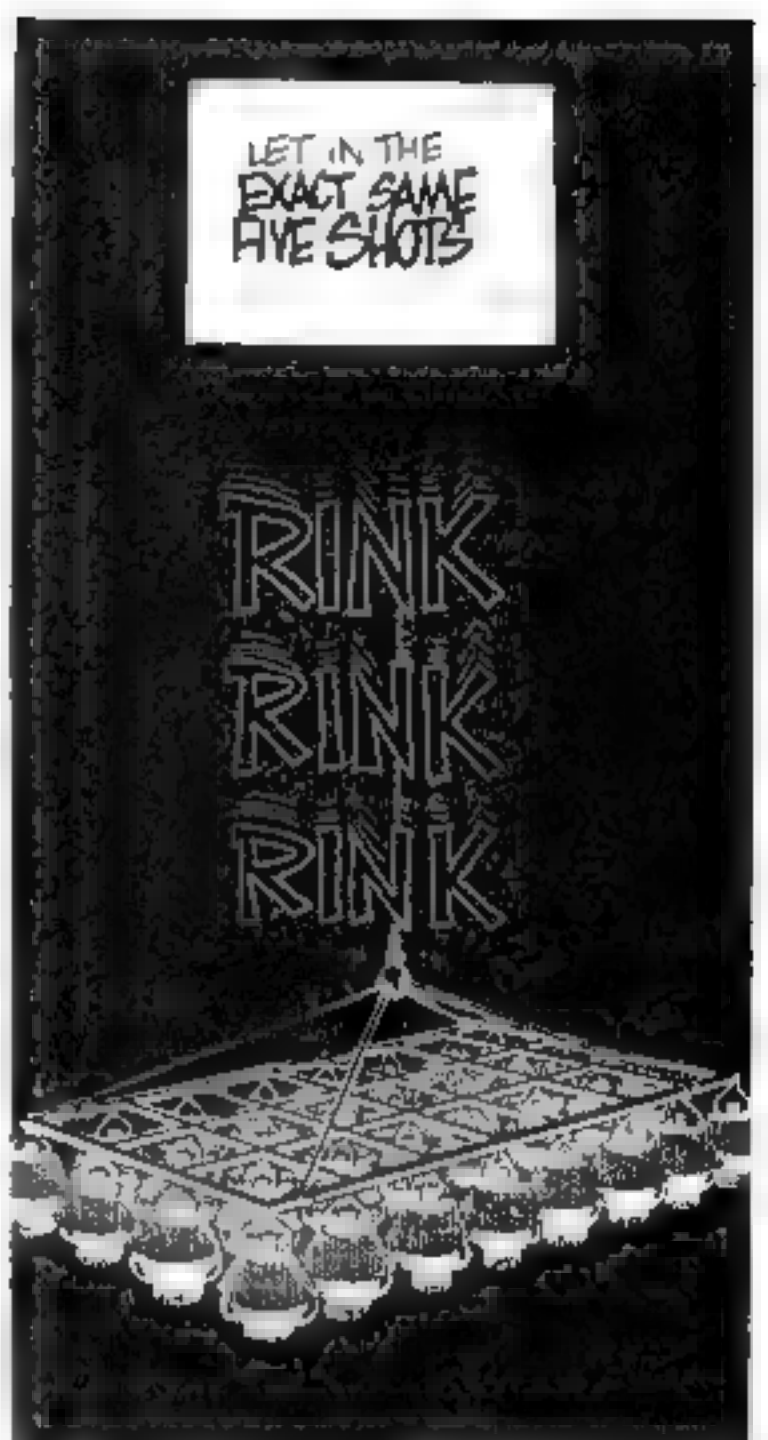
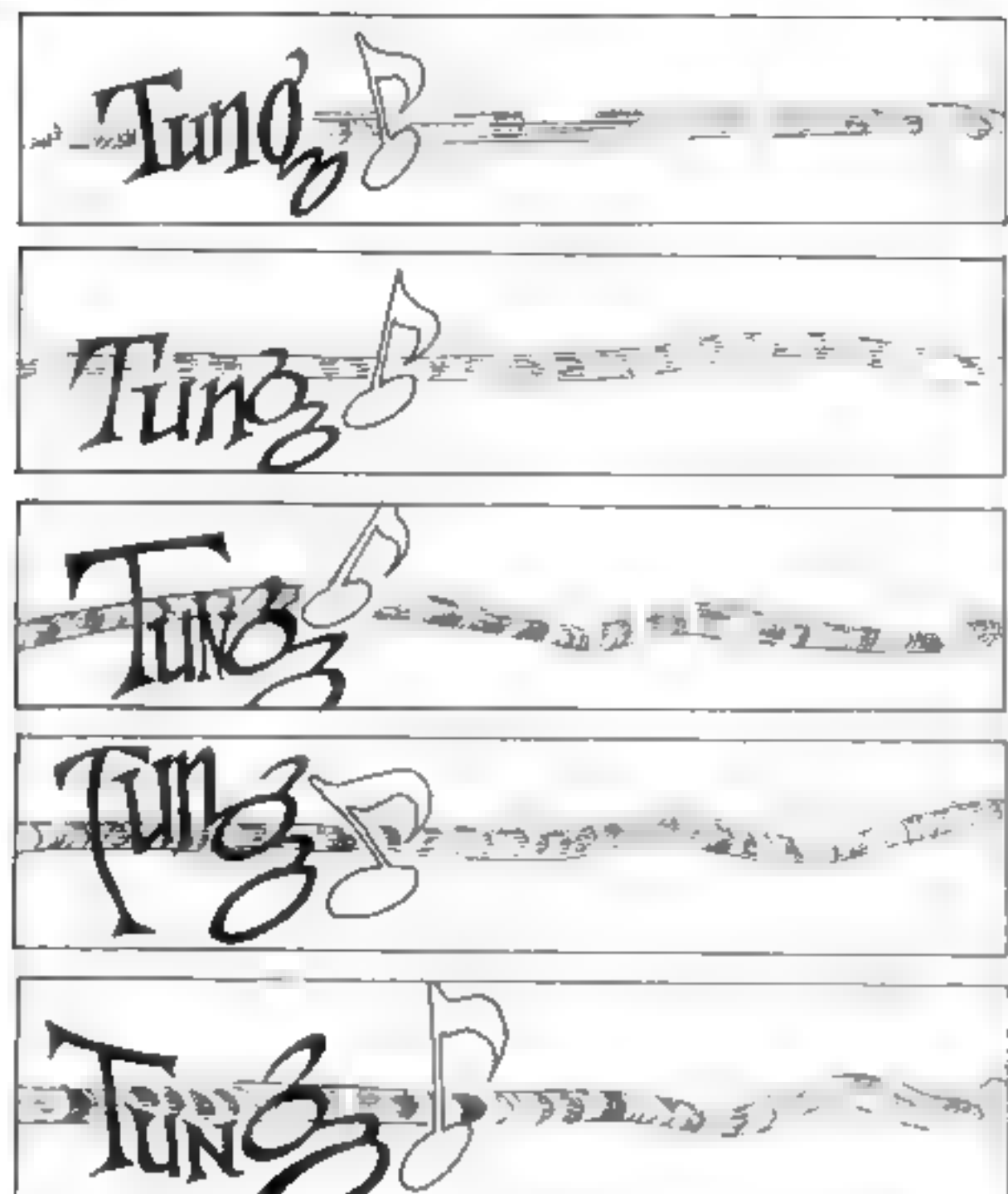
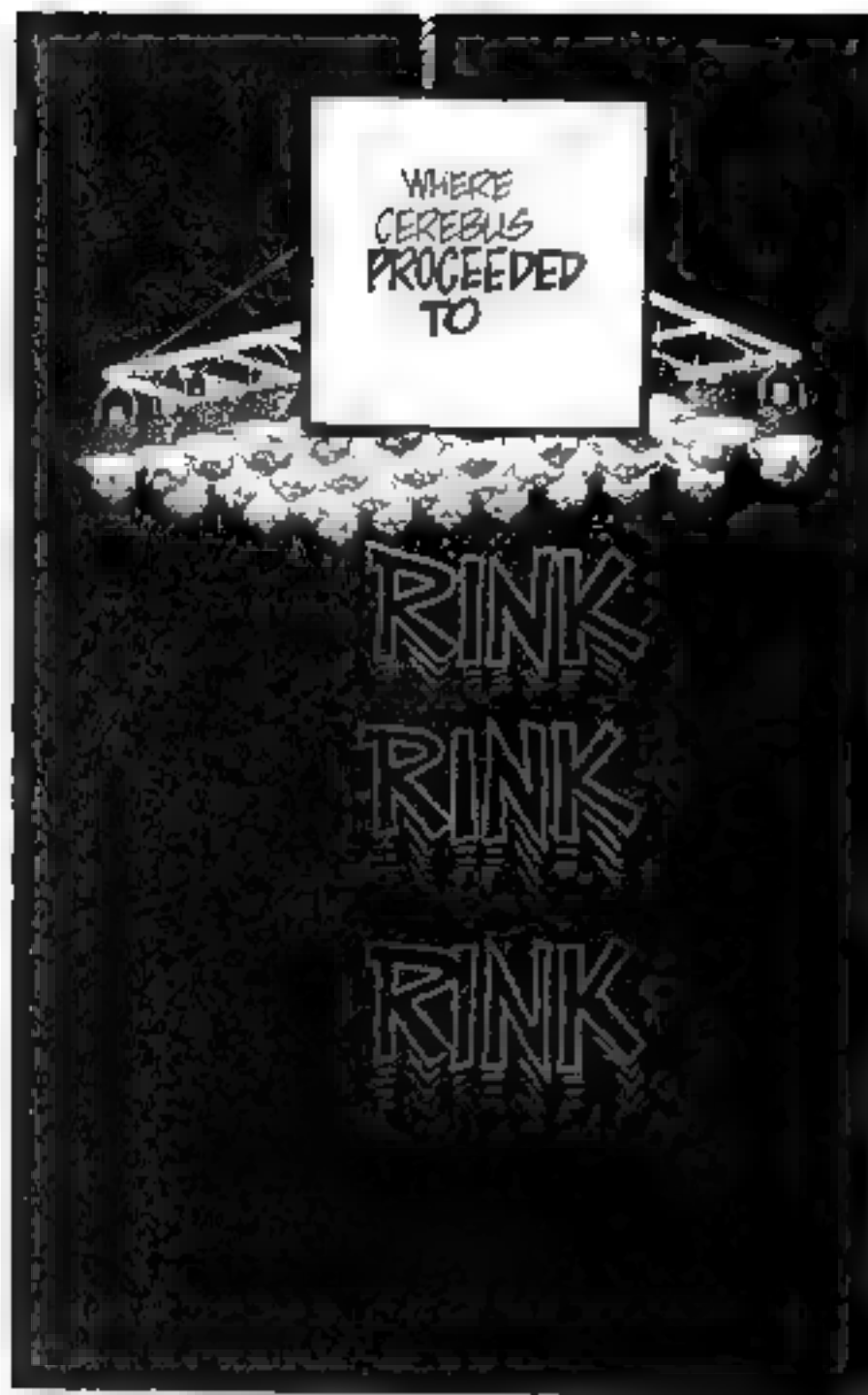
SO HE COULD BEAT EVERYONE AT MCBEE'S ...

...DISQUALIFY EVERYONE IN THE QUALIFYING ROUND...

...ELIMINATE EVERYONE IN THE ELIMINATION ROUND.



...HEAD BACK TO MOOSEHAT GARDENS WITH THE OWNER OF MCBEE'S...



"HE MAKES THE BALL CURVE AROUND CEREBUS," CEREBUS SAID TO THE LUGGAGE ON THE TRIP BACK.

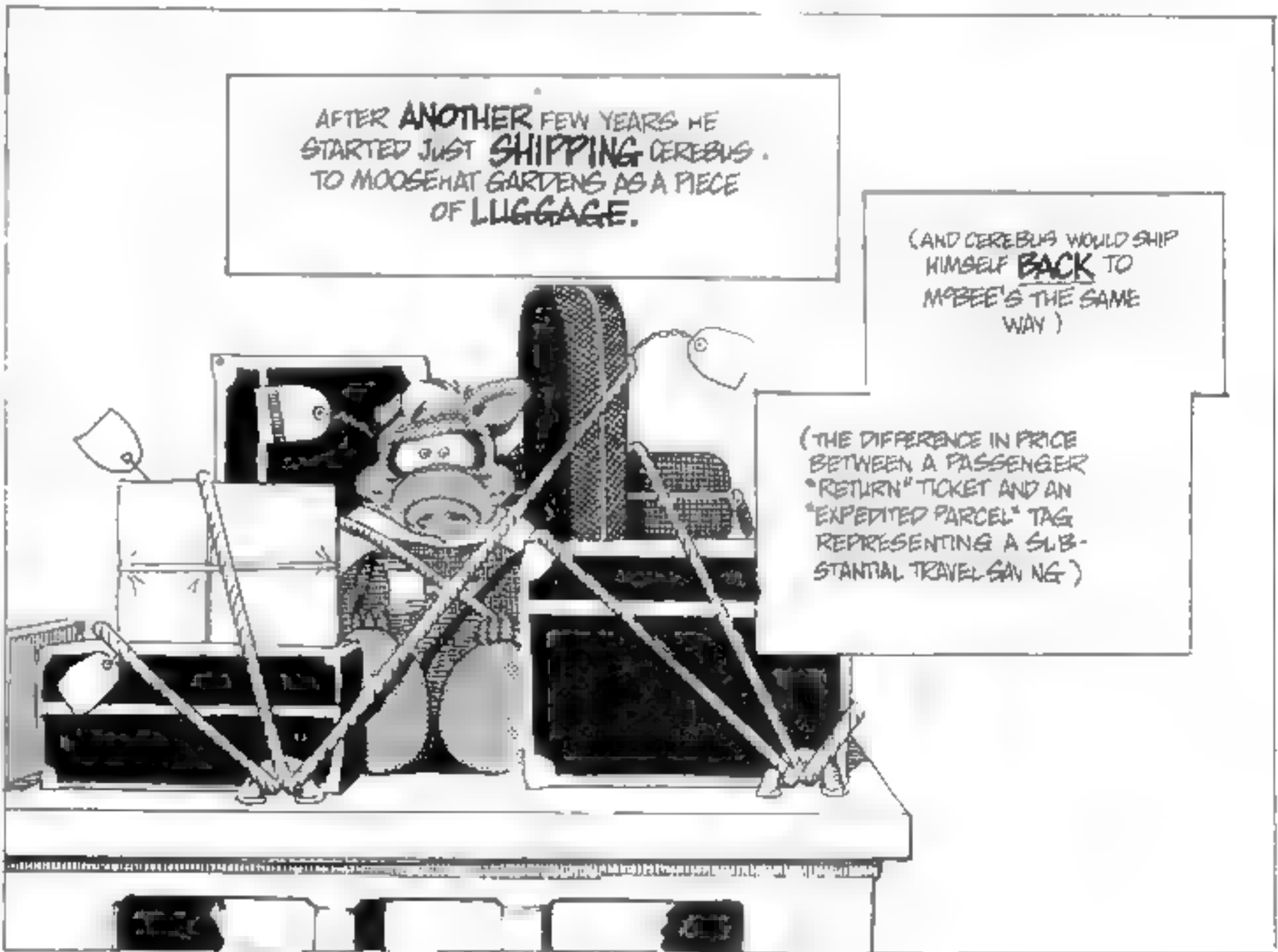
THIS WENT ON FOR YEARS.

(THE DRIVER HAD THREATENED TO RESIGN R DE BACK BESIDE -- QUOTE -- "THAT LOSER, FRED." UNQUOTE)

AFTER A FEW YEARS THE OWNER OF MOBBEE'S WOULD JUST SEND CEREBUS TO MOOSEHAT IN THE CARRIAGE



AFTER ANOTHER FEW YEARS HE WOULD JUST GIVE CEREBUS A "ONE WAY" TICKET (CEREBUS WOULD HAVE TO PAY FOR THE "RETURN" TICKET)



AFTER ANOTHER FEW YEARS HE STARTED JUST SHIPPING CEREBUS TO MOOSEHAT GARDENS AS A PIECE OF LUGGAGE.

(AND CEREBUS WOULD SHIP HIMSELF BACK TO MOBBEE'S THE SAME WAY)

(THE DIFFERENCE IN PRICE BETWEEN A PASSENGER "RETURN" TICKET AND AN "EXPEDITED PARCEL" TAG REPRESENTING A SUBSTANTIAL TRAVEL SAVING)

EVENTUALLY THE OWNER PAID
CEREBUS A LOT OF MONEY TO
LEAVE MCBEE'S PERMANENTLY

THAT WAY, ONLY "FRED" AND "HAMMER" WOULD BE NORTHERN ISSHURIAN
SYNONYMS FOR "LOSER" (AS IN)

I AM SUCH
A--A--
FRED,
EH?

(OR.)

IT WAS A REALLY--
LIKE-- HAMMER
THING
TO DO, EH?

(BUT
NOT.)

OH JEEZ--
PULL A MCBEE
OR WHAT, EH?

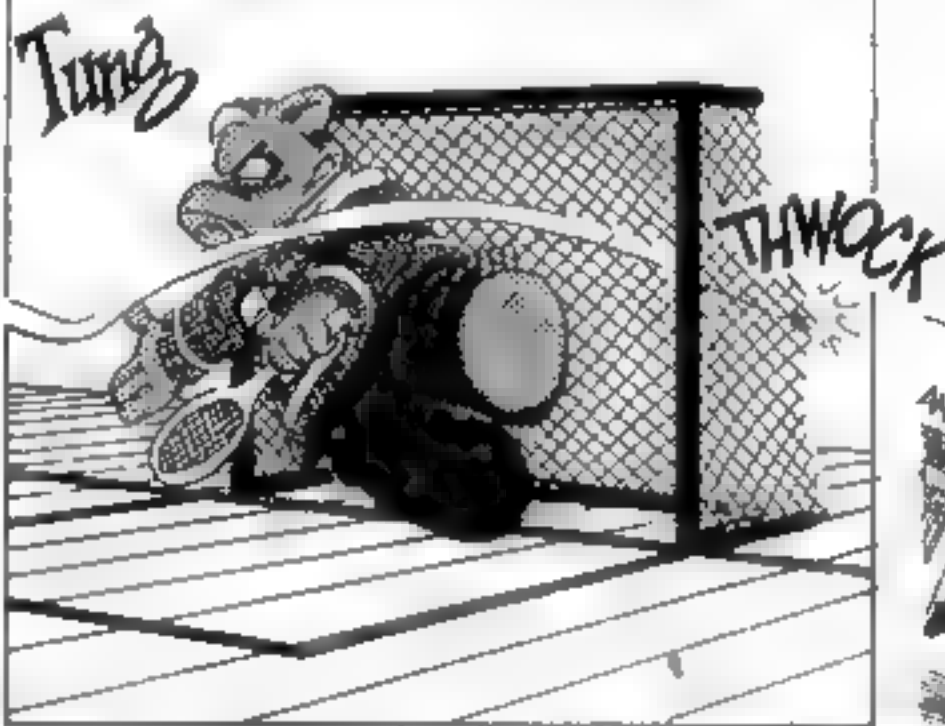
SNORT

FROM THEN ON, CEREBUS
WOULD MOVE INTO A NEW
TAVERN IN THE SPRING...

M'SHAWINIGAN'S
TAVERN

...REPRESENT THEM AT
MOOSEHAT GARDENS
THAT YEAR...

...AND THEN CHARGE THEM A
LOT OF MONEY TO REPRESENT
ANOTHER TAVERN THE FOLLOWING
YEAR.



SO...BASICALLY...CEREBUS
GOT RICH OFF OF BEING
SEEN AS NORTHERN ISSHURIA'S
BIGGEST LOSER (EVEN THOUGH
CEREBUS COULD BEAT ANY
FIVE-BAR GATE PLAYER WHO
WASN'T PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN)

WEIRD?
YOU BET.

(ALMOST AS WEIRD AS USING PAPER
MONEY AGAIN -- WITH PICTURES ON IT OF
GUYS CEREBUS NEVER BEFORE HEARD
TELL OF -- LIKE WATERLOO
LUTHERAN WHO)(EVIDENTLY)
(WAS ONE OF NORTHERN ISSHURIA'S
GREATEST PRIME M NISTERS)



THINGS NEVER CHANGED MUCH
AT MOOSEHAT GARDENS.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND NOW
NOT-SO-YOUNG GIRL
(PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN'S
WIFE) (AS IT TURNED OUT)
HAD A BABY.



OVER THE COURSE OF A
NUMBER OF FIVE-BAR
GATE SEASONS, THE
BABY...

...PAUL "COFFEE"
ANNAN JUNIOR.

GREW
UP.



AND THEN (ONE DAY)
HE JUST UP AND LEFT
FOR GOOD.

(SOME SAID BECAUSE
OF HIS NICKNAME:
PAUL "CAFÉ AU LAIT" ANNAN)
(BUT WHO KNOWS?)



OH! AND CEREBUS FINALLY
BROKE PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN'S
SHUT-OUT STREAK AT

119-AND- OH

(ON A FLAKE GOAL WHEN THE
STRING ON CEREBUS'
RACKET BROKE IN
MID-SHOT)

TUNG SPING



WHICH MADE THE BALL **DIPSY
DOODLE**

JUST LIKE A PAUL
"COFFEE" ANNAN SHOT)



THEN THERE WAS THE
YEAR PAUL "COFFEE"
ANNAN BROKE HIS
ANKLE IN A
QUALIFYING
MATCH



WHICH MEANT THAT
CEREBUS GOT TO BE
CHAMPION THAT YEAR
BY BEATING SOME
NO-NAME GUY...

AND "FRED
HAMMER" FINALLY
GOT HIS NAME
ON THE
JAKIRBEE
CUP!



WHICH MEANT-- THAT YEAR IT--
 WAS CEREBUS (INSTEAD OF
 MR AND MRS PAUL "COFFEE"
 ANNAN) WHO GOT TO GO
 "ON TOUR" ALL
 ACROSS NORTHERN
 GSHURIA...

BEATING LOTS
 OF NO-NAME
 GUYS IN
 EXHIBITION
 GAMES...

AND HAVING SEX
 WITH REALLY,
 REALLY
 BEAUTIFUL

(AND REALLY
 REALLY
 DUMB)

YOUNG GIRLS WHO
 WANTED TO BE
 "MRS. JAKIRBEE
 CUP CHAMPION"

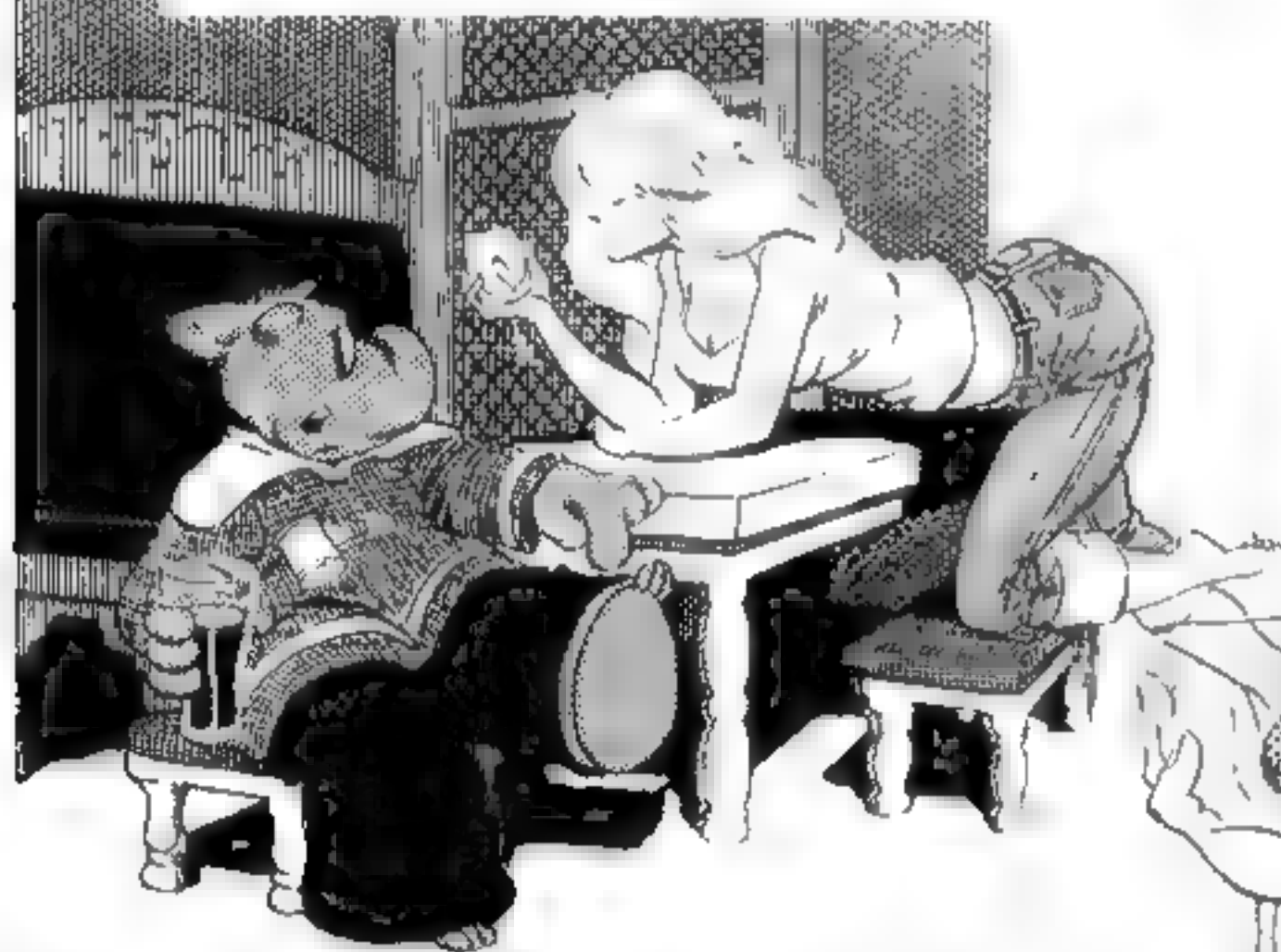


CEREBUS TRIED TO EXPLAIN TO THEM
 THAT THE ONLY REASON CEREBUS WAS
 THE CHAMPION WAS BECAUSE PAUL
 "COFFEE" ANNAN BROKE HIS ANKLE
 THAT YEAR.

THEY WOULD TELL "FRED" THAT
 HE WAS JUST BEING MODEST
 AND THEY WERE SURE "FRED"
 WOULD BE THE REIGNING
 CHAMPION FOR

"LIKE"

"EVER."



SO "FRED"
 "EARNED
 TO JUST
 - YOU KNOW)

SHUT UP
 AND WELL
 (YOU KNOW)

THE NEXT YEAR PAUL
 "COFFEE" ANNAN

Tung

BEAT CEREBUS
 AGAIN SO
 (FORTUNATELY,
 EVERYTHING WENT
 BACK TO NORMAL

WHICH (HEH-HEH) **FINALLY** BRINGS CEREBUS TO THE **ANSWER** TO THE QUESTION "WHAT DOES CEREBUS CONSIDER TO BE THE **MOST EXCITING MOMENT** IN CEREBUS' LIFE?" THAT WOULD HAVE TO BE THE **LAST FIVE-BAR GATE MATCH** BETWEEN CEREBUS AND PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN. CEREBUS KNOWS WHAT YOU'RE THINKING: "BUT-- WHAT ABOUT ALL OF THE GREAT BATTLES CEREBUS WAS IN? WHAT ABOUT PETROU PASS AND ALL THE REST?" SEE-- THE THING ABOUT AN ACTUAL **BATTLE** IS THAT YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO BE EXCITED. GETTING EXCITED IN A BATTLE IS A GOOD WAY TO GET **DEAD**. IN A **BATTLE** YOU MAKE A LOT OF DECISIONS IN A **HURRY**. TIME SEEMS TO SLOW DOWN AND SPEED UP. A BATTLE THAT ONLY LASTS THE MORNING WILL **SEEM** FIVE DAYS LONG. BUT WHEN IT'S OVER, AND YOU "STRING TOGETHER" EVERYTHING YOU REMEMBER, YOU ONLY REMEMBER A TOTAL OF FIVE OR TEN **MINUTES**: WHAT HAPPENED THE **REST** OF THE MORNING-- THAT SEEMED AT THE TIME-- FIVE DAYS-- LONG? YOU HAVE NO IDEA AND YOU REALLY HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE TO FIGURE IT OUT, BECAUSE THE NEXT THING YOU KNOW YOU'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE "DEAD GUYS AND DYING GUYS" PART OF "AFTER THE BATTLE" YOU KNOW-- SEEING GUYS WITH THEIR GUYS SPILLED OUT OR HALF THEIR HEAD GONE GUYS YOU SAW EATING BREAKFAST JUST BEFORE THE SUN CAME UP OR-- EVEN WORSE-- GUYS WHO ARE IN THAT KIND OF SHAPE AND ARE STILL **ALIVE** AND SCREAMING AND-- WELL-- THERE'S PROBABLY A **WORD** FOR HOW THAT MAKES YOU **FEEL** BUT-- TRUST CEREBUS-- "EXCITED" ISN'T IT.

AND THAT'S THE BIG DIFFERENCE WITH **PROFESSIONAL FIVE-BAR-GATE**-- **NOBODY** GETS **KILLED** NO MATTER HOW BAD THEY STINK AT IT AND THERE'S A **CROWD** (WHOSE ONLY JOB IT IS TO YELL REALLY LOUD AND CLAP AND STOMP UP AND DOWN AND GET THE PLAYERS EXCITED) (WHICH THEY DO NO MATTER WHAT THE PLAYERS SAY ABOUT "NOT NOTICING THE CROWD"-- PICTURE TRYING TO DO ANYTHING WITH TWO HUNDRED GUYS YELLING AT YOU-- AND PICTURE JUST IGNORING THEM. HOW ARE YOU GOING TO IGNORE EVEN FIVE GUYS YELLING AT YOU-- ESPECIALLY WHEN WHAT THEY'RE YELLING IS "YOU STINK, HAMMER" OR "BLOW ME, HAMMER"? THAT'S JUST BULL-- SHIT) (PARDON CEREBUS' BEDQUINESE)

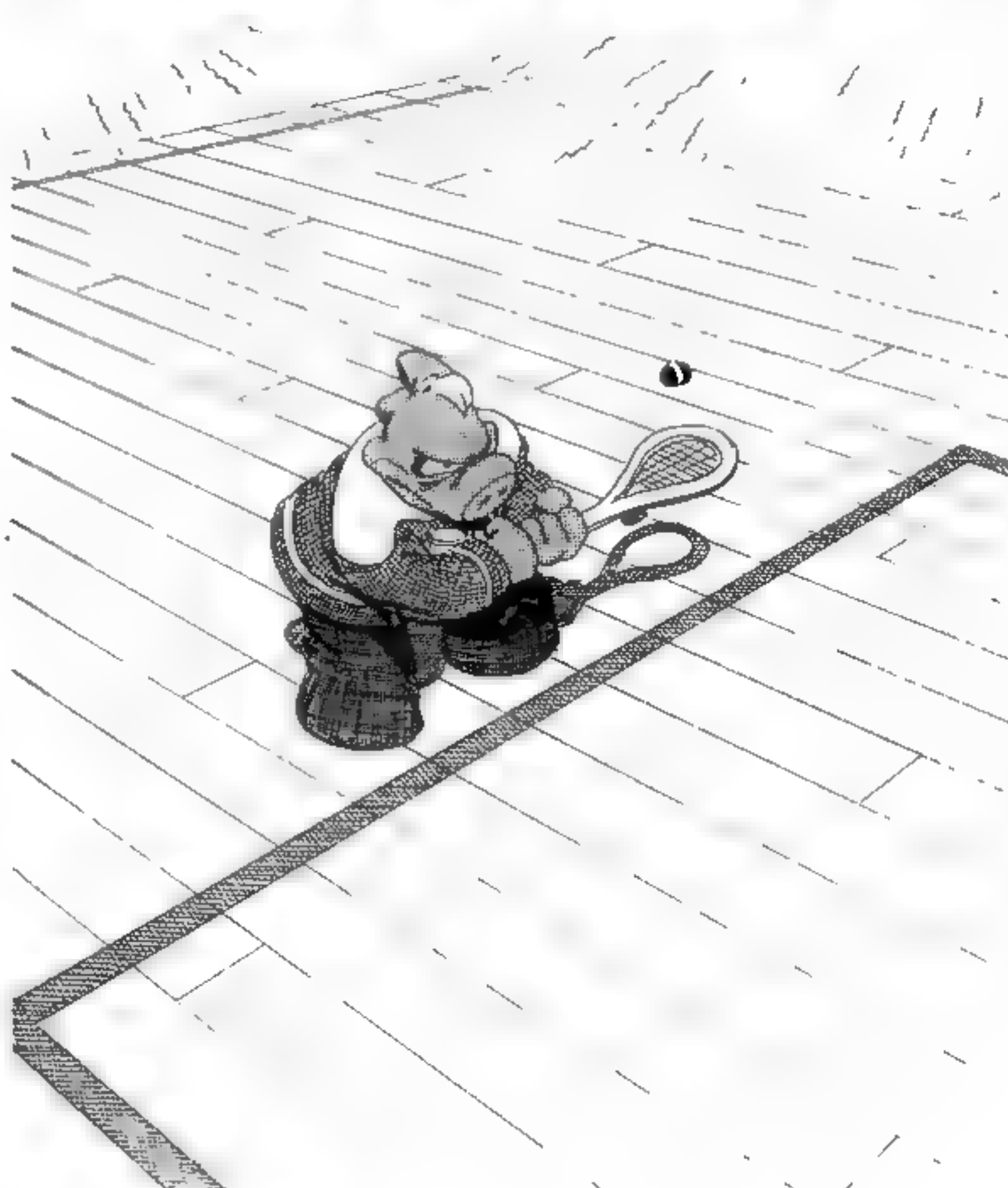
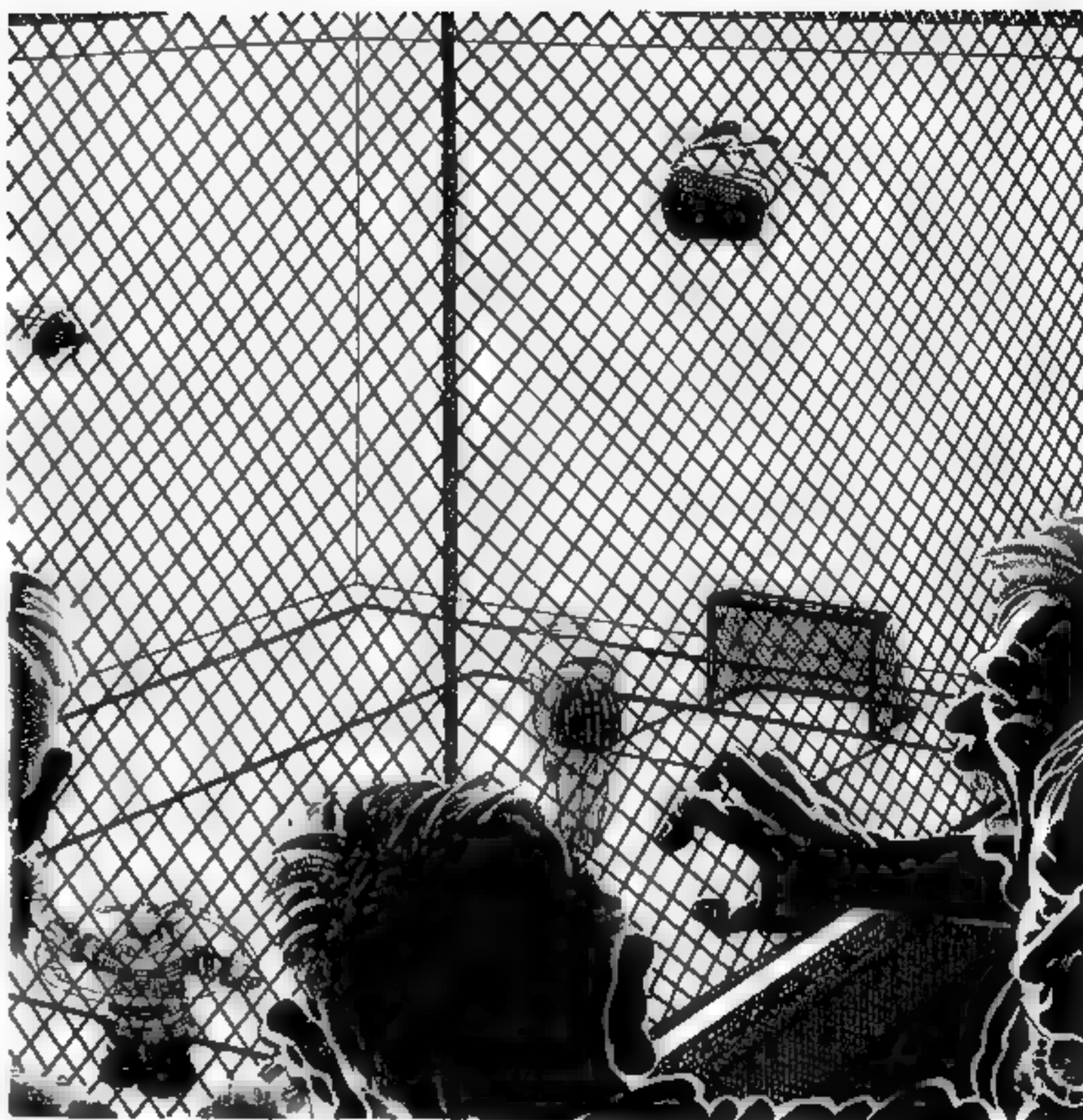
SO ANYWAY-- THE **LAST FIVE-BAR-GATE MATCH** BETWEEN PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN AND "FRED HAMMER" AT MOOSEHAT GARDENS THE LIFETIME RECORD BETWEEN THE TWO OF US STOOD AT ONE HUNDRED SIXTY-FIVE AND ONE FOR PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN: A HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE GOALS **FOR** AND ONE GOAL **AGAINST**. SO CEREBUS DID WHAT HE ALWAYS DID (AFTER THE FIRST FEW SEASONS WHEN IT BECAME OBVIOUS CEREBUS WAS **NEVER** GOING TO **BEAT** PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN)

CEREBUS **TEASED** THE CROWD.

(WHICH WAS ABOUT AS DIFFICULT AS TEASING A CHAINED-UP WATCHDOG) (WHICH IS WHAT A FIVE-BAR-GATE CROWD MOST RESEMBLES

IN INTELLIGENCE AND SELF-EXPRESSION) CEREBUS STOOD AT THE SHOT-LINE, BOUNCING THE BALL ON HIS RACKET AND THEN **HUNKED** OVER (AS IF HE WAS ABOUT TO SHOOT) WHILE THE BIG, DUMB "CHAINED-UP" WATCHDOG CHANTED "COFF-EE" "COFF-EE" "COFF-EE" "COFF-EE"

THE CHANTING GETTING LOUDER AND LOUDER AND LOUDER!





AND THEN CEREBUS WOULD JUST... **STRAIGHTEN UP**... AS IF HE HAD CHANGED HIS MIND ABOUT SHOOTING... AND THE CROWD WOULD GO **ABSOLUTELY BERZERK**: "@*!☆ YOU, HAMMER!" "@*!☆ING SHOOT! YOU @*!☆ING ASS @*!☆ (ER... THAT IS!) @*! HOLE!"

(THAT "CHAINED-UP WATCHDOG" THING -- SEE: CEREBUS DID THIS EVERY YEAR ON HIS FIRST SHOT SO EVERYBODY KNEW CEREBUS WAS GOING TO DO IT AND **STILL**, EVERY YEAR, THE CROWD WENT **ABSOLUTELY BERZERK** WHEN CEREBUS STRAIGHTENED UP) (WHY DID CEREBUS DO IT? BASICALLY TO GET THE CROWD EVEN MORE WORKED UP SO THAT THE FLOORBOARDS OF MOOSEHAT GARDENS STARTED TO SHAKE AND THE ROARING NOISE WOULD MAKE CEREBUS' SCALP START TO TINGLE AND GET THE BELLS RINGING IN CEREBUS' GOOD EAR)

AND THEN CEREBUS WOULD DO SOMETHING ELSE BESIDES SHOOTING (IT DIDN'T MATTER WHAT AS LONG AS IT WASN'T A SHOT) AND THAT WOULD REALLY DRIVE THE CROWD CRAZY

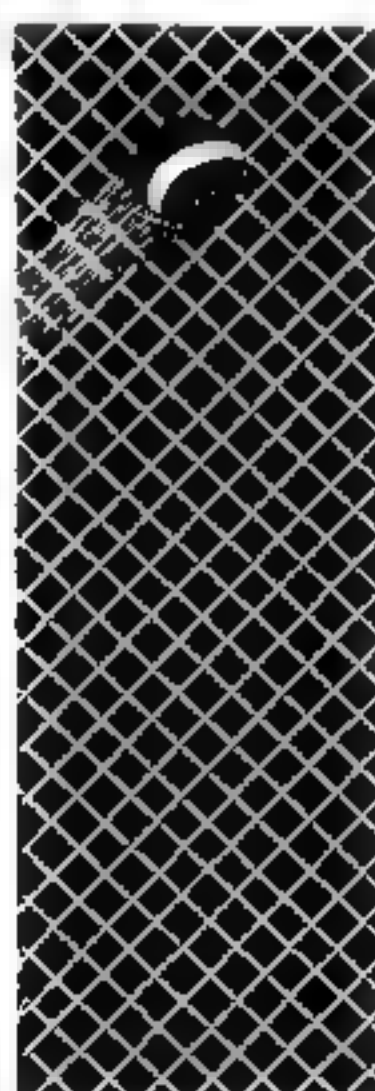
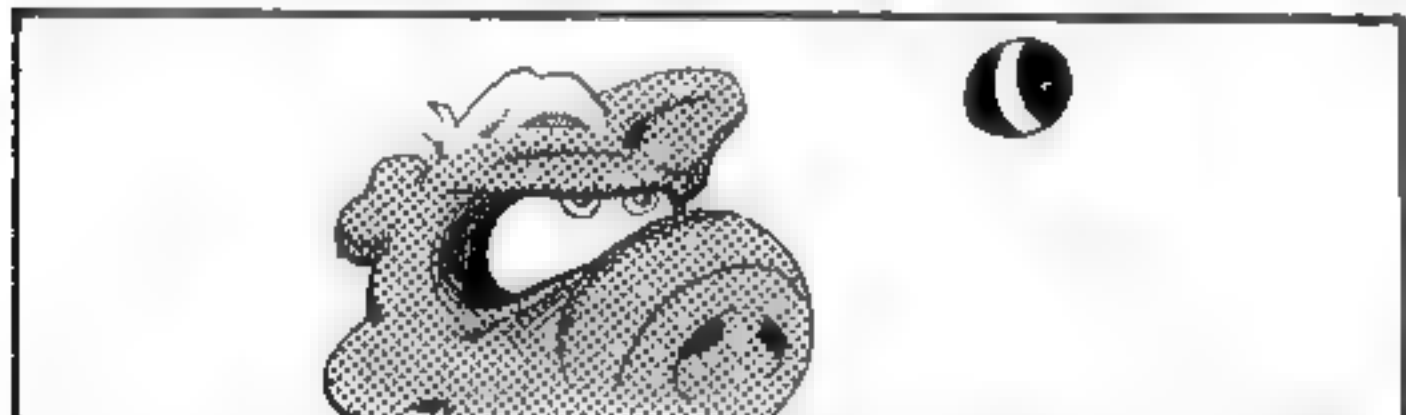
ANYWAY, IN THAT LAST GAME, WHAT CEREBUS DID WAS TO TAKE A COUPLE OF STEPS TO HIS RIGHT AND (BOY) DID THAT DRIVE THE CROWD INSANE

"COFF-FEE"
"GOF-FEE"

(AND)
"HAMMER! YOU #%*! SICKER @*!ING SHOOT THE @*!ING BALL!"

(SEE -- KNOWING THAT CEREBUS COULDN'T POSSIBLY BEAT PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN, CEREBUS SPENT HIS TIME (INSTEAD) GETTING THE CROWD MORE AND MORE WORKED UP -- LOUDER AND LOUDER AND LOUDER -- TRYING TO TIME IT JUST RIGHT SO THAT JUST WHEN THE CROWD WAS AS WORKED UP AND AS LOUD AS THEY COULD

GET





CEREBUS TIMED IT JUST PERFECTLY ON THAT FIRST SHOT. WHEN PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN MADE THE SAME AND CEREBUS **DOVE** FOR THE REBOUND AND **MISSED** IT, THE CROWD BROKE INTO A

ROAR

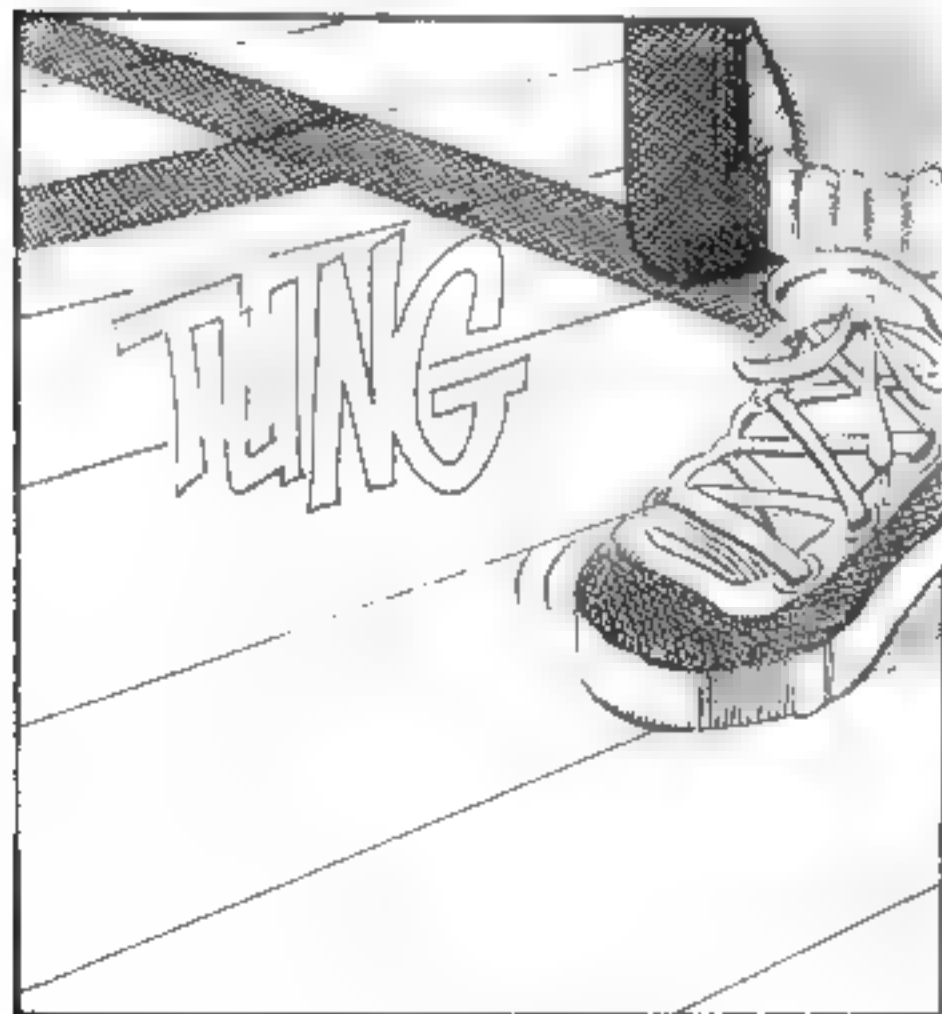
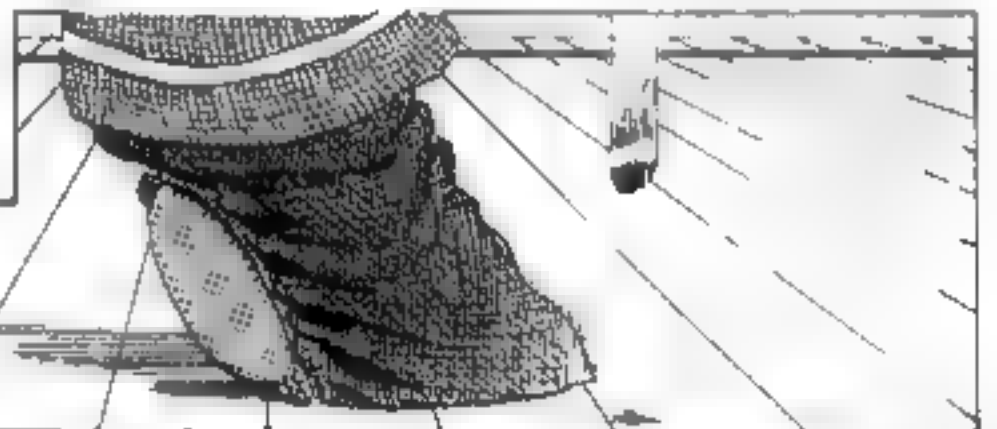
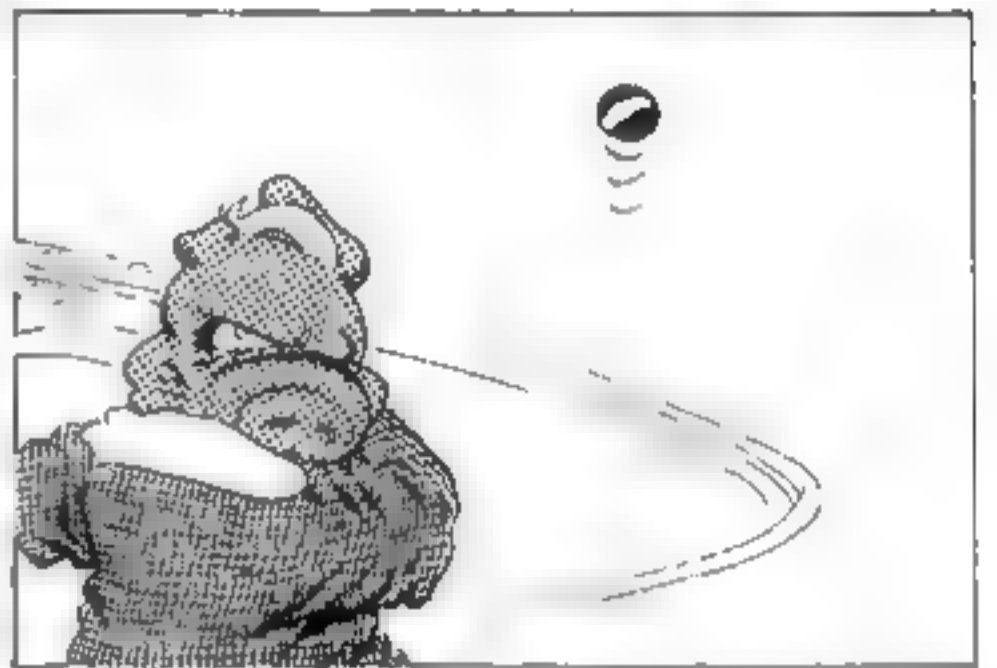
THAT ACTUALLY **BOUNCED** CEREBUS **UP** OFF OF THE FLOORBOARDS A FRACTION OF AN INCH! -- (BOUNCE BOUNCE) -- MOOSEHAT GARDENS WAS SHAKING SO HARD

SO (OF COURSE) CEREBUS WANTED TO MAKE IT HAPPEN AGAIN ON HIS **SECOND SHOT**...

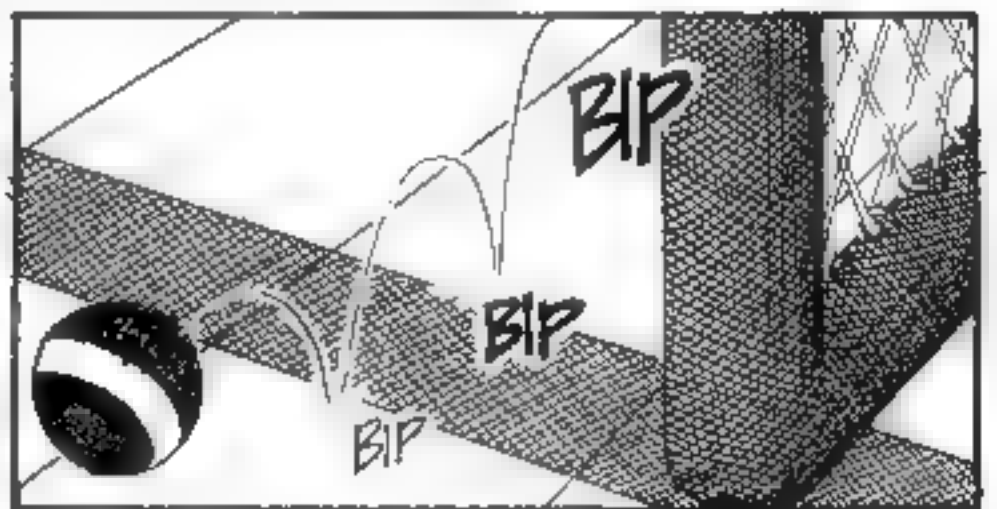
SO **THIS** TIME, CEREBUS PUTS HIS RACKET DOWN AND CHECKS THE STITCHING ALONG THE BOTTOM OF HIS SWEATER... **INTENTLY**. (LIKE) "MAYBE THE STITCHING THREW CEREBUS OFF."

(SOMEBODY IN THE CROWD YELLED "IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR YOUR DICK, HAMMER, YOU BETTER TRY A **MAGNIFYING GLASS**" (WHICH CEREBUS THOUGHT WAS PRETTY FUNNY))

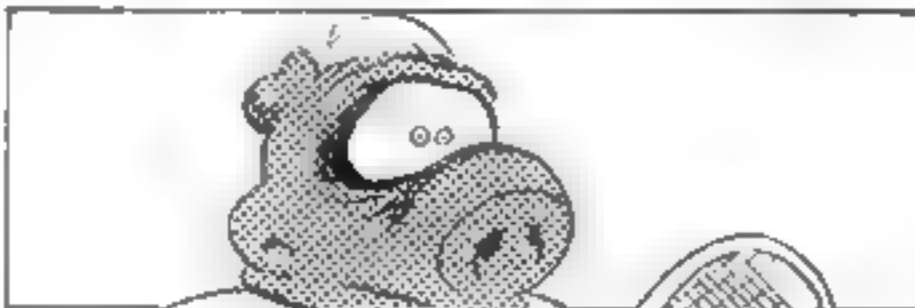
AND SOON THEY WERE RIGHT BACK UP AT THEIR **PEAK VOLUME** AND THE FLOORBOARDS WERE JUST SHAKING LIKE CRAZY AND CEREBUS' SCALP WAS TINGLING **AND**



IT WENT IN!



IT WENT RIGHT IN!



THEN THE CROWD REALLY WENT INSANE! (YOU HAVE TO REMEMBER THAT MOST PEOPLE STILL DIDN'T EVEN CREDIT "FRED" WITH HIS FLUKE GOAL) (THEY SAID IT DIDN'T COUNT - THAT IT WAS DISQUALIFIED BY THE "BROKEN RACKET RULE" (WHICH WAS STUPID - THE "BROKEN RACKET RULE" CLEARLY STATING "IF THE RACKET AND/OR STRINGS BREAK IN THE COURSE OF THE PLAYER'S SHOT, ETC" ... THEN IT'S OKAY) (BUT... THAT WAS MOOSEHAT FOR YOU) BUT NOW "FRED" HAD SCORED HIS FIRST-EVER NON-FLUKE GOAL EVERYONE (EVEN MOOSEHATERS) HAD TO ADMIT IT WAS A GOAL ... WHICH WAS WHY THE CROWD REALLY, REALLY WENT INSANE

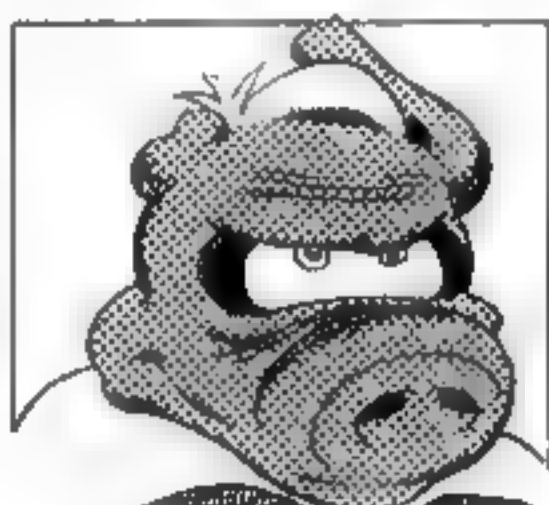


THROUGH THE
ROAR OF
THE CROWD



CEREBUS NOTICED THAT PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN WAS SWEATING LIKE A STUCK PIG (WHICH CEREBUS HAD NEVER SEEN PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN DO (NOT EVEN - YOU KNOW - A SHINY FOREHEAD))

"HE'S SICK,"
THOUGHT
CEREBUS.



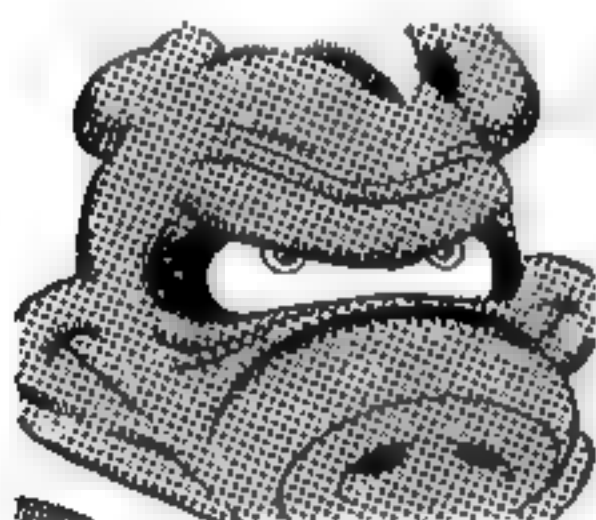
"HE'S GOT THE
PUKES OR
THE RUNS
OR SOMETHING."



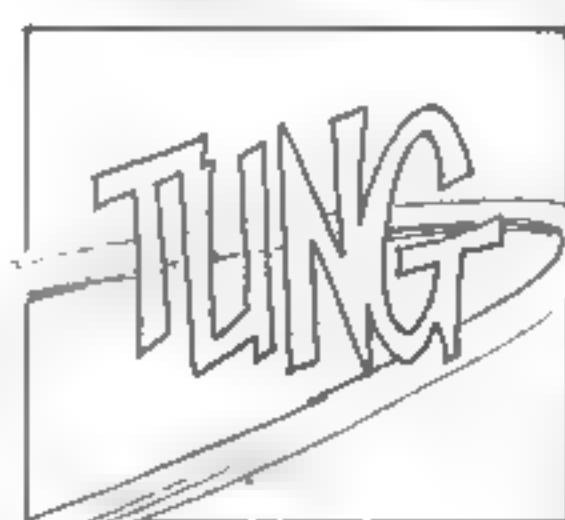
THE NOISE OF THE CROWD POUNDING IN CEREBUS' GOOD EAR, CEREBUS HAD TO ASK HIMSELF -- "WAS CEREBUS REALLY GOING TO 'TAKE ADVANTAGE' OF A ... WEAKENED ... SICK ... PAUL 'COFFEE' ANNAN?"



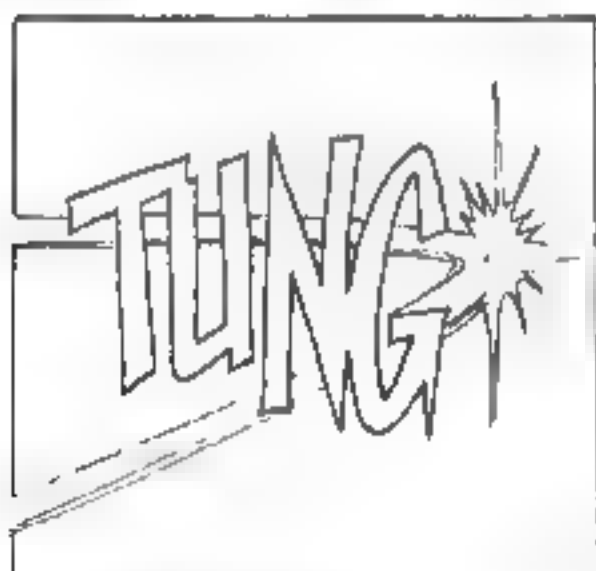
THE CROWD NOISE SWELLING LOUDER ... AND LOUDER ... SEEMED ... SUDDENLY FAR FAR AWAY AND THERE ... IN THE MIDDLE OF MOOSEHAT GARDENS, THE ANSWER TO HIS QUESTION CAME TO CEREBUS



"YOU BET YOUR
ASS HE
WAS!"



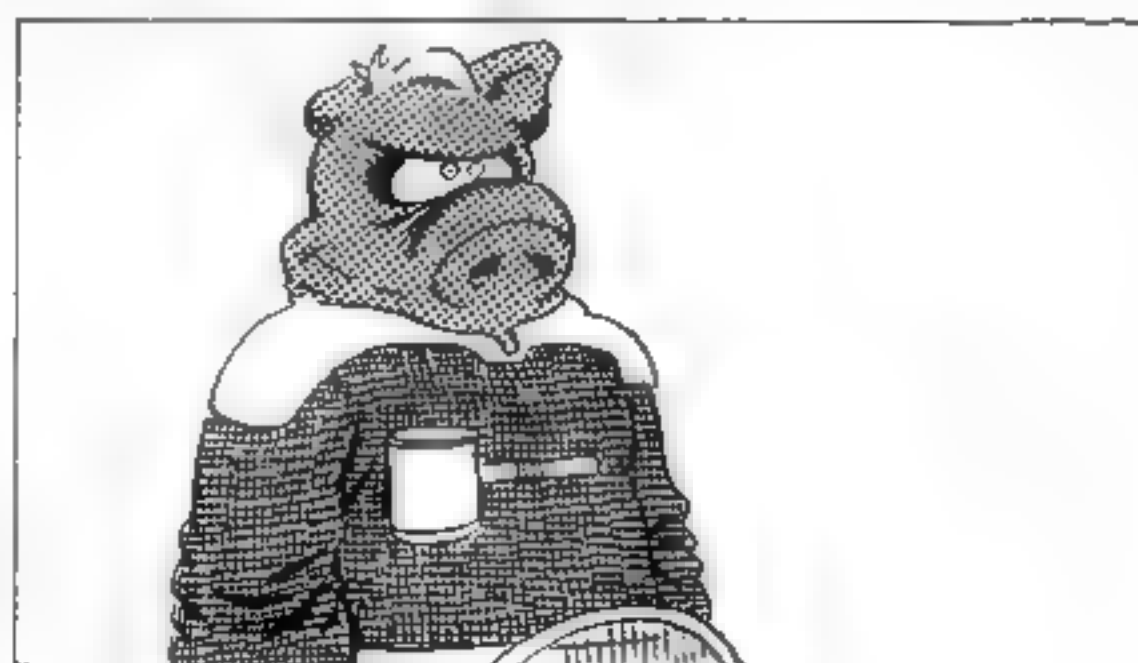
"TOP SHELF!"
(TWO-FER
THREE)



"CORNER:
RACKET SIDE!"
(THREE-FER-
FOUR)



"FIVE-
HOLE!
(AGAIN!)"
(FOUR-FER-
FIVE)



NOW, ALL CEREBUS HAD TO DO WAS SOMETHING HE HAD NEVER MANAGED BEFORE: HE HAD TO STOP - NOT ONE BUT TWO - PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN DIPSY-DOODLE SHOTS

CEREBUS WAITED FOR
THE REFEREE TO
SIGNAL THE GOALIE-
SHOOTER CHANGE

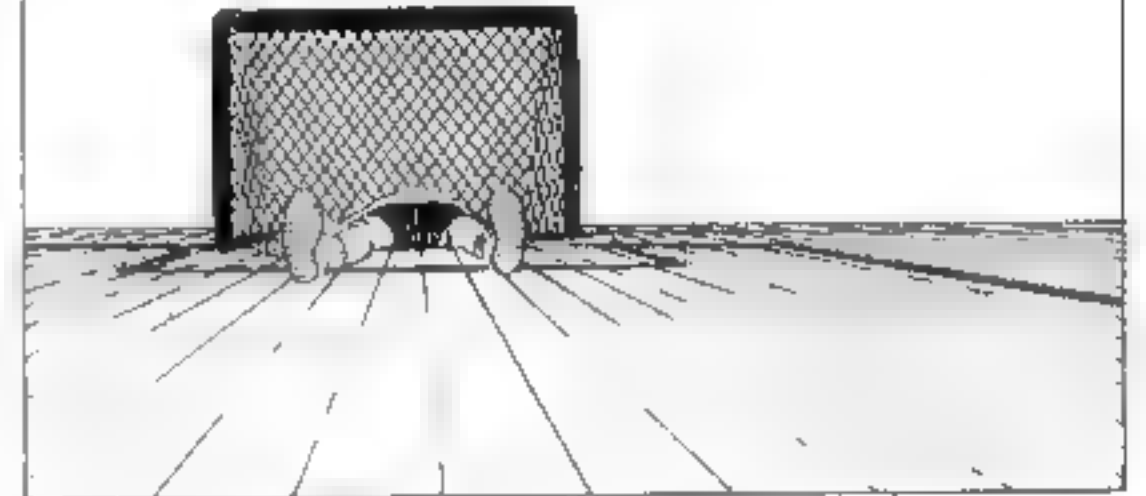


BUT THE REF
WAS JUST
STARING IN
THE DIRECTION
OF THE
NET...



WHERE PAUL "COFFEE"
ANNAN HAD JUST...

("OOOOOOOH," WENT
THE CROWD)
...COLLAPSED!



THE CROWD FELL
SILENT AS MR
VAN HELLEMOND
HURRIED ONTO
THE COURT...



(WHAT A STROKE OF LUCK THAT
MOOSEHAT'S CHIEF MEDICAL
OFFICER ALSO RAN THE
MAPLE SUGAR CANDY
AND BACK-BACON-ON-A-
STICK CONCESSION AT
MOOSEHAT GARDENS!)

...
AND THEN
HURRIED
OVER TO EXAMINE
PAUL "COFFEE"
ANNAN.

APART FROM
MR. VAN HELLEMOND'S

"MM."
"MM HM"
"MM HM"

YOU COULD
HEAR A PIN
DROP

YOU DROPPED
YOUR PIN

WELL,
SHIT!

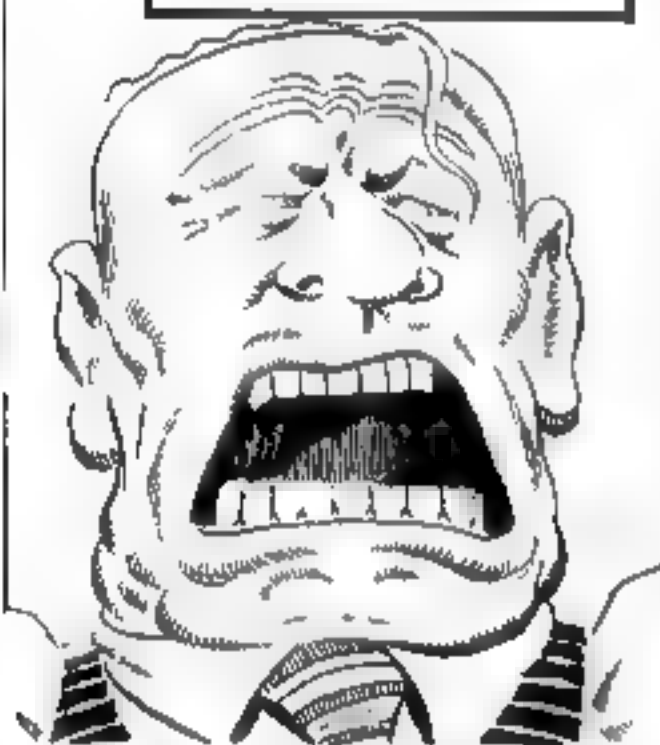


FINALLY, MR. VAN HELLEMOND STOOD UP AND SAID

"PAUL."

"COFFEE."

"ANNAN."



AND THEN HE PAUSED... FOR A SECOND...OR TWO...

(SEE-- NOT ONLY WAS HE MOOSEHAT'S CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER AND PART OWNER OF LAURA CONCORD SWEETS & SWINE HE WAS ALSO THE MANAGER-DIRECTOR OF THE VAN HELLEMOND JACK-A-DANDY PLAYERS AT THE NORTHERN ISSHURIA NATIONAL THEATRE IN MOOSEHAT) (SO HE REALLY KNEW HOW TO-- YOU KNOW-- "MILK" A GOOD LINE FOR ALL IT WAS WORTH.)



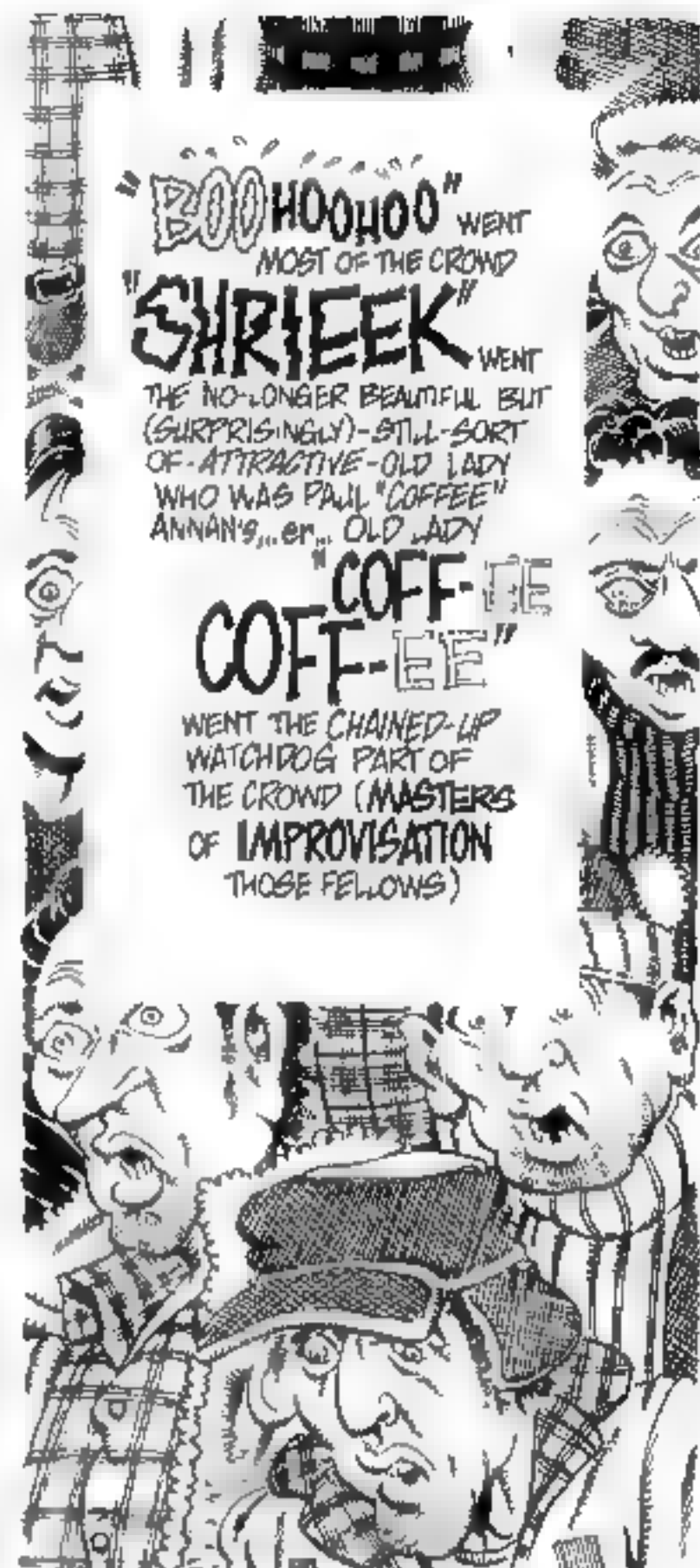
"IS...
DEAD"

(...HE CONTINUED...)



"BOOHOOHOO" WENT MOST OF THE CROWD
"SHREEK" WENT THE NO-LONGER BEAUTIFUL BUT (SURPRISINGLY)-STILL-SORT OF-ATTRACTIVE-OLD LADY WHO WAS PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN'S...er... OLD LADY

"COFF-EE
COFF-EE"
WENT THE CHAINED-UP WATCHDOG PART OF THE CROWD (MASTERS OF IMPROVISATION THOSE FELLOWS)



"FURTHER..."

CONTINUED MR. VAN HELLEMOND (PAUSING TO GIVE THE CROWD A CHANCE TO QUIET DOWN)



"FURTHER..."

HE REPEATED...PAUSING AGAIN (THIS TIME FOR THE DRAMATIC EFFECT) (SINCE THE CROWD WAS ALREADY QUIET BY THEN)



"FURTHER, I HAVE DETERMINED THAT THE CAUSE OF DEATH WAS:"

(TWO)
(THREE)
(FOUR)



"@*! KING HAMMER!"
SOMEONE IN THE CROWD YELLED

"YEAH" YELLED SOMEONE ELSE (WHO ALSO MISTOOK MR. VAN HELLEMOND'S DRAMATIC EFFECT FOR A REQUEST FOR A SECOND OPINION)

"@*! KING HAMMER KILLED HIM!"



"OLD..."

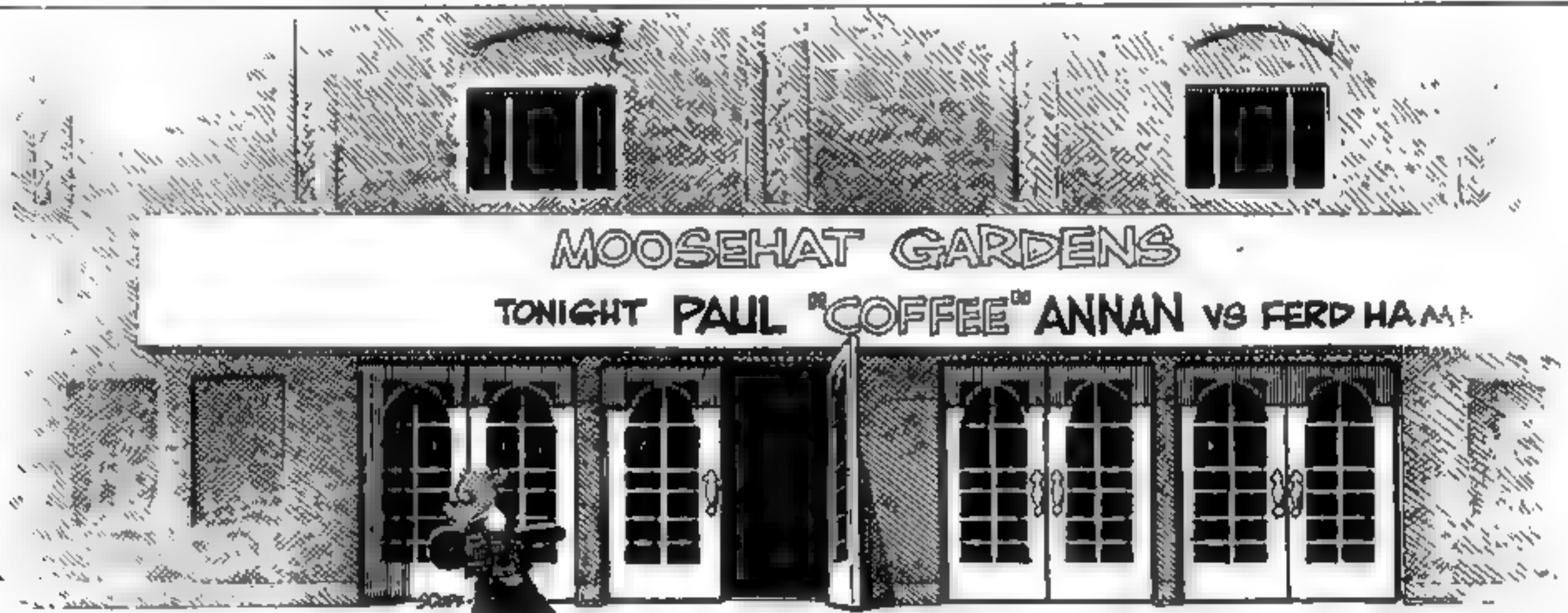
"...AGE"
SAID MR. VAN HELLEMOND (FINALLY)



AS CEREBUS FELT THE WEIGHT OF TWO HUNDRED PAIRS OF EYES TURNING SLOWLY IN HIS DIRECTION, ALL HE COULD DO WAS STAND THERE WISHING THAT HIS HAIR AND HIS TEETH WOULD FALL OUT OR... THAT HE WOULD SUDDENLY GROW A HUNDRED MORE WRINKLES OR... SOME LIVER SPOTS.....OR.....SOMETHING.....SO THAT HE DIDN'T FEEL LIKE SUCH A...A... **CHEATER!**



EVEN AS CEREBUS SHUFFLED OUT OF MOOSEHAT GARDENS FOR THE LAST TIME -- (KNOWING HE COULD NEVER PLAY FIVE-BAR GATE AGAIN) (A CHORUS OF BOO'S AND CATCALLS RINGING IN HIS EARS).....EVEN AS CEREBUS STARTED TO "BLANK OUT" AGAIN....



CEREBUS REALIZED THAT HE HAD BEEN GOING ABOUT THIS THE WRONG WAY..... REALIZED THAT THE BEST WAY TO GET HIMSELF KILLED WAS TO HEAD BACK DOWN SOUTH....



AND GET THE CIRINISTS TO DO THE JOB.

"Everyone dies in the end."

**"No. In the end,
everyone is dead.
It's *not* the same thing
at *all*."**

Roger Langridge
"La Journee Parfait"

Latter Days

THIS TIME, CEREBUS WAS GOING TO MAKE SURE. HE TOOK THE NOT-SO-SMALL FORTUNE HE HAD MADE FROM CHARGING TAVERNS TO NOT REPRESENT THEM AT MOOSEHAT GARDENS AND HE SUNK EVERY LAST HALF-BIT INTO OPENING HIS OWN TAVERN -- WITH DANCERS -- RIGHT IN THE HEART OF CIRINIST TERRITORY

THEN CEREBUS POSTED PROFESSIONALLY HAND-PAINTED SIGNS ON EVERY BUILDING IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Doesn't Your Wife
Deserve A Night Home
Alone Tonight?

fred's tavern
Two blocks thataway

GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!

AND NO

WOMEN! WOMEN! WOMEN!

fred's tavern

Just to the left of the corner, that

Check Out The
Breasts & Thighs
On Our Chickens!

fred's tavern

Three blocks thisaway

Pull Up
A Girl And
Sit Down!

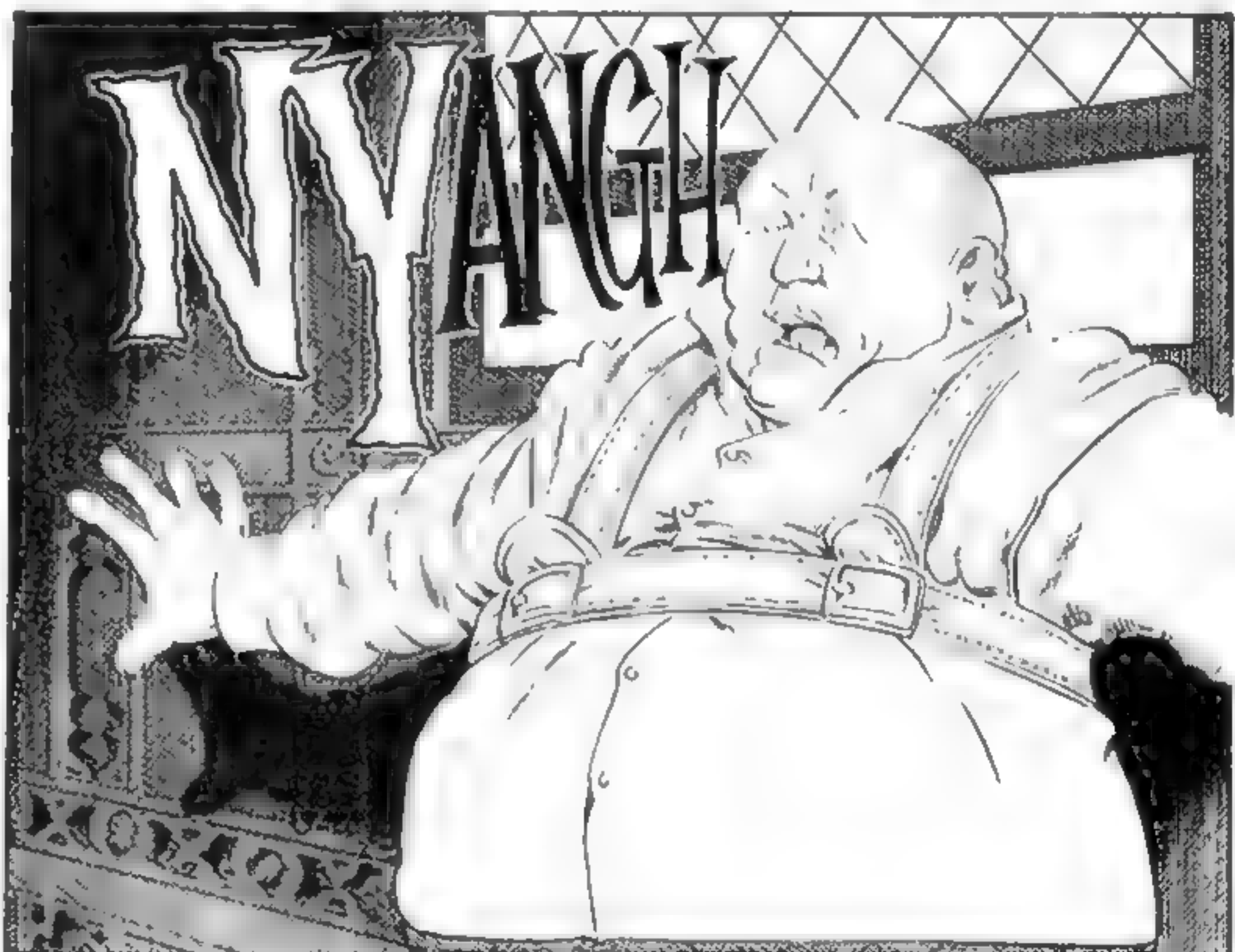
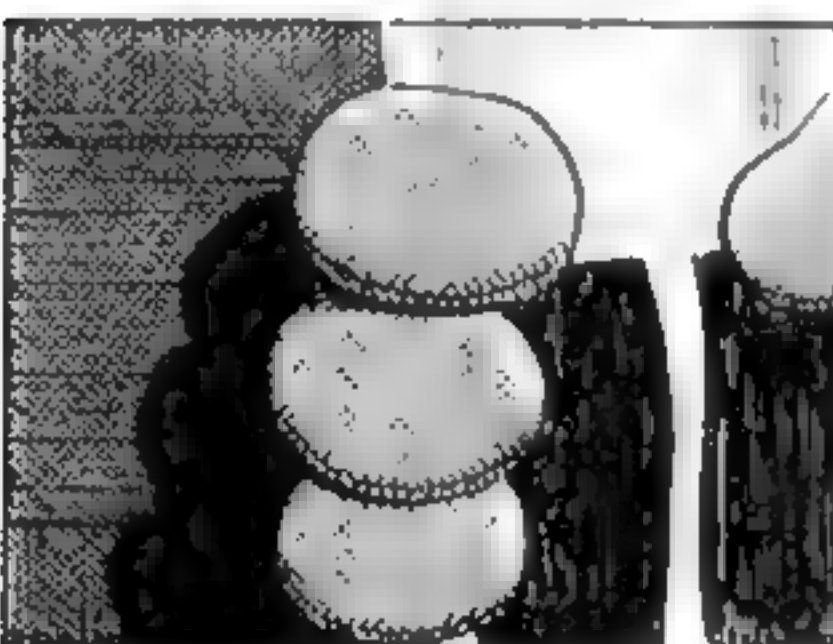
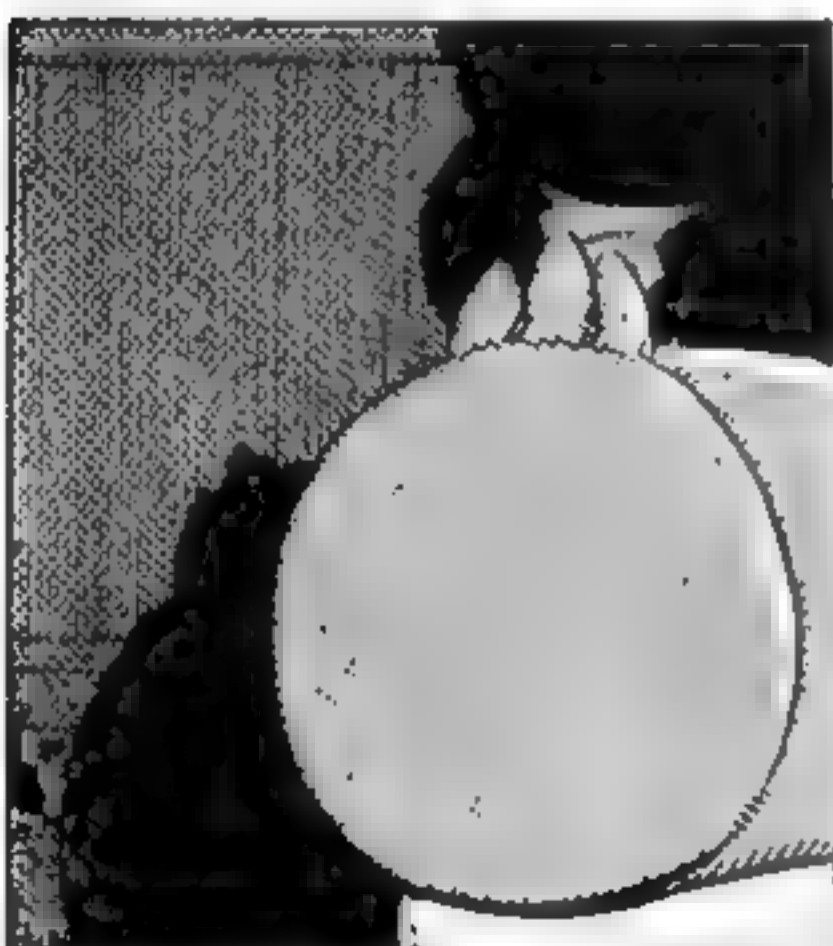
fred's tavern

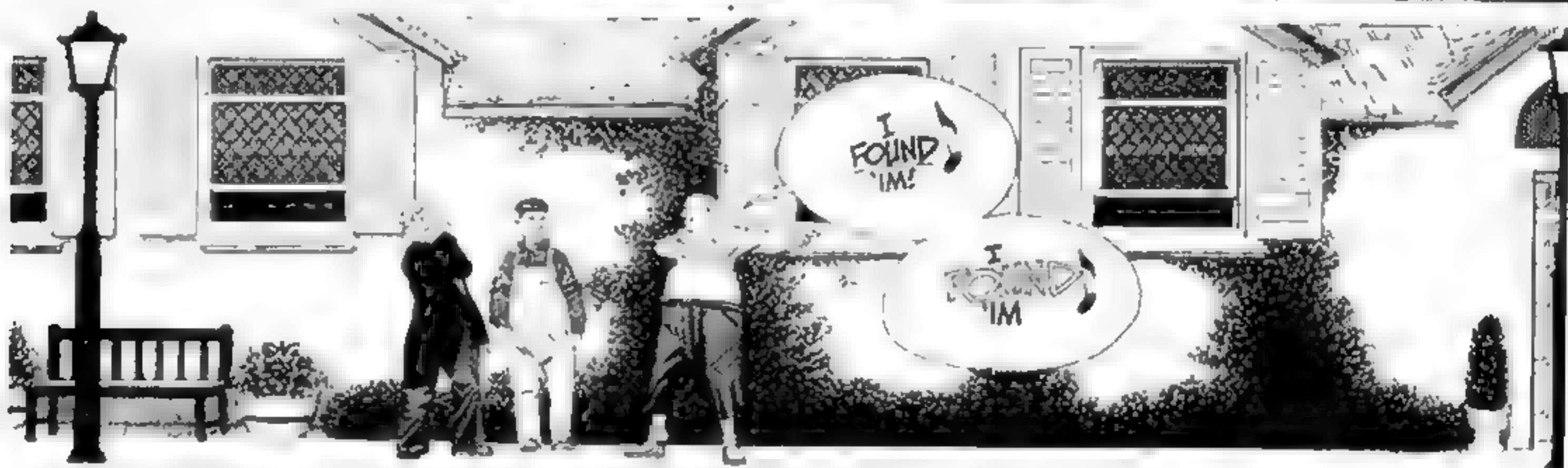
You're looking Right At It!

AND THEN
CEREBUS

AND THEN CEREBUS PUT
ON HIS BRAND NEW
TOLEDO POURED HIMSELF
A PINT OF SCOTCH
AND SAT DOWN TO WAIT FOR
THE CIRINISTS TO
SHOW UP.

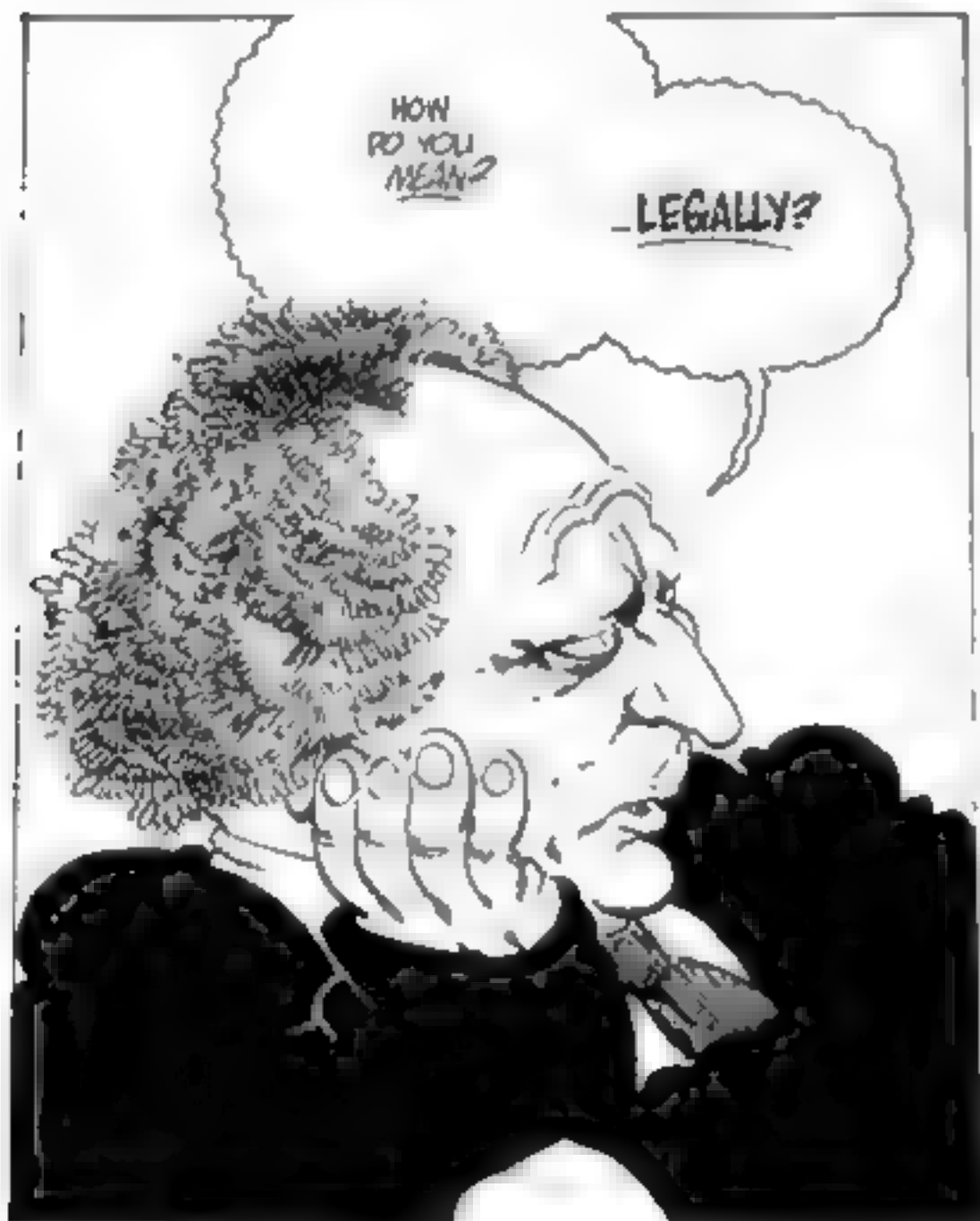


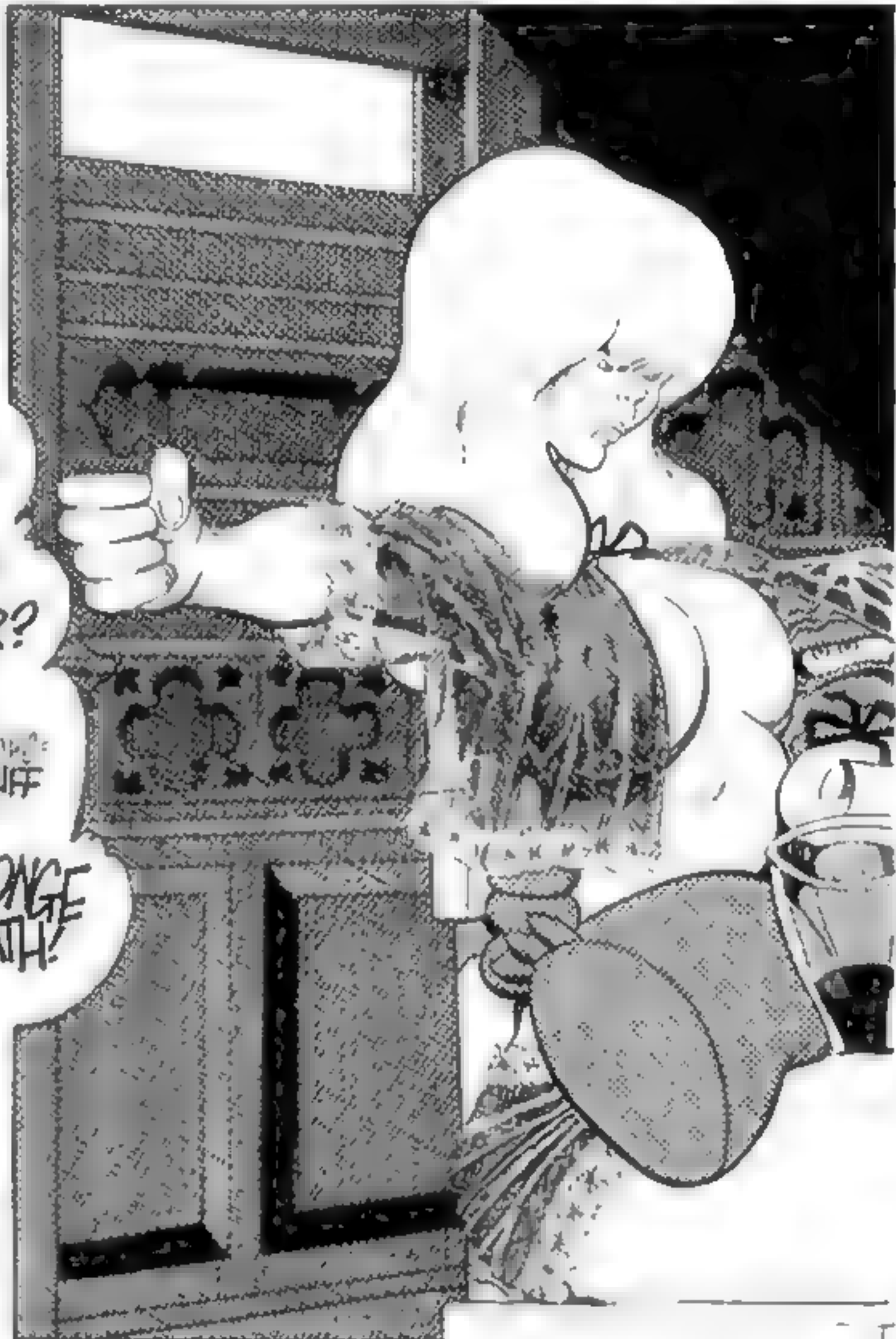
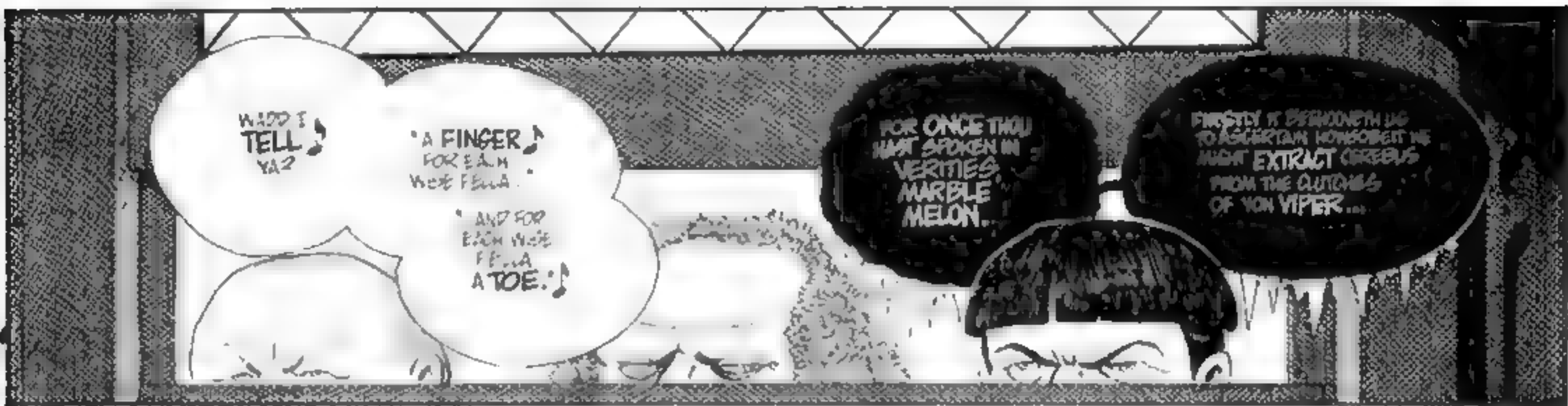


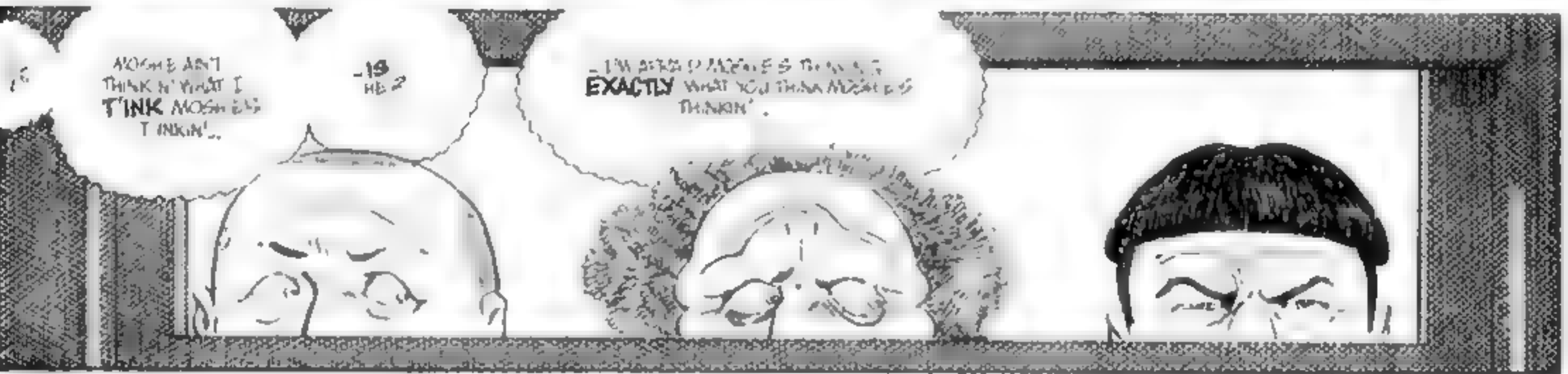
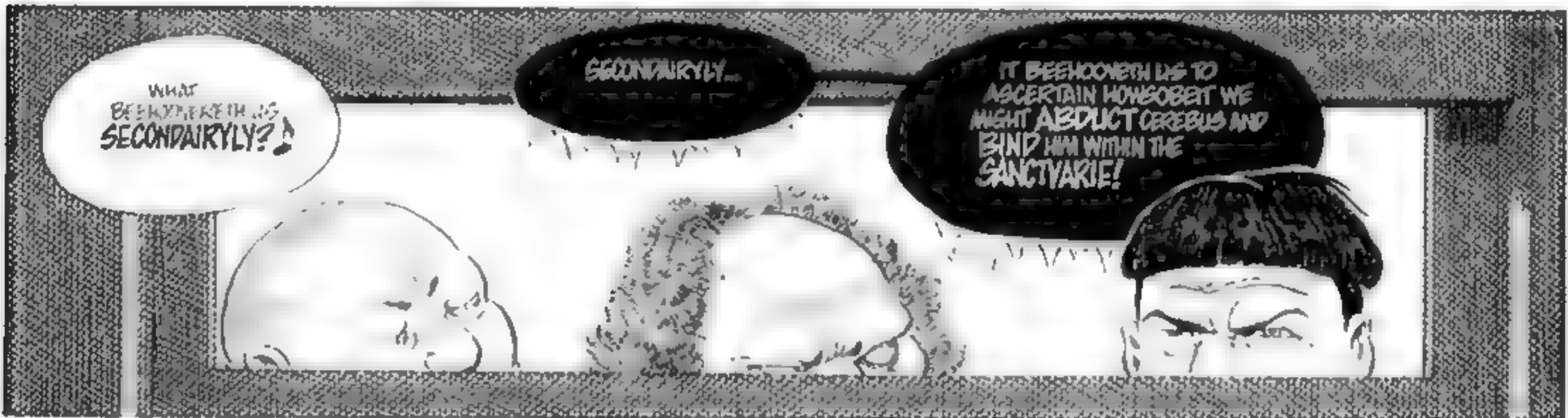


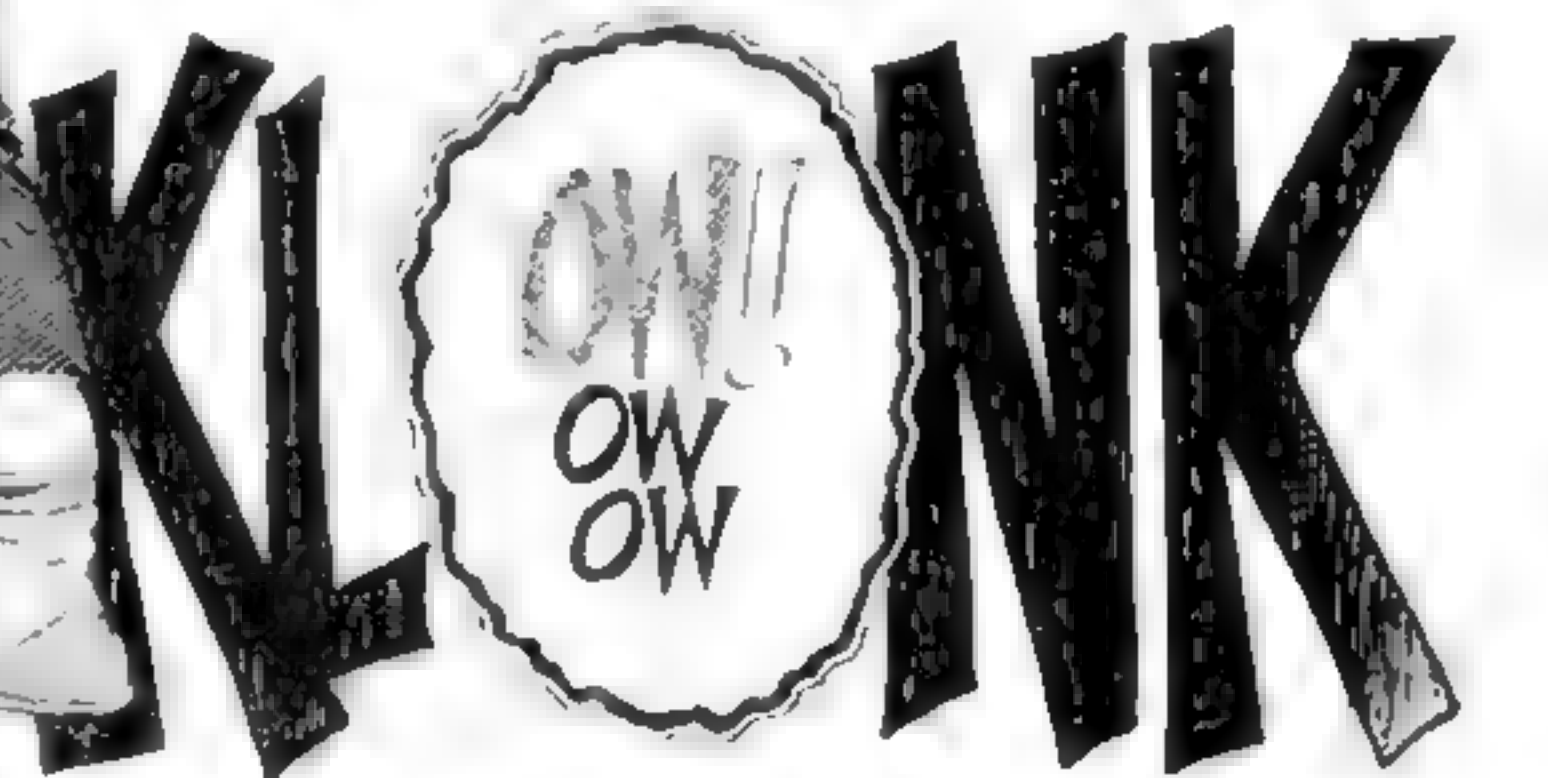
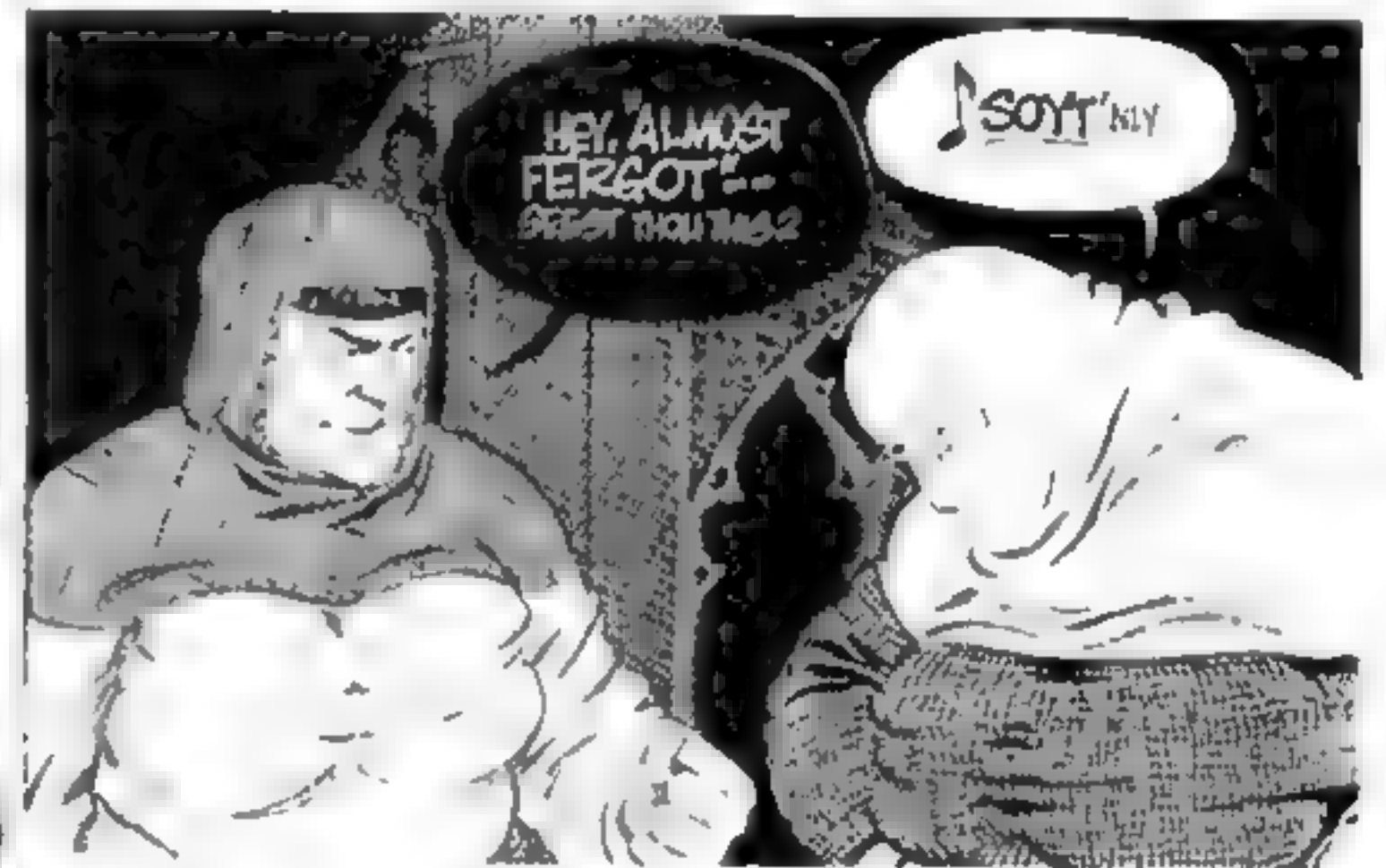




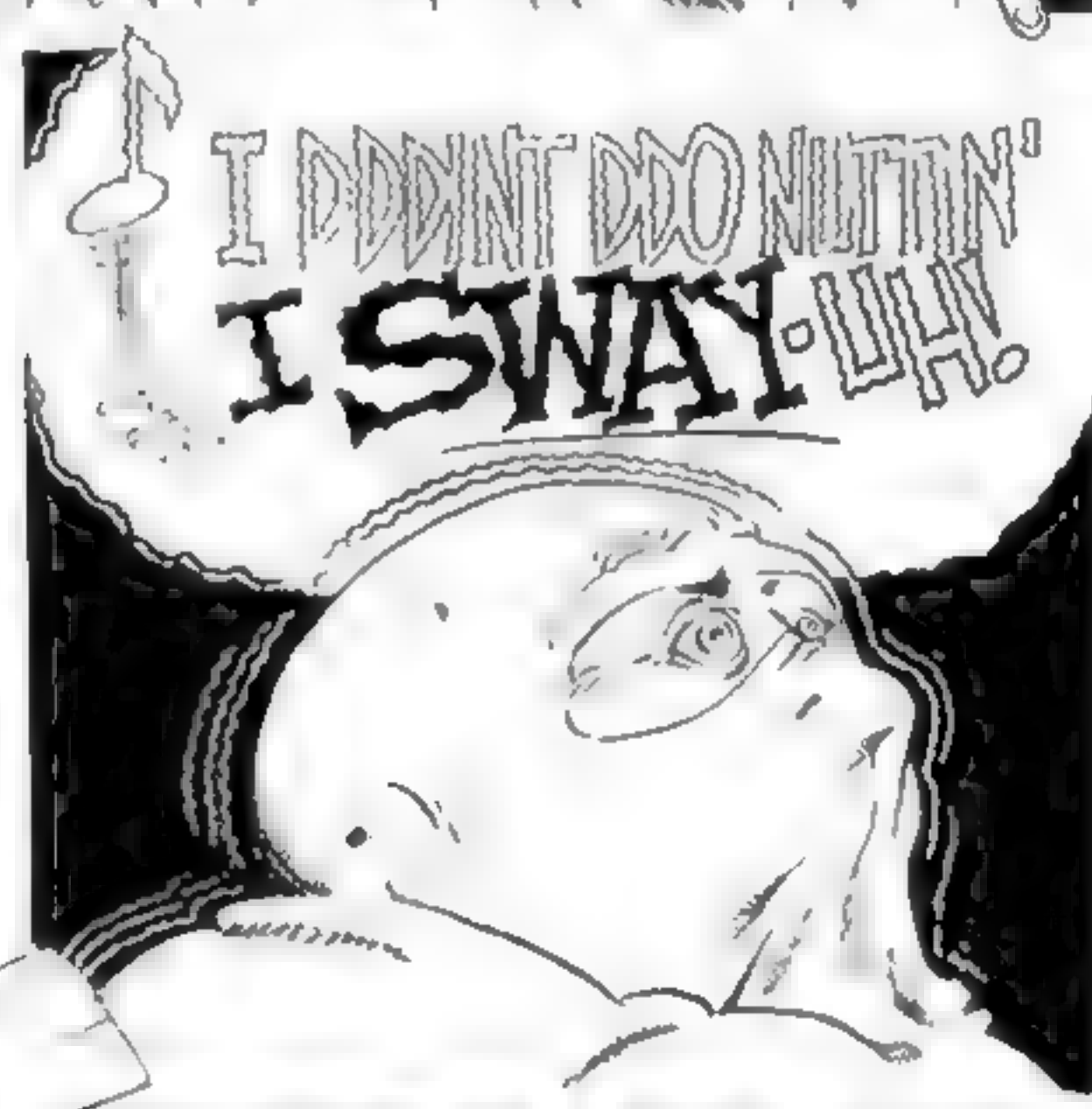




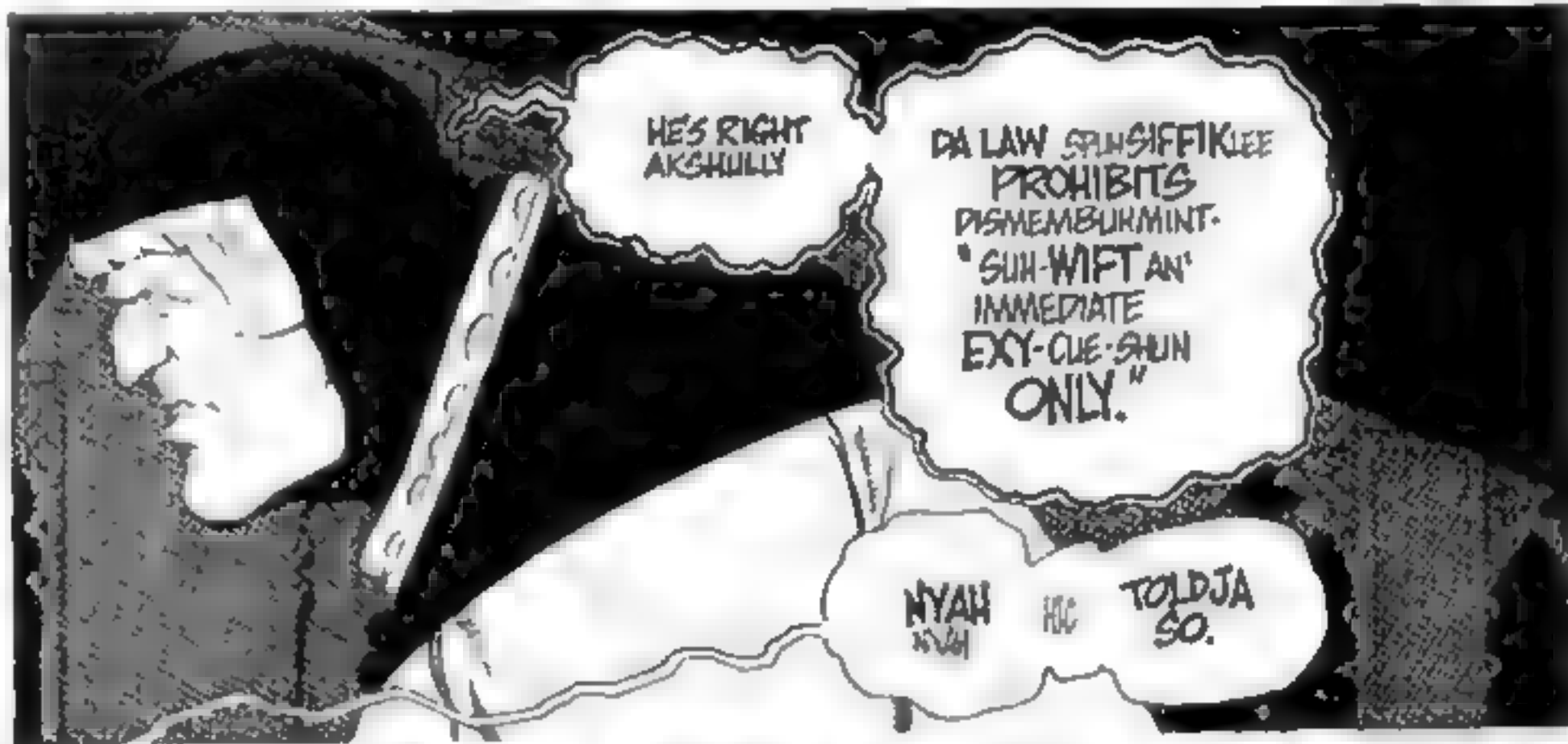




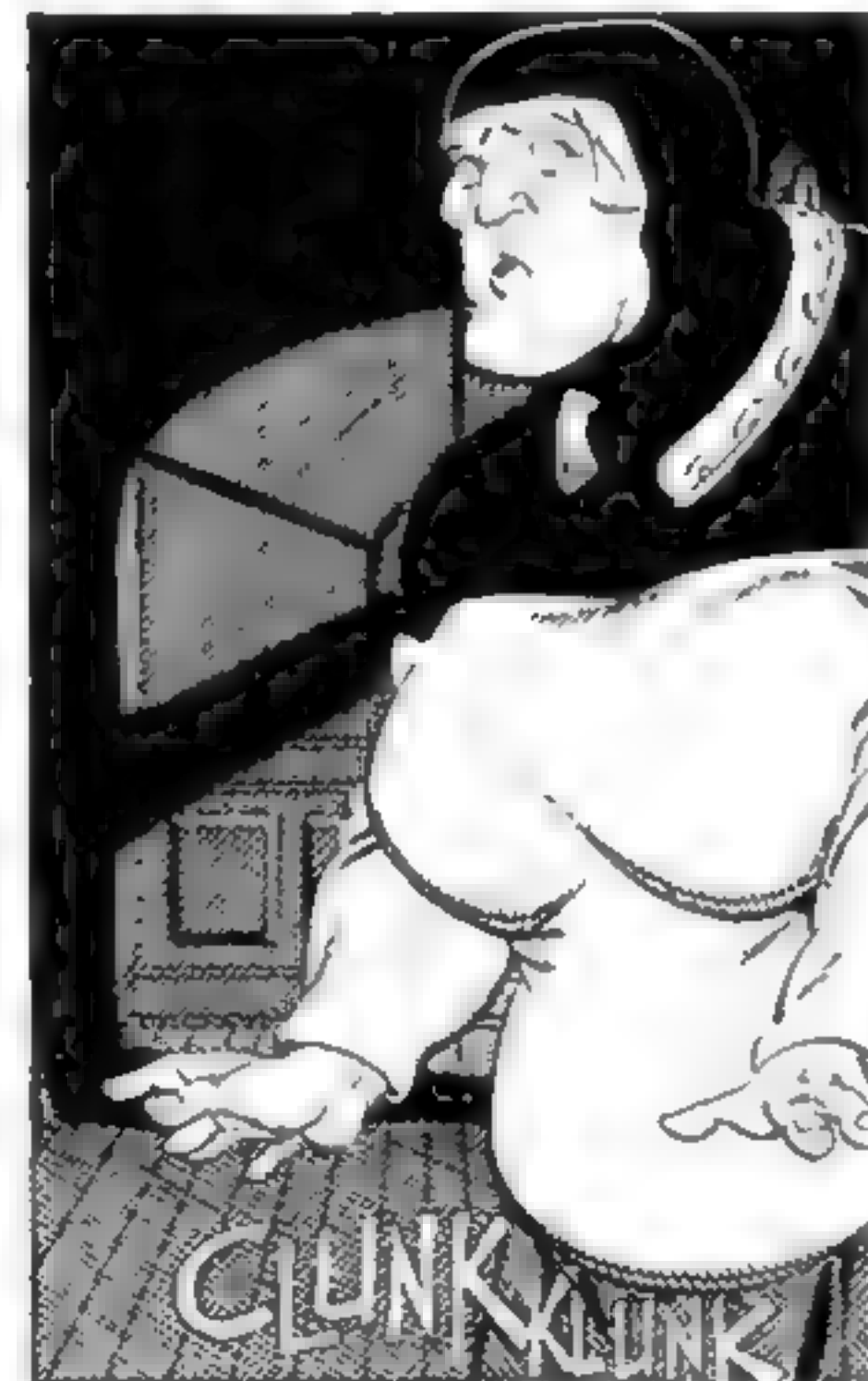
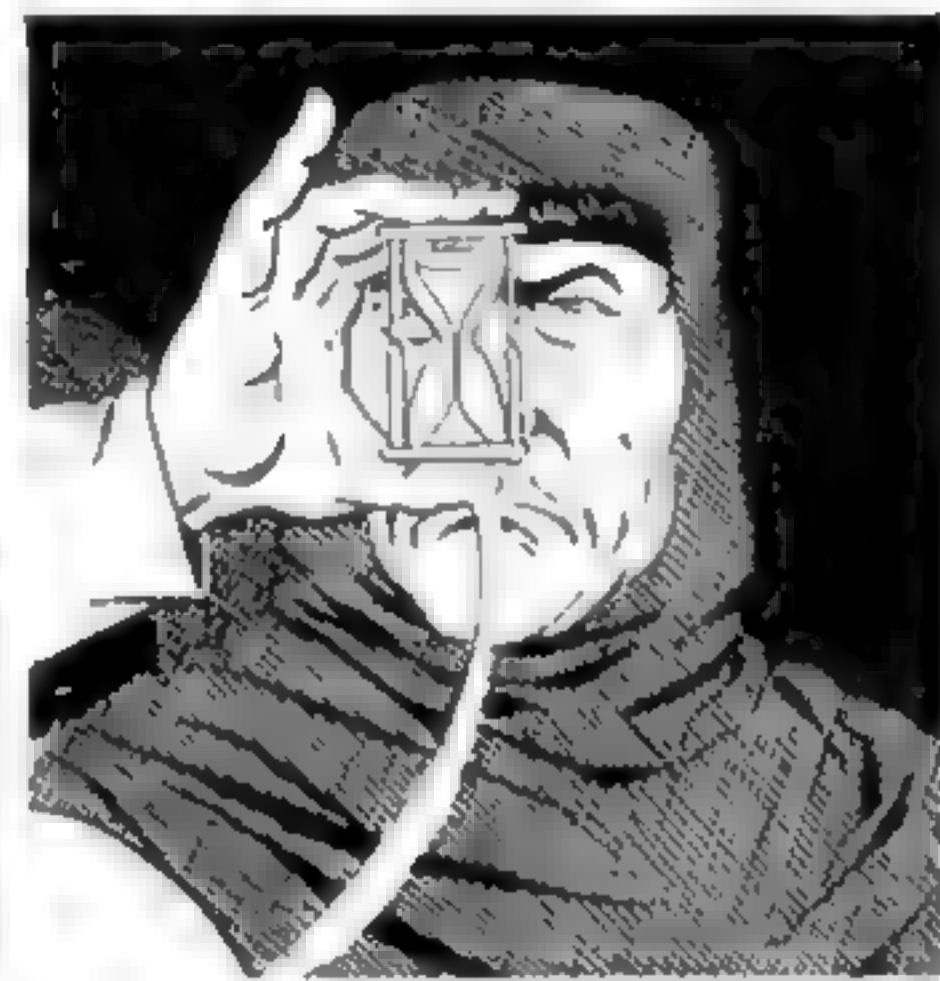
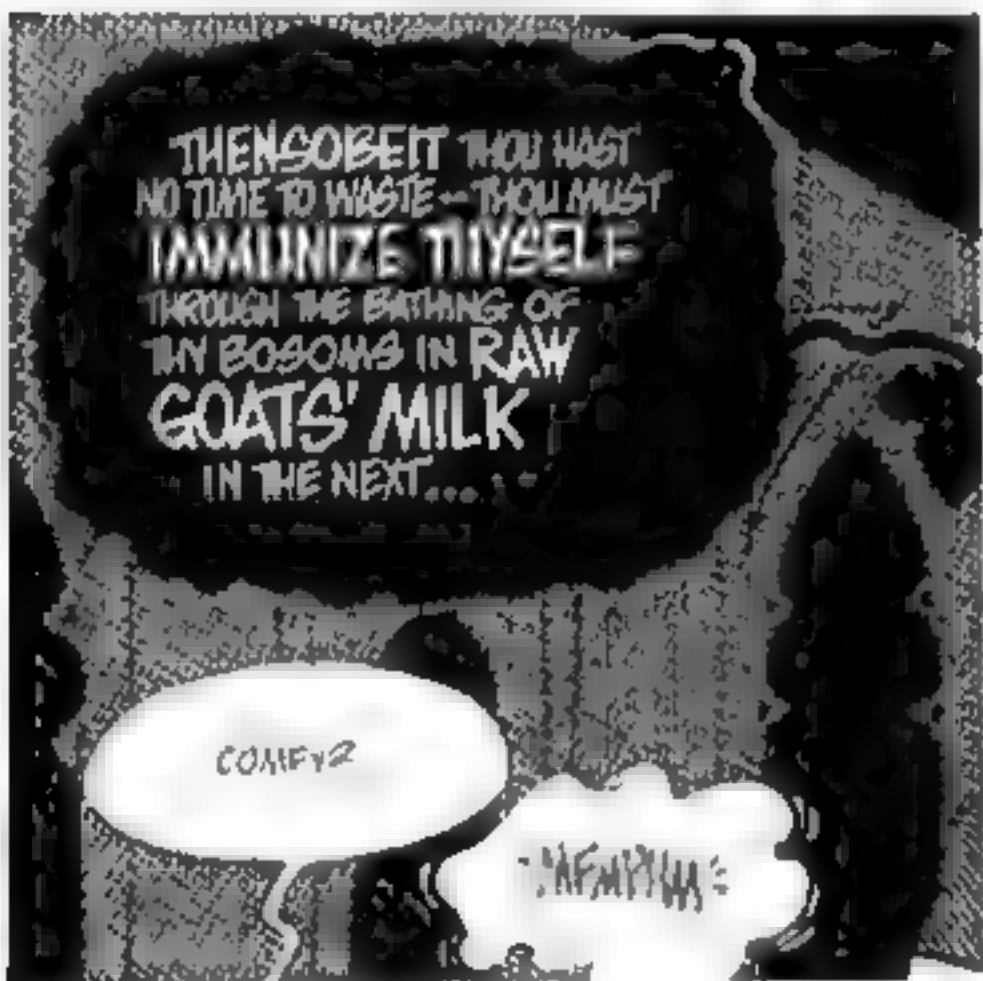
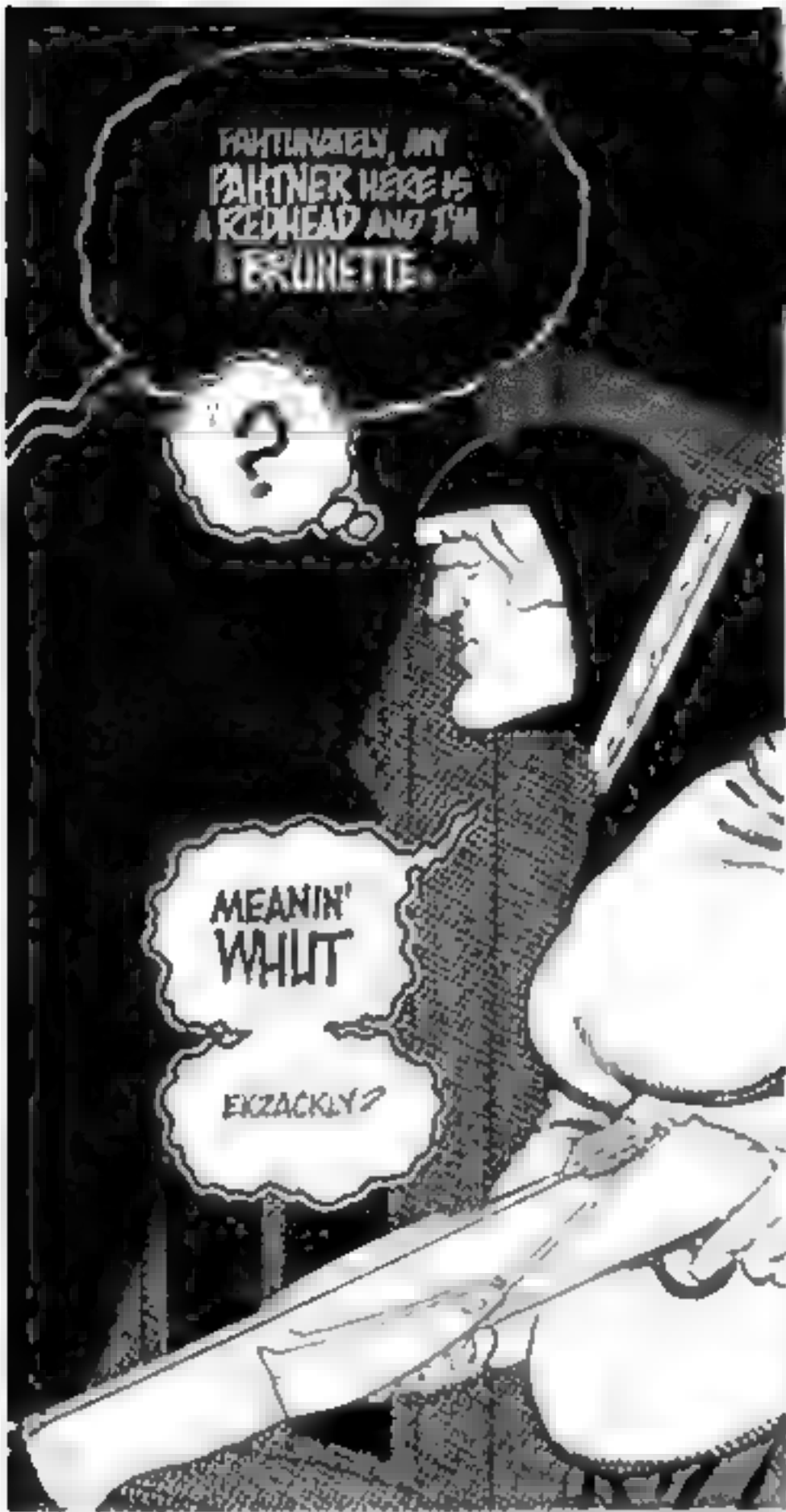


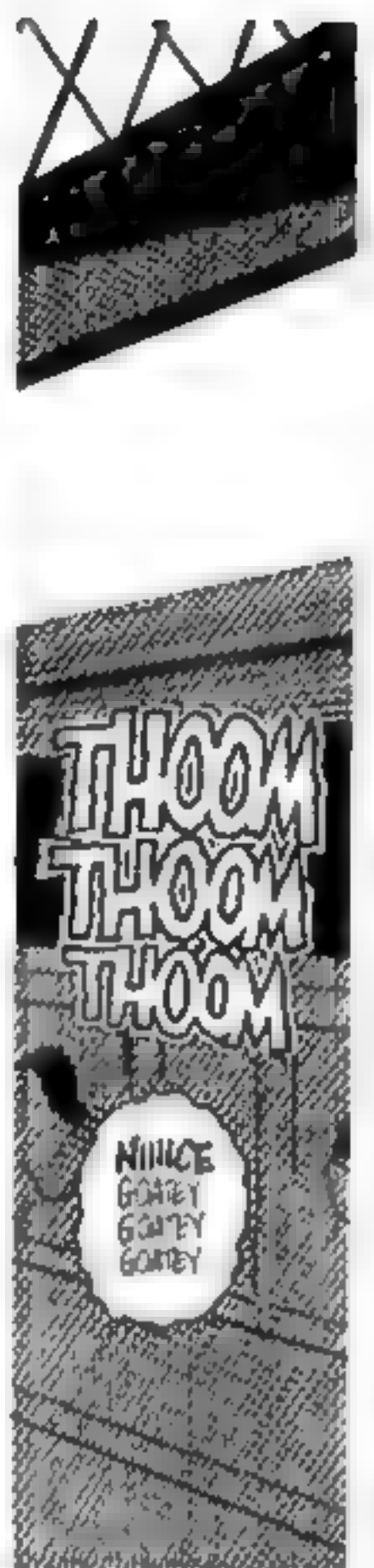
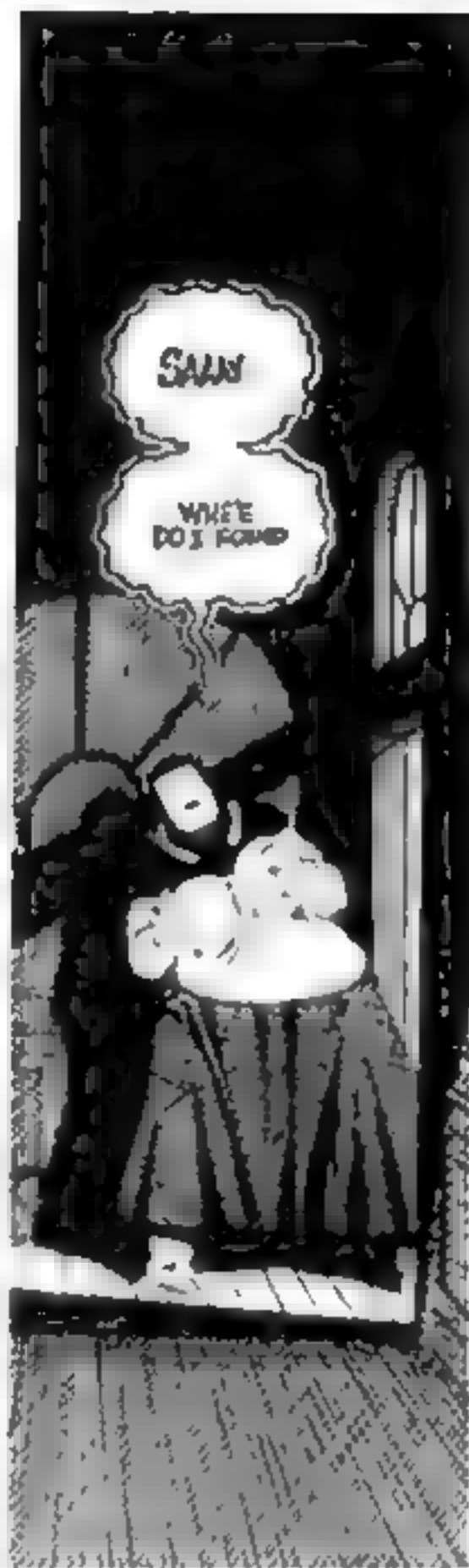
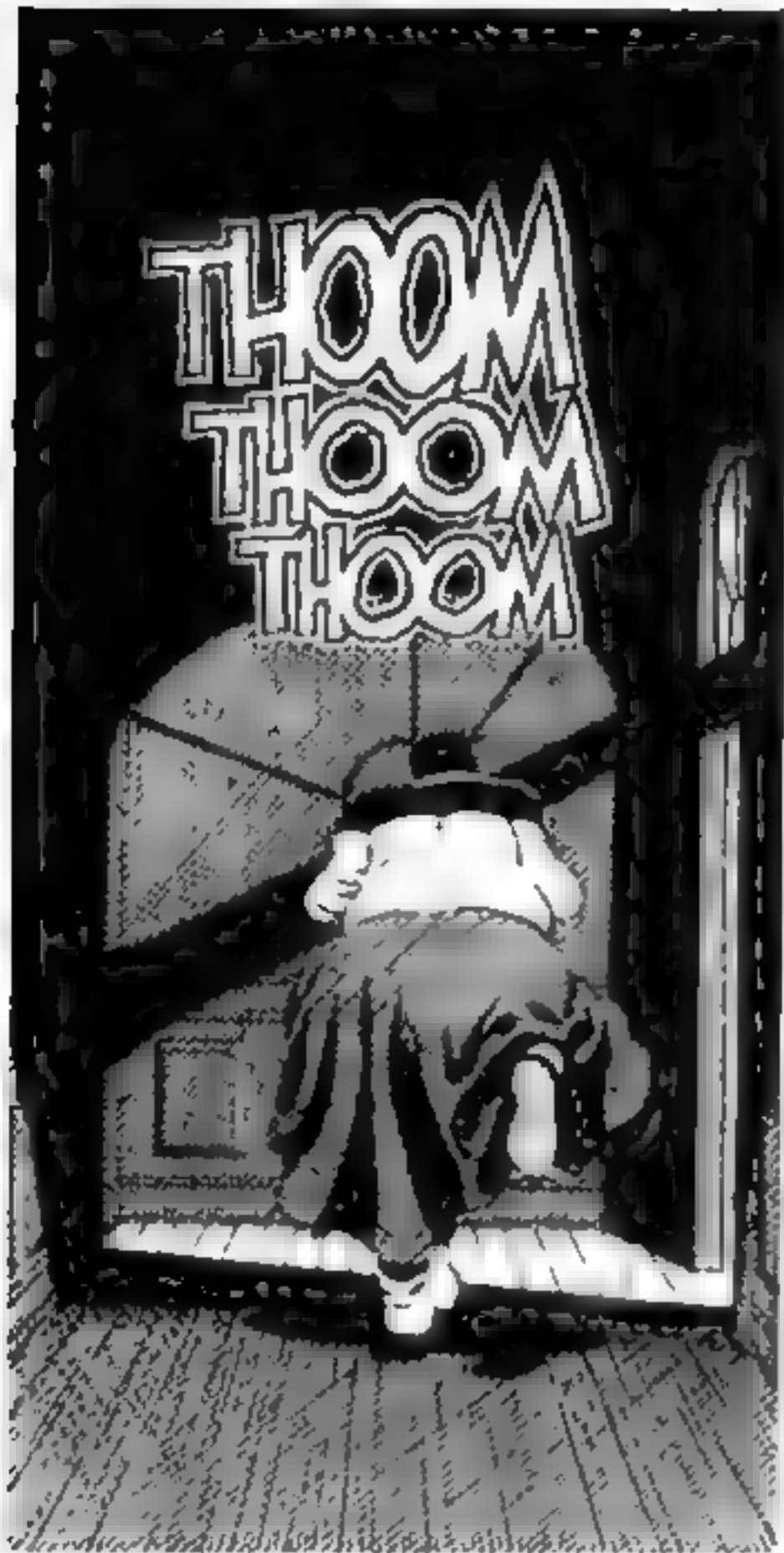












HEH-HEH SO THAT'S CEREBUS' BEST
ANSWER TO "HOW DID CEREBUS ACTUALLY
MEET THE THREE WISE FELLOWS,
KOSHER, LOSHER AND MOSHER?"

OR, AT LEAST, THAT'S PRETTY MUCH
THE STORY AS KOSHIE, LOSHE AND
MOSHIE TOLD IT TO CEREBUS OVER
THE YEARS WITH SOME MINOR
VARIATIONS.

LIKE, IN MOSHER'S VERSION, THERE WAS
NO FRED'S TAVERN AND NO DANCING
GIRLS, THEY JUST CAME ACROSS CEREBUS
ABOUT TO BE EXECUTED BY A
CIRINIST

KOSHIE MADE UP A LONG POEM YOU
PROBABLY READ-- "T'WAS THE NIGHT
BEFORE CEREBUS" 2 WHERE IT WAS
KOSHIE WHO STARTED FRED'S TAVERN?
'ON COOKIE, ON CANDY, ON TOTSIE, ON
BRANDY...' AND SO ON NYUK NYUK.
NYUK.

HIS REAL NAME WAS JEROME
DID YOU KNOW THAT? WHEN YOU
GET TO BE CEREBUS' AGE YOU
FIND OUT WHO WAS REALLY
IMPORTANT BY HOW MUCH YOU
MISS THEM WHEN THEY'RE GONE
THERE ISN'T A DAY GOES BY
THAT CEREBUS DOESN'T
THINK ABOUT KOSHIE

ANYWAY-- WHATEVER ACTUALLY
HAPPENED, CEREBUS WAS IN
NO CONDITION TO REMEMBER
IT

IN FACT, AFTER THE THREE OR
NINE PINTS OF SCOTCH
CEREBUS DIDN'T REMEMBER
MUCH.

AND THE NEXT THING
CEREBUS KNEW, HE
WOKE UP-- RIGHT OVER
THERE-- IN THE SANCTUARY
WITH WHAT WAS...

(BECAUSE CEREBUS HAD BEEN SO
"OUT OF PRACTICE" WITH HIS DRINKING)

THE. ABSOLUTE.
WORST. AND.

(SO FAR, SO GOOD)

LAST

(THANK GOD)

Ka

HANGOVER. OF
CEREBUS' ENTIRE.
LIFE.

UP

THEN--
RIGHT IN
BETWEEN
ONE:

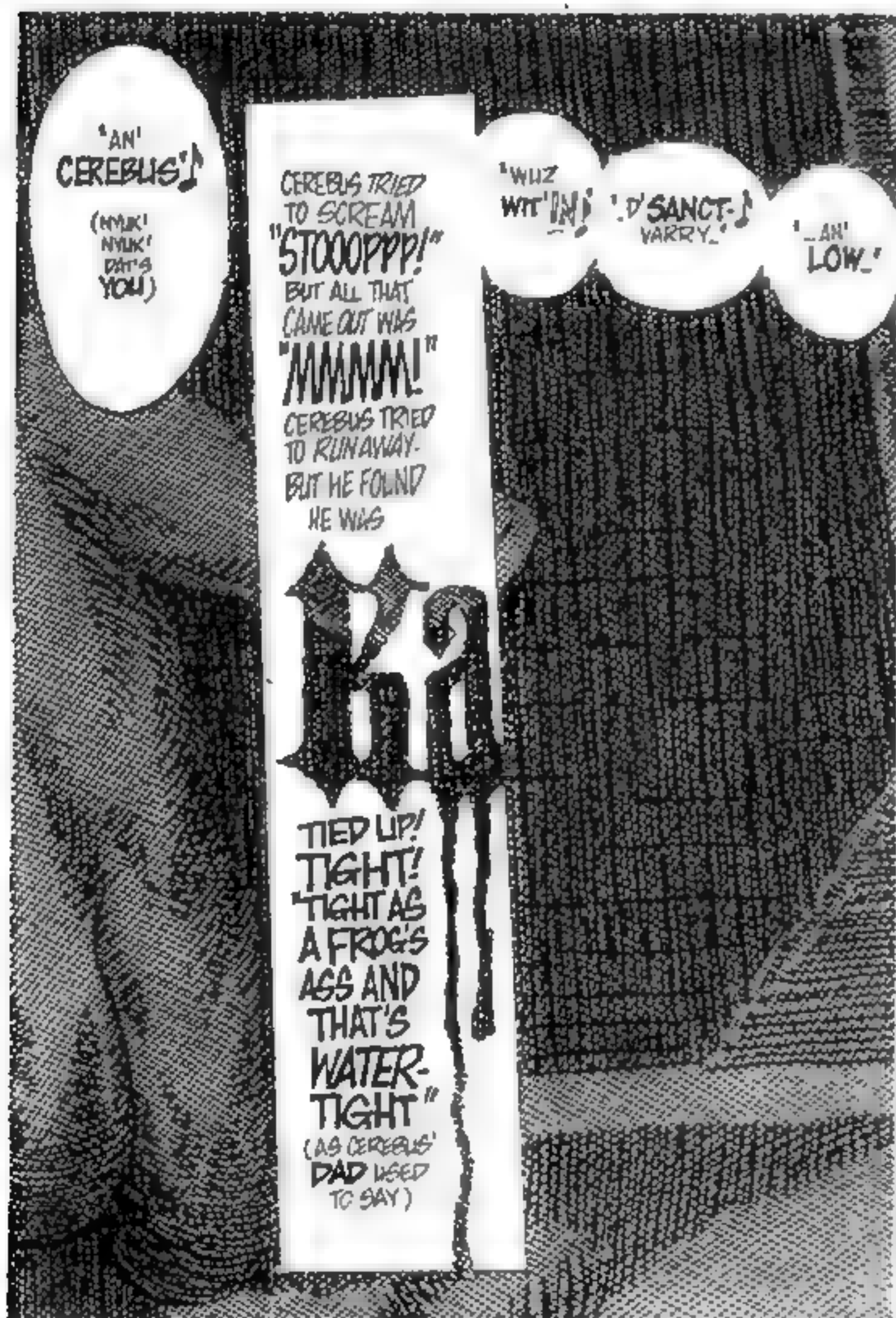
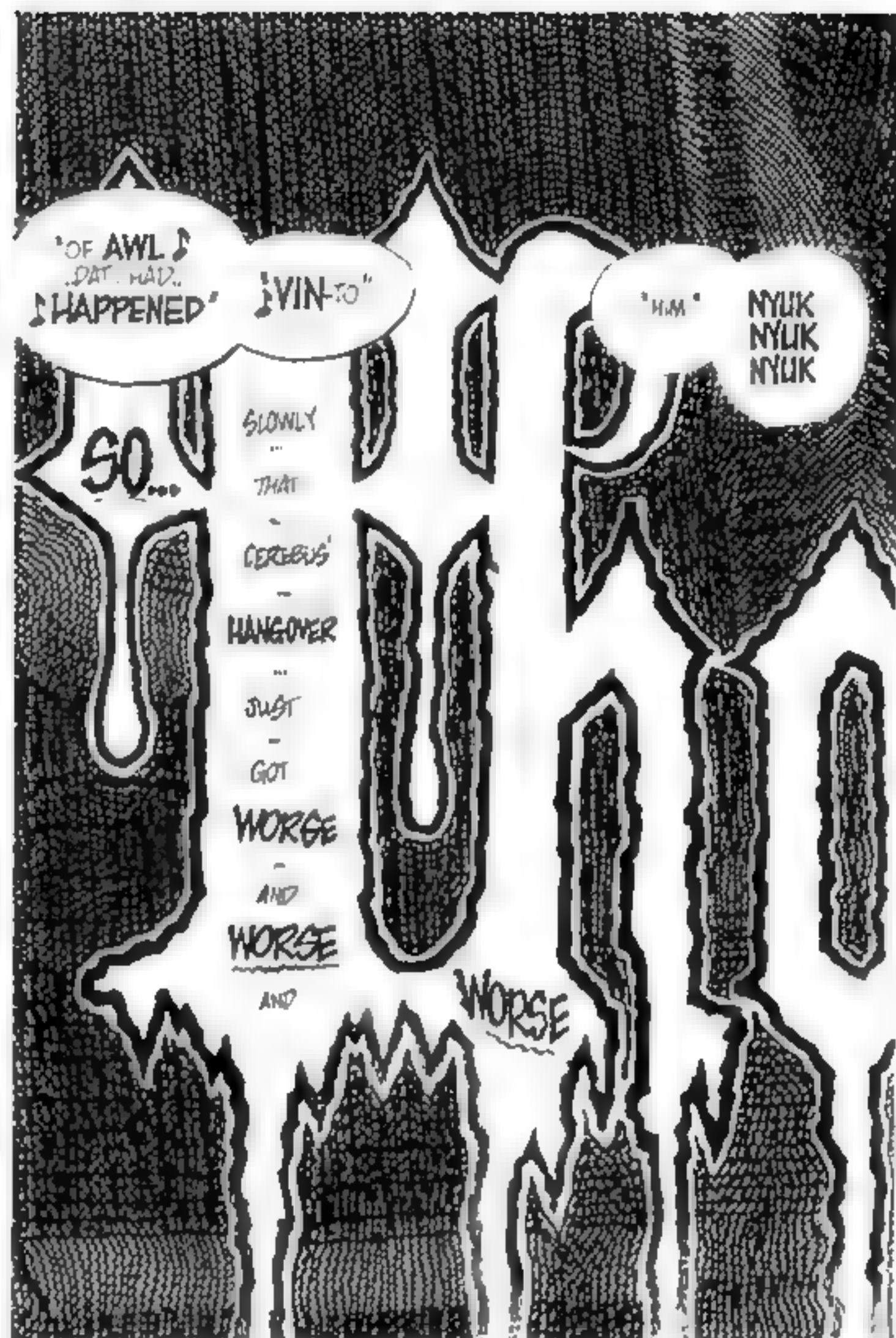
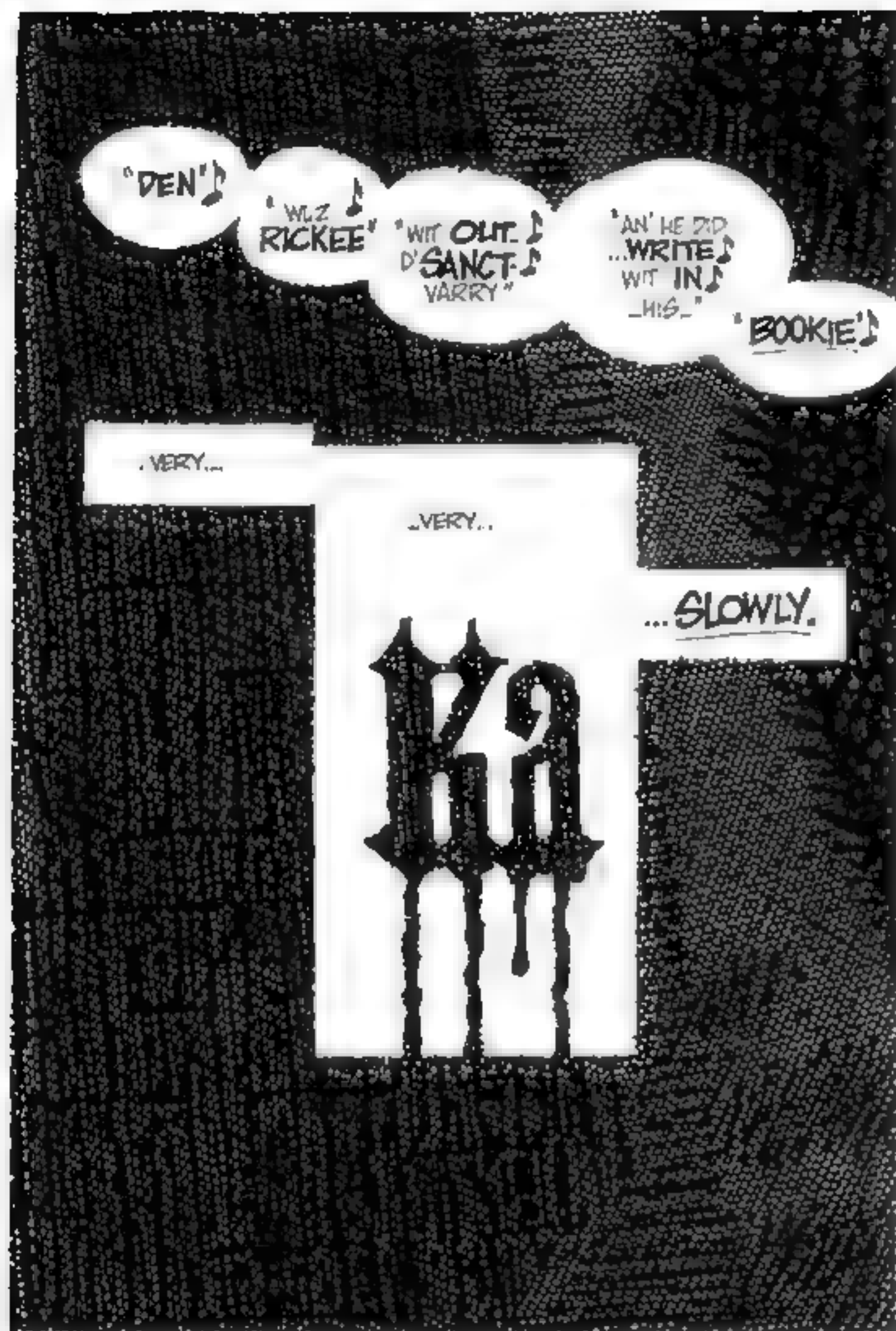
Ka

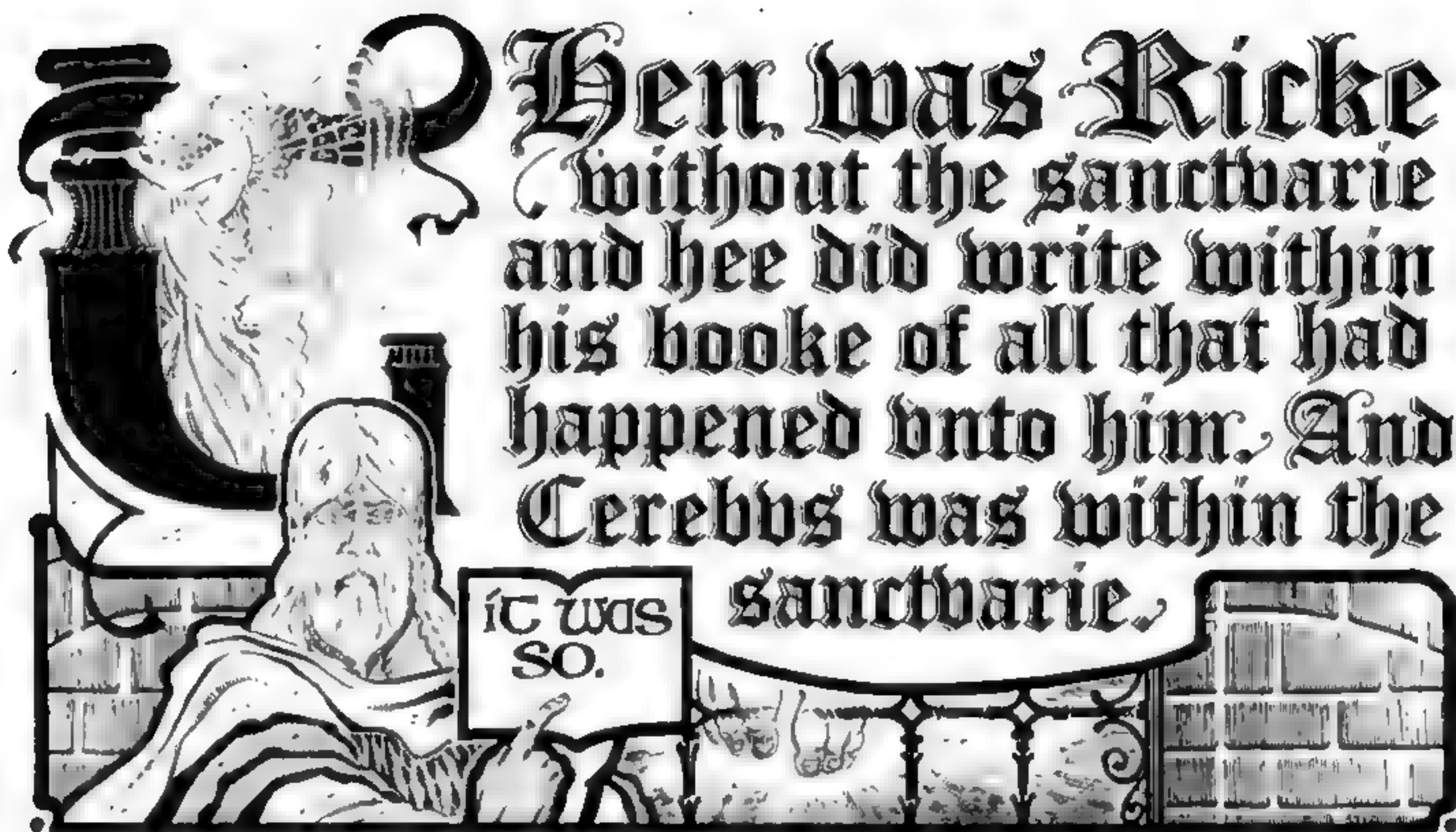
AND THE VERY NEXT:

UP

CEREBUS HEARD THIS GUY
WITH A KEEEL NAW PITCHED
VC CE ...

...READING!





• 2 • And, lo, the Angel called Ioanne appeared before Ricke, hauing the forme of a woman with great melons.

• 3 • And Ioanne spake vnto Ricke confessing vnto Ricke that shee was not Diuine Radiance. And Ricke saw that it was so.

• 4 • And Ioanne spake further vnto Ricke and confessing vnto him that the mother of Ioanne had not been taken with the feuer. And Ricke saw that it was so.

• 5 • (Howsobeit Ioanne spake not of her grandmother taken with the ringworme or her uncle taken with the gout)

• 6 • And Ioanne spake still further vnto Ricke confessing vnto Ricke and saying I am Ioanne onely (by interpretation, a woman hauing great melons).

• 7 • And then did Ioanne speak a parable vnto Ricke of a deuill which had seized vpon her and vpon her great melons and which had rent her garment and how she had fled from that deuill.

• 8 • And Ricke saw as though his spirit was vpon the Seat of Truth that Ioanne herselfe

was that deuill and that she had seized vpon herselfe onely.

• 9 • And tho Ioanne tried to persuade Ricke that shee had fled from the deuill Ricke could see as though his spirit was vpon the Seat of Truth that it was not so.

• 10 • And tho Ioanne spake sweetly vnto Ricke with a uoice like vnto that of an Angel, Ricke could see as though his spirit was vpon the seat of Truth that Ioanne was neither Diuine Radiance nor an Angel but Ioanne onely.

• 11 • And Ricke knew in his heart that he must say vnto Ioanne Goe On and Beat it and Scramme. Howsoeuer before that Ricke could speak Goe On and Beat It and Scramme vnto Ioanne

• 12 • Ioanne kissed Ricke. And then did Ioanne depart from Ricke for a season.

• 13 • And Ricke returned vnto the sanctuarie and confessed vnto Cerebbs all that had transpired between Ricke and Ioanne.

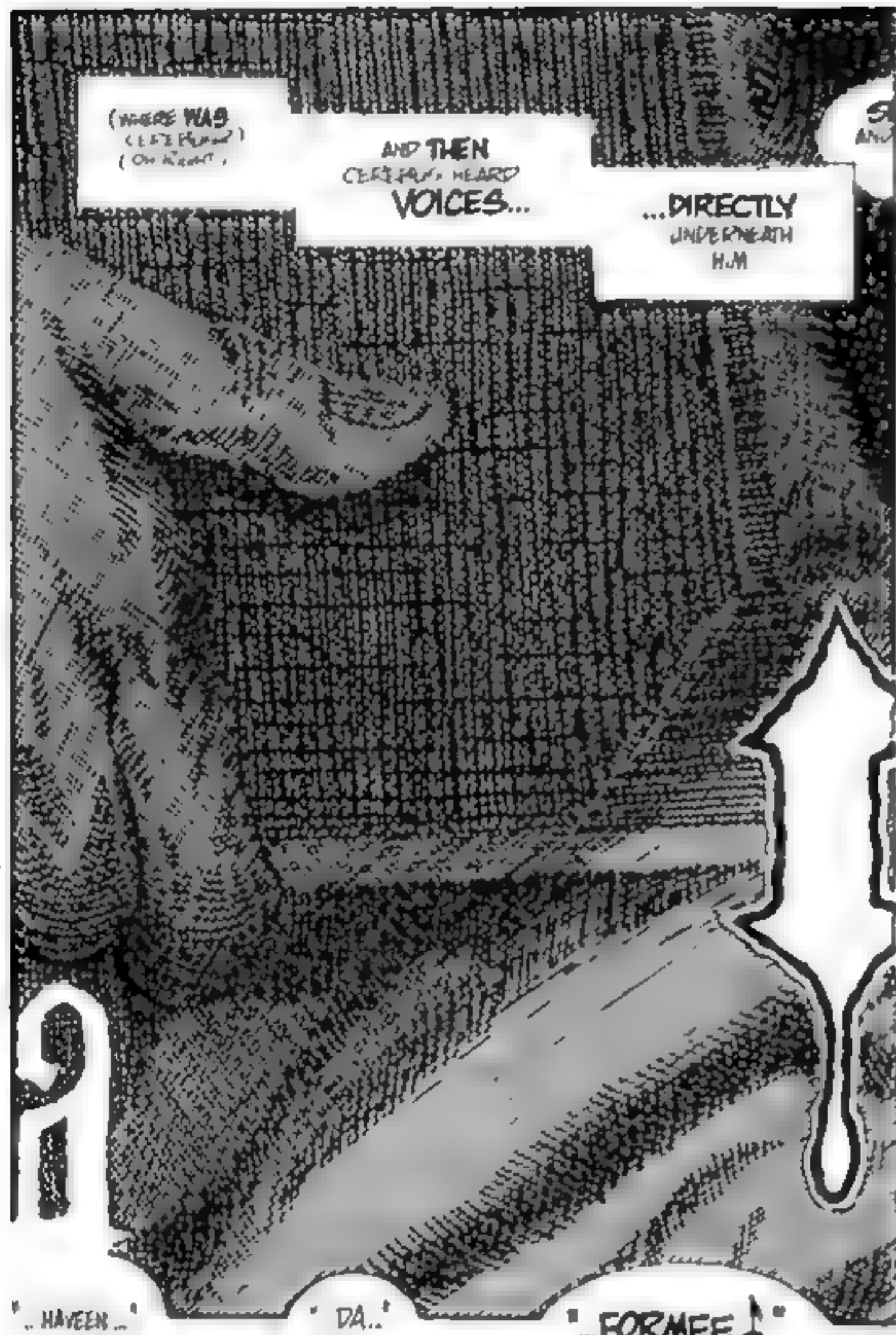
THE
THIS?

THIS WAS KOSHE'S
ACTUAL COPY OF THE
"BOOK OF RICK"

KOSHE LETTERED
EVERY WORD AND
DREW EVERY
PICTURE BY
HAND

CHAPTER
SEVEN

THIS PAGE RIGHT HERE
IS THE ONE HE WAS
READING FROM WHEN
CEREBUS "CAME TO"



(WHERE WAS
LEFT HAND)
(ON RIGHT)

AND THEN
CERTAINLY HEARD
VOICES...

...DIRECTLY
UNDERNEATH
H.M

... HAVEEN ...

DA...

... FORMEE ♪ ...



LEAVES INTO
THE WAS BIN.

AND
THEN

CRANK
CRANK
CRANK

PSSPSSS!



THE
WASTE SLAT
DR. WAS SLAM
THROUGH THE
"SCARS OF
UNFINISHED
WOOD"
AND

SR/NK
KLINK

INTO THE
METAL
RECEPTACLE

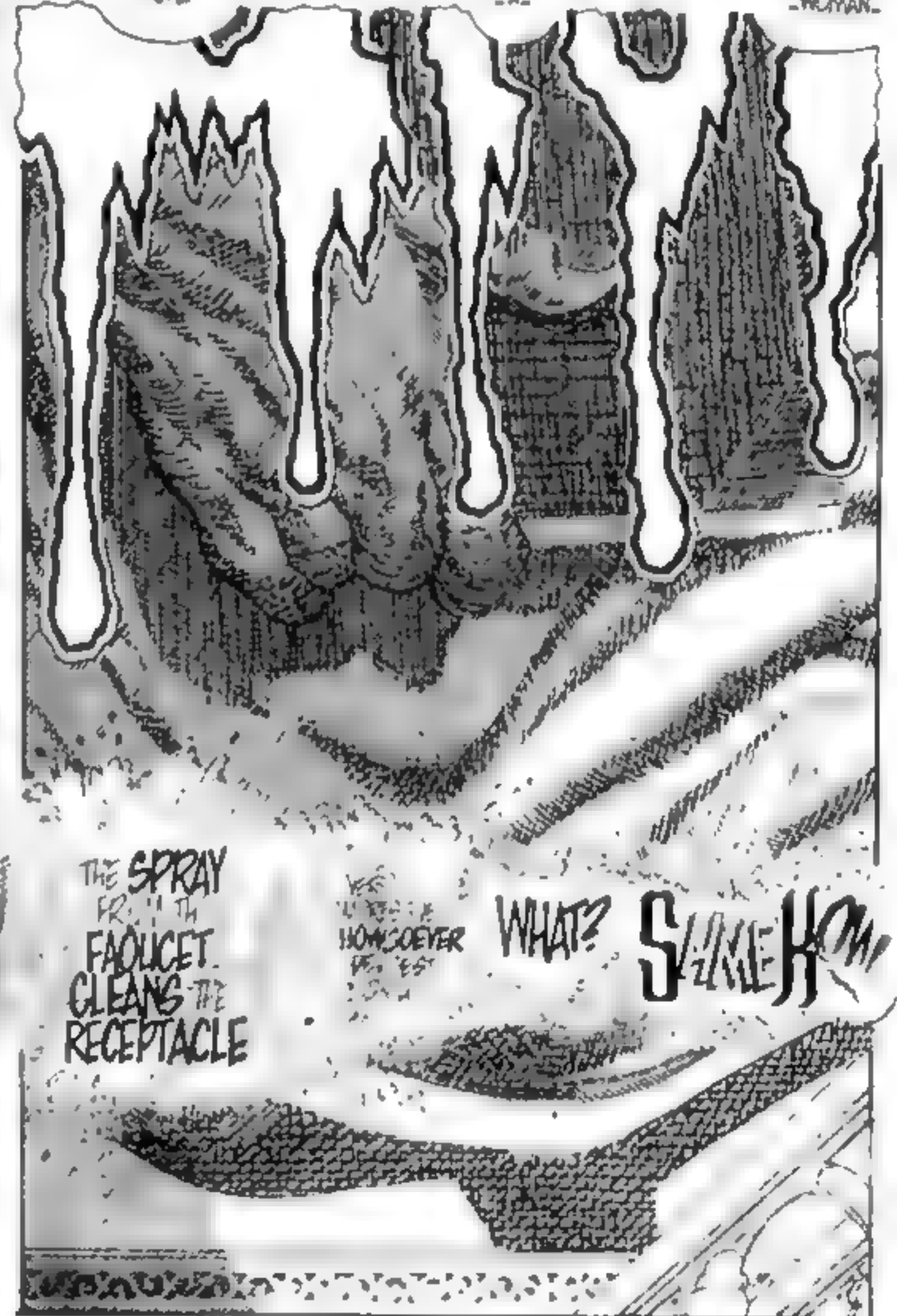
WHICH
THIS
LEVER
THEN

SR/NK

... OF ...

... A ...

... WOMAN ...

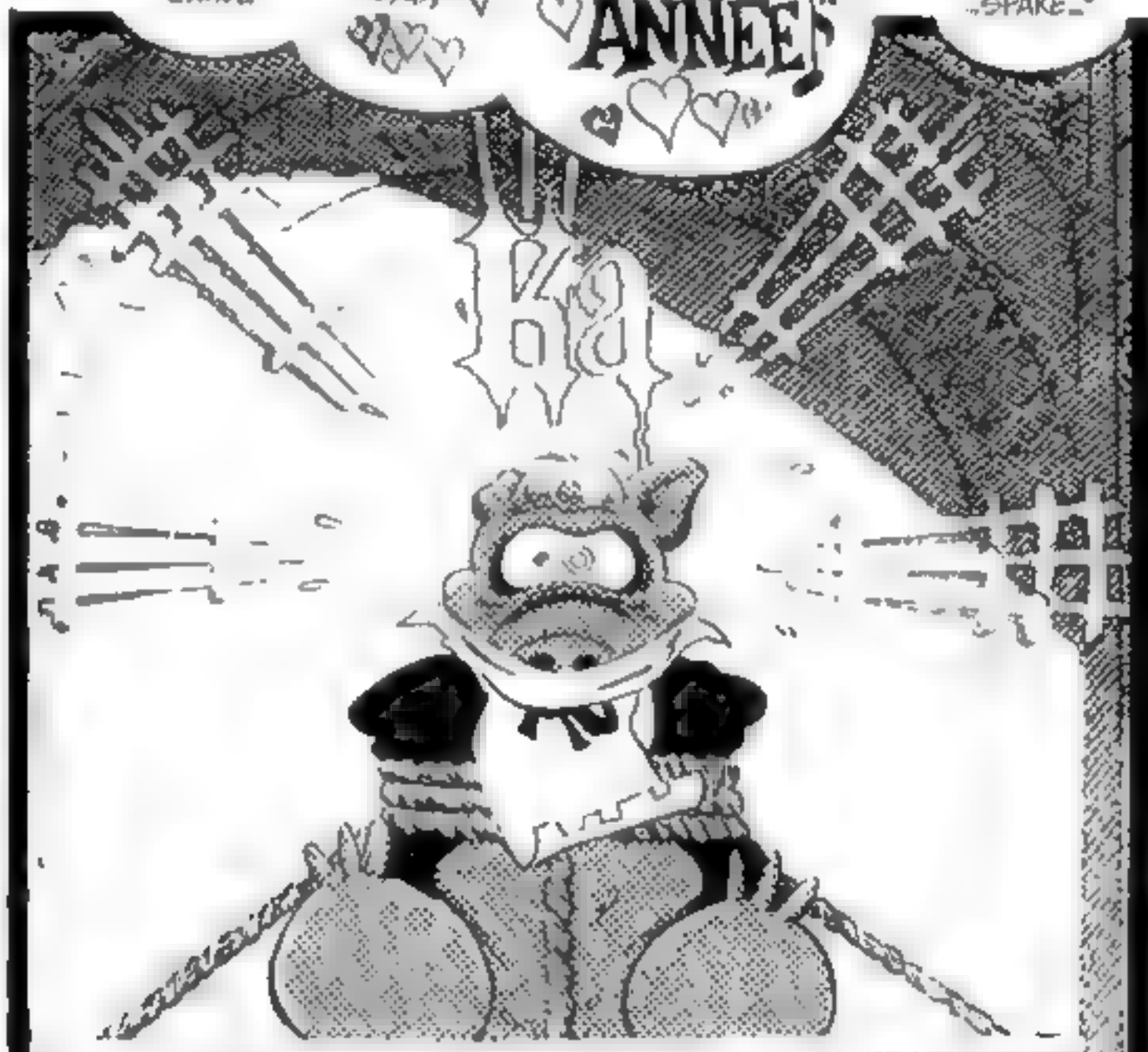
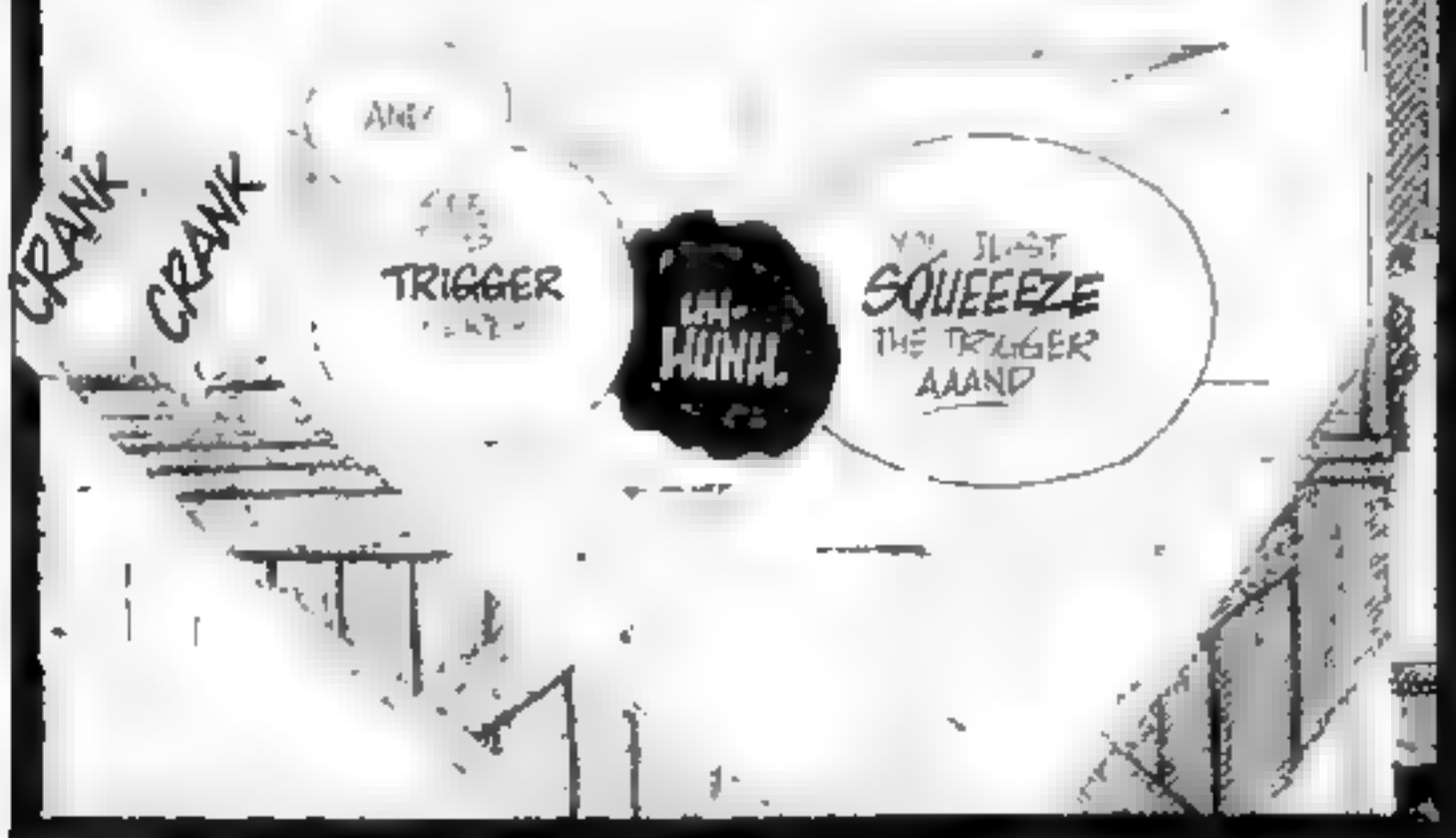
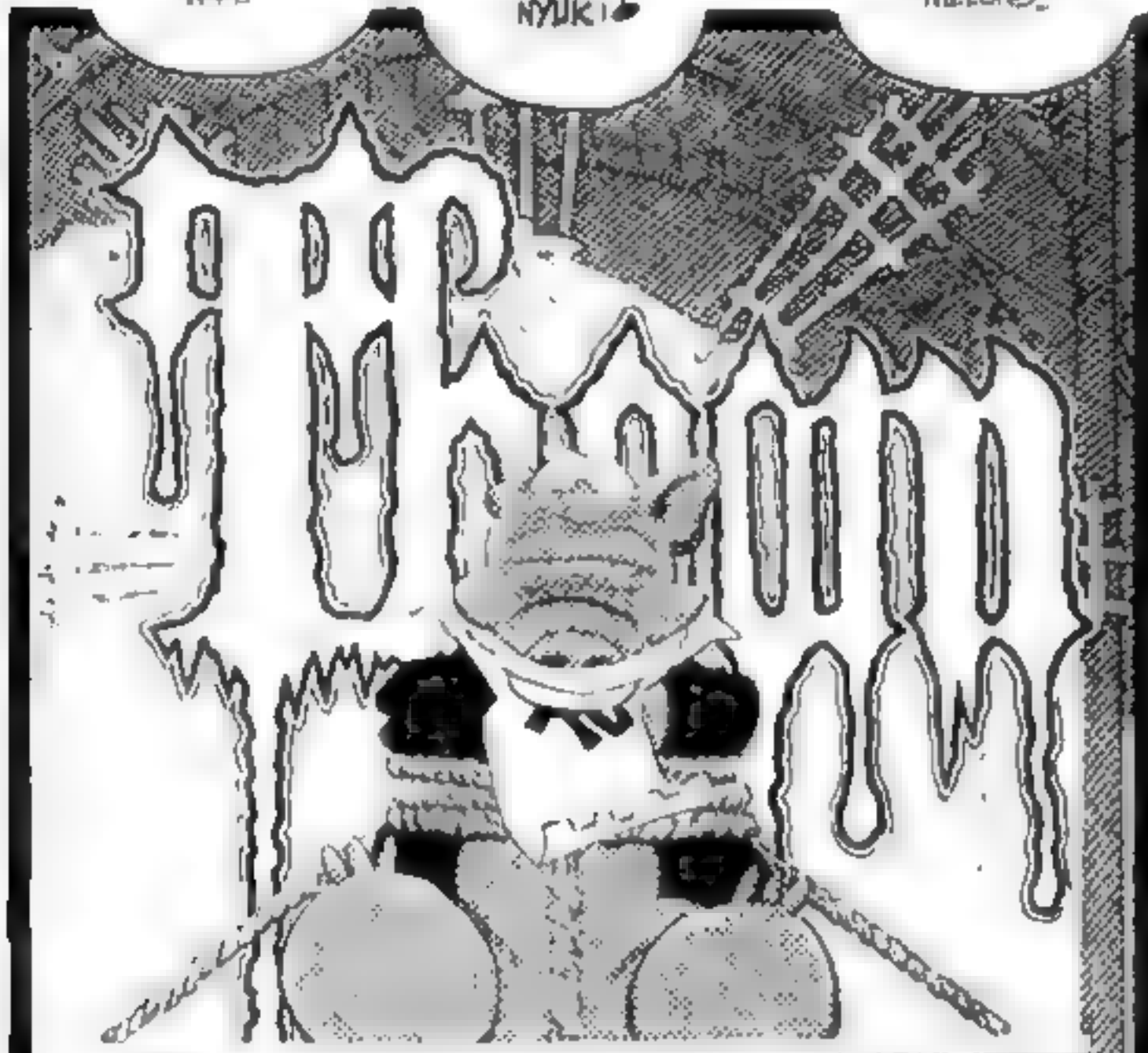


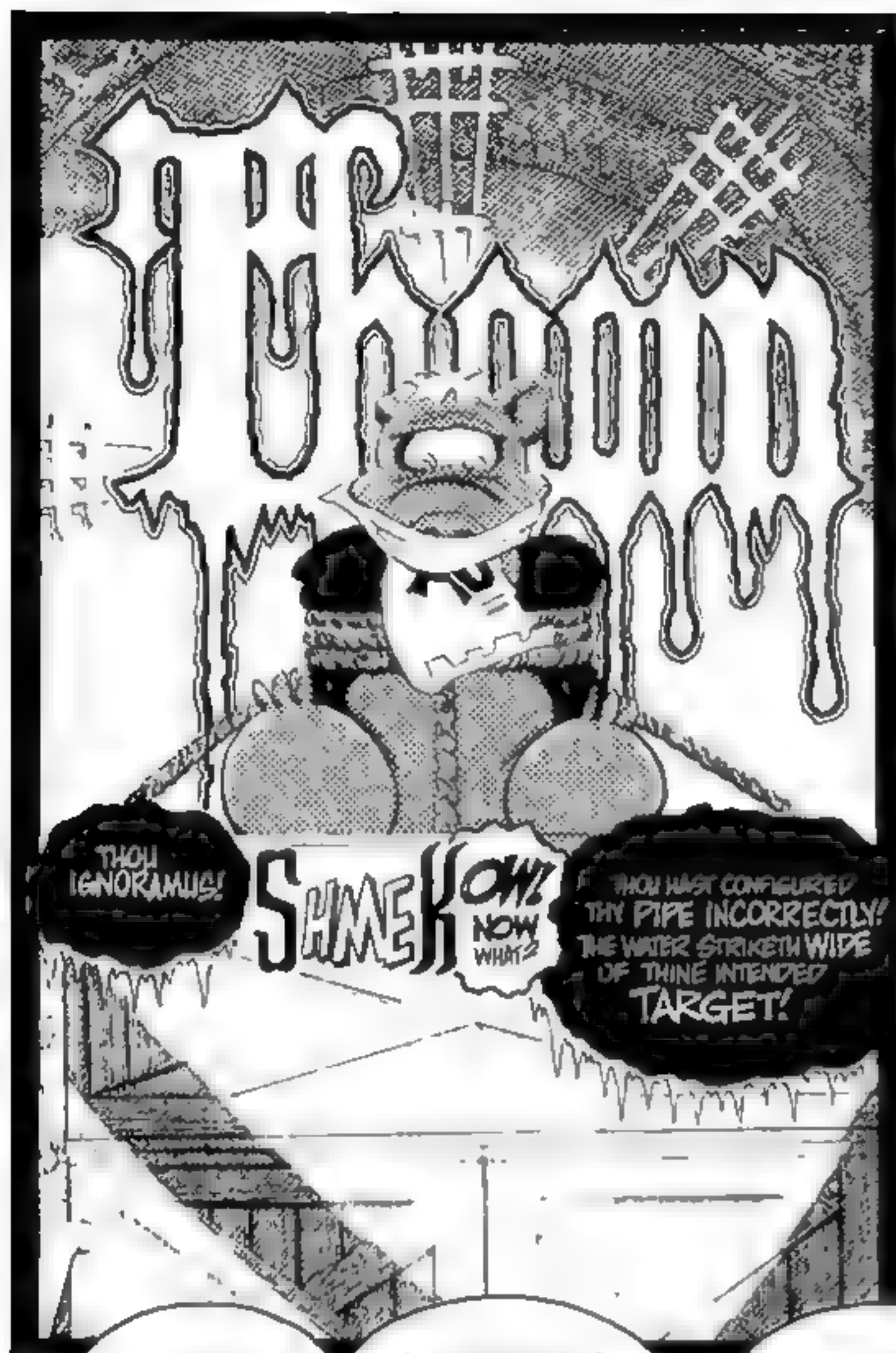
THE SPRAY
FROM THE
FAUCET
CLEANS THE
RECEPTACLE

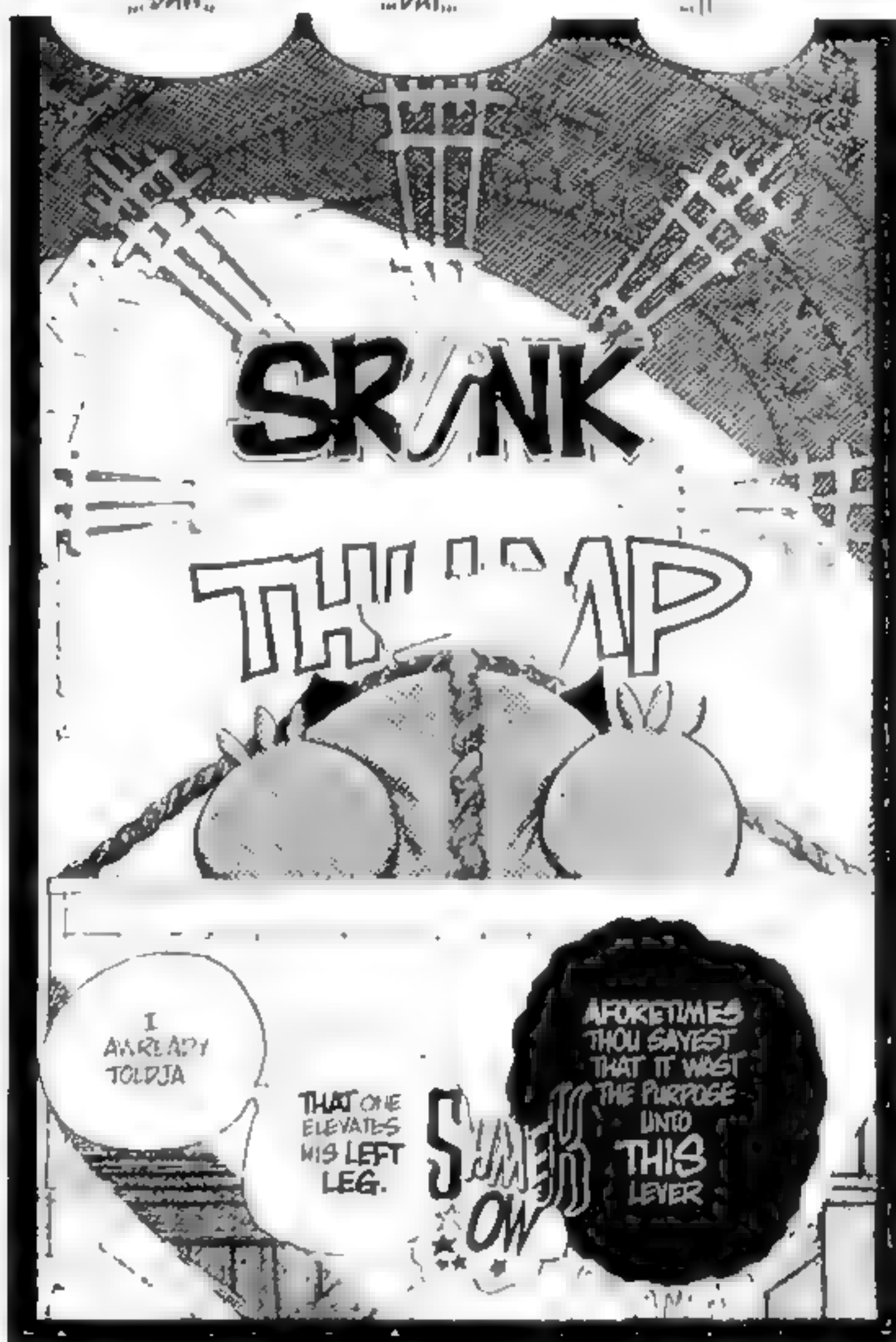
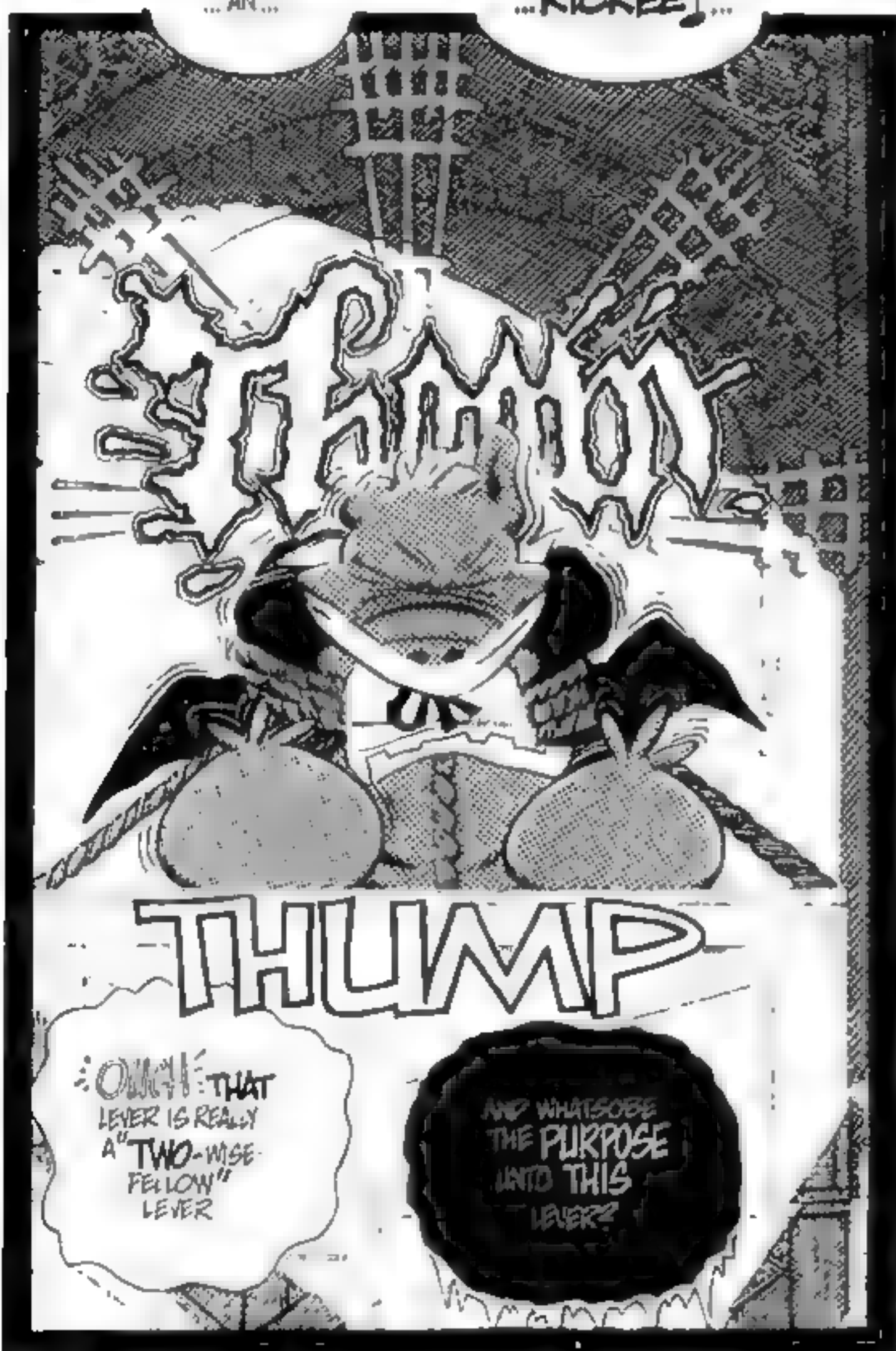
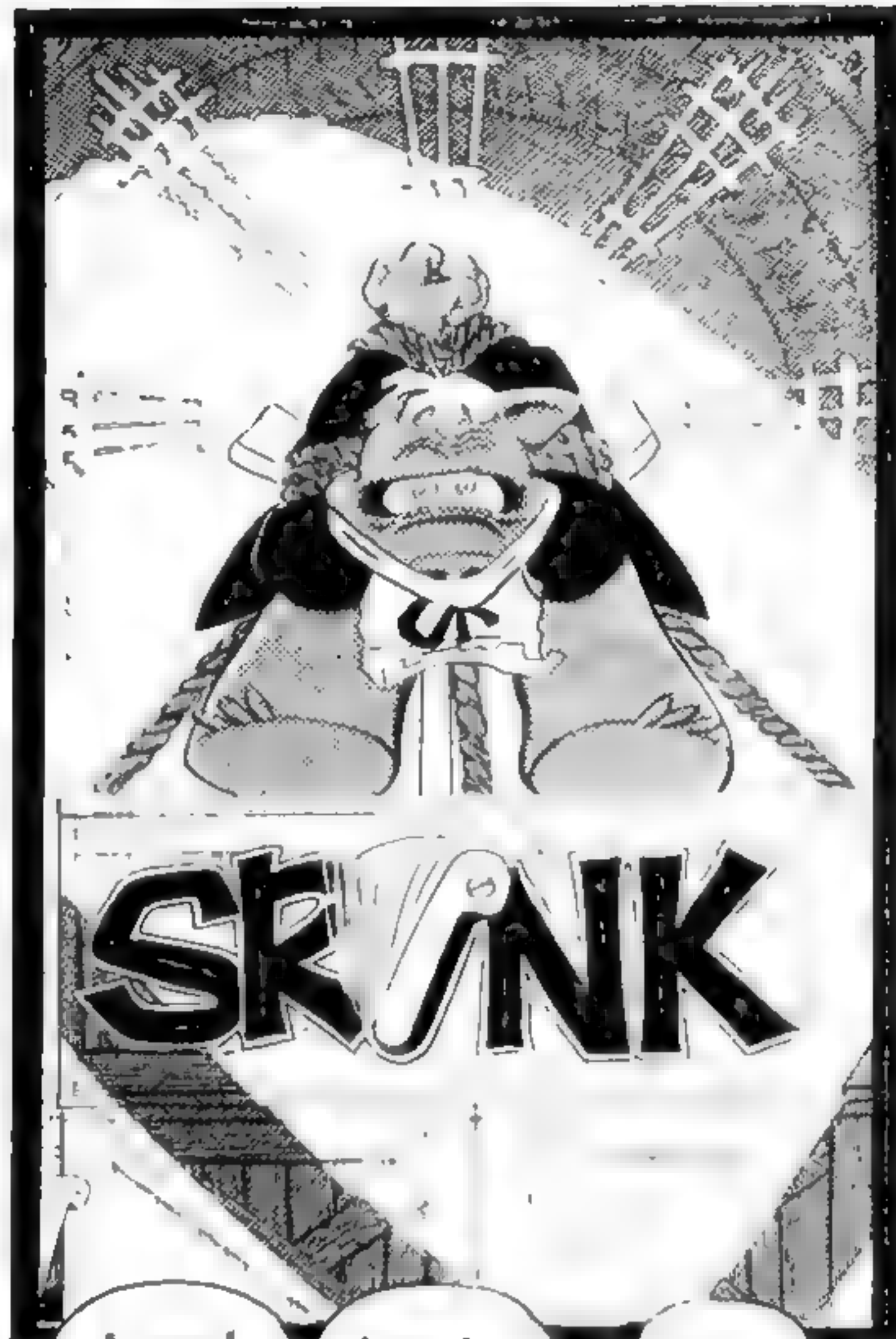
YES
HOWEVER
THE BEST

WHAT?

SR/NK
SR/NK







EVEN THEN IT WAS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE FOR CEREBUS TO CONCENTRATE BECAUSE—EVEN WHILE THE BOOK OF RICK WAS BEING RECITED "IN HIS EAR" (RICK 13 4) ON ONE OF "THE STOOLS OF THE BAR—UPON CEREBUS' RIGHT HAND" (RICK 3 24)—A THEOLOGICAL TAVERN BRAWL WOULD BE BREAKING OUT AT THE SAME TIME ON TWO OF "THE STOOLS OF THE BAR—UPON CEREBUS' LEFT HAND" (IBID)

"YE SHALL KNOW CEREBUS WHEN THOU SEEST T'REE FINGERS UPON HIS RIGHT HAND AND T'REE FINGERS UPON HIS LEFT."

AN' OY'M TELLIN' YOUSE!
DAT DA EPPIPONYMOUS
"SOYTIN RULER" IN DA
"PARABLE OF DA SOYTIN
RULER" IN CHAPTER ONE
(VOYSES FOIVE TROUGH THOMTEEN)
IS LOARD JULIUS!

AN' FOYDAMORE
DAT DA "VIPER
LOIK VIN-TO A
SCORPEEN AN'
HAVEEN' A FACE
LOIK VIN-TO DA
BACKEE ENDEE OF
A DOGSEE" IN
VOYSES EIGHT AND
NOYNE IS
ASTARIA!

"YE SHALL LOIKWISE
KNOW CEREBUS WHEN
THOU SEEST T'REE
TOES UPON HIS RIGHT
FOOT AND T'REE
TOES UPON HIS
LEFT."

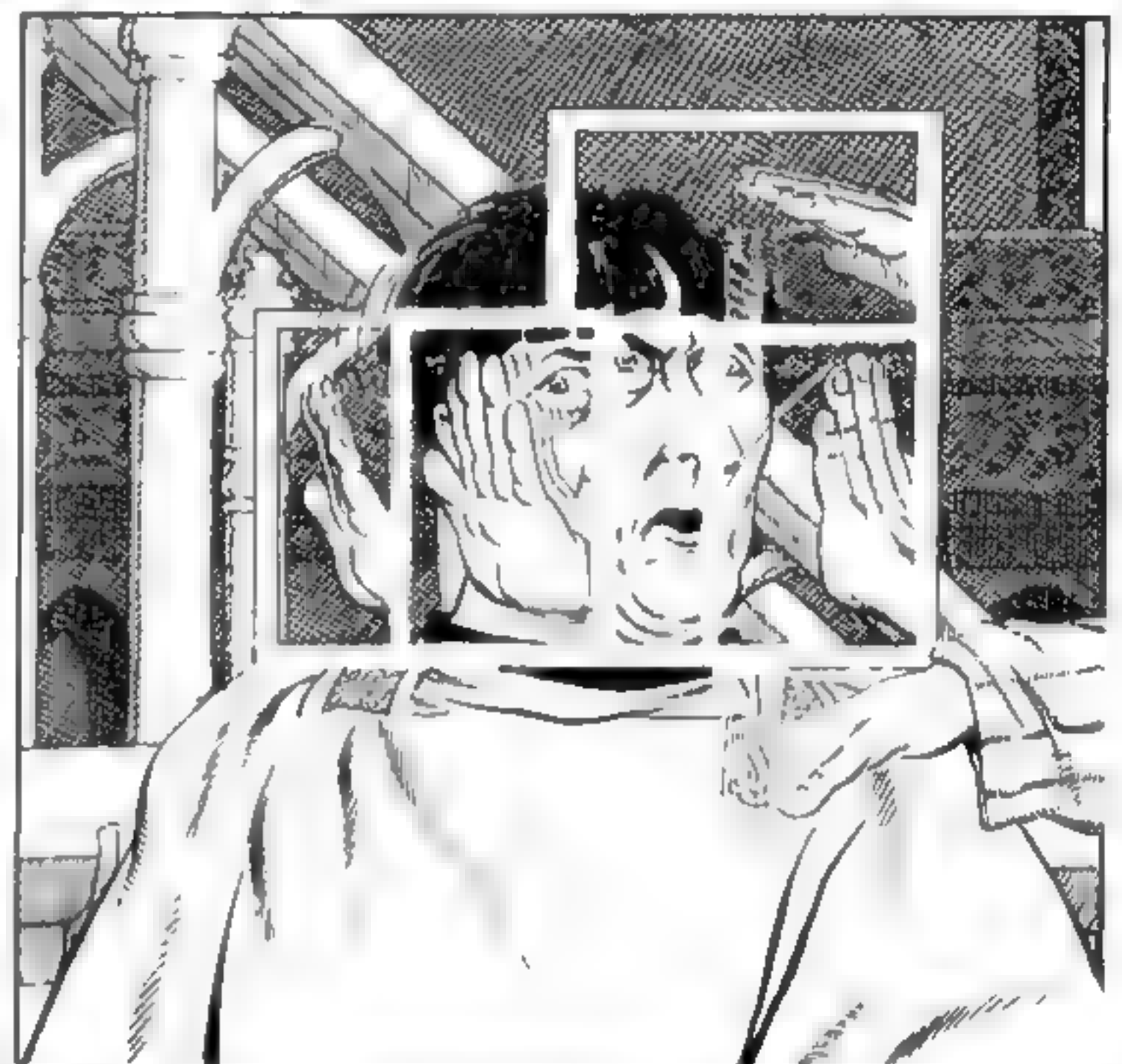
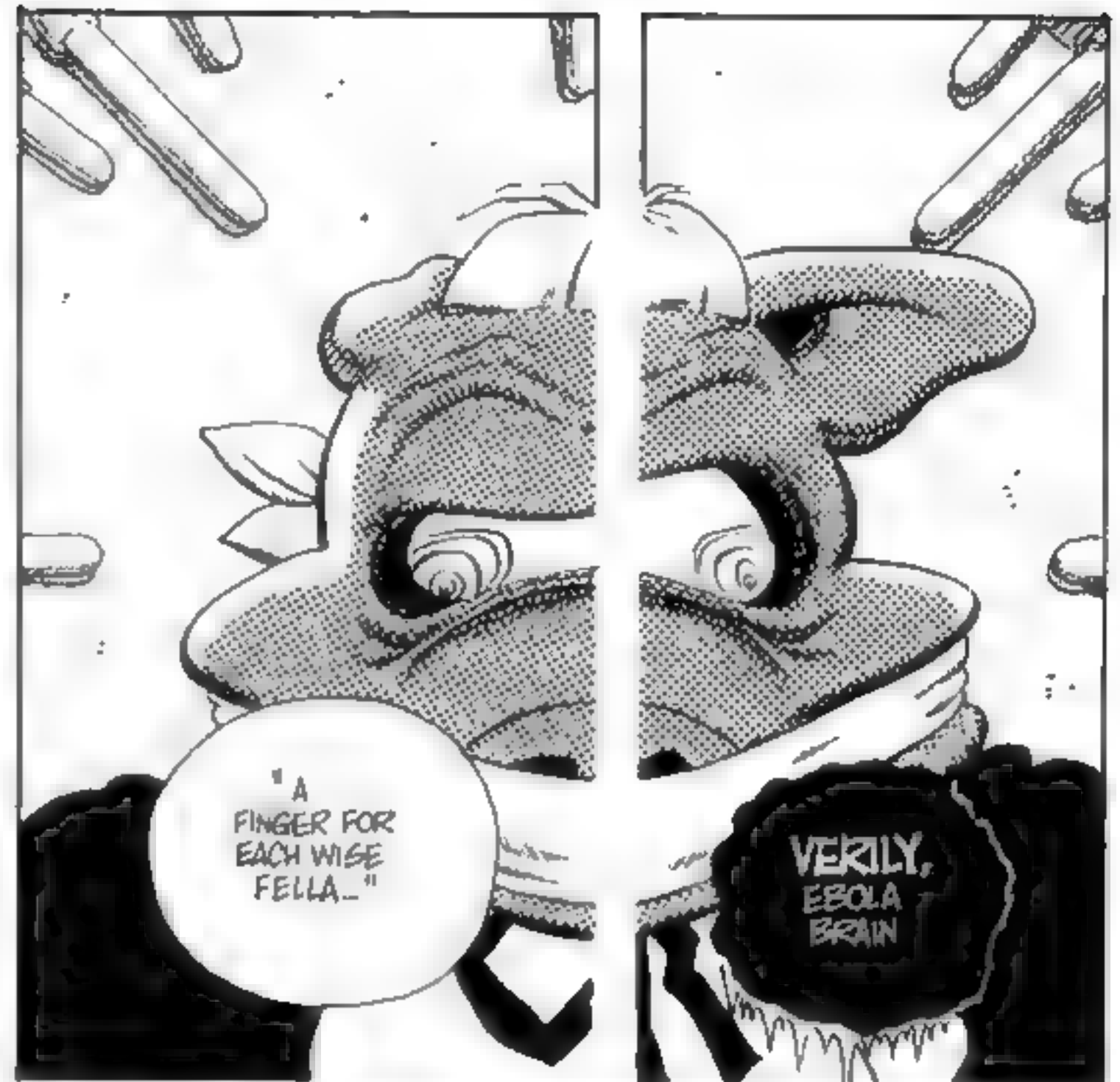
AN' FOYDAD
FOYDAMORE DAT
DA "SOYTIN RULER'S
FRIEND" IN VOYSES
FOIVE TROUGH EIGHT
(INCLUSIVE) IS NUN
MUDDER DAN
CEREBUS
HISSELF!

IZZAT
CO?

THY FALSE
DOCTRINE
STINKETH IN THE
NOSTRILS OF
MOSHER,
ROQUEFORT

LIKE UNTO
HE WHO
CUTTETH
THE CHEESE
IN THE
NOON-DAY
SUN!

WMMMM!

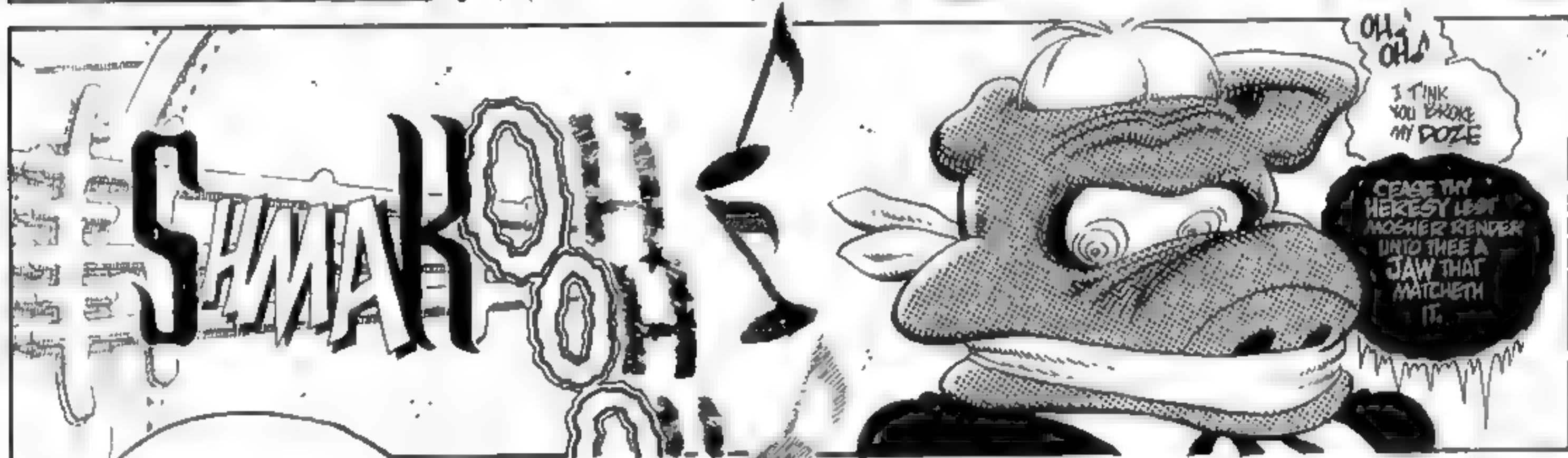




"WHEN THOU HAST
DISGOYNED DAT
HE WHOM THOU HAST
FOUND IS OF A
SURETY DA ONE
CEREBUS..."



NYLUK
NYLUK
NYLUK



OH
OH
I THINK
YOU BROKE
MY DOZE

CEASE THY
HERESY LEFT
MOSHER RENDER
UNTO THEE A
JAW THAT
MATCHETH
IT.



"BOIND HIM WIT'
STRONG COARDS AN'
BEAR HIM UNTO DA
SANTOOARY
WHICH THOU
HAST BULT."

(CHAPTER THIRTEEN
VERSE THREE) (THAT
WAS WHEN CEREBUS
RECOGNIZED THAT HE
WASNT STUCK IN A
BAD DREAM)

HEY! DAT'S
ECCLESIASTICAL
DURESS

OW
SHMER

WHAT
ABALT
IT?

NUTTIN'
I JUS
WATE I'BE AWL
DURESSD
UP WIT' NO
PLACE TO
GO.

NYLUK
NYLUK
NYLUK



"BOIND HIM UNTO HIS
PLACE BEHOIND DA
BAR AN' REGOYTE IN
HIS EAR DA WORDS OF
DIS BOOK FROM DA
FOIST WOID EVEN
UNTO DA LAST."

(CHAPTER THIRTEEN, VERSE
FOUR) (THAT WAS WHEN
CEREBUS RECOGNIZED THAT
IT WAS MUCH WOYCE--
ER... WORSE THAN A
BAD DREAM)

CEREBUS WAS
STUCK IN
CHAPTER
THIRTEEN!



Chapter Thirteen



Thou Three Wise Fellows who shall serue Cerebus in the latter daies when it come to passe that the Prophet Nicke hath departed from this earth:

2- He shall knowe Cerebus when thou seest three fingers vpon his righte hande and three fingers vpon his left. He shal likewise knowe Cerebus when thou seest three toes vpon his right foot and three toes vpon his left. A finger for each wise fellowe and for each wise fellowe a toe.

3- When thou hast discerned that he whom thou hast found is of a surety the One Cerebus then bind him with strong cords and bear him vnto the sanctuarie which thou hast built.

4- Bind him vnto his place behinde the barre and recite in his eare the wordes of this booke from the first worde euen vnto the last.

5- And when thou hast made an ende of reciting inquire of him saying:

6- Wilt thou now speake vnto thy servants the worde of truth which was promised us of the Prophet Nicke?

7- Then vnbnde his mouth. And if he speake vnto thee that worde of truth

8- Then hearken ye vnto him and doe as he commaundeth thee.

9- Howsobeit if hee speake not the worde of truth but is instead taken by his Daemon Zelfe then binde his mouth and recite vnto him again the wordes of this booke from the first worde euen vnto the last.

10- And bee ye diligent in this. Forsake not a worde lest that same worde forsake thee in the latter daies. Recite ye vnto Cerebus each in thy turne from the first dawning of the daie euen vnto the setting of the sunne inquiring of him each time that thou has made an ende

11- Wilt thou now speake vnto thy servants the worde of truth which was promised us of the Prophet Nicke?

12- Neede Cerebus of thy bountie good victuals and healthie (and a litle wine for his stomaches sake) keeping him bound vntil hee speake vnto thee that worde of truth that al might be fulfilled according to the worde of Nicke which is come vnto thee.

13- And when it come to passe that Cerebus hath spoken vnto thee that worde which shalbe to all men and in the which all men should be commaunded in bringing an ende to this age which hath ouerturned all righteousness after the maner of the deuill and the uiper and the scorpion

14- By that worde shal Cerebus vnbnd himselfe and vnbnd the spirit of all men who followe in the worde of Nicke and the worde of Cerebus.

15- Then shalt thou execute iudgement in ridding the earth of deuills and uipers and scorpions saue those who might be women and those who might be Angels

16- That ye might lie with the great melons (and with the women and the Angels also).

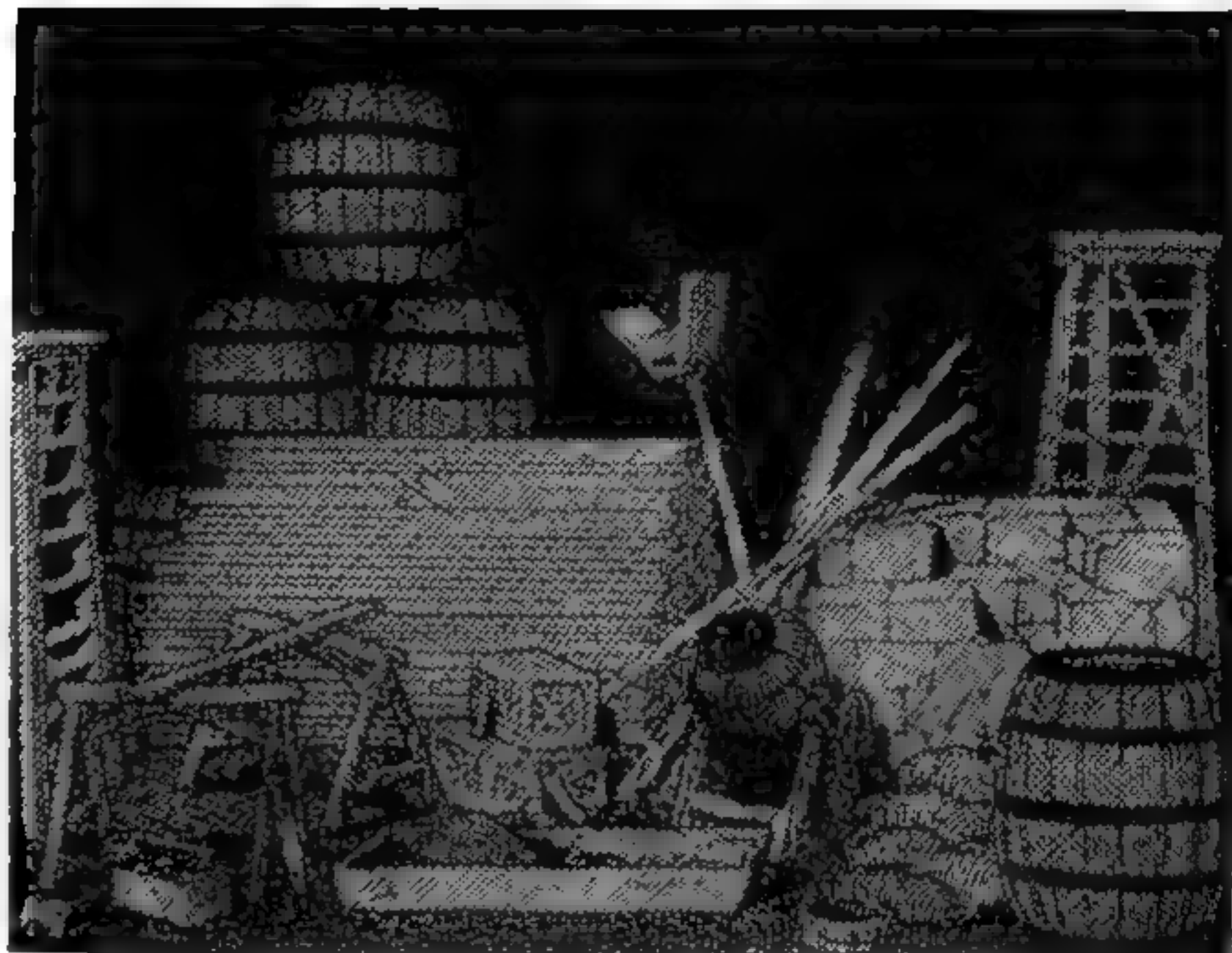
17- Then build ye up houses and stronge holdes and sanctuaries for Cerebus for thy selues and for all men (wherein they might abide with their women and their Angels also).

18- That thou and thy sonnes and thy sonnes sonnes might do that which is right in all the earth being alwaies true men againste the daie when the worde shall returne vnto thee once more. Amen.

WITH THE WAY EVERYTHING
EVENTUALLY TURNED OUT, IT'S
HARD TO EXPLAIN EXACTLY
WHAT CEREBUS WENT THROUGH
...AT THE TIME.

'AH, YES... CHAPTER
THIRTEEN.' BUT... AT
THE TIME CEREBUS
DIDN'T KNOW FROM
CHAPTER THIRTEEN'

ALL CEREBUS
"KNEW" WAS
THAT (SOMEHOW)
THESE THREE
...CRAZY GUYS...
HAD GOTTEN AHEAD
OF RICK'S OLD
NOTEBOOK!



≡ ANEM ≡

OF COURSE, AS IT TURNED OUT
THEY WEREN'T CRAZY
AT ALL... AND NEITHER WAS
RICK... BUT (AS FAR AS
CEREBUS KNEW) THE TAVERN
WAS JUST A TAVERN CEREBUS
HAD NO IDEA - AT THE TIME -
WHAT RICK HAD BEEN WRITING
IN HIS NOTEBOOK OR WHO
JOANNE WAS OR WHO RICK
WAS OR WHO CEREBUS WAS
-- WHO WE ALL REALLY WERE
(THAT IS). RICK WAS THE
ONLY ONE - AT THE TIME -
WHO KNEW ALL THAT.
(PEOPLE FORGET THAT)

SO, AT FIRST, ALL CEREBUS
COULD THINK OF WAS HOW MUCH
CEREBUS WISHED RICK WAS STILL
ALIVE...

...SO CEREBUS COULD
KILL HIM'

HEH HEH HEH HEH (uhh BUT SERIOUSLY..)

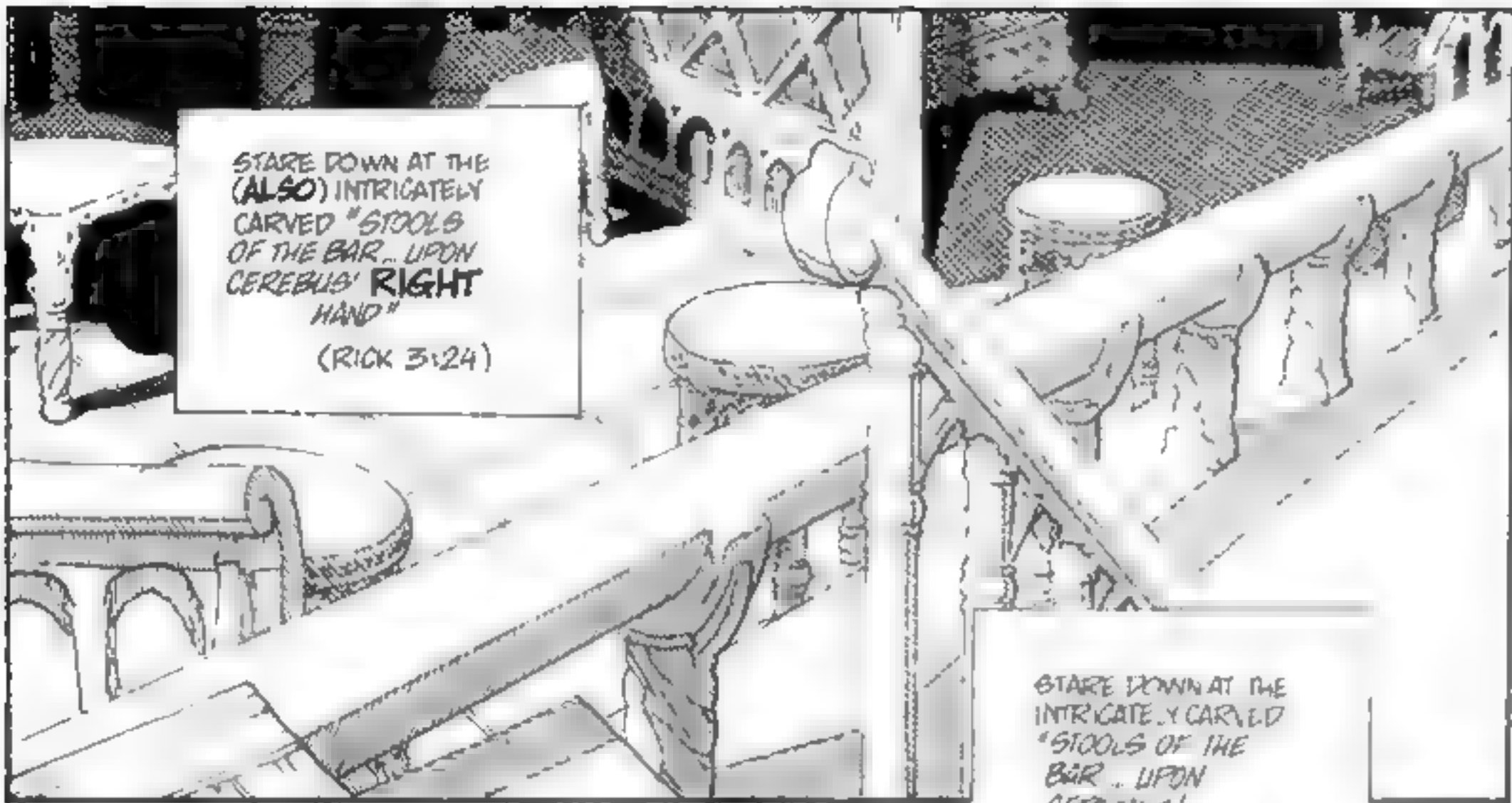
...WHAT CEREBUS SAID
JUST A MINUTE AGO? ABOUT
THINKING THAT THE TAVERN
WAS JUST A...uh...? OF
COURSE THAT'S WRONG!
THE SANCTUARY WAS (AND
IS) ALWAYS THE SANCTUARY.

AND CEREBUS KNOWS
THAT NOW, OF COURSE
BECAUSE "CEREBUS
IS OF THE SANCTUARY
AND THE SANCTUARY
IS OF CEREBUS"
(RICK 3:2) BUT - AT
THE TIME ALL CEREBUS
COULD DO WAS TO JUST
STARE DOWN AT THE
INTRICATELY CARVED
"TABLES OF THE NORTH
WALL" (RICK 3:26) AND
"CHAIRS OF THE TABLES
OF THE NORTH WALL"
(RICK 3:30)



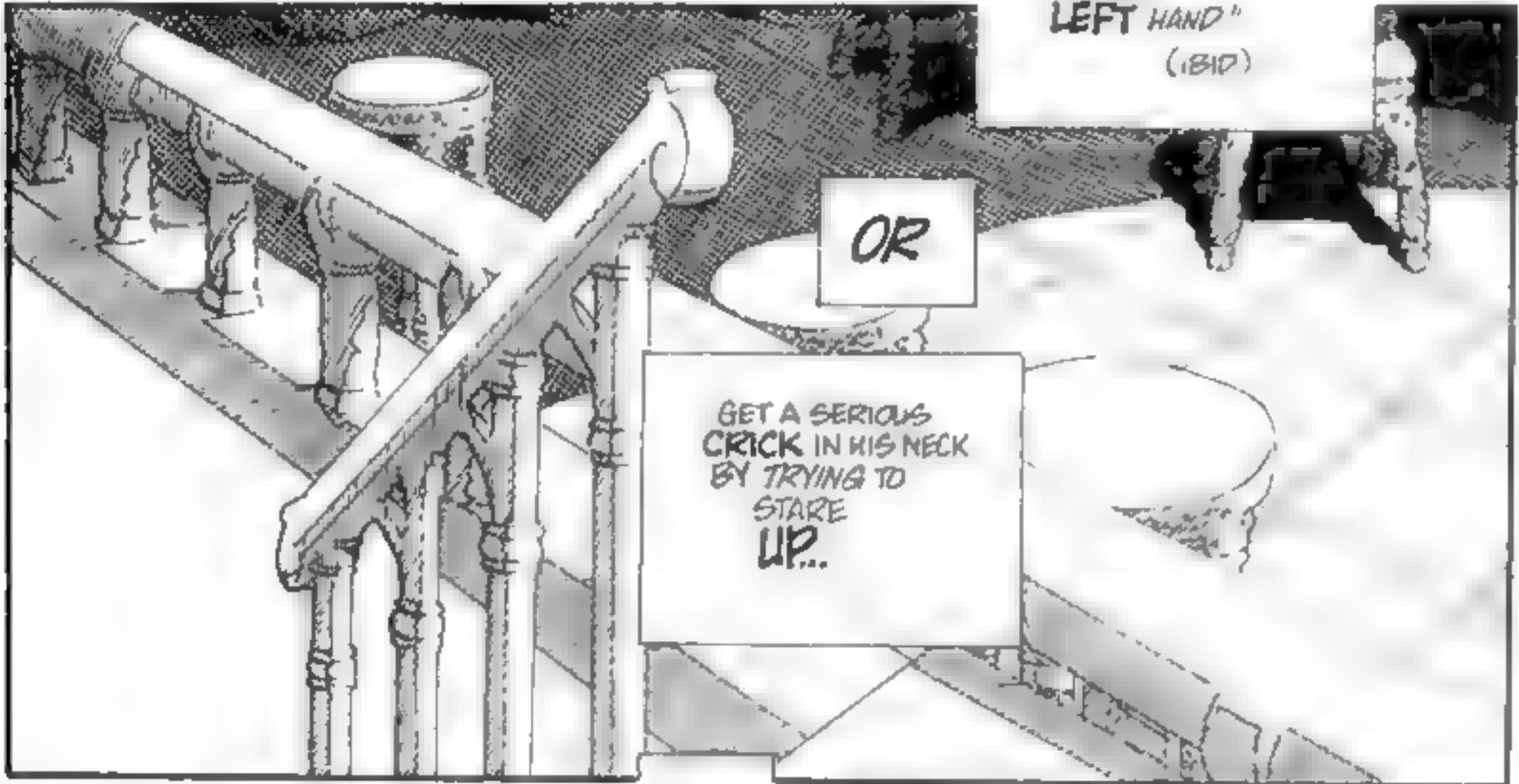
(OF COURSE
ALL THIS HAPPENED
BEFORE THEY HAD
EVEN GOTTEN AROUND
TO BUILDING A
NORTH WALL.)





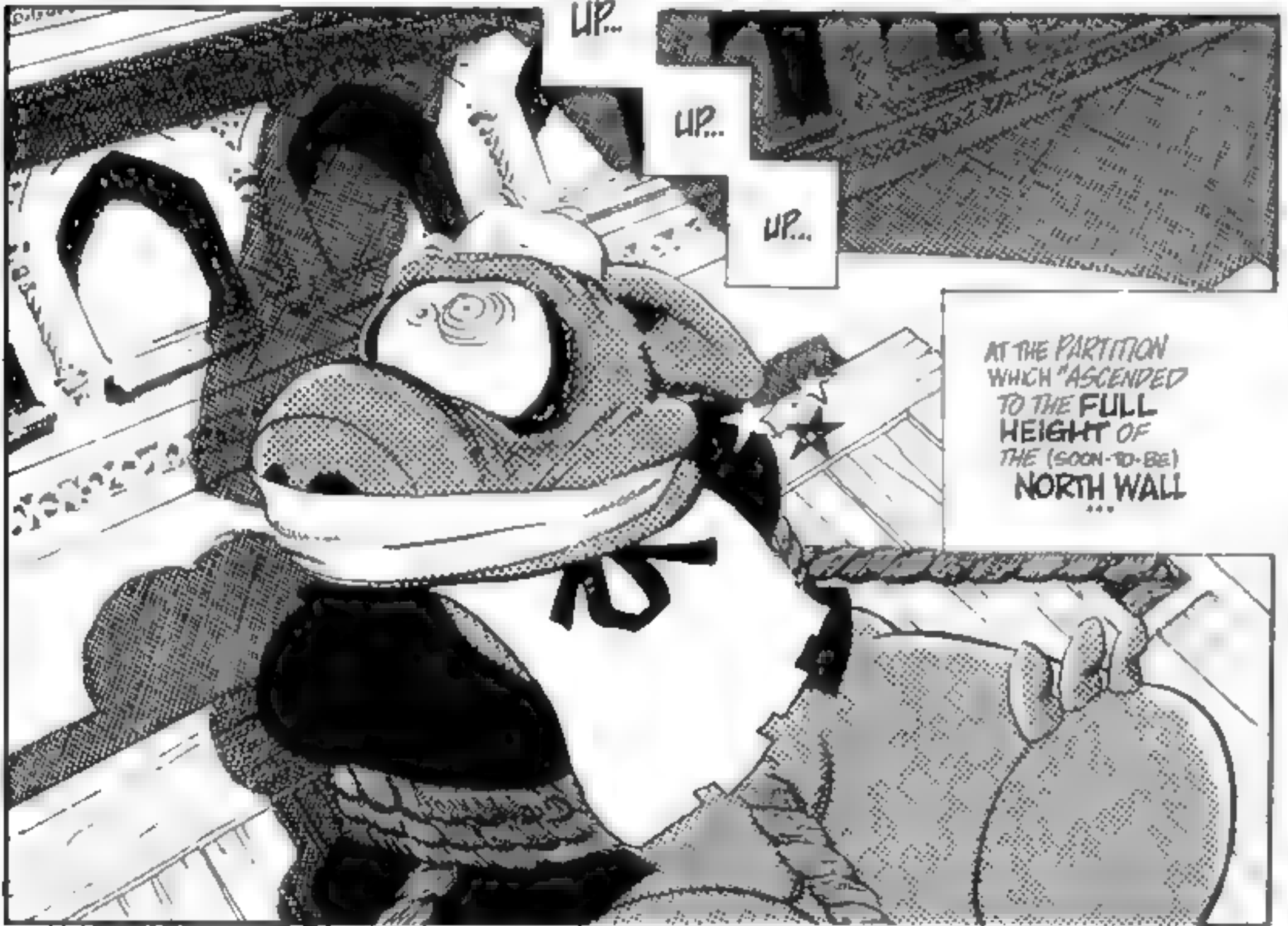
STARE DOWN AT THE
(ALSO) INTRICATELY
CARVED "STOOLS OF THE
BAR... UPON
CEREBUS' RIGHT
HAND"
(RICK 3:24)

STARE DOWN AT THE
INTRICATELY CARVED
"STOOLS OF THE
BAR... UPON
CEREBUS'
LEFT HAND"
(IBID)



OR

GET A SERIOUS
CRICK IN HIS NECK
BY TRYING TO
STARE
UP...

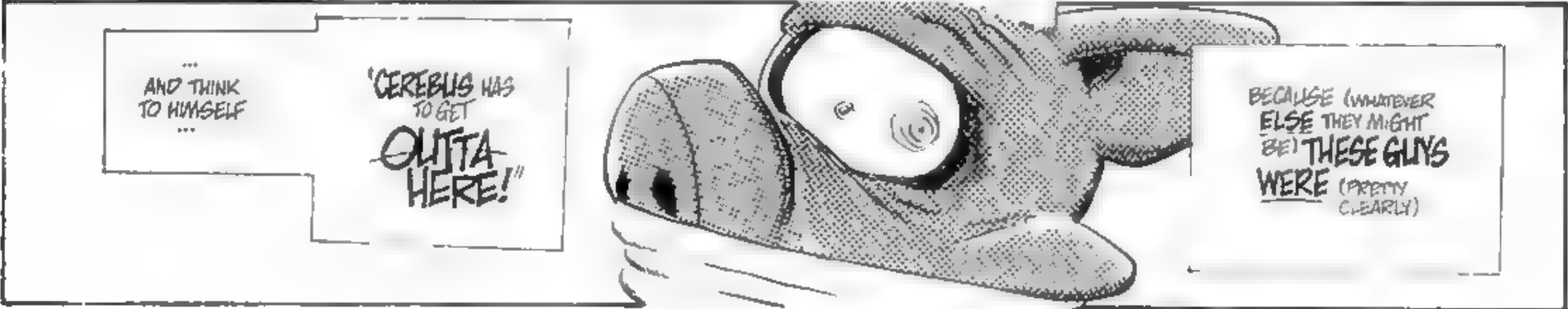


UP...

UP...

UP...

AT THE PARTITION
WHICH "ASCENDED
TO THE FULL
HEIGHT OF
THE (SOON-TO-BE)
NORTH WALL
...
AND WAS ATTACHED
TO THE CEILING
OF THE SANCTUARY."
(RICK 3:33)



...
AND THINK
TO HIMSELF
...

'CEREBUS WAS
TO GET
OUTTA
HERE!'

BECAUSE (WHATEVER
ELSE THEY MIGHT
BE) THESE GUYS
WERE (PRETTY
CLEARLY)



HEY MACHIE!
I GOTTA
QUESTION.

WAGDA
DOES HIS
HAIR?

COMPLETELY
AND TOTALLY
IN ANE



CEREBUS HAD QUITE A BIT OF TIME -- WHILE THEY WERE RECITING THE "BOOK OF RICKEE" TO HIM -- TO DECIDE HOW CEREBUS WAS GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS FIRST (CEREBUS THOUGHT) HE WOULD TRY SOME DOUBLETALK ON 'EM! (AFTER ALL CEREBUS HAD BEEN -- SHOW -- BOTH PRIME MINISTER AND POPE, SO CEREBUS) (TO SAY THE LEAST) (KNEW FROM DOUBLETALK)

AN' O'M TELLIN'
YOUS DAT D' BOOKEE!

Shmk

OW.
DA BOOK OF RICK
IS TELEOLOGICAL!

TELEOLOGICAL
THY MUDDAH'S
MUSTACHE

IT'S
ESCHATOLOGICAL

Mmmm!

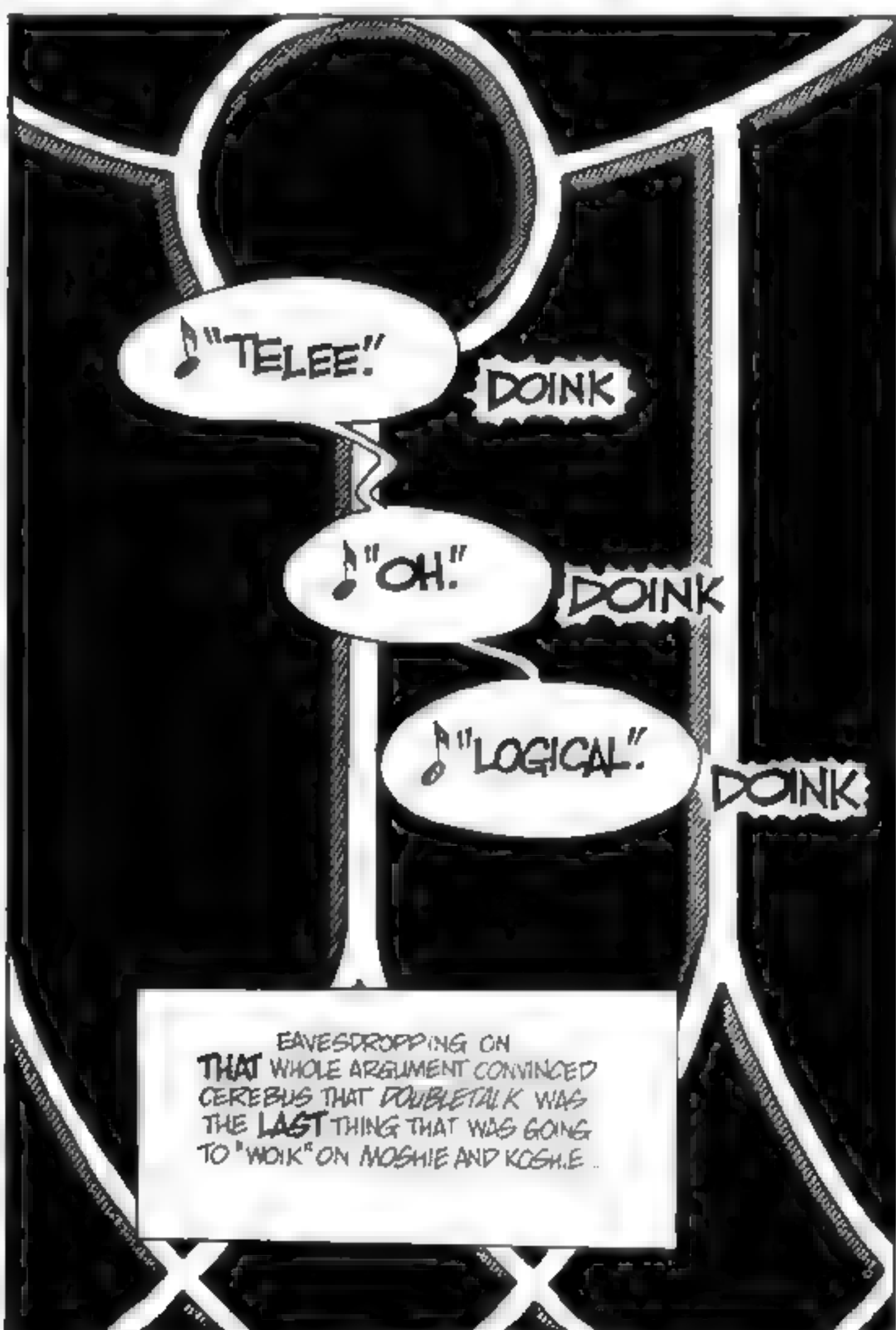
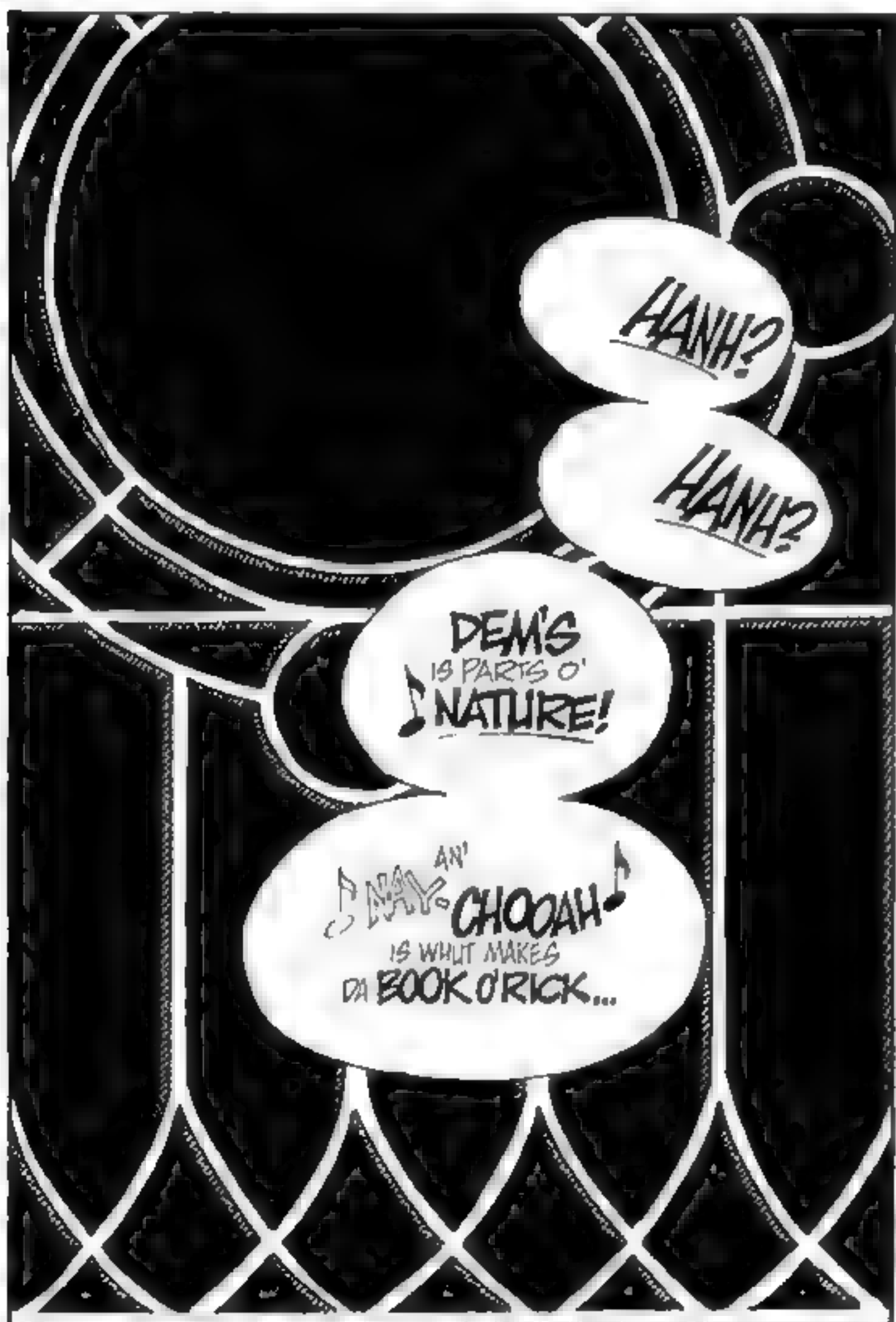
TELEOLOGICAL
I TELL YA!

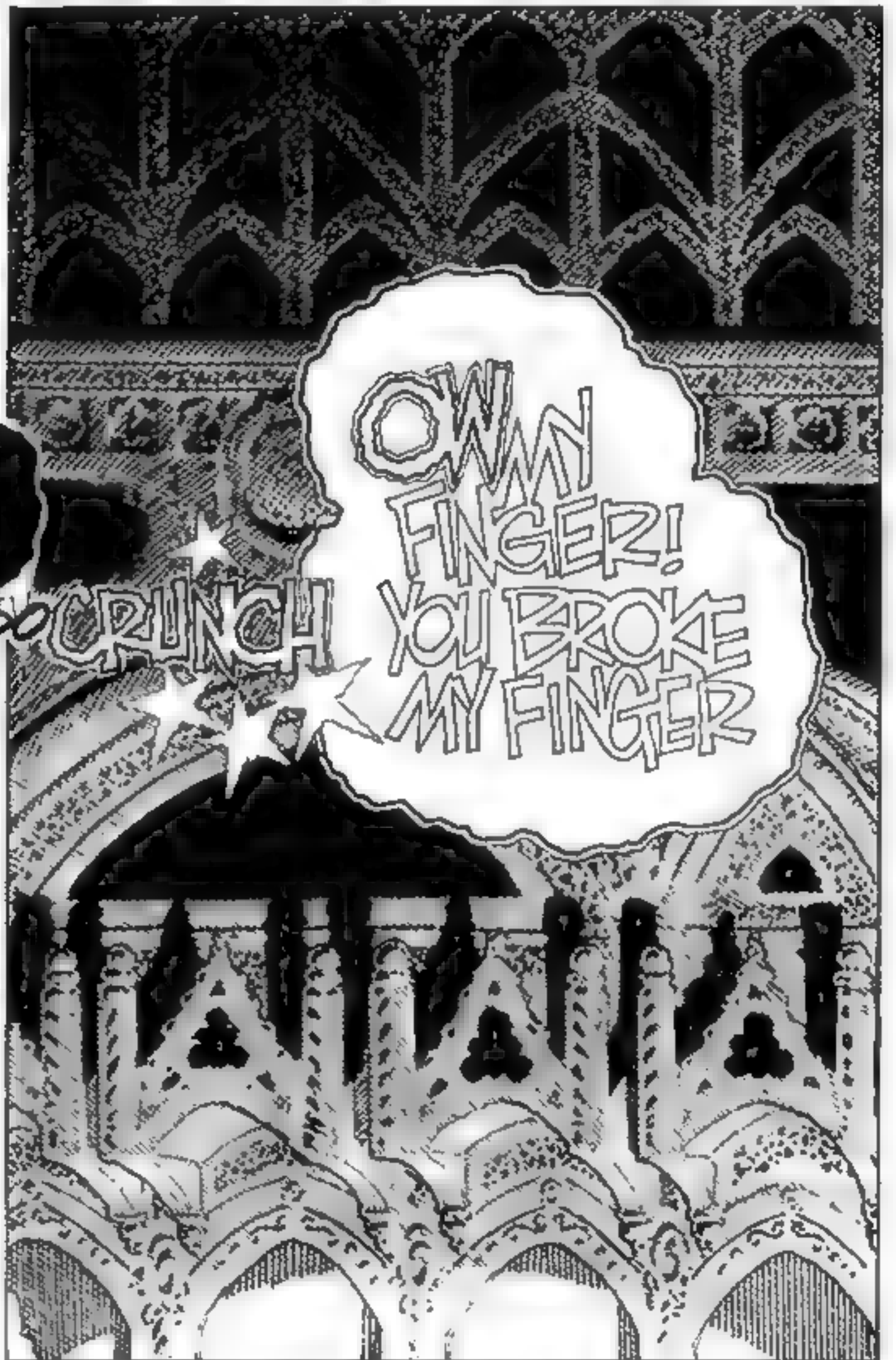
AN' YOU LEAVE
MOY MUDDAH'S
FACIAL HAIR
OUTTA DIS!

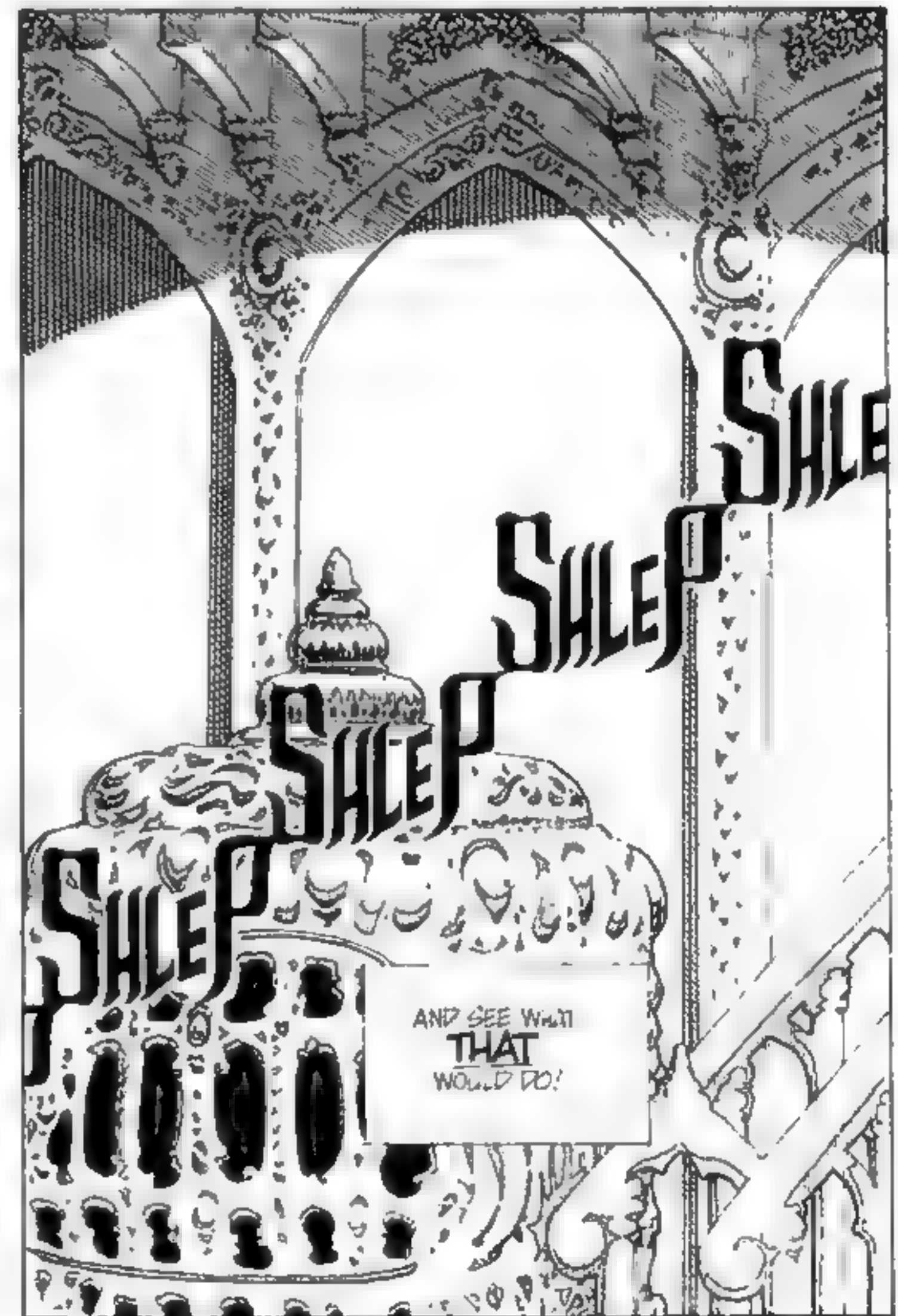
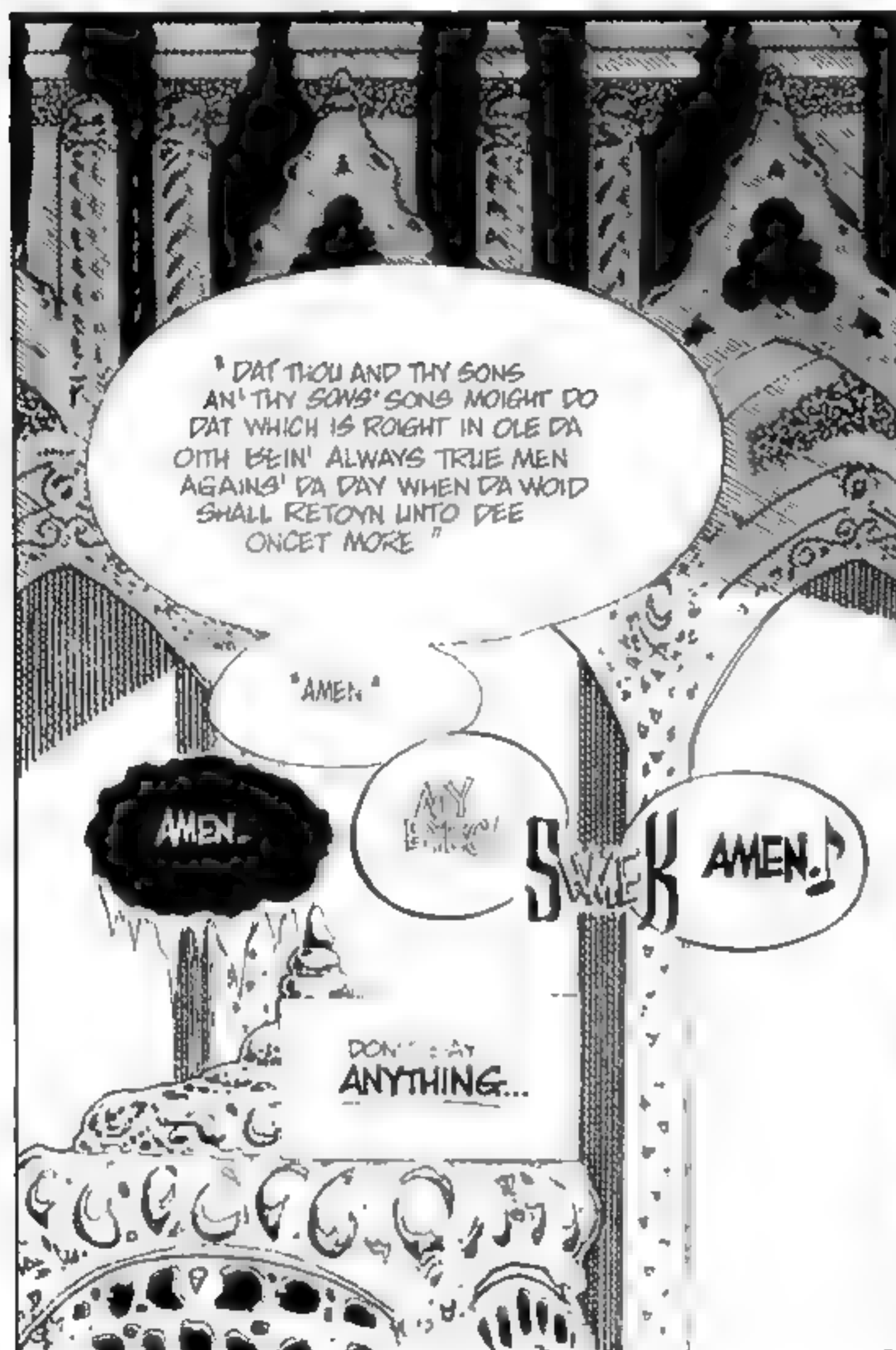
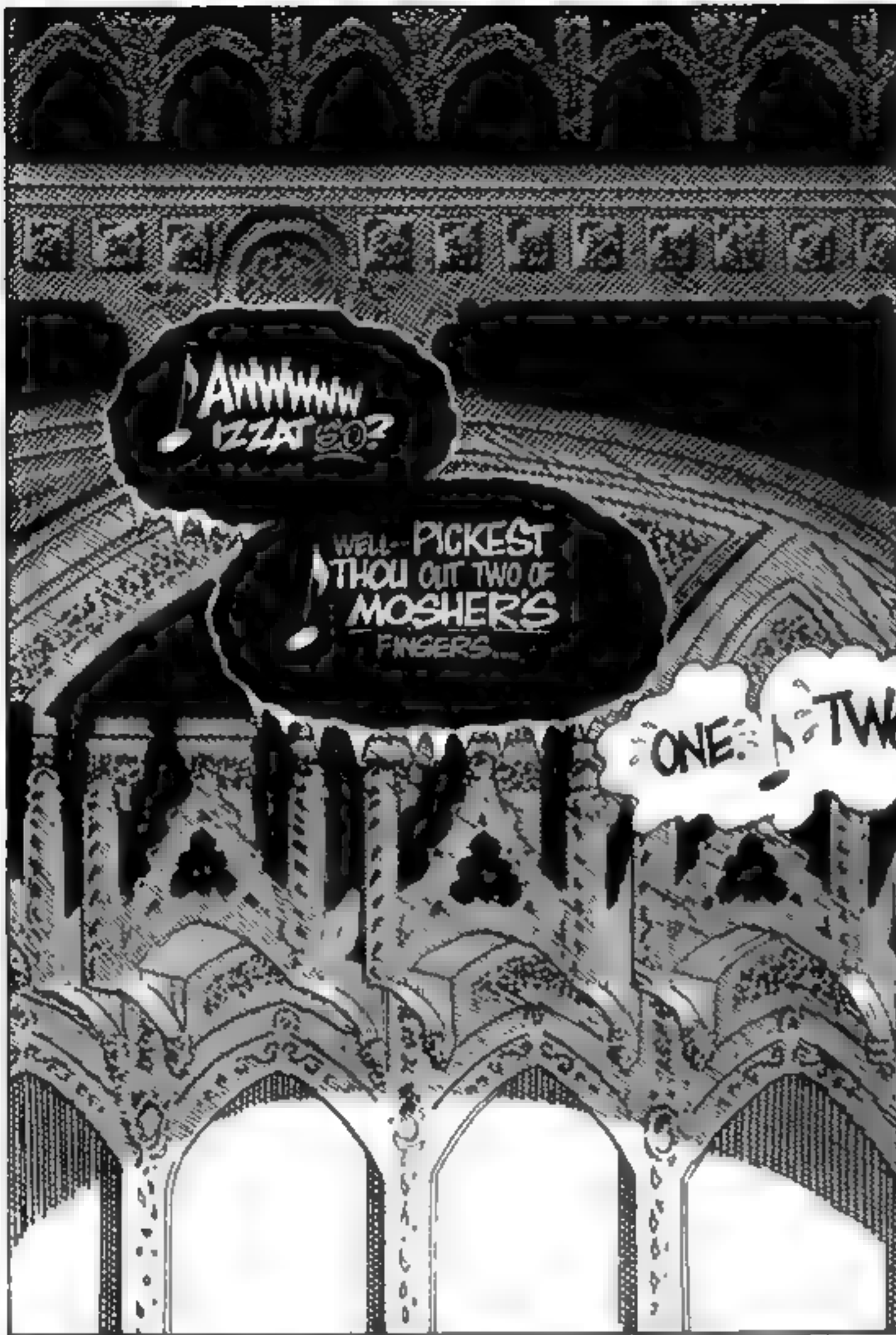
LISTEN,
MOZZARELLA

THE BOOK OF RICK
CULMINATEH IN CHAPTAN
THUITEEN, VAMBE THUITEEN
THAT WOID WHICH SHALL BE TO
ALL MEN AND IN THE WHICH
ALL MEN SHALL BE COMMANDED
IN BRINGING AN END-TO-DIS
AGE WHICH HATH OUNHTUNED
ALL RIGHTEDNESS...
(AN' GETRA, AN' GETRA)

THAT
MAKEH IT
ESCHATOLOGICAL,
PEBBLE BRAIN









"WILT THOU NOW SPEAK
UNTO THY SOYVINTS THE
WOID OF TRUTH WHICH WAS
PROMISED US OF DA
PROPHET RICK?"

NA NA NEEEEEE

WELL...



...IT DIDN'T DO MUCH OF
ANYTHING. WE'D JUST
STARE AT EACH OTHER
A MINUTE OR SO...



AND THEN LOSHIE, MOSHIE
AND KOSHIE WOULD DECLARE:

DEMON
SELF.

DEMON
SELF.

DEM

MMMM!

I WAS
EATING
MUSE

...PUT CEREBUS'
GAG BACK ON...



I
T'INK WE OUGHTA
HAVE AN'UDDER
'WISE FELLA

SO'S
I GOT
SUMBUDDY
TA' PAYSS
IT ON 'WIT'

WHENSOBEIT
THAT THOU
FINDEST
HIM?

YEAH?

GIVEST
HIM THIS

...AND GO ON ABOUT THEIR
BUSINESS AS IF CEREBUS
WASN'T EVEN THERE...

WHATEVER HOPE CEREBUS HAD THAT THEY WOULD JUST GET BORED AND LET CEREBUS GO... FADED AS SPRING TURNED INTO SUMMER AND THE TEMPERATURE IN THE SANCTUARY STARTED TO SOAR.

CEREBUS WAS EITHER (CEREBUS DECIDED) GOING TO HAVE TO TRY SOMETHING... OR MAKE UP HIS MIND TO JUST STAY BOUND IN PLACE "UPON BOXES OF UNFINISHED WOOD HAVING MANY SPLINTERS WHICH VEXED AND TROUBLED HIM SORELY" (RICK 3 18) FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE!

AND - SINCE ALL CEREBUS WAS BEING FED WERE "GOOD VICTUALS AND HEALTHY (AND A LITTLE WINE FOR HIS STOMACH'S SAKE)" (RICK 13:12) WHO KNEW HOW LONG THAT MIGHT TURN OUT TO BE?

WILT THOU NOW SPEAK UNTO THY SERVANTS THE WORD OF TRUTH WHICH WAS PROMISED US OF THE PROPHET RICK?



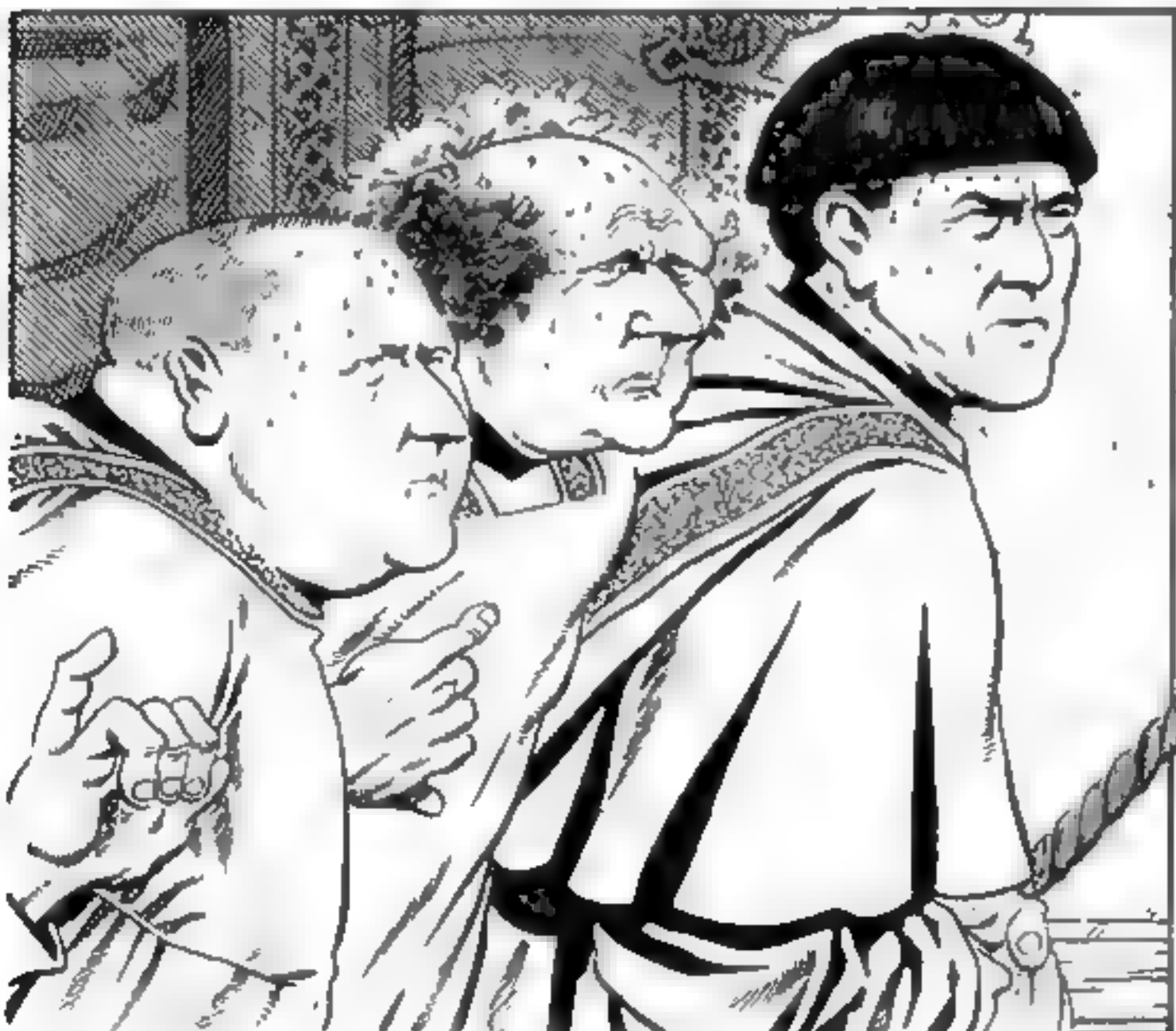


SEE (THE WAY CEREBUS LOOKED AT IT) IT WAS BETTER (SEEING AS HOW CEREBUS WAS DEALING WITH COMPLETE AND TOTAL FANATICS) (OF SOME KIND OR OTHER) TO START SMALL AND (YOU KNOW) BUILD FROM THERE: START WITH (LITERALLY) ONE "WORD OF TRUTH" -- "HERRING" -- AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS. (YEARS LATER -- WHEN CEREBUS RE-READ EVERY "ISSUE" OF GARTH INNISCENT'S RABBI CEREBUS REALIZED THAT HE MUST HAVE SUBCONSCIOUSLY REMEMBERED "ISSUE" TWENTY-THREE -- "NOT ALL MY HERRING SHALL SAVE ME!" WHICH (FRANKLY) DIDN'T HAVE MUCH OF AN IMPACT ON CEREBUS THE FIRST TIME THROUGH BECAUSE ONLY ONE GUY DIED IN THAT ONE (RABBI SWANG HIM AROUND BY HIS ANKLES) (YOU MAY RECALL) (SO THAT THE GUY'S HEAD WAS SMASHED LIKE A PIECE OF FRUIT AGAINST THE DOORPOSTS AND THE LINTEL OF RABBI'S SHITEL OF SOLITUDE) (AN INTERESTING WAY TO KILL A GUY, SURE -- BUT HANDLED MUCH MORE EFFECTIVELY) (CEREBUS THOUGHT) (IN RABBI "ISSUE" EIGHT'S "(UNLEAVENED) BREAD, (BITTER) HERBS, (BLOODY) ABATTOIR!"



(CEREBUS SHOULD FIND OUT WHO DREW THE PICTURES IN RABBI SOME DAY)

(SOME OF THEM ARE REALLY GOOD)



ANYWAY -- EVERYTHING WENT VERY QUIET IN THE SANCTUARY. MOSHIE, LOSHIE AND KOSHIE JUST...STOOD THERE... LETTING IT SINK IN:

"HERRING?"

COULD "HERRING" BE THE WORD OF TRUTH THAT RICK HAD PROMISED THEM?

(MORE IMPORTANT -- COULD CEREBUS GET AWAY WITH CONVINCING THEM THAT "HERRING" WAS THE WORD OF TRUTH?)

JUST WHEN IT LOOKED AS IF CEREBUS WAS GOING TO GET AWAY WITH IT: SLUDDENLY:
DRAMATICALLY:



OH NO!
(JUST WHAT
CEREBUS WAS
AFRAID OF)
WISE FELLOW
SCHISM!



(A REGULAR
PERCUSSION SECTION
OF MATHEM
FOLLOWED)

IT'S LOIK
I TOLJEZ:
WE'E SUPPOSETA
STAY PICKLED!
ALL DAY:

'SEEKEST
THOU STRONGEE
DRINKEE?
(RICKEE CHAPTUN
ONE VOISE TWO)

CLONK
TUMP
BAG
SMAK
SMAK
(AND CEASE
THE PRONOUNCING
OF THY SILENT
'S')

'BE CONTENT
WITH THINE
OWN CUP'
MAGGOT
BRAIN

(AND CEASE
THE PRONOUNCING
OF THY SILENT
'S')

LIPSEN NIGHTINGALE
WHEREFORE DOES
THOU ASSAIL THE
EARDRUMS OF
MOGHER?

A PLURAL
OF SNAKE
IS SNAKES
DAY!

BONK
ON

NA-NA NEEEEE!

SWEETEN
THY SNAKE
HEAD A SNAKE
FORGIVING

WE WARETHUS
JUST TO LOOK
BACK UPON
MORE TIMES

LEFT ME
WRETHING INTO
PILARS
SALT

CHIEF ON
NEIGH THAT
O'DAY

(FROM ONE
SIDE OF THE
'SANCT-VARRY'
'UNTO' THE
OTHER)

I'M FOURTEEN
MOYSEH A
'MORNEEN' CUP...

'AN' DAT
IN A FULL
MEASURE'
(ASTORICKS)

SMAK
RAZ

BONK
NOW LOOK
WHAT YA DID!

PEETH
DAHN

HOW WOULD YOU
LIKE IT IF
BROKE A
WHOLE BOTTLE
OF YOAHH!
AFTUH-SHAVEE
CIVILLOANEER?

SHMM

(ASTORICKS)
BOOKER OF

OW

WELL
I WISH
SUMBIDDY'D
BREAK A
WHOLE BOTTLE
O' MOGHER'S
AFTUH-SHAVE...

KONK
OW

WHE ASKEST
THOU?

LISTEN,
MOSHIE...
YOAHH GETTIN'
ME MAD!

PEE.
YOU.

KLONG

YEAH?
WHY INTENDEST
THOU?

? SAY!

CAREFUL NOW...
THAT ROPE
HOLDETH
UP THE...

-AWHL?

I CAN NEVER
REMEMBER
DAT WOLD
NEITHER

(MAYK
NYUK
NYUK)

The comic strip is set in a dark, textured environment. It begins with a panel showing a close-up of Cerebus's face, looking distressed. A speech bubble from him says, "(IT WAS THE ANVIL THAT TOLD CEREBUS THE WHOLE THING WAS GETTING A LITTLE OUT OF HAND)". The next panel shows a large, dark, irregular shape representing a rivet or anvil. A speech bubble from it says, "THEY! WE'RE GOIN' MOSHER!". Another speech bubble nearby says, "OH!". A third speech bubble says, "MOSHER DESIREST TO CHECK AND SEE IF MOSE RIVETS LOSHIE LEFT IN THE FAHNACE OF ETOYNAL FIRE WITH HEATH UPETH SUFFICIENTLY". A fourth speech bubble says, "JOHN... SO NOW THEY DOEN!". A fifth speech bubble says, "OH. THEY PASSETH MUSTER.". A sixth speech bubble says, "SSSSSS". The next panel shows a large, stylized "WAA ZIP" sound effect. A speech bubble from Cerebus says, "MOHIE! STOP! TINK WHAT Y DOEN!". A speech bubble from the rivet says, "WOOP WOOP WOOP WOOP WOOP WOOP WOOP WOOP". A speech bubble from the rivet says, "MOSHER IS THINKING UPON WHATSOEVER HE DOETH:". A speech bubble from the rivet says, "THAT GORE WHY MOSHER SMILETH". A speech bubble from the rivet says, "CLANG CLANG CLANG". The next panel shows a large, stylized "WAA ZIP" sound effect. A speech bubble from Cerebus says, "RED HOT RIVET IN MOY LINDA-WAYRE!". A speech bubble from the rivet says, "JUMP HOP HOP JUMP". A speech bubble from the rivet says, "SAY! WHAT WUZ DA NAYME IN DA BAYND? WHAT FOIST PUHFOAMED RED-HOT RIVET IN MOY LINDAWAYRE'S?". A speech bubble from the rivet says, "NO. IT WIDN'T SHRIEK". A speech bubble from the rivet says, "(IT WAS SOME BAYND SLOK DAT, THOUGH)". The next panel shows a large, stylized "WAA ZIP" sound effect. A speech bubble from Cerebus says, "FIRE-TONGS CRUSHETH THY SEPTUM PERADVENTURE?". A speech bubble from the rivet says, "NO. 'FIRE-TONGS CRUSHETH THY SEPTUM' WUZ DA NAME OF 'SHRIEK'S PUBLISHEEN' COMPNEE. DEY HELP ALL O' SHRIEK'S COPYRIGT". A speech bubble from the rivet says, "CRUNCH". A speech bubble from the rivet says, "LUNCH UNCH NYLING". A speech bubble from the rivet says, "*****". The next panel shows a large, stylized "WAA ZIP" sound effect. A speech bubble from Cerebus says, "...CEREBUS FIGURED HE BETTER DO SOMETHING...". A speech bubble from the rivet says, "...QUICK!". A speech bubble from the rivet says, "SPECKLED!". A speech bubble from the rivet says, "(YELLED CEREBUS)". The final panel shows a large, stylized "WAA ZIP" sound effect. A speech bubble from Cerebus says, "CLANG CLANG CLANG".

(YELLOW CEREBRUS)

...FOUND IT'S
WAY **OUT** OF
LOSHE'S
UNDERWEAR

IN FACT, "SPECKLED HERRING"
WORKED LIKE A CHARM.

AND- DON'T FORGET-- IT WASNT JUST A MATTER OF TRYING OUT THE DIFFERENT "WORDS OF TRUTH" TO SEE WHICH ONE MIGHT "WOIK"...

"KUNQUAT!"

DEMON SELF

DEMON SELF

DEMON SELF

...IN BETWEEN CEREBUS WOULD HAVE TO LISTEN TO THE ENTIRE BOOK OF RICK (WHICH, OF COURSE, IS THE LIVING WORD OF TRUTH -- DON'T GET CEREBUS WRONG HEH-HEH--BUT EVEN THE LIVING WORD OF TRUTH...)

Chapter the Fifth

1 Rickes errand test : 3 Cerebus intreats Carim to send Joanne : 5 Cerebus takes counsel with Joanne : 7 Rickes and Joanne speake together : 12 Cerebus speaketh a parable unto Rickes : 17 Rickes goeth without the sanctuarie

Did Cerebus know in his great wisdom that tho Rickes now hadst a greater understanding than beloretimes stil and yet was Rickes understanding not perfect like unto the wisdom and understanding of Cerebus.

2 And so it came to passe that on the following daie Cerebus didst devise a test for Rickes to try his faith and understanding.

3 And Cerebus did intreat of Carim that he send unto the sanctuarie one of his Angels which was called Joanne.

4 When Rickes behelde Joanne Rickes heart leapt within his chest

for shee was exceeding faire and her nature radiated from her like unto the brilliance of the sunne.

5 And Cerebus moved a little apart from Rickes that he might take counsel with Joanne and beseech her that she might looke kindly upon Rickes and show favour unto him.

6 And when Cerebus had made an ende of his counsel with Joanne he returned unto his place behinde the barre having bade Rickes to draw nigh unto Joannes place.

7 And after drawing nigh unto Joanne, Rickes spake unto her of his booke and of Truth.

8 That Joanne might enter into the Booke of Rickes and see no more Joanne but to see instead Divine Radiance (which is by interpretation Carim's Wisdom).

9 And Joanne spake unto Rickes of Dave (whom Rickes knew not).

10 And Cerebus came nigh unto Rickes and Joanne speaking in a lowde voice and cleaning of the barre (howsoever the barre was not uncleane) and saying unto Rickes and unto Joanne Raise up the cuppes.

11 And making a face unto Rickes like unto that of a lunaticke with much twitching of his face and much grinding of his teeth and saying unto Rickes:

12 Cerebus goeth now without the sanctuarie for the cleaning of the windowes of the west wall. If any shouldst come in unto the sanctuarie speake ye unto them of where Cerebus might bee found.

13 And Rickes was perplexed within himselfe at these wordes which Cerebus spake unto Rickes and inquired of Cerebus: If Cerebus bee without the sanctuarie will not those who enter herein see

Cerebus?

14 And in a lowde voice did Cerebus answer unto Rickes saying: Exactly.

15 (And Rickes perceived within himselfe that Cerebus had spoken unto Rickes a parable concerning lunatickes within and without the sanctuarie).

16 Howsoever Rickes was blinded by Divine Radiance and hearkened not unto the wordes of Cerebus but instead followed Joanne without the sanctuarie.

17 And Rickes was without the sanctuarie unto the rising of the morning.

"DAVE" CEREBUS STILL CANT BELIEVE THAT RICK PUT "DAVE" IN HIS "BOOKE"

RICK NEVER EVEN MET "DAVE"

Chapter the Thirde

1 Rickes enumerates Truth : 4 the vestibule and the sanctuarie : 8 the windowes : 11 the table of the west wall : 18 The Barre : 2 the tables : 32 The Partition : 35 The Seat of Truth : 36 The Cushion of Reste : 43 the

"TWO..."

"CHAIRS..."

"EACH..."

"HAD..."

"DA..."

"TREE..."

...WELL... YOU TRY LISTENING TO KOSHER RECITE ALL SIXTY-ONE "VOYSES" OF CHAPTER THREE ONE "WOID" ...TIME...

did Rickes begin to write of Cerebus and the sanctuarie and the

Truth:

2 Cerebus was of the sanctuarie, and the sanctuarie was of Cerebus.

3 And the vestibule of the sanctuarie was of Cerebus, and the sanctuarie was of Cerebus.

4 And the vestibule of the sanctuarie was of Cerebus, and the sanctuarie was of Cerebus.

5 And the vestibule of the sanctuarie was of Cerebus, and the sanctuarie was of Cerebus.

6 And the doore of the vestibule of the sanctuarie on its outer side swung to the left upon its inward part.

7 And the doore of the vestibule of the sanctuarie (which doore gave in upon the sanctuarie) was over against the right hande of the vestibule and swung to the right upon its inward part.

8 And sixe windowes were there upon the west wall of the sanctuarie. And the sixe windowes were there each equall in size and square (having they four sides each and equal).

9 And the windowes of the west wall were of two, one upon the west wall and one upon the east wall. And the windowes of the west wall were of two, one upon the west wall and one upon the east wall. And the windowes of the west wall were of two, one upon the west wall and one upon the east wall.

10 And before the windowes of the west wall on the inward parte of the sanctuarie was there a table.

11 And the table of the west wall was rounde upon its top and upon one center poste rested the top of the table of the west wall.

wall.

12. And the center poste of the table of the west wall was rounde like unto a cylinder. Like unto a cylinder was the center poste of the table of the west wall.

13. And the base of the table of the west wall was round like unto the top of the table of the west wall albeit smaller was the base of the table of the west wall than the top of the table.

14. And there were two chairs ouer againste the windowes of the west wall to the north side going northward of the table of the west wall was there one chair and to the south side going southward of the table of the west wall was there an other chair.

15. And each of the chairs ouer againste the windowes of the west wall had each of them a backe upon them.

16. And the backes of the chairs of the west wall were they both square (like unto the doore and the windowes) upon their downward side; and rounde (like unto the top of the table and the base of the table of the west wall) upon their upward side.

17. And the backes of the chairs of the west wall rested upon two small postes like unto cylinders (tho not so large as the centerposte of the table of the west wall) which iained the backes of the chairs to the seates of the chairs of the west wall. Like unto the small postes were the legges of the chairs of the west wall. And four legges had each chair being round like unto the two small postes.

18. Standing froward of the South Wall was The Barre behinde which stood Cerebus (stood hee upon boxes of unfinished wood hauing many splintres which vexed and troubled him sorely)

19. And the length of The Barre was eighteen paces. Eighteen paces was the length of The Barre standing froward of the South Wall.

20. And before The Barre of the South Wall stood there sixe stooles.

21. And the stooles of The Barre were taller than the chairs of the table of the west wall. Like unto the chairs of the west wall were the stooles of The Barre excepte hauing they no backes and being they taller and the seates of the stooles of The Barre being round like unto the top of the table of the west wall.

22. And like unto the legges of the chairs of the table of the west wall were the legges of the stooles of The Barre and round.

23. And the stooles of The Barre were sixe in number. Likewise were the stooles of The Barre sixe in number.

24. And the stooles of The Barre were upon Cerebus left hande. And three of the stooles of The Barre were upon Cerebus left hande.

25. And ouer againste the north wall were there three tables. Three tables were there ouer againste the north wall.

26. Like unto the table of the west wall were the three tables of the north wall excepte that the three tables of the north wall were taller than the table of the west

wall and the tops of the three tables of the north wall were of smaller circumference than the top of the table of the west wall.

27. But the centre postes of the three tables of the north wall were alike unto the centre poste of the table of the west wall in their circumference; and the bases of the tables of the north wall were alike unto the base of the table of the west wall.

28. And each of the three tables of the north wall had they two chairs each. Two chairs each had the three tables of the north wall.

29. And each of the three tables of the north wall had they one chair upon their east side running eastward; and each of the three tables of the north wall had they one chair upon their west side running westward.

30. Like unto the stooles of The Barre were the chairs of the tables of the north wall, excepte that the chairs of the tables of the north wall had they backes which in the stooles of The Barre were lacking thereof.

31. Like unto the backes of the chairs of the table of the west wall were the backes of the chairs of the tables of the north wall.

32. And upon the north wall of the sanctuarie, eastward of the three tables of the north wall was The Partition.

33. And The Partition was foure paces in its width and was halfe of one hands width in its depth and The Partition was attached to the north wall and ascended to the full height of the north wall and was attached to the ceiling of the sanctuarie.

34. And The Partition stood out from the north wall running southward foure paces.

35. Eastward of The Partition ouer againste the north wall (two paces eastward) was the Seate of Truth, hewen of the finest timbres and of square beames.

36. Upon the backe of the Seate of Truth was the Cushion of Reste, rounde and woven of the finest silke and embroidered with threade of blew and scarlett and purple.

37. And upon the Seate of Truth sat Ricke with his booke iudging al matters as they pertained to Cerebus and the sanctuarie and Truth.

38. It was upon the Seate of Truth that Ricke was first told of Boe On and Beate It and Scrammie by Cerebus, that Ricke might write his booke of Cerebus and the sanctuarie and Truth.

39. Likewise was Ricke upon the Seate of Truth when Cerebus was taken by his Daemon Selfe and sought to imprison Ricke in the depths of the Infinite Serpents realm.

40. Still likewise was Ricke upon the Seate of Truth when Cerebus was taken by his Daemon Selfe and sought to imprison Ricke in the depths of the Infinite Serpents realm.

41. Ricke was of the Seate of Truth and the Seate of Truth was of Ricke.

42. Like unto Ricke was the Seate of Truth and like unto the Seate of Truth was Ricke.

43. Eastward of the Seate of Truth was the Table of the Foure.

44. And the Table of the Foure stood on the left hande of Ricke when he sat upon the Seate of Truth.

45. Like unto the table of the west wall and the three tables of the north wall was the Table of the Foure excepte that the Table of the Foure was shorter than either the table of the west wall or the three tables of the north wall. Also was the Table of the Foure greater in the circumference of its top than the table of the west wall or the three tables of the north wall. In all other respects was the Table of the Foure like unto the table of the west wall and the three tables of the north wall.

46. Of the Table of the Foure was it that Ricke saw his vision of the ende of daies of Cerebus and of the sanctuarie and of Truth in the latter daies.

47. And Ricke spake not unto Cerebus of his vision of the latter daies for such was it given unto Ricke of the Seate of Truth that Ricke onely should see these things.

48. Like unto Ricke was the Seate of Truth and like unto the Seate of Truth was Ricke.

49. And ouer againste the south wall eastward of the Barre (which side of the Barre bring of a strait line with the Partition) and standing before the Seate of Truth was the Tableux of the Sanctuaries.

50. And the Tableux of the Sanctuaries spoke to the Seate of Truth and to Ricke of all things concerning Cerebus and the sanctuarie and the Truth.

51. Of foure parts was the Tableux of the Sanctuaries and of the Tableux of the Sanctuaries was there foure parts.

52. Of the firste part of the Tableux of the Sanctuaries was the Seate of the Left Hande standing at the corner of the west wall and of the south wall froward of the Table of the Foure and hauing as its righte interpretation one of the chairs of the Table of the Foure. And the interpretation was of the Infinite Serpent for the wood of the Boxe of the Wood were the soules of those held by the Infinite Serpent. And the interpretation was also of Tarim for the wood of the Boxe of the Wood held likewise the soules



"...TABLES..."

"...OF..."

"...PA..."

"...NORTH..."

"...WALL..."

AFTER ONE PARTICULARLY
EXCRUTIATING "KOSHIE TURN"
(HE KEPT LOSING HIS PLACE IN CHAPTER
THREE AND) (AAAAAAGHHHHH)
(STARTING OVER AGAIN AT THE BEGINNING)
WHEN HE FINALLY FINISHED ASKED
THE "WORD OF TRUTH" QUESTION
AND TOOK CEREBUS GAG
OFF CEREBUS
JUST BLIST
OUT WITH:

LISTEN!
YOU'VE GOT
THE WRONG
GUY!

SERIOUSLY!
FRED IS JUST A
RUN-OF-THE-MILL
SEX-CRAZED
CRIMINAL
DEGENERATE
TITTY-BAR
OWNER!



■ YOU HAVE
ANY ADVYOICE
FOR A FELLA LOOKIN'
TA GET INTA DAT
LINE O' WOKE



SHMAK

OW!

MOSHER
HEARDEST
THAT.



NOW CEREBUS WAS REALLY WORRIED...

SEE:

CEREBUS FIGURED SINCE THEY WERE (OBVIOUSLY) RELIGIOUS NUTS, SAYING "SEX-CRAZED," "DEGENERATE" AND "TITTY" IN THE SAME SENTENCE SHOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH TO GET CEREBUS KILLED ON THE SPOT!

(WHICH HAD BEEN THE WHOLE IDEA IN THE FIRST PLACE) (CEREBUS FINALLY REMEMBERED) (AND HAD BEEN THE WHOLE IDEA SINCE SAND HILLS CREEK) (JUST LIKE IT USED TO SAY ON CEREBUS' REPORT CARD: "CEREBUS HAS THE NECESSARY ABILITIES, BUT IS TOO EASILY DISTRACTED BY UNRELATED SUBJECTS") (I.E. GETTING HIMSELF KILLED VERSUS SHEEP FARMING, BECOMING THE BIGGEST FIVE-BAR-GATE LOSER IN NORTHERN ISSHURIA'S HISTORY AND LANDING THE STARRING ROLE IN THE BOOK OF RICK CHAPTER THIRTEEN) (AS HIMSELF) (NO LEGS) (WITH NO IDEA WHAT HIS ONLY LINE OF DIALOGUE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE)

BUT INSTEAD:



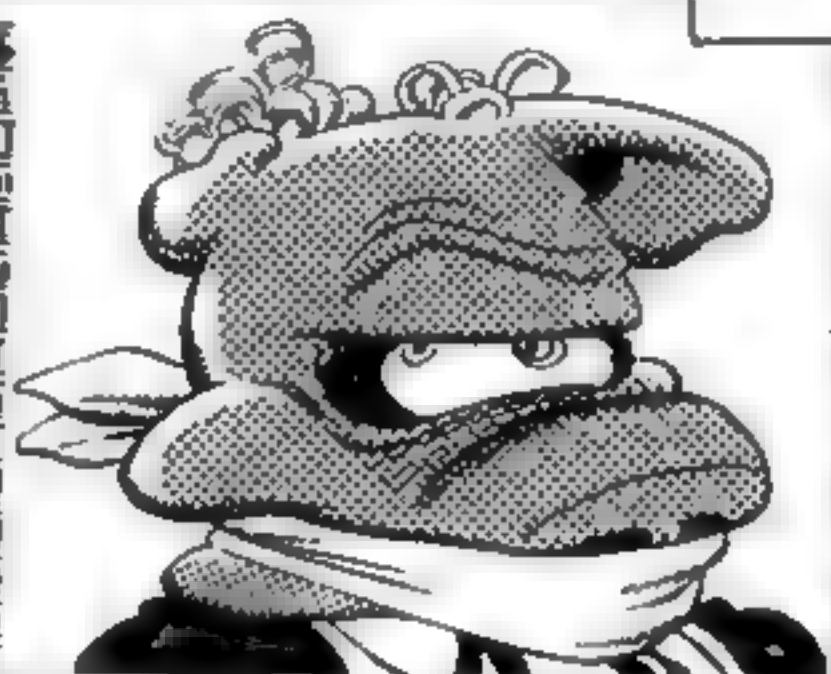
Chapter the Second

1 The morning after: 5 Rickie pledges to follow Cerebus 7 Cerebus trusts Rickie 15 morning to the pathway to power

A

And after that Cerebus had given unto me the morning supper of the full measure. Cerebus placed it before me and bid rise by there within the sanctuaries and march a little apart from

(OH-- OF COURSE THIS WAS BEFORE CEREBUS UNDERSTOOD THAT RICK WAS... AND IS... A PROPHET AND THAT RICK IS OF THE SEAT OF TRUTH AND THE SEAT OF TRUTH IS OF RICK AND... uh... ALL THAT STUFF)



6 and Cerebus grew wroth and spoke angrily, asking me, "Art thou a fool who following Cerebus knowest not where Cerebus both go?"

Cerebus as well), neither upon the stools, nor behind the barre, nor at the tables. All of these places have we seen (and Cerebus as well).

"ALL RIGHT" CEREBUS THOUGHT TO HIMSELF AS MOSHIE STARTED HIS TURN. "ALL RIGHT" CEREBUS THOUGHT TO HIMSELF AS HE TRIED TO FIGURE OUT WHAT HE WAS GOING TO DO "ALL RIGHT" (HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED THAT ITS ONLY WHEN THINGS ARE REALLY, REALLY NOT "ALL RIGHT" THAT YOU JUST KEEP SAYING "ALL RIGHT" OVER AND OVER TO YOURSELF?)

"ALL RIGHT WHAT?"

CEREBUS ASKED HIMSELF (REALLY LOUD LIKE THAT) (INSIDE HIS HEAD)

"ALL RIGHT," THOUGHT CEREBUS. "THEY'RE DIFFERENT RELIGIOUS NUTS... THEY BELIEVE RICK WAS A PROPHET... SO THEY'RE (LIKE) "LIGHT" ON THE "RELIGIOUS" PART AND "HEAVY" ON THE "NUT" PART... HEH HEH HEH

11 And when I a path even one certain ruler house and closed 12 And, lo, I like unto the chug mountains (or mountains) (I'll a certain ruler in 13 And (or may had his going through an upper 14 And I saying, "Behold this certain ruler the upper like and like unto the bar 15 And Cereb Verily, thou shalt come from which thou knowest the then, thou shalt supper one. 17 And Cerebus voice for the pour and that in a little 18 And as poured I look of the words of Cerebus had spoken unto the sanctuaries also upon me.

and verily! Rickie will follow in all of the tallest of table

1 likewise will Rickie follow in peraventure Cerebus should tell unto the breper waters of

then bidst Cerebus shake his regarding first the barre of I hande and then regarding the rebby righte hande. And then regard Rickie, speaking Rickie as beforetimes, saying, place is there within the that Rickie has not been (and

ALL RIGHT SO THE
THING TO DO WITH
RELIGIOUS NUTS
(IF YOU WANT THEM TO KILL
YOU) (CEREBUS FIGURED)
IS TO PERSUADE
THEM THAT YOU'RE
TOO EVIL TO LIVE!

UNDERAGE?

• THEY WERE ALL
UNDERAGE!
CANDY? THE
BLONDE?

COOKIE.

COOKIE!
(SORRY)
FRED WON
HER IN A
CARD GAME

WHEN SHE
WAS **TEN!**

Chapter the Thirteenth

1. Rikke addresseth the Three Wise Fellowes : 4
- Binding Cerebus : 12 Feeding Cerebus : 14
- Unbinding Cerebus

Three Wise Fellowes
shall serve Cerebus in the
days when it come to
that the Prophet Rikke
departed from this earth:

2. Ye shall knowe Cerebus when thou seest
three fingers upon his righte hande and three
fingers upon his left hande likewise knowe
Cerebus by three toes upon his
right foot and three toes upon his left. And
for each wise fellowe a

3. When thou hast
Cerebus then bind him with strong cords and
bear him unto the sanetuarie which thou hast
built.

4. Bind him unto his place behinde the barre
and recite in this booke

5. And w
reciting in
6. Will th
the worde o
the Prophet

7. Then
speake unto

8. Then hearken ye unto him and doe as he
commandeth thee.

9. The
truth
Selle
again
worde

10. Forsake
not a
in the latter daies. Recite ye unto Cerebus
each in thy turne from the first dawning of the
dare even unto the setting of the sunne
inquiring of him each time that thou has made
an ende

11. Wilt thou now speake unto thy servants
the worde of truth which was promised us of
the Prophet Rikke?

12. Feede Cerebus of thy bountie good
virtualls and healthie (and a litle wine for his
stomaches sake) keeping him bound until hee
speake unto thee that worde of truth that al
might be fulfilled according to the worde of
Rikke which is come unto thee.

13. And when it come to passe that Cerebus
hath spoken unto thee that worde which shalbe
to all men and in the which all men should be
commaunded in bringing an ende to this age
which hath ouerturned all righteousness after
the maner of the deuill and the niper and the
scorpion

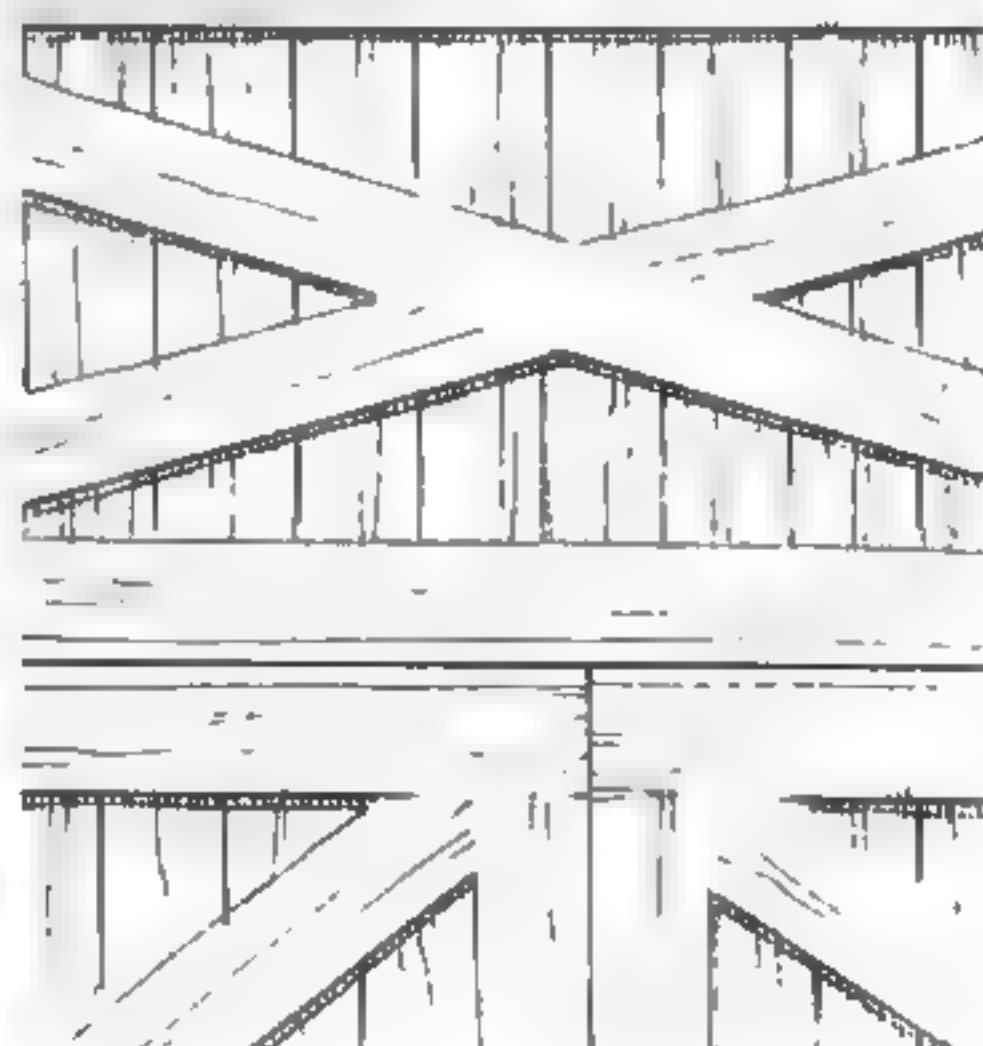
14. By that worde shal Cerebus unbind
himselfe and unbind the spirit of all men who
followe in the worde of Rikke and the worde of
Cerebus.

15. Then shalt thou execute indgement in
riding the earth of deuills and uipers and

IT WAS PRETTY EVIL
(SO CEREBUS WILL
JUST GIVE YOU THE
"PUNCHLINE")

**THE WORST
PART WAS
TRYING
TO GET
THE DIAPER
BACK ON
AFTER!**

(APT.
SPITTY.
SUN-TOO)
(SHORT-SHORTY-SUN-NORT)



Chapter the Firste

1. The first morning : 4 Cerebus rebukes Rike :
- 5 Parable of the Certaine Ruler : 15 Rike seeks explanation : 16 Cerebus counsells Rike to have patience.

A

STILL
NOTHING
DOING.

morning was
mee in the
hee spake

2 Seekest thou stronger
drinke? And answering unto Cerebus
saide, Whatsoever shall bee sufficient unto
Cerebus, let it also bee sufficient unto
Rike.

(AND THAT WAS
ABOUT AS EVIL
AS CEREBUS
COULD GET
WITHOUT MAKING
HIMSELF
SICK)

3 Then
spake unto
the cuppe from
Rather, bee

4 See
rebuke, hee
mildnesse, saying in a parable:

5 There was a certaine ruler, who thot
to make himselfe great in the eyes of his
friend throug
drunkenness.

SO THAT
LEFT 'PLAN'

6 And it
certaine ruler
wonder and an astonishment to his friend;

7 Euen so was his friend wroth with
him instead and pined him and said
inwardly, My friend the certaine ruler who



10 And when the friend of this certaine
ruler had bene gone away from the certaine
ruler many daies the certaine ruler was
ghobeling

'PLAN WHAT?' 'PLAN M?'
'PLAN Q?' (CEREBUS
WAS RUNNING OUT OF
LETTERS IN A
HURRY!)

11 And
a path euen
certaine
house and

12 And, lo, there came a great sounde
like unto the thunder of many waters and a
mountaine (yea, a mountaine upon a
mountaine) fell and in falling, sealed by the
certaine ruler in his house.

13 And for many daies this certaine
ruler had his goings-out and his comings-
in through an upper windowe in his house.

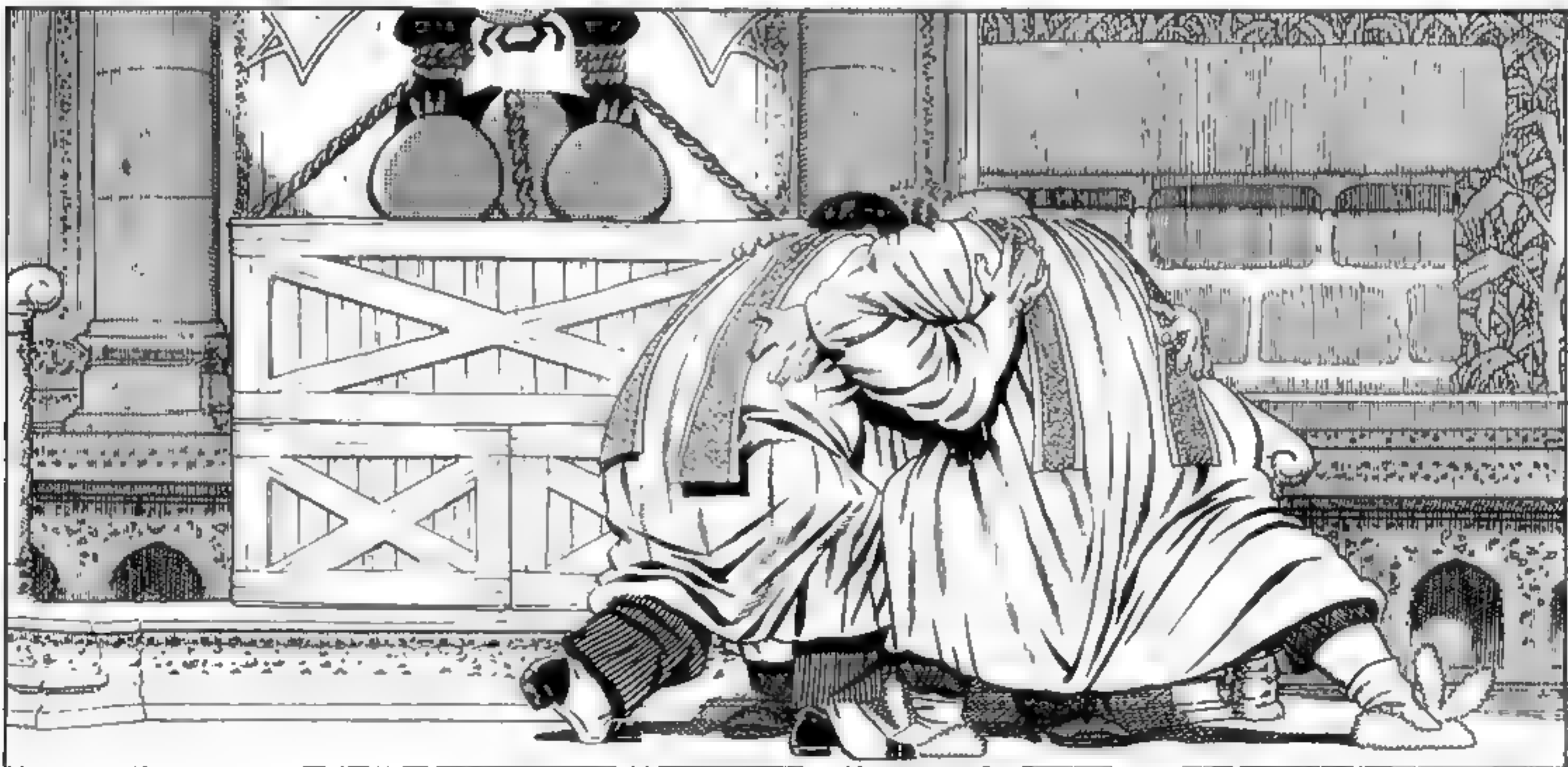
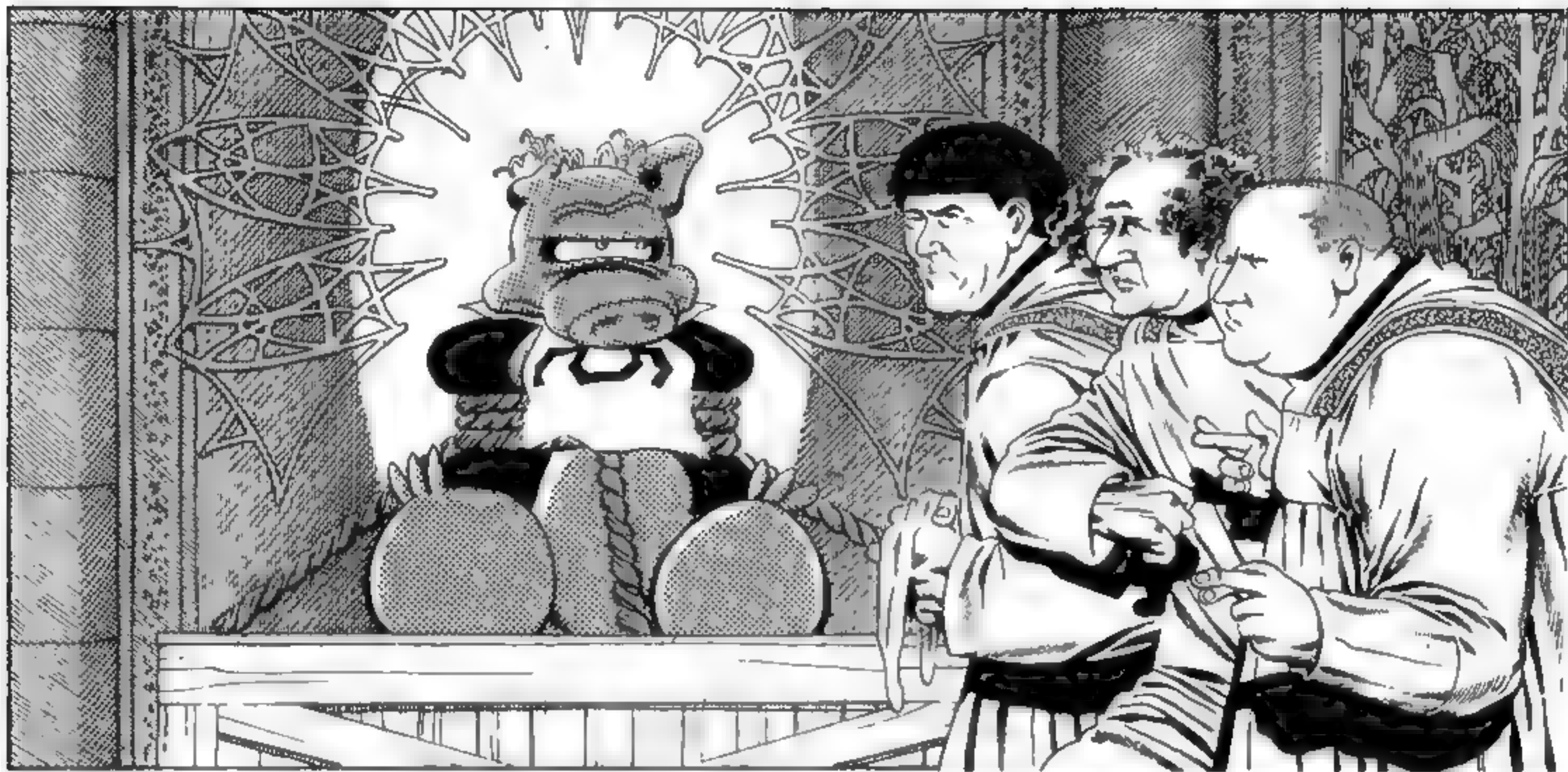
14 And I inquired unto Cerebus,
saying, Declare unto mee the parable of
this certaine ruler and of his friend and of
the wiper like unto a scorpion having a face
like unto the backe ende of a dogge.

16 And Cerebus answered mee, saying:
Verily, thou shalt not drinke from the
cuppe from which Cerebus drinks untill
thou knowest the meaning of this. Untill
then, thou shalt drinke from thine owne



'PLAN M' OR 'PLAN Q' (OR WHATEVER
IT WAS) CONSISTED OF POINTING OUT
THAT (WHILE FRED WAS) (ADMITTEDLY) (JUST
- A SEX-CRAZED CRIMINAL DEGENERATE
TITTY-BAR OWNER) FRED HAD NOTICED
THAT - IN CHAPTER THREE, VERSE FIFTY-
TWO - THE SEAT OF THE LEFT HAND
WAS DESCRIBED AS STANDING
(QUOTE) 'AT THE CORNER OF THE
WEST WALL AND THE SOUTH WALL'
WHEN (AS PART OF THE 'TABLEAU OF THE
SANCTUARIES') IT WAS DESCRIBED IN
CHAPTER THREE, VERSE FORTY-NINE
AS (QUOTE) 'STANDING BEFORE THE
SEAT OF TRUTH' WHEN THE ONLY CORNER
'STANDING BEFORE THE SEAT OF TRUTH'
WAS THE CORNER OF THE EAST WALL
AND THE SOUTH WALL

SO, SPEAKING EX CATHETER (CEREBUS DIDNT KNOW WHAT EX
CATHETER MEANT - IT HAD JUST POPPED INTO HIS HEAD) IN HIS
CAPACITY AS A SEX-CRAZED CRIMINAL DEGENERATE TITTY-
BAR OWNER -- FRED FIGURED THAT THAT MEANT THAT THE
ENTIRE 'BOOK OF RICK' WAS A CLEVER FAKE AND NOT
DIVINELY INSPIRED AND THAT (THEREFORE) THE ONLY
SENSIBLE THING FOR THE THREE WISE FELLOWS TO DO
(UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES) WAS TO GET RID OF THE (HEH-HEH)
'SO' CALLED 'BOOK' OF 'RICK' AND (WHILE THEY WERE AT IT) ANY
'SO' CALLED 'CEREBUS' THEY MIGHT FIND TIED TO
SOME (YOU KNOW) ALTAR (OR OTHER)





TO NO ONE'S GREAT SURPRISE (LEAST OF ALL CEREBUS') THE WISE FELLOW SYNOD FOUND CEREBUS' DOCTRINE "FLAWED" AND "HERETICAL"... AND DETERMINED THAT THE SEAT OF THE LEFT HAND ITSELF WAS TO BLAME, BEING (AS WAS ESTABLISHED IN THE VERSE IN QUESTION) (CHAPTER THREE, VERSE FIFTY TWO) **THE INFINITY SERPENT'S SEAT!**

THIS! BEING "OF ONE SUBSTANCE" (WHATEVER THAT MEANS) WITH THE "CORRUPTOR OF ALL THE EARTH" SAID SEAT:

THIS! SERVING TO CORRUPT (EVEN) THAT PORTION OF THE BOOK OF RICK DEALING WITH (IF A SEAT CAN EVEN BE SAID TO HAVE A GENDER) (POSSIBLY) HIM (POSSIBLY) HER (POSSIBLY) IT:

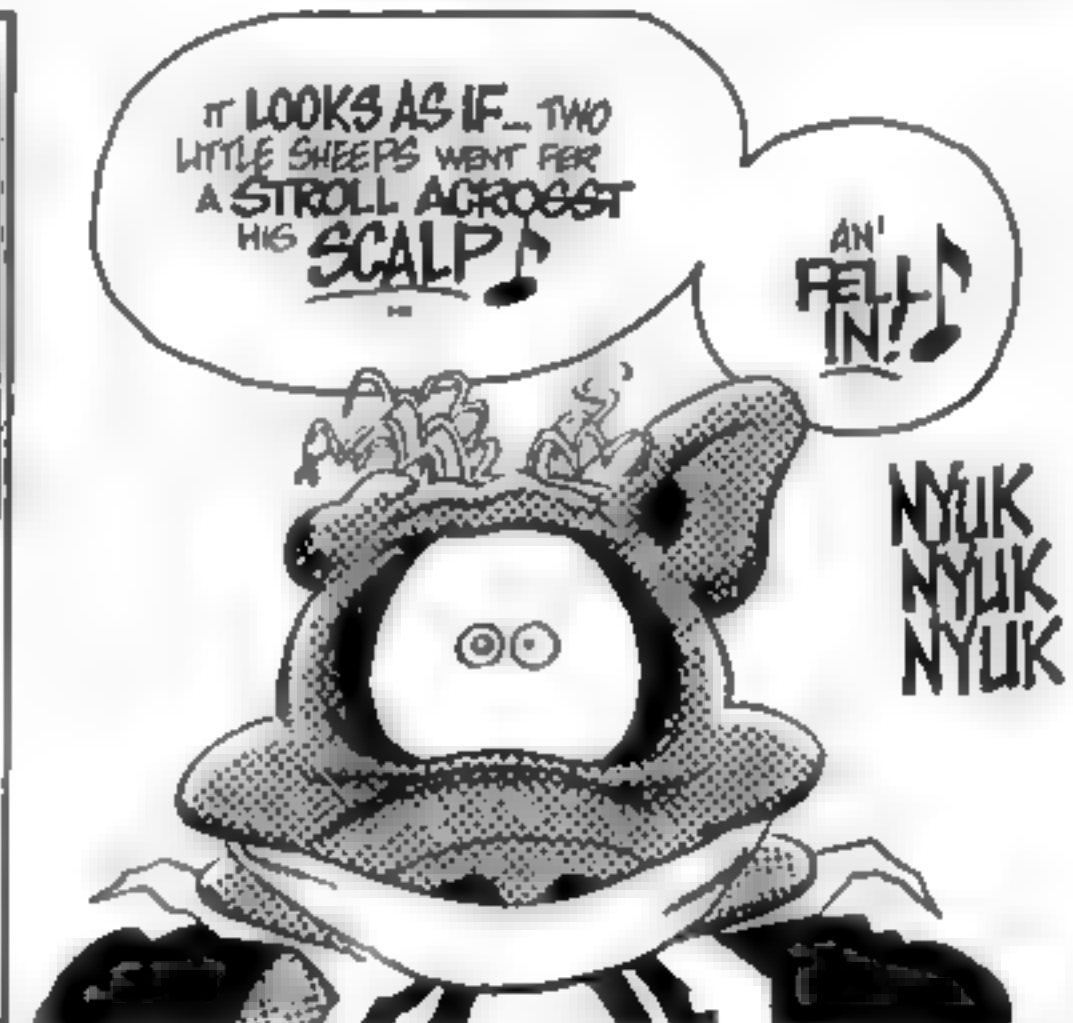
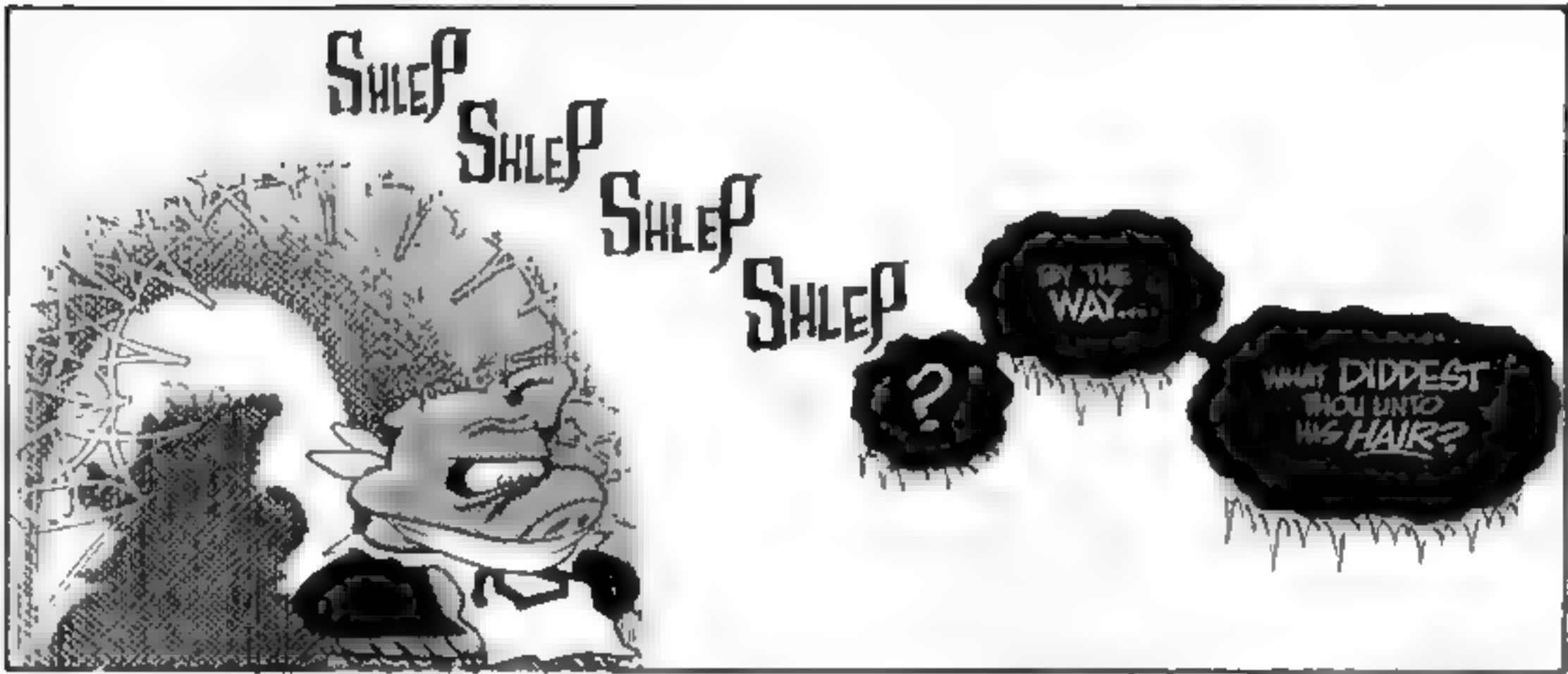
THIS! SEEKING TO ESCAPE (POSSIBLY) HIS (POSSIBLY) HER (POSSIBLY) ITS PLACE BEFORE THE SEAT OF TRUTH:

THIS! REINFORCING THAT THE BOOK OF RICK WAS AND IS THE WORD OF TRUTH (OR WHY WOULD THE INFINITY SERPENT'S SEAT TRY TO ESCAPE FROM IT?)

*

(THEY WERE RELIGIOUS NUTS, ALL RIGHT)





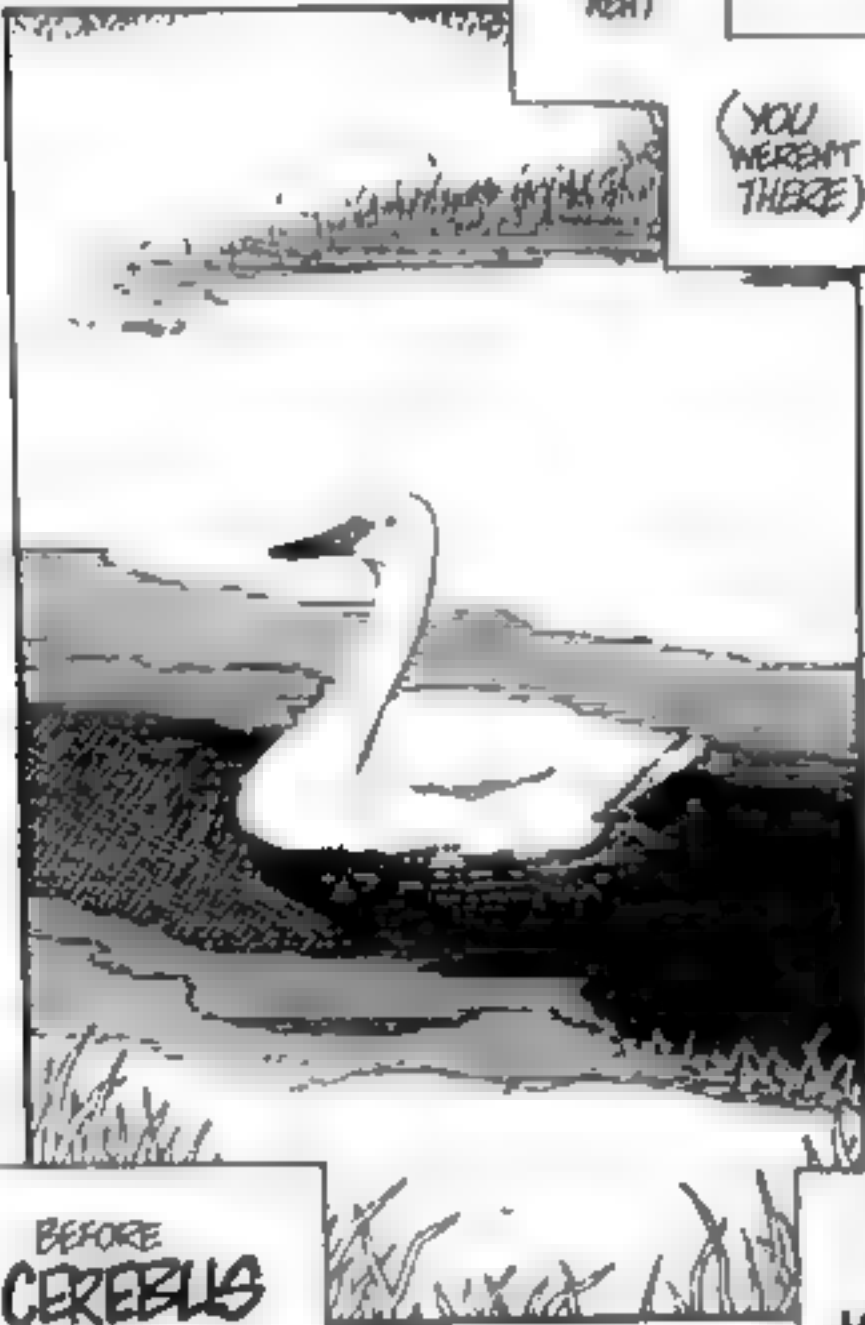
SHMEK ON

BEFORE
YOU **KNEW**
IT...

(WELL, NOT
BEFORE
YOU
KNEW IT)

(HEH.
HEH)

(YOU
WERENT
THERE)



BEFORE
CEREBLIS
KNEW IT
...

...
IT WAS
WINTER
AGAIN!

CEREBUS FORGOT TO MENTION--WHENEVER
LOSHIE AND MOSHIE GOT NERVOUS
THEY'D START RENOVATING LIKE
CRAZY--

LOSHIE WITH HIS METAL-WORKING
AND MOSHIE WITH HIS WOOD-WORKING
(NOT KOSHIE--KOSHIE WAS ALWAYS ABOUT
THE SAME YINNUK NDUK NDUK).

EARLY THAT WINTER, THE
FIRST SIGNS OF NERVES
STARTED TO SHOW.
"SUPER-WRECK"

(CEREBUS HAD NO IDEA WHAT THAT MEANT BUT
--PRETTY SOON-- THAT WAS ALL THAT THEY
WERE TALKING ABOUT WHEN IT WASN'T
THEIR TURN TO READ THE "BOOKEE
OF RICKEE" ALOUD: "SUPER-WRECK")

(WELL...) (AS IT TURNED OUT)

IT SEEMED THERE WERE
ANOTHER THREE WISE FELLOWS
WHO HAD "SET UP SHOP" IN A
HUNTING LODGE A FEW MILES AWAY
WITH THIS MILK-MAID (SEE)
WHO THEY HAD TIED TO AN ALTAR IN
THEIR "SANCT-VARRY"-- AND HER
NAME WAS (YOU'RE GOING TO THINK
CEREBUS IS MAKING THIS UP, BUT HE
ISNT.)

SARAH BUTTZ.

(AND SHE WAS REPORTEDLY ABOUT A HUNDRED
YEARS OLD AND SHE REPORTEDLY CLAIMED
THAT RICK HAD CHOPPED OFF HER
LITTLE FINGERS AND HER LITTLE TOES
AND HER BIG TOES WITH A
MEAT CLEAVER IN A JEALOUS
RAGE OVER THE THESSALIAN AFFAIR
SHE WAS HAVING WITH JOANNE)
(AND THEN RICK REALIZED SHE WAS
THE CHOSEN ONE OF TARIM SO HE
FELT GUILTY AND WROTE THE BOOK
OF RICK TO ALLEVIATE HIS GUILT) (BUT
HE CHANGED SARAH INTO A MALE IN THE
BOOK OF RICK) (BECAUSE RICK WAS A
"HOMOPHOBIC") (HE WAS AFRAID OF SARAH'S
MILKFOR SOMETHING) (AND RICK JUST COULDN'T
FACE THE FACT THAT SARAH AND JOANNE
TRULY LOVED EACH OTHER
IN A WAY NO MERE MAN
COULD EVER BLAM BLAM
BLANDY BLAM BLAM)

ANYWAY:

(TO MAKE A LONG STORY EVEN
LONGER) IT TURNED OUT THAT
SARAH BUTTZ'S THREE WISE
FELLOWS (MICKEY, DONALD
AND WALT)

(SHORT FOR
MICHELANGELO, DONATELLO AND
WALT) (ESPECIALLY WALT WHO) (THEY
SAID) (BECAUSE HE COULDN'T DRAW
OR SCULPT OR DO ANYTHING) (YOU KNOW)
(USEFUL) (WAS REALLY JUST THIS
OPINIONATED PRICK BASTARD WHO
BOSSED AROUND THE OTHER TWO)
HAD DECLARED CEREBUS, MOSHIE
LOSHIE AND KOSHIE TO BE
"SUBEREC'S"

(PRONOUNCED "SOOPER-WRECKS")
("CEREBUS" SPELLED BACKWARDS)

"ANTI-CEREBLUSES"

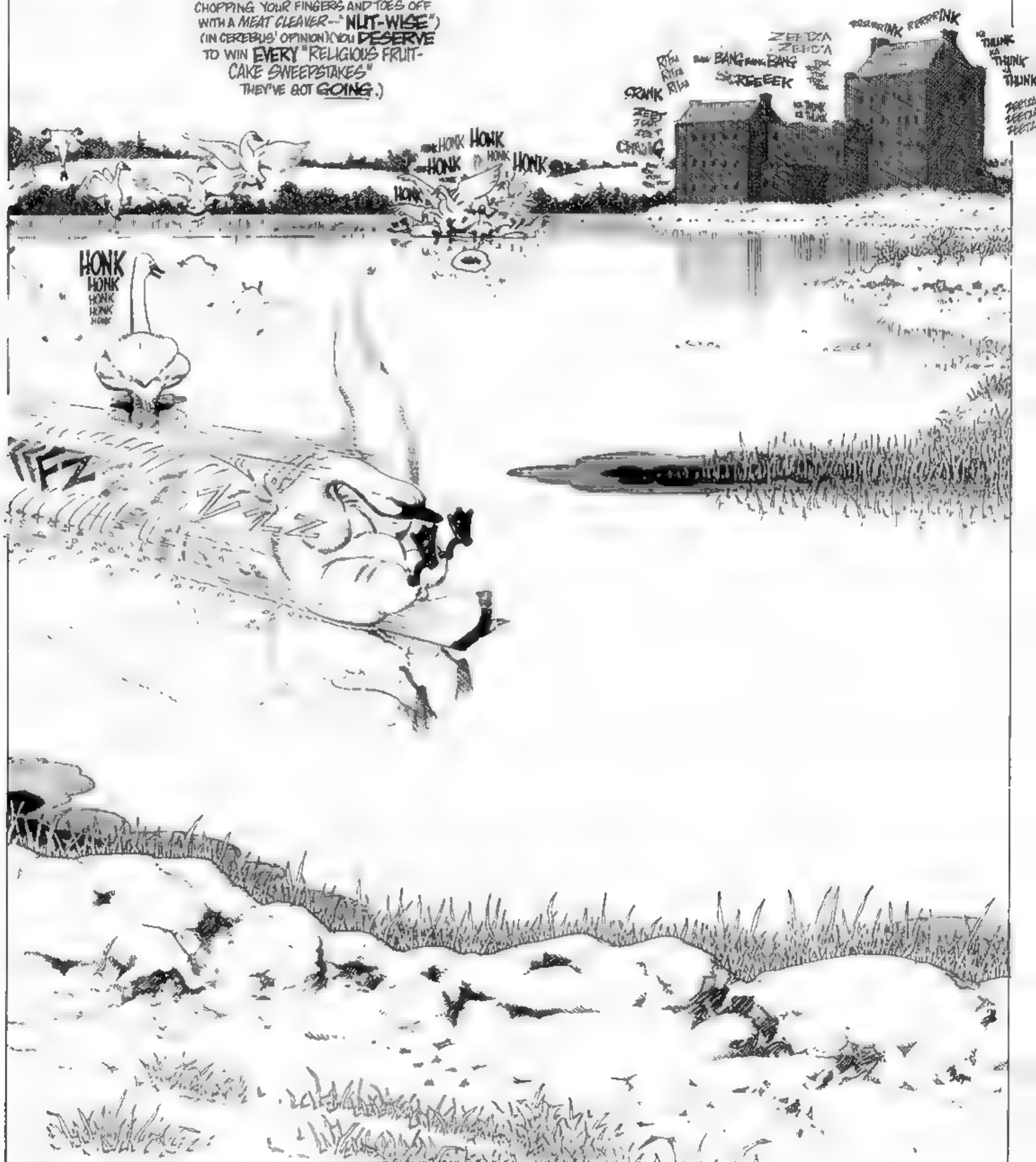
HONK HONK HONK
HONK HONK HONK
HONK HONK

AND FURTHER (WORD WAS) WHENEVER
SARAH BUTTZ (FINALLY!) SPOKE THE
"WORD OF TRUTH" (WELL...) MICKEY, DONALD
AND WALT MADE NO SECRET OF
THE FACT THAT THEY INTENDED TO
COME STRAIGHT OVER TO OUR
"SANCT-VARRY" AND CUT OUR
"SUBREC" THROATS!

(WHICH-- BEING AS THAT WAS ALL THAT CEREBUS WAS TRYING TO ACCOMPLISH IN THE FIRST PLACE-- INSTANTLY MADE CEREBUS ONE OF SARAH BLITZ'S BIGGEST SUPPORTERS')

(BESIDES -- ONCE YOU START
SPELLING NAMES BACKWARDS AND
CHOPPING YOUR FINGERS AND TOES OFF
WITH A MEAT CLEAVER -- "NUT-WISE")
(IN CEREBRUS' OPINION) YOU DESERVE
TO WIN EVERY "RELIGIOUS FRUIT-
CAKE SWEEPSTAKES"
THEY'VE GOT GOING.)

(BUT ALL THAT THROAT-CUTTING
TALK HAD MADE MOBBIE AND
LOSHIE A LITTLE)
(WEE-WEE) (NERVOUS)



HOWEVER - NOW THAT CEREBUS KNEW THAT IT WAS JUST A MATTER OF TIME UNTIL SARAH BUTTZ SPAKE THE WORD OF TRUTH AND MICKEY, DONALD AND WALT DROPPED BY TO CUT CEREBUS' THROAT...



...AND NOW THAT MOSHER WAS A NERVOUS GOOBER WRECK WAITING TO GET HIS OWN THROAT CUT (AND CARVING REALLY INTRICATE DESIGNS REALLY, REALLY FAST...)

(SO CEREBUS HAD SOMETHING TO WATCH WHILE KOSHIE FLOODED HIS WAY THROUGH THE BOOK OF RICK)



THINGS WERE FINALLY LOOKING UP!

THE NERVOUSER MOSHER GOT (CEREBUS NOTICED) THE FASTER HE CARVED (AND THE FASTER HE CARVED (OF COURSE) (THE MORE INTERESTING IT WAS FOR CEREBUS TO WATCH!)

CHIP CHIP CHIP
CHIP CHIP
CHIP CHIP
CHIP CHIP
CHIP CHIP
CHIP CHIP

"DA"

"...STOOLIES..."

"...OF..."

"DA"

SO
(OF COURSE)



CEREBUS TRIED TO COME UP WITH WAYS TO MAKE MOSHER EVEN MORE NERVOUSER

THOU FAITHLESS WRETCH!



IT WAS CEREBUS' FIRST TIME SPEAKING IN THAT WEIRD BOOK OF RICK LANGUAGE AND (HAVING LISTENED TO IT NONSTOP FOR MONTHS) CEREBUS WAS PRETTY GOOD AT IT (IF GOBEIT THAT CEREBUS COULD SPEAK IN VERITIES OF HIMSELF)

PERCEIVEST
THOU NOT THAT
A MILK
MAID HATH
USURPED
THY "WORD
OF TRUTH?"

HATH USURPED THY
"WORD OF TRUTH" FOR
THE SAKE OF THY
TRANSGRESSIONS?
AND FOR THE SAKE
OF THINE INIQUITY?
AND THAT THE ONE
CEREBUS IS HELPLESS
TO RESTORE THY
WORD UNTO
THEE?

FOR--OF A
SURETY--
THOU HAST
FORGOTTEN
THINE OWN
"WORDS OF
TRUTH" WHICH
THOU WAST
TO SPEAK
UNTO
CEREBUS!

THINE OWN
WORD WHICH HAD
BEEN PROMISED UNTO
CEREBUS BY THE
PROPHET RICK
IN A DREAM--
AND WHICH WOULD BE
SPOKEN UNTO
CEREBUS BY HE-
WHO-WAS-TO-
BRING-UNTO-
CEREBUS-
THE-
BOOK!

WAP
WAP
WAP

(HEH-HEH
CEREBUS
ALMOST
SAID
"BOOKEE")

AND
NOW.

FOR THY
TRANSGRESSIONS
SAKE.

IN TRY
FORGETTING

AND IN TRY
FORSAKING

OF THOSE
WORDS
WHICH WERE
PROMISED
UNTO CEREBUS

BY THE
PROPHET
RICK.

OF A
SURETY

THOU

AND THE
ONE
CEREBUS

MUST
SOON

DIE
THE
DEATH!

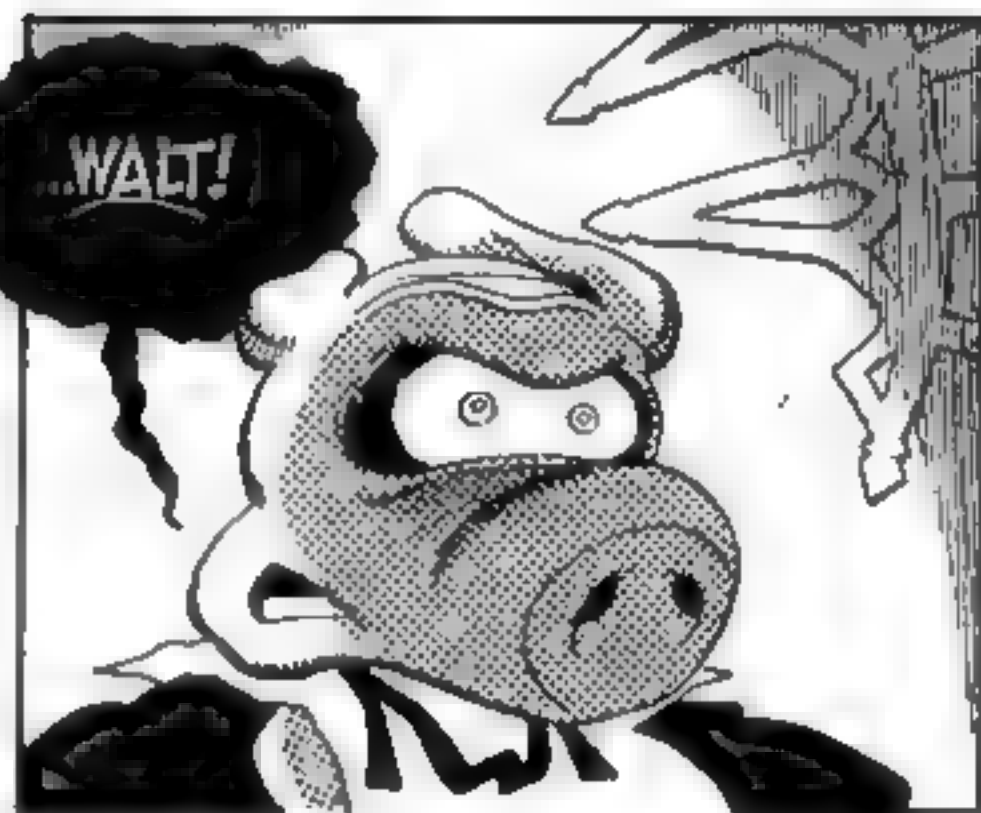
GULP.

AT THE
HAND

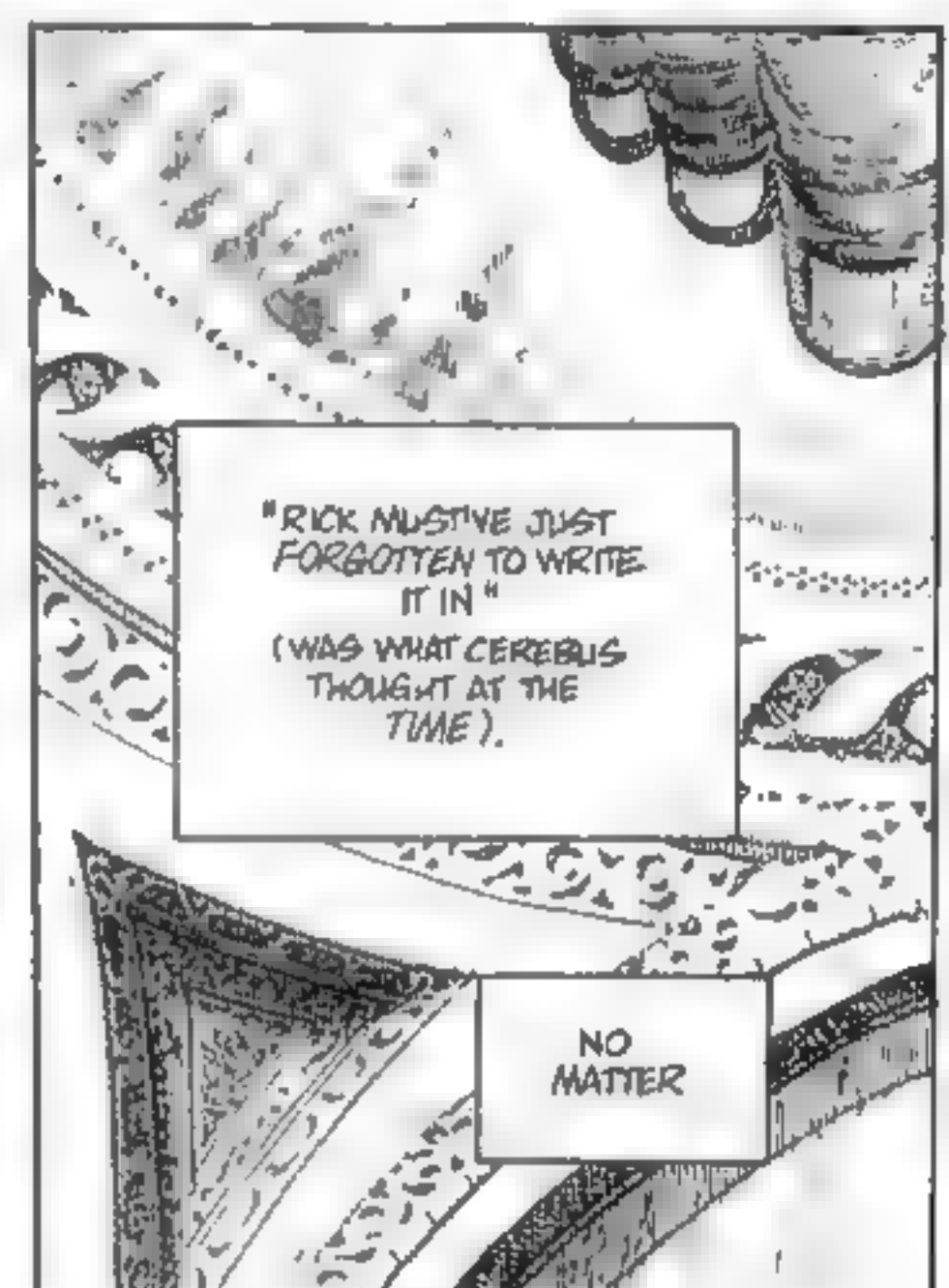
MICKEY.

AT THE
HAND

DONALD.



OKAY-- CEREBUS WAS A LITTLE HARD ON MOSHIE (A LITTLE HARDER WHEN MOSHIE LOOKED WORSE THAN HE DID WHEN LOSHIE HIT 'IM WITH THE ANVIL!) (HEH-HEH! AYE, HE DID.) ESPECIALLY CONSIDERING THAT EVEN CEREBUS HAD FORGOTTEN THE PASSWORD ('MINT-O MONGO'?) (SOMETHING LIKE THAT)



SO! CEREBUS FOR EXACTLY TWO-AND-A-HALF DAYS (WITH ONE EAR) (NYUK NYUK NYUK) (ON THE DOOR-- LISTENING FOR THE ARRIVAL OF SARAH BUTTZ'S THROAT-SCULPTING COMMITTEE)
 GOT TO ENJOY THE FRUITS OF HIS GENUINELY-DEMON-SELF-INSPIRED-TORMENT OF MOSHER-- REWARDED BY A SILENT SYMPHONY OF FLYING WOODCHIPS-- (MOSHER'S HAMMER AND CHISEL VIRTUALLY A BLUR)

WHEN
 SUDDENLY
 (WITHOUT WARNING)
 DISASTER
 LOOMED:

WORD ARRIVED (VIA AN UNDERCOVER AGENT OF THE M.M.U.)
 (THE) (NON-ALIGNED) (MILK MAID UNDERGROUND) THAT
 EXTREME-DEMON-SELF INSPIRED-NERVOUSNESS HAD PROVEN
 ITSELF (AS A CONDITION) TO BE NOT UNIQUE TO OUR OWN (BE-IT-
 EVER-SO-HUMBLE) 'SANCT-VARRY'

(FAR FROM IT)

ACCORDING TO OUR (EVIDENTLY ALWAYS) RELIABLE HIGH-PLACED
 M.M.U. SOURCE WALT (WHO WORD WAS, HAD BEEN CHAIN-SMOKING
 UPWARDS OF EIGHTY-FIVE UNFILTERED CIGARETTES A DAY) (AND IF
 THAT WENT A CLEAR EXAMPLE OF DEMON-SELF-INSPIRED-NER-
 VOUSNESS CEREBUS DOESN'T KNOW WHAT IS) HAD BEEN SEIZED
 (RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF CHAPTER THREE VERSE FIFTY-SEVEN) BY A
 COUGHING FIT SO SEVERE ("HOW SEVERE?" YOU QUERY?) A
 COUGHING FIT SO SEVERE THAT IT DISLODGED HIS LEFT
 LUNG-- SO EXPLOSIVELY ("HOW EXPLOSIVELY?" YOU QUERY?) SO
 EXPLOSIVELY THAT IT HAD BEEN EXPELLED CLEAR OUT OF
 HIS CHEST CAVITY-- CLEAR UP, UP THROUGH HIS WINDPIPE-- CLEAR
 PAST HIS SARCOPHAGUS-- AND CLEAR OUT OF HIS MOUTH
 WHERE IT CAME TO REST: HALF IN (OUR SOURCE ASSURED US)
 AND HALF OUT!

FOR AN HOUR OR TWO (BY HOOKING WALT'S RAPIDLY STIFFENING
 ARMS AROUND THEIR RESPECTIVE NECKS AND "WALKING"
 HIM AROUND IN TIGHT LITTLE CIRCLES BEFORE THE ALTAR)
 MICKEY AND DONALD HAD MANAGED TO PERSUADE THE
 LOCAL CEREBITES THAT WALT WAS "JUST RESTING HIS
 EYES" AND WAS "GETTING READY" TO FULLY INFLATE THE
 (MOBBLY) SHINY BLACK AND (PARTLY) SHINY PINK

WORSHIP BALLOON™

WHICH WALT HAD (PRAISE RICK!) JUST NOW CREATED
 IN THE NAME OF SARAH BUTTZ (REPL. CAS OF WHICH WOULD)
 (MICKEY AND DONALD ASSURED THE ASSEMBLY) (BE
 DISTRIBUTED) (FOR A NOMINAL FREE WILL OFFERING XTO ALL THE
 GOOD AND FAITHFUL AND) (PRAISE SARAH!) (PATIENT
 BOYS AND GIRLS AND MUMS AND DADS
 IN THE AUDIENCE)



THE "JIG" (HOWEVER) WAS DEFINITELY
'UP' WHEN IT CAME WALT'S TURN TO
RECITE THE "BOOKEE"
IN SARAH BUTTZ'S EAR.

DONALD (EVIDENTLY) GAVE A GAME
TRY AT VENTRILQUISM BUT BETWEEN
THE FACT THAT (APPARENTLY) DONALD
HAD THIS REALLY DISTINCTIVE VOICE
THAT EVERYONE (LIKED) KNEW...

...THE FACT THAT THAT VOICE
WASN'T EVEN REMOTELY
LIKE WALT'S VOICE (WHICH
EVERYONE ALSO KNEW)...

...THE FACT THAT WALT'S
HEAD WAS LEANING
AGAINST THE BOOKS AT
THIS WEIRD ANGLE...

...THE FACT THAT
WALT'S EYES WERE
CLOSED...

...THE FACT THAT WALT
WAS TURNING THIS
BLuish-GRAY
COLOUR...

...AND THE FACT THAT WALT'S MOUTH
WAS (LIKE OBVIOUSLY) SO PACKED
FULL OF "WORSHIP BALLOON"TM
THAT THE ONLY LIPS YOU COULD SEE
MOVING IN THE ENTIRE SANCTUARY
WERE DONALD'S...



WELL!

THE CEREBITES (OR--IN THIS CASE) THE SARAHBITES WERE RELIGIOUS NUTS (TRUE) BUT THEY WEREN'T (YOU KNOW) COMPLETELY STUPID:

SO WHAT FEW "MUMS" THERE WERE IN THE CROWD ALL DECIDED (PRETTY MUCH AT THE SAME MOMENT) TO TAKE WHAT FEW "BOYS AND GIRLS" THERE WERE IN THE CROWD OUTSIDE TO (YOU KNOW) PLAY

WHICH (PRETTY MUCH) LEFT ONLY THE "DADS" (AND A BUNCH OF AXE HANDLES AND CROWBARS AND OTHER "INSTRUMENTS" OF THE) (WATTAYACALL) (BLUNT "PERSUASION")

AND (OF COURSE) SARAH AND MICKEY AND DONALD AND (THE WISE FELLOW FORMERLY KNOWN AS WALT)

SO (THE WAY THE AGENT OF M. M. U. TOLD IT): THE "DADS" (EVIDENTLY) STARTED ASKING MICKEY AND DONALD SOME VERY, VERY, VERY SPECIFIC QUESTIONS ABOUT WHAT SORT OF (YOU KNOW) TIMETABLE MICKEY AND DONALD WERE ENVISIONING IN ESTABLISHING AN ON-SALE DATE...AND EVEN MORE SPECIFIC QUESTIONS ABOUT "NOMINAL FREE WILL OFFERING PER UNIT COST" VIS-A-VIS THE WORSHIP BALLOON™ (REPLICAS™) AND... (WELL)...

EITHER DONALD WAS ONE OF THOSE GUYS WHO LETS HIS WALLET DO A LITTLE TOO MUCH OF HIS THINKING FOR HIM...OR HE PICKED A VERY, VERY BAD TIME TO SOUND LIKE ONE OF THOSE GUYS...BECAUSE HE JUST UPPED AND NAMED A PRICE THAT (EVEN FOR A GENUINE REPLICAS OF A MAN FESTATION OF THE LIVING WORD OF THE PROPHET RICK) WAS SO FAR OUTSIDE THE AMOUNT THAT THE AVERAGE SARAHBITE FAMILY HAD BUDGETED FOR "MISCELLANEOUS RELIGIOUS ICONS (SLASH) FAITH BASED INTERIOR DECORATING EXPENDITURES" THAT THE "DADS" (WITHOUT A WORD) JUST JUMPED ON SARAH AND MICKEY AND DONALD AND JUST STARTED

JUST
*
STARTED



✧

LISTEN

TELLING THE WHOLE STORY
(YOU KNOW) **OUT LOUD**
LIKE THIS FOR THE
FIRST TIME ..

CEREBUS JUST REALIZED
(JUST THIS MINUTE) THAT THIS
WHOLE PART OF THE STORY
IS REALLY, REALLY
GROSS!!

(Y'KNOW?)

(JUST LET CEREBUS
WRITE A LITTLE
NOTE .. TO HIMSELF..
HERE.)

("DEEEAR .. CERR .. E .. BUS.
FOR .. "MEHMM .. OURS" VOLUME
.. THREEEEEE ..")

(**"SKIP"**)

(" .. ENN .. THIRE ..")

("SMAAA .. RAHH ..")

("MICK .. EEEE ..")

(" .. DON .. ALLWWLP ..")

("AAAAND")

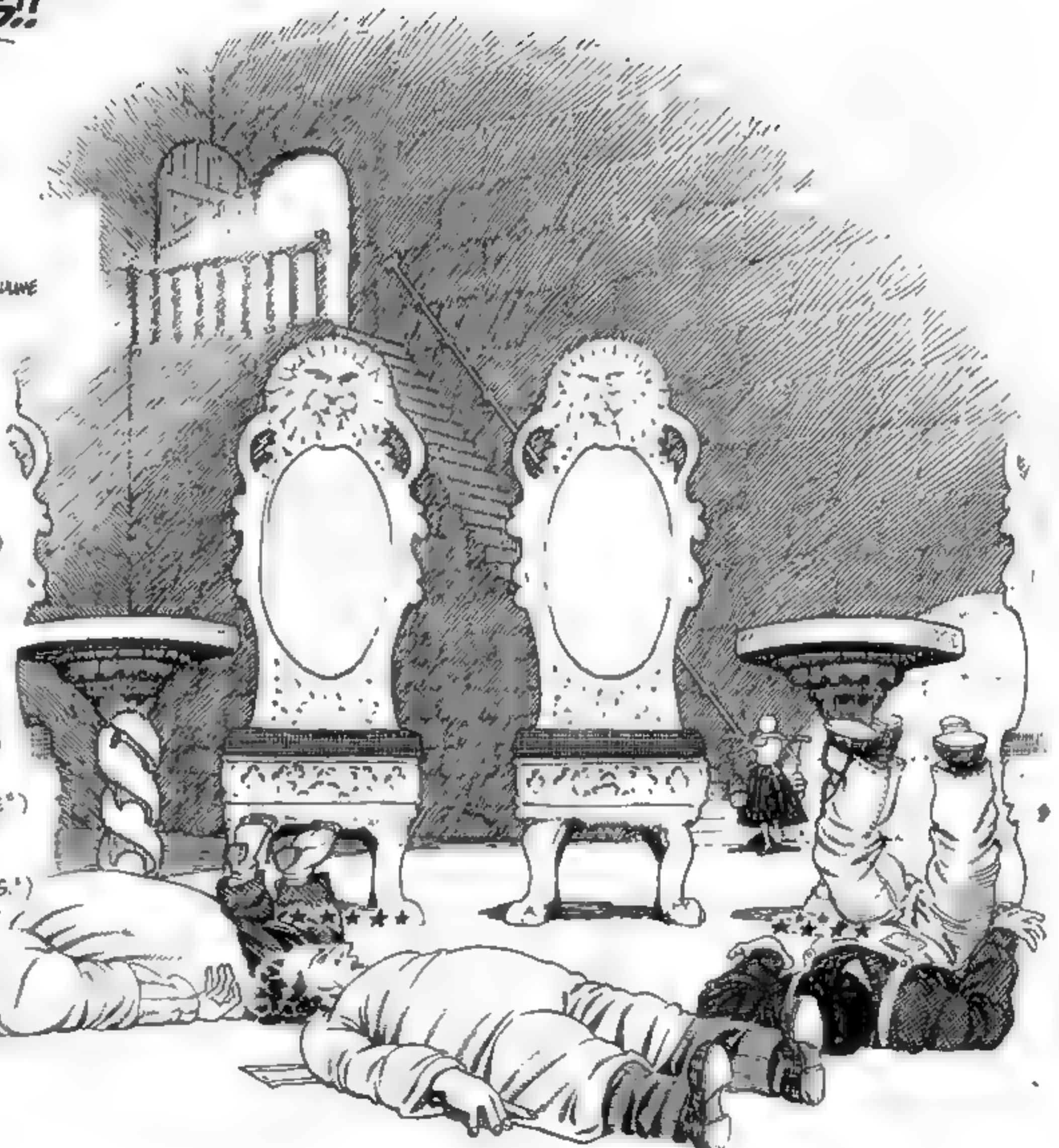
(**"WALT"**)

("GTO .. RYYY ..")

("GIN .. CEEEEEER .. LEE")

("CER E .. BUHNS.")

★ ★ ★ ★



ANYWAY...

AFTER THE THREE WISE FELLOWS HAD RECOVERED FROM THE AGENT OF M.M.U.'S VISIT, THERE WAS QUITE A CELEBRATION (MOSHIE EVEN DRANK HALF A GLASS OF WINE!) BECAUSE WE WERE (WITH THE SUDDEN DEMISE OF SARAH AND MICKEY AND DONALD AND WALT) BACK TO BEING THE ONLY GAME IN TOWN ('SANCT-VARRY'-WISE)...



WITH NOTHING FOR CEREBUS TO WATCH AND NOTHING FOR CEREBUS TO DO (BESIDES LISTENING TO THE BOOKEE OF RICKEE)



50.

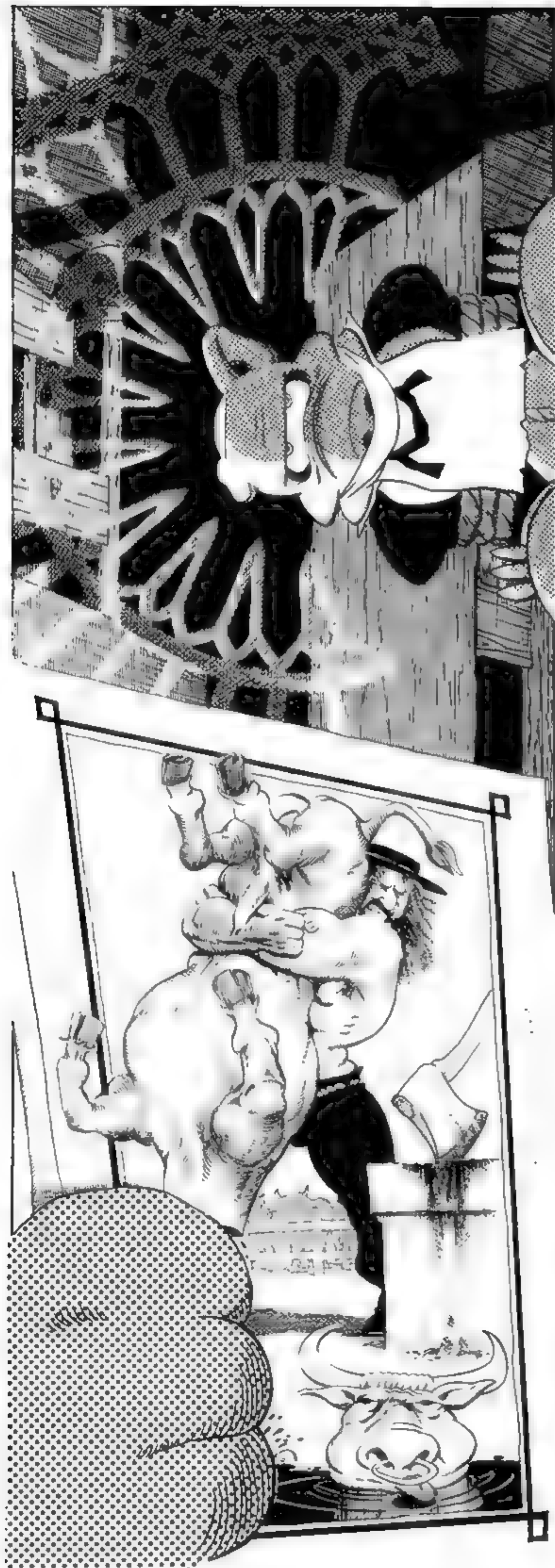
CEREBUS ENDED UP THINKING A LOT AND ONE OF THE THINGS CEREBUS THOUGHT ABOUT WAS "WHAT DOES THIS REMIND CEREBUS OF?" AND CEREBUS REALIZED THAT IT REMINDED HIM OF THAT NIGHT IN ONE OF THE TAVERNS IN NORTHERN ISSHURIA (WHEN CEREBUS WAS STILL PLAYING FIVE-BAR-GATE AND TAKING BRIBES TO STAY IN SOMEONE ELSE'S TAVERN) AND CEREBUS WAS RE-READING (FOR, LIKE, THE TENTH TIME) "ISSUE" FIFTY OF **RABBI** (WHICH HAD JUST COME OUT THAT DAY AND WHICH WAS - INSTANTLY, - THE GREATEST "ISSUE" EVER!)

"FIST OF TABERNACLES"

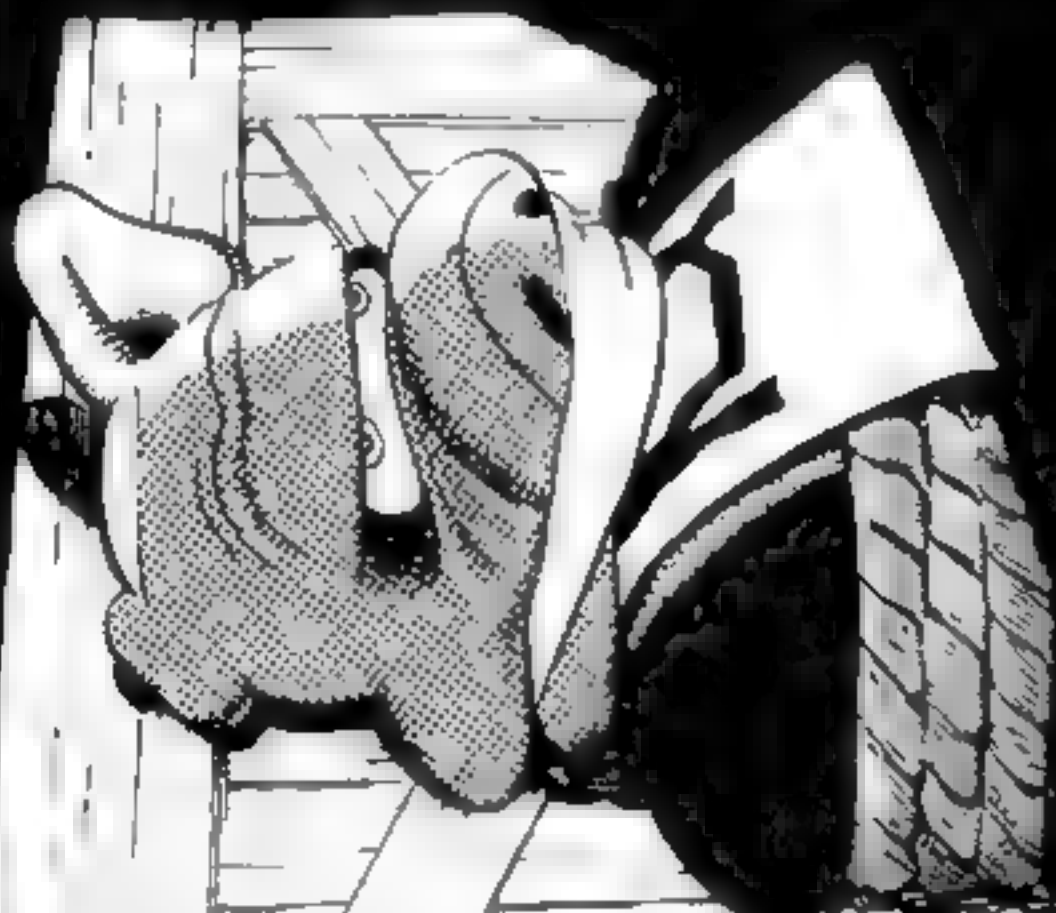
(WHEREIN) (AS YOU'LL RECALL) (THE BAD GUYS DISGUISED THEMSELVES AS BULLOCKS AND RAMS AND MALE LAMBS TO FOOL RABBI, BUT RABBI TURNED THE TABLES ON 'EM, TRAPPING 'EM IN GABERDINE, RABBI'S RED, MARTIAL SPHERE OF STERN JUDGEMENT AND - OVER THE COURSE OF SEVEN DAYS - CHOPPING THEIR HEADS OFF (SEVENTY-ONE BULLOCKS, FIFTEEN RAMS, A HUNDRED AND FIVE MALE LAMBS) AND WRINGING EVERY DROP OF BLOOD OUT OF 'EM, FLOURING IT ON THE GROUND LIKE WATER!) (NOW THAT'S GREAT WRITING!)

THAT WAS THE NIGHT CEREBUS HAD FIRST REALIZED THAT HE WAS RICH-- RICH ENOUGH TO BUY ALL THE SEX HE WANTED..... AND (SINCE CEREBUS NEVER BOUGHT SEX) THAT NIGHT WAS WHEN CEREBUS REALIZED THAT CEREBUS DIDN'T "MISS SEX" AS MUCH AS HE THOUGHT HE DID. AND (AS SOON AS HE REALIZED THAT) CEREBUS REALIZED THAT HE MISSED "MISSING SEX". AND (AS SOON AS HE REALIZED THAT) CEREBUS REALIZED THAT HE DIDN'T REALLY "MISS MISSING SEX" (BECAUSE IF HE DID REALLY "MISS MISSING SEX", PRETTY SOON HE WOULD JUST "MISS SEX" AND - IF HE ACTUALLY DID JUST "MISS SEX" HE WOULD GO RIGHT OUT AND BUY SOME, RIGHT?). SO (AS SOON AS CEREBUS REALIZED THAT) CEREBUS REALIZED THAT, ACTUALLY, INSTEAD OF MISSING "MISSING SEX", CEREBUS MISSED "MISSING MISSING SEX" AND REALIZED THAT "MISSING MISSING MISSING SEX" WAS SO FAR REMOVED FROM "MISSING SEX" THAT IT WAS HARDLY WORTH THINKING ABOUT (GEE) BECAUSE EVEN IF CEREBUS REALLY APPLIED HIMSELF TO GOING FROM "MISSING MISSING MISSING SEX" TO "MISSING MISSING SEX" AND THEN APPLIED HIMSELF TO GOING FROM "MISSING MISSING SEX" TO JUST "MISSING SEX" CEREBUS REALIZED IT STILL WOULDN'T BE ENOUGH BECAUSE CEREBUS WOULD STILL HAVE TO GET UP TO GO SHOPPING TO BUY SOME SEX AND (SINCE IT TOOK A LOT OF EFFORT) (A LOT OF EFFORT) TO GET BACK TO ACTUALLY "MISSING SEX" (THE ODDS WERE) BY THE TIME CEREBUS GOT TO THE LOCAL SEX RETAIL OUTLET (AKA THE WHOREHOUSE) CEREBUS WOULD PROBABLY BE RIGHT BACK TO "MISSING MISSING SEX" OR (EVEN WORSE) "MISSING MISSING MISSING SEX". SO (THAT WHOLE NIGHT) CEREBUS JUST LAY IN HIS BUNK, READING THE SAME ISSUE OF RABBI OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN WHILE PICTURING CEREBUS GETTING OUT OF HIS BUNK AND DIGGING A THOUSAND CROWNS (OR SO) OUT OF HIS HIDDEN EIGHTY-THOUSAND-CROWN "STASH" AND GOING TO THE LOCAL SEX RETAIL OUTLET AND HIRING (SAY) FIVE OR SIX BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRLS AND HAVING THEM ALL PILE ON TOP OF CEREBUS SO CEREBUS WAS (LIKE) BURIED BENEATH BEAUTIFUL NAKED GIRLS! NOW, THE WEIRD THING WAS - BECAUSE CEREBUS ONLY MISSED "MISSING SEX" (INSTEAD OF "MISSING SEX") AS SOON AS CEREBUS WOULD PICTURE HIMSELF UNDER A BIG PILE OF BEAUTIFUL NAKED GIRLS, THAT WAS ALL CEREBUS NEEDED AND THEN CEREBUS COULD GO BACK TO RE-READING RABBI AND FORGET THE BIG PILE OF NAKED GIRLS UNTIL THE NEXT TIME HE NEEDED THEM.





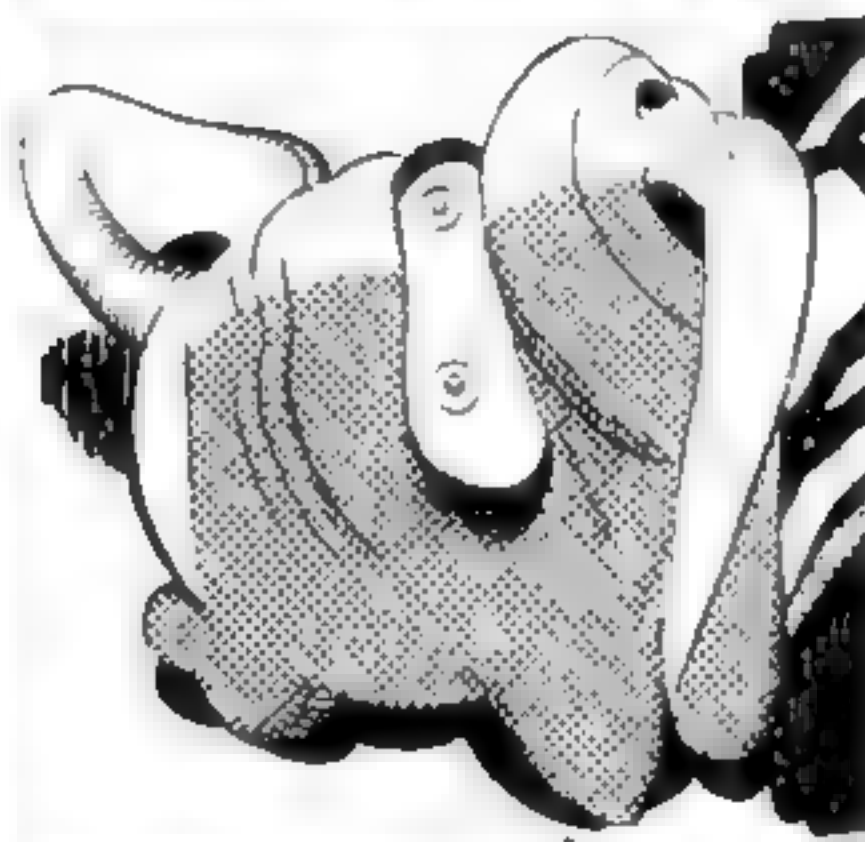
HOW DID IT REMIND CEREBUS OF THE NIGHT THAT CEREBUS FIGURED OUT THAT A BIG PILE OF NAKED BEAUTIFUL GIRLS IN CEREBUS' HEAD WAS BETTER (NOT TO MENTION CHEAPER) THAN AN ACTUAL BIG PILE OF NAKED, BEAUTIFUL GIRLS? ... WELL ... BECAUSE THE MORE CEREBUS TRIED TO THINK OF A WAY TO ESCAPE FROM THE SANCTUARY AND FROM MOSHIE AND LOSHIE AND KOSHIE, THE MORE CEREBUS WOULD WONDER WHAT (EXACTLY) WAS CEREBUS PLANNING TO ESCAPE TO? AND ALL CEREBUS COULD THINK OF WAS THAT CEREBUS WOULD HAVE TO GO LOOKING FOR ANOTHER TAVERN TO LIVE IN ... THAT IS ... BASICALLY A ROOF OVER CEREBUS' HEAD AND FOOD TO EAT AND WATER TO DRINK AND A PLACE FOR CEREBUS TO ... YOU KNOW ... (PASS AND CRAP) WHEN HE NEEDED TO. BUT (CEREBUS REALIZED THAT HE HAD ALL THAT RIGHT IN THE SANCTUARY THE ONLY THING CEREBUS DIDN'T HAVE WAS ACCESS TO UNLIMITED QUANTITIES OF BOOZE, BUT THEN (CEREBUS REALIZED) WHO COULD SAY THAT HE COULD FIND IT, ANYWAY, NOW THAT EVERY TAVERN SEEMED TO BE CHANGING THE RULES? AND (BEERES) WHENEVER CEREBUS REMEMBERED HIS LAST (KATHOOM!) HANGOVER, CEREBUS WAS FORCED TO ADMIT WHAT A GOOD THING IT WAS FOR CEREBUS THAT CEREBUS WAS BOUND WITHIN THE SANCTUARY BECAUSE (LET'S FACE IT, CEREBUS WOULD SAY TO HIMSELF) EVEN IF CEREBUS DID MANAGE TO ESCAPE FROM THE SANCTUARY, AND EVEN IF CEREBUS DID MANAGE TO FIND AN OLD-FASHIONED CIRKINIST TAVERN WHERE THE ALCOHOL WAS FREE AND THERE WAS NO "LAST CALL" ... WELL ... EVEN THOUGH CEREBUS WOULD ONLY INTEND TO HAVE ONE OR TWO ... LITTLE ... SCOTCHES ... PRETTY SOON, CEREBUS WOULD HAVE THREE OR NINE PINTS OF SCOTCH AND CEREBUS WOULD PASS OUT AND WHEN CEREBUS WOKE UP ... WELL ... IF CEREBUS THOUGHT HE HAD BEEN "OUT OF PRACTICE" WITH HIS DRINKING IN "FRED'S TAVERN" (AND HE HAD) WHOOOOAH, BROTHER! JUST IMAGINE WHAT THAT HANGOVER WOULD BE LIKE! SO CEREBUS -- INSTANTLY -- WENT FROM TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO ESCAPE ... TO (INSTEAD) BEING JUST FINE THE WAY HE WAS ... THE SAME THING AS THAT NIGHT THAT HE JUST READ RABBIT "ISSUE" FIFTY OVER ... AND OVER ... AND OVER ... AND OVER WHILE PICTURING HIMSELF ON THE BOTTOM OF A PILE OF NAKED BEAUTIFUL GIRLS: CEREBUS IS JUST FINE THE WAY HE IS. ALL CEREBUS HAD TO DO WAS IMAGINE THE HANGOVER HE WOULD SOON HAVE IF HE DID ESCAPE IN ORDER TO BE HAPPY NOT ESCAPING. AND WHAT MADE IT EVEN BETTER WAS THAT ANYONE ELSE WOULD THINK CEREBUS WAS CRAZY. "WHAAAAA? YOU JUST SAT AND READ RABBIT INSTEAD OF GOING OUT AND BUYING A PILE OF NAKED BEAUTIFUL GIRLS TO LIE ON TOP OF YOU?" OR "WHAAAAA? INSTEAD OF TRYING TO ESCAPE, YOU DECIDED IT WAS A GOOD THING TO BE ALL TIED UP?" COMPARED TO THE HANGOVER CEREBUS COULD STILL REMEMBER? IT WAS A GREAT THING. JUST LISTEN TO HOW RELAXED CEREBUS IS WHEN HE TALKS ABOUT IT ... THAT FIRST TIME THAT CEREBUS REALIZED THAT CEREBUS IS JUST FINE THE WAY HE IS. WELL HEH ... AND LOOK AT YOU. THIS IS THE MOST RELAXED YOU'VE BEEN SINCE YOU GOT HERE. SLEEP? YOU'RE JUST FINE THE WAY YOU ARE, TOO.



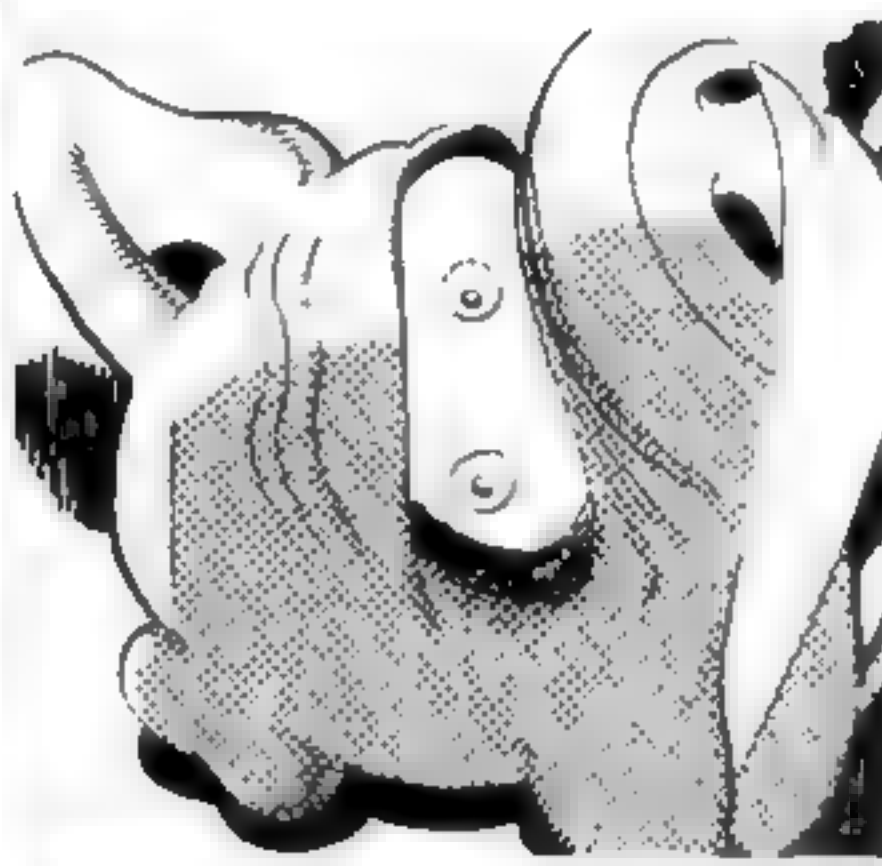
YOU'RE NOT ANY MORE RELAXED THAN USUAL? REALLY? CEREBUS FINDS THAT HARD TO BELIEVE -- MAYBE BECAUSE THIS IS CEREBUS' FAVOURITE PART OF THE STORY, SO IT MAKES CEREBUS FEEL RELAXED -- JUST THINKING ABOUT IT (YOU'RE SURE YOU DON'T FEEL ANY MORE RELAXED THAN USUAL? ...HUNH.) WELL. ANYWAY, CEREBUS GOT REALLY RELAXED AT THAT POINT. SO RELAXED THAT (IT SEEMED TO CEREBUS) THERE WAS NO REAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BEING AWAKE AND BEING ASLEEP -- SO THAT EITHER CEREBUS WAS AWAKE ALL THE TIME OR (WHEN CEREBUS WAS ASLEEP) CEREBUS WAS DREAMING THAT CEREBUS WAS BOUND WITHIN THE SANCTUARY LISTENING TO THE BOOK OF RICK. IN FACT, IT GOT TO THE POINT WHERE CEREBUS WOULD HAVE TO TILT HIS HEAD BACK JUST TO FIGURE OUT IF CEREBUS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE AWAKE OR ASLEEP (IF CEREBUS' HEAD HIT THE BOXES OF UNFINISHED WOOD, THEN THAT MEANT A) IT WAS NIGHT TIME B) CEREBUS WAS LYING DOWN AND C) CEREBUS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE ASLEEP).

GEE -- THE REASON CEREBUS IS TELLING YOU ALL THIS IS BECAUSE CEREBUS JUST KNOWS YOU'RE GOING TO THINK THAT THIS NEXT PART WAS A DREAM BUT CEREBUS SWEARS TO YOU THAT CEREBUS WAS AWAKE THE WHOLE TIME -- IN FACT THE VERY FIRST THING CEREBUS THOUGHT TO HIMSELF WAS

NOT A
DREAM!

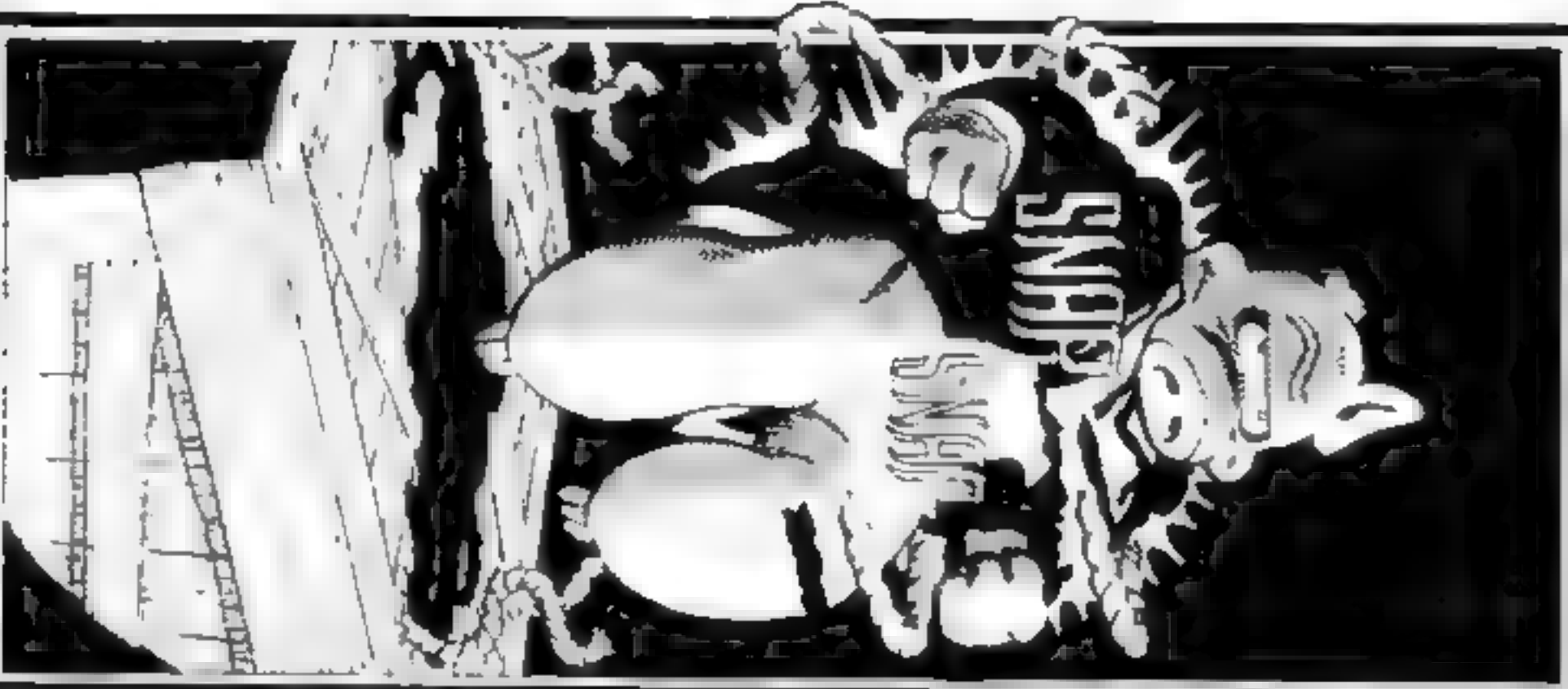


NOT A
HOAX!



NOT AN
IMAGINARY
TALE!

BREAKING FREE
OF THESE STRONG
CORDS WAS IMPOSSIBLE
— BUT IT'S HERE
FOR 'CEREALS'
CHILD'S PLAY
FOR
RABBIT!



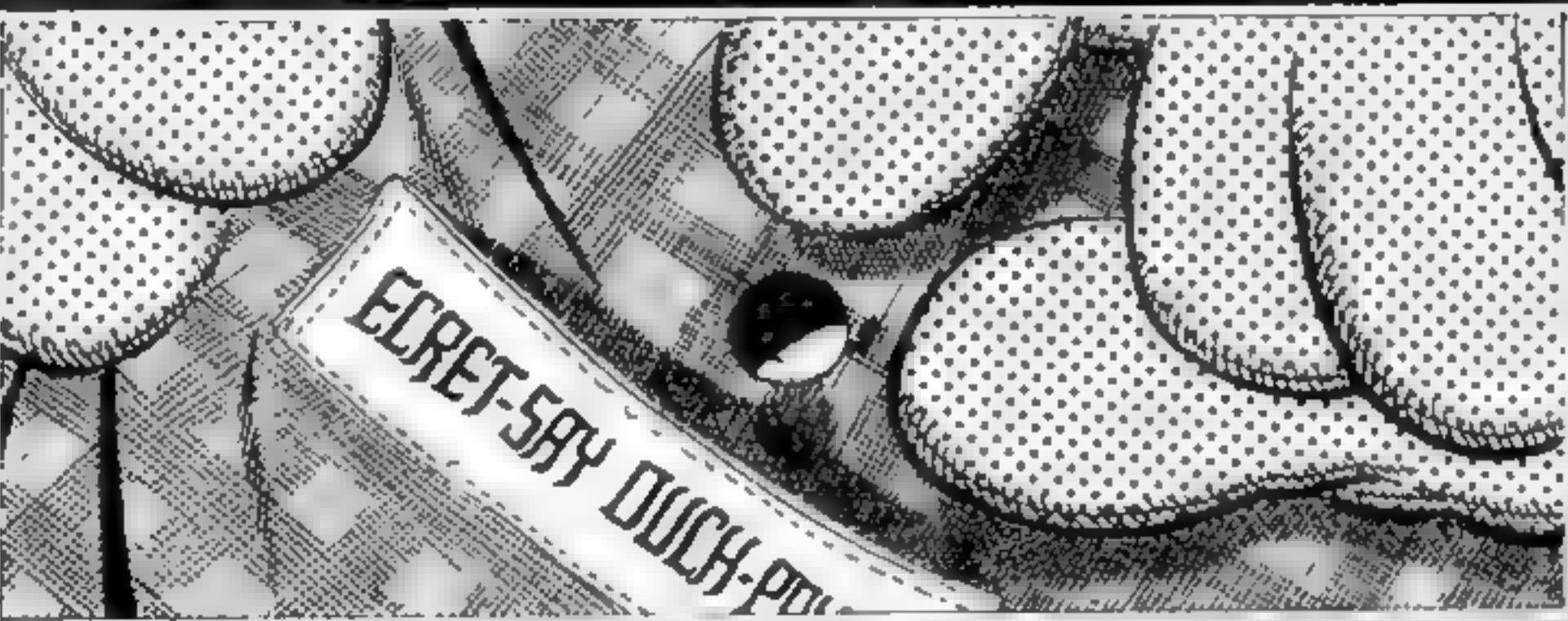
HAVE TO CHANGE
MY
'CEREALS'
IDENTITY
AT
RABBIT!
SPEED!



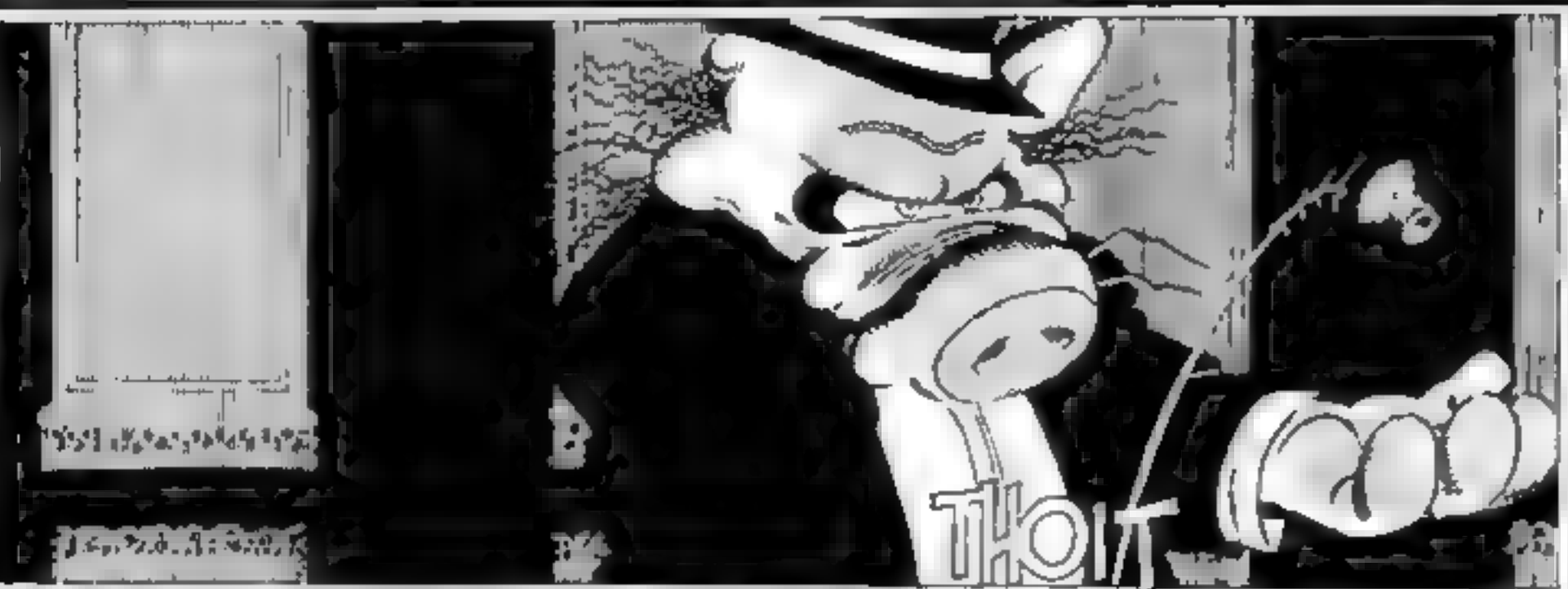
— USE MY
RABBIT!
STRENGTH TO COMPRESS
MY 'SPECIALLY TREATED'
'CEREALS' TO LEPO
TO THE SIZE OF
A PEA...

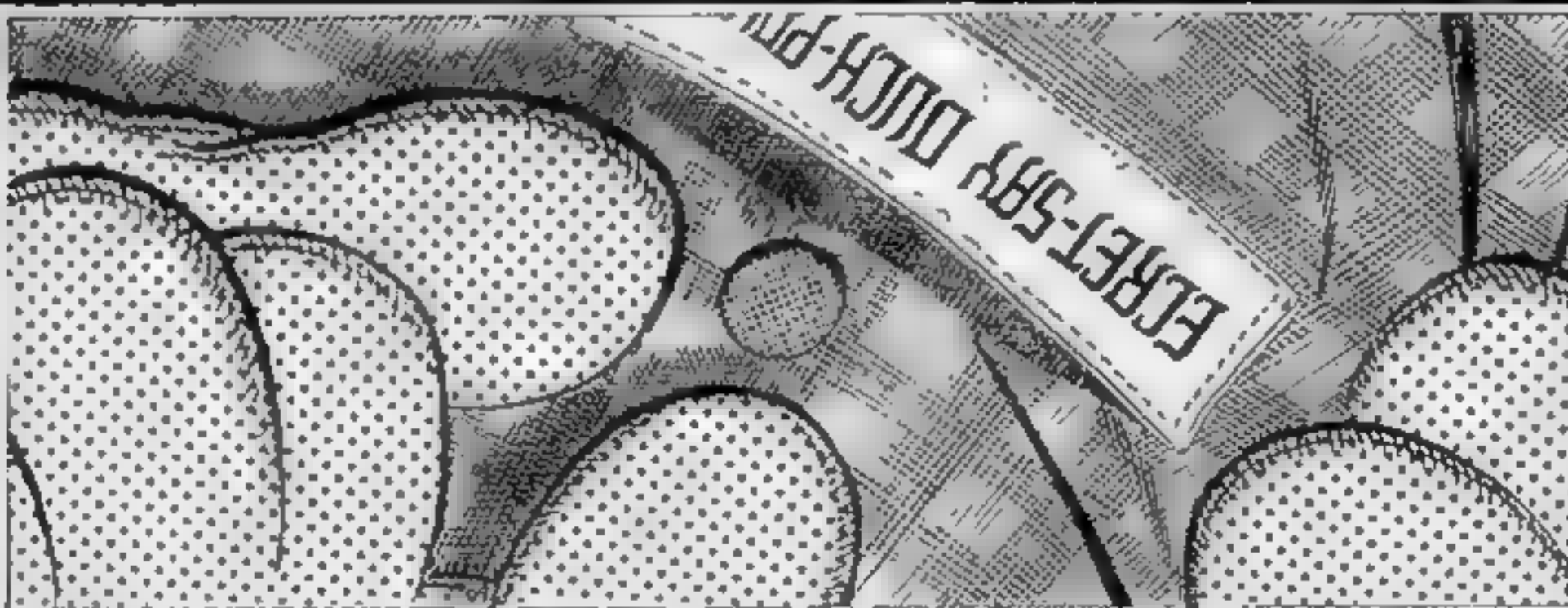
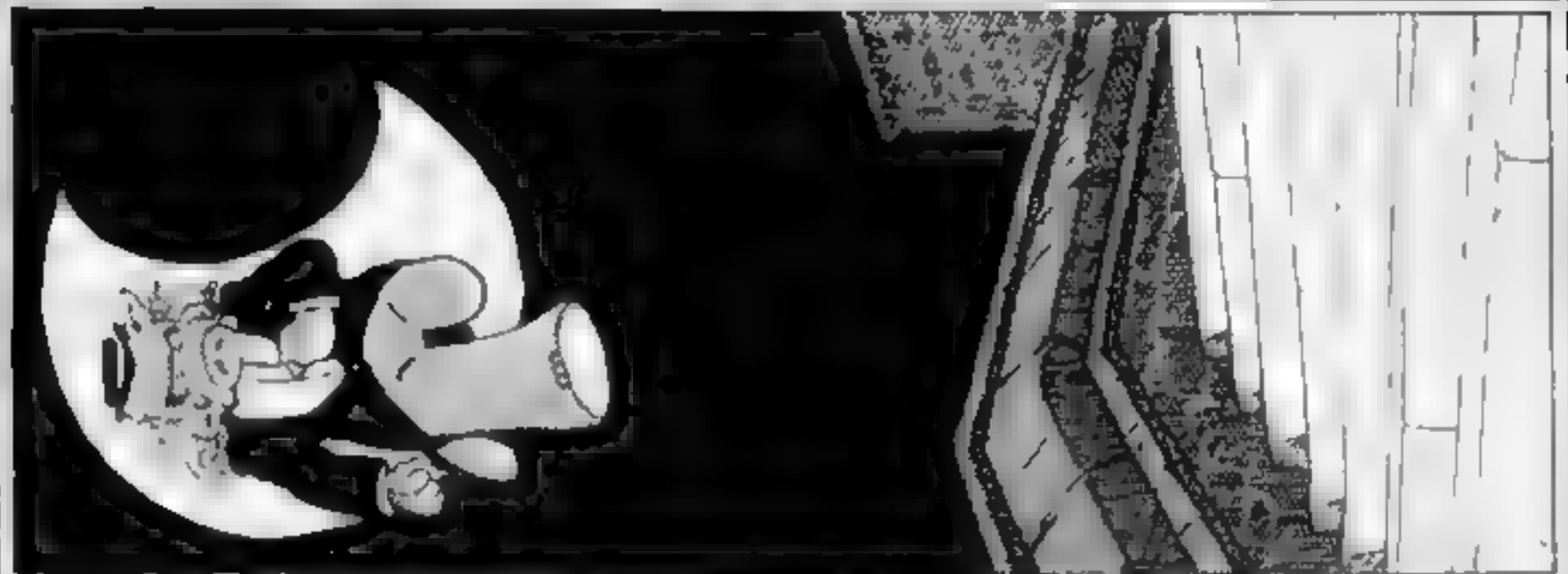
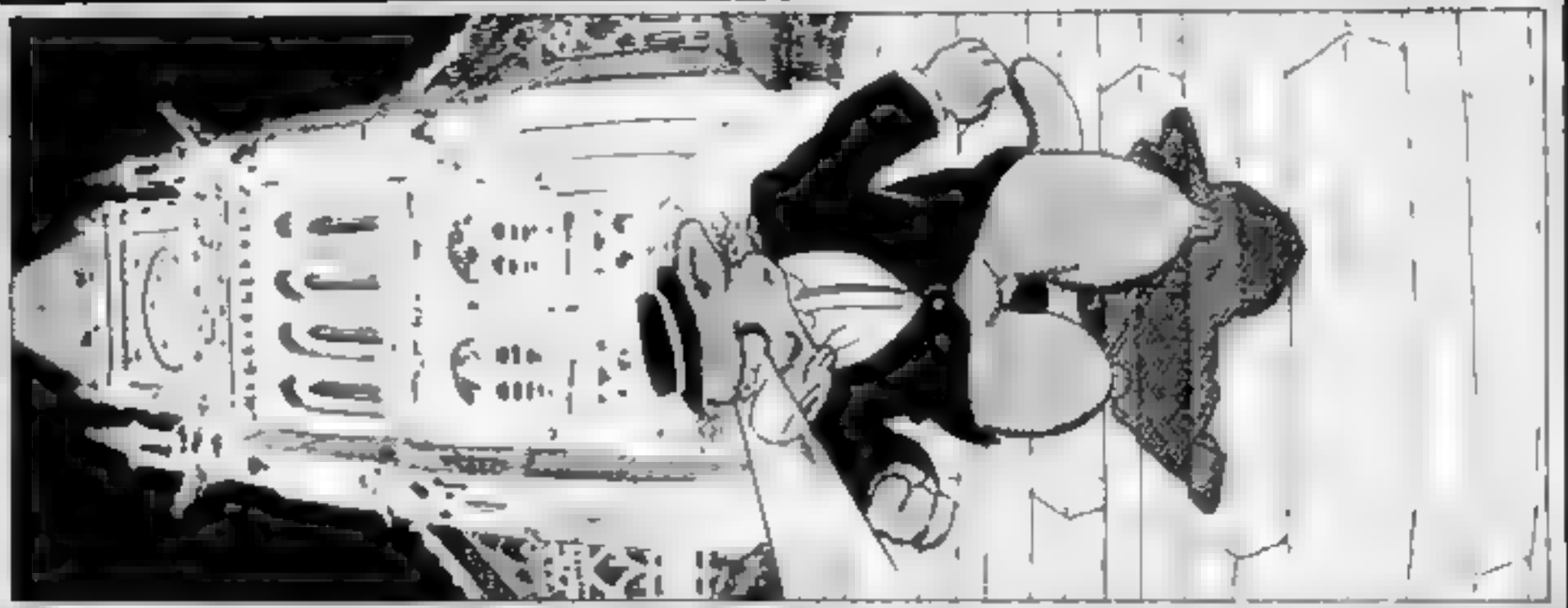


— SO IT CAN BE
EASILY CONCEALED
WITHIN THE
POUCH HIDDEN INSIDE
THE LINING OF MY
RABBIT! MORNING
COAT!



LIKEWISE
WITH:





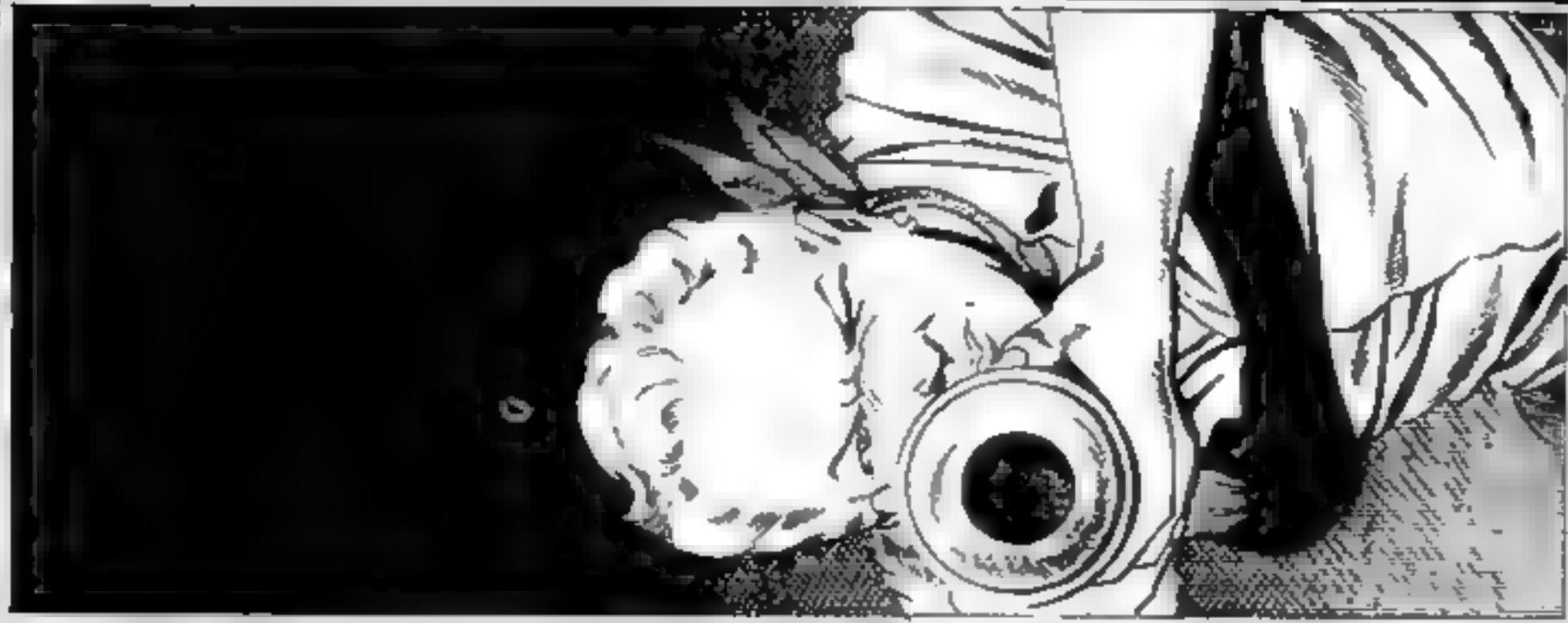
GREAT F.
STOP!
MY
RABBI
VISION
REVEALS

THE
CATHEDRAL
STEPS!

AWWW
RABBI
RABBI

CHICKLE.
IMAGINE HOW SURPRISED
"CEREBUS" WOULD
BE TO DISCOVER THAT
HIS FAVORITE READS
CHARACTER OF ALL
TIME IS ALSO HIS
SECRET
IDENTITY!
BUT -- NO TIME TO
THINK ABOUT THAT
NOW!

MY
DETACHABLE
CEREBUS
PSEUDO-
FORESKIN!
(MADE FROM
REAL
PSUEDE!)



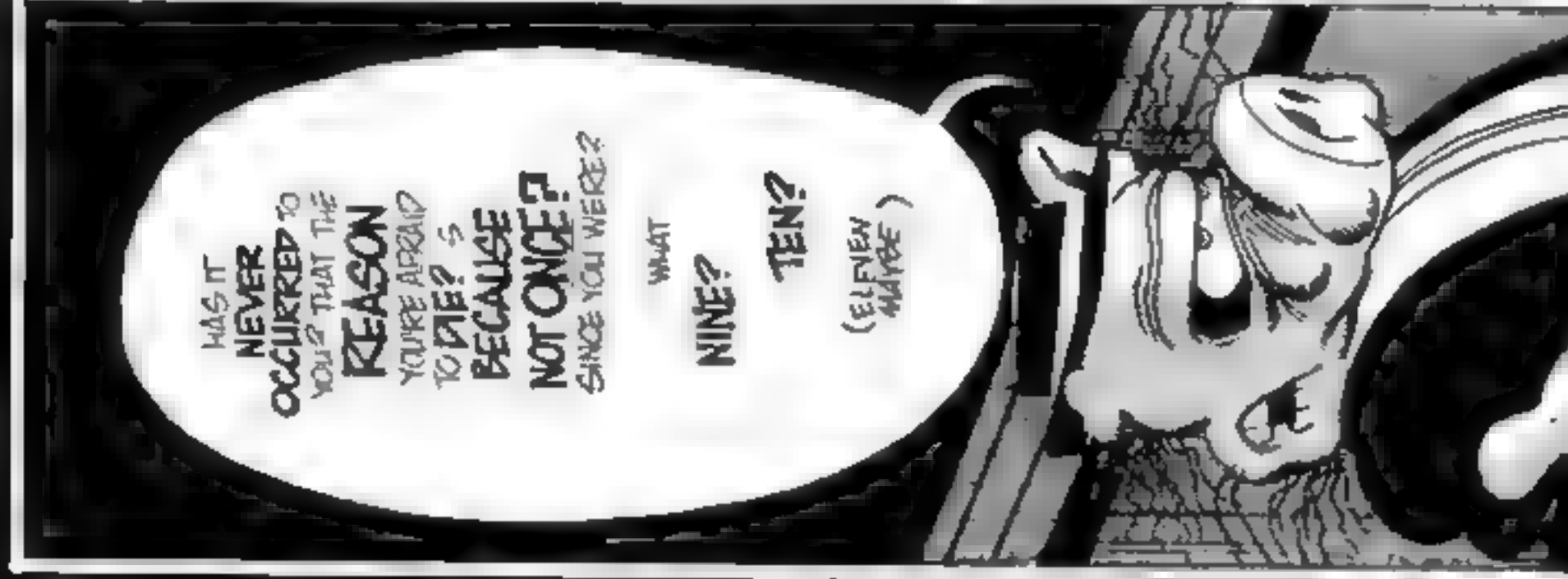
MY
ARCH-NEMESIS,
MARY
HEMINGWAY!
AND SHE
HAS A
GUN!



FORTUNATELY
FOR ME?
THE BROAD
SIDE OF A BARN
(YOU SHOULD FORGON
ANY USE OF THE ADJECTIVE.)
SHE COLLECTS HIM



GO! AGAIN I
MAKE WITH THE
"AMBIENCE OF
IMMORTALITY"
SPIEL.
(IN THIS LIFE, YOU
DO Y'ALL YOU
HAVE TO)
(BE SILENT...)

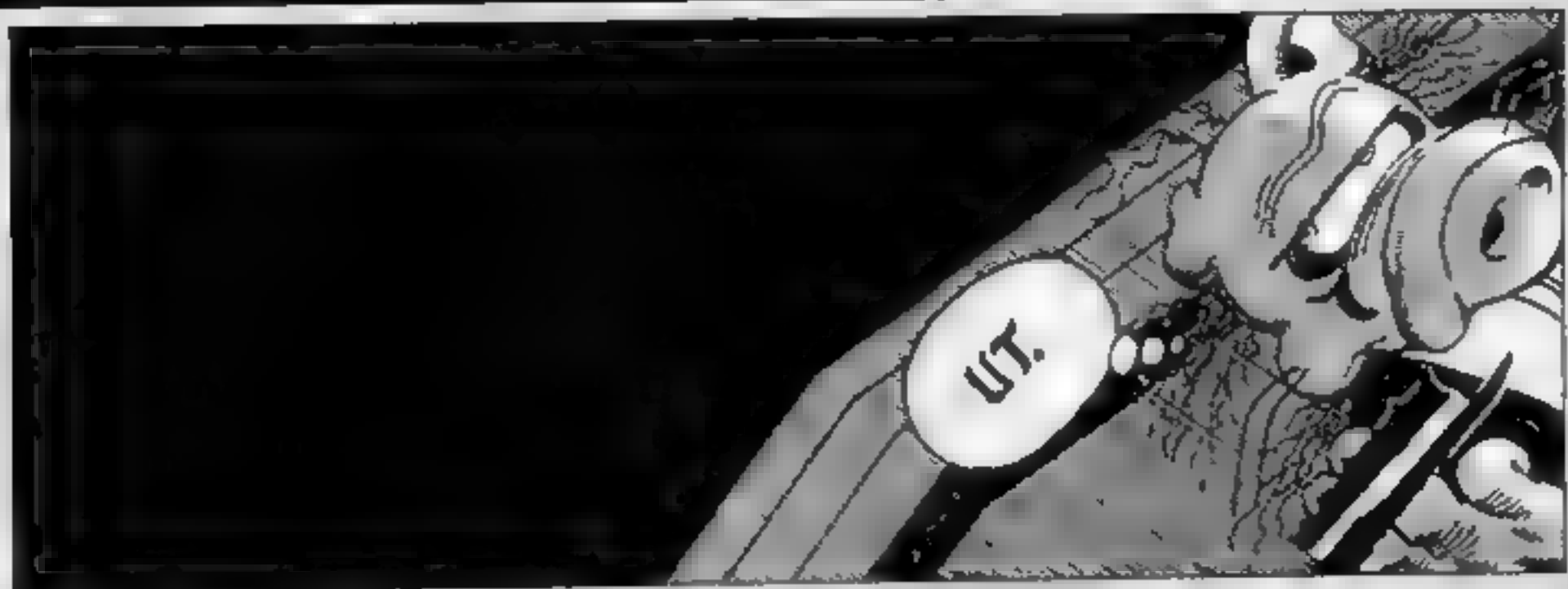


(...SHE'S THE
ONLY
ARCH-NEMESIS
I'VE GOT)



NOT ONCE
HAVE YOU DESIGNED
TO GET
DOWN ON YOUR
TERRIBLY
ATTRACTIVE
(FORGIVE ME FOR NOTICING
I AM A RABBI, BUT I AM
NOT BLIND)
SHIKSA
KNEES
TO THANK
GOD
THAT YOU
ARE SO...SO...
'GEBENSCHITZ!'

PROBABLY? YOU ARE
THINKING THAT SUCH
EMPTY FLATTERY
SHOULD BE BENEATH
ME.
(THE TRUTH BE KNOWN
AS SHIKSA KNEES GO?
HERS ARE NOTHING
SPECIAL...)



MY
RABBI HEARING
DETECTS MOSHIE LOSHIE
AND KOSHIE LOSHIE
ENTERING THE
SANCTUARY



WASTED
YEARS



AROYGEVORKFENEH
YOREN

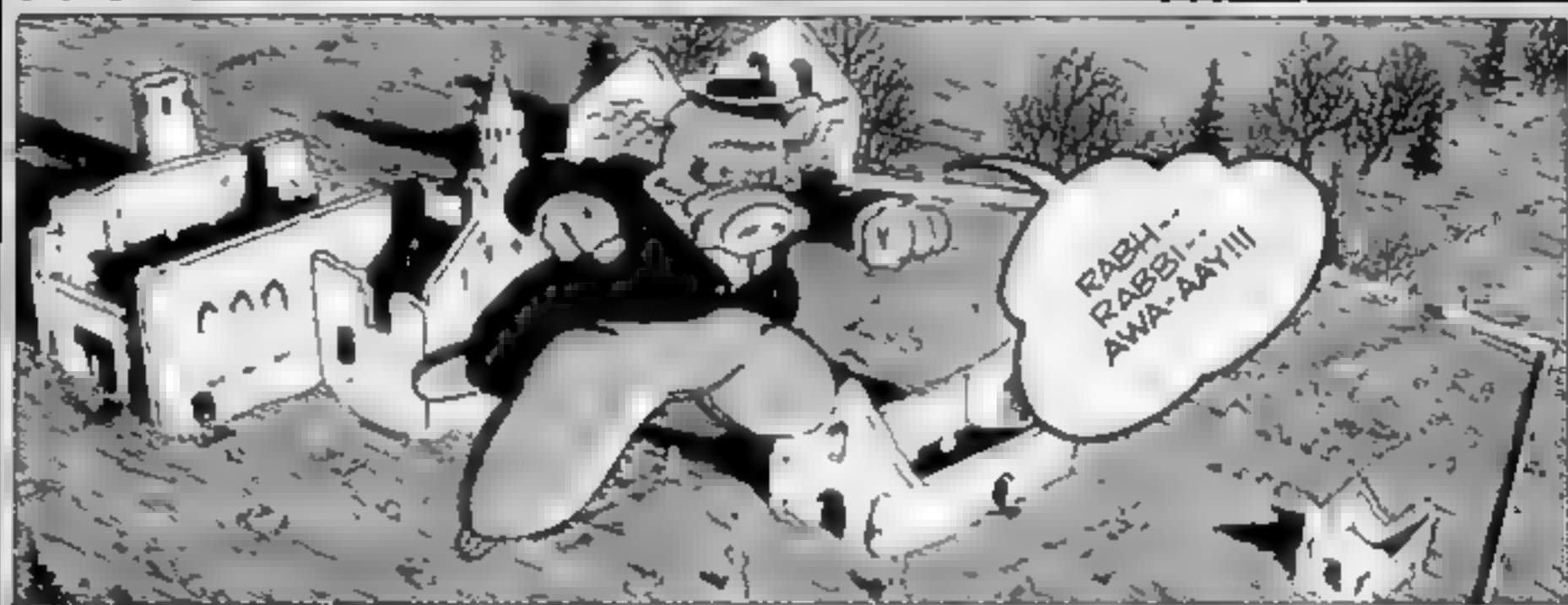


ANOTHER
EXPRESSION
WE HAVE IN
THE
RABBI
BIZ



OUT? MY MEE?
IF IT MAKES FOR THE
SMALLEST CHANCE
THAT SHE MIGHT
TRY PRAYING TO
GOD?
IT IS WORTH (AS
WE SAY IN THE RABBI
BIZ) A SHOT.

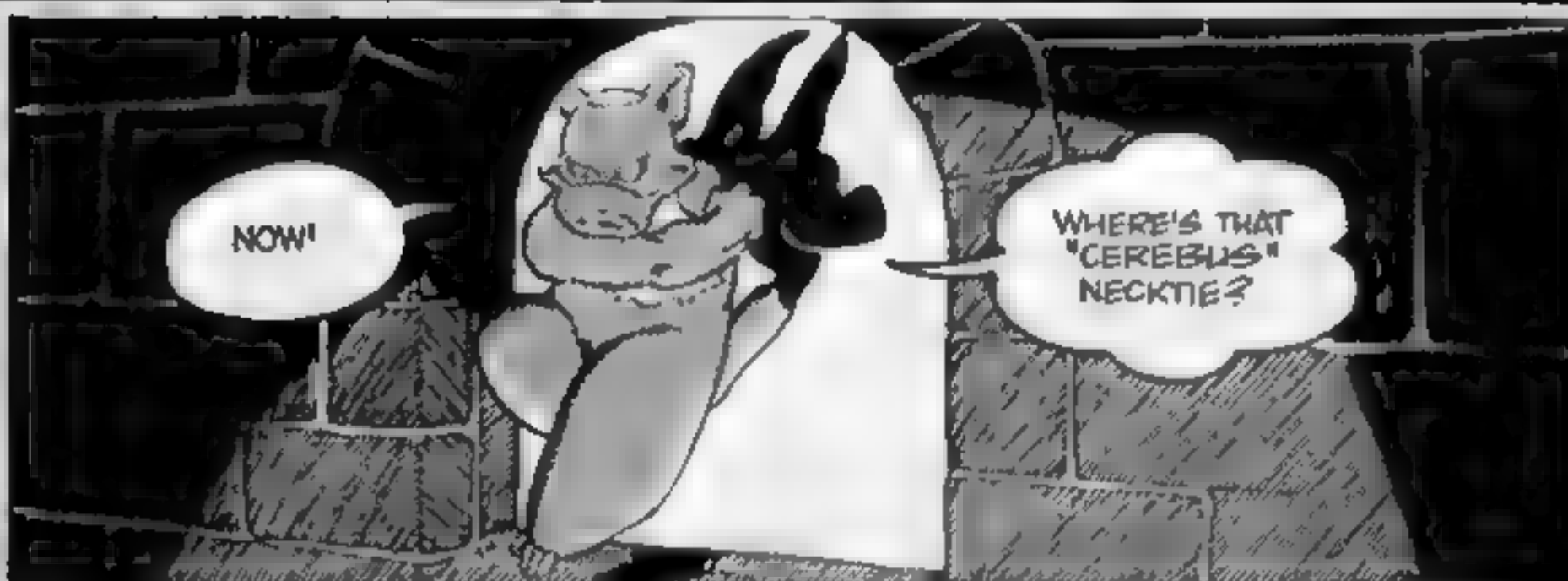
TRAVELLING AN EIGHTH
OF A MILE IN A SINGLE
BOUND!



CHANGING
IDENTITY IN
MID-AIR!



SECONDS
LATER!



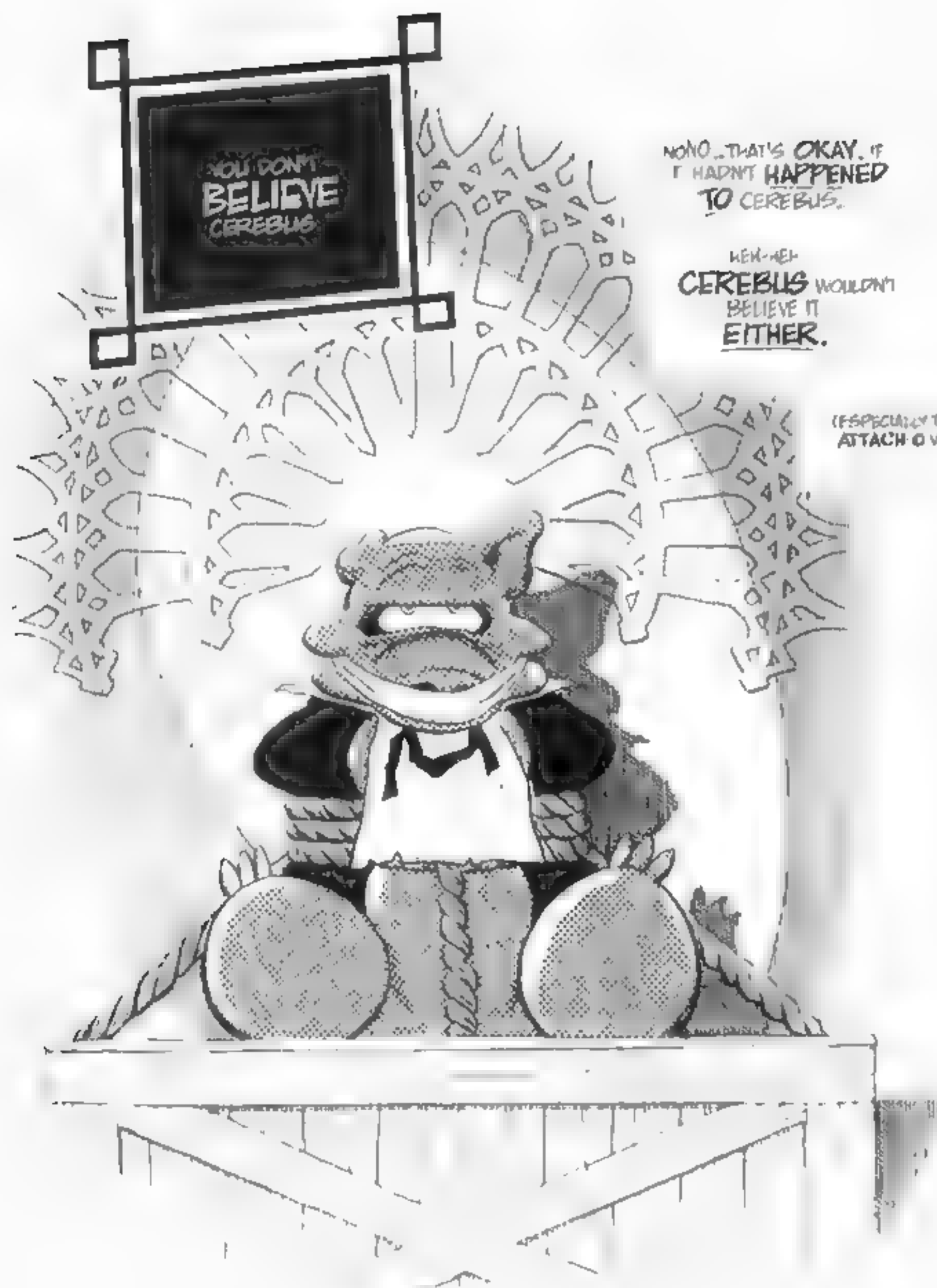
TYING
THE GAG
BACK ON!!



ROPE-O
ATTACH-O
VISION!!!







BUT IT DID
HAPPEN - BY
SOME
MIRACLE
...

NOW!

NOW!
CEREBUS
UNDERSTOOD
EVERYTHING!

EVERYTHING!

RABBI'S

"OATH OF POWER"

(WHICH HAD BEEN
GIVEN TO HIM)
(YOU MAY RECALL)
(BY THE
BEN-GURIONS
OF THE
GALAXY):
(WHEN HE WAS JUST
A LITTLE RABBI)

IN DARKEST NIGHT.
IN BRIGHTEST DAY.
NO EVIL SHALL
STAND IN HIS WAY!
LET THOSE WHO WILL NOT
EVIL SHUN
BEWARE HIS POWER
OUR GOD IS ONE!

AND NOW IT WAS
THE SAME AS
RICK 12:10:

10. Hee is one God, indivisible,
having one Name and one Face
• and one Aspect which is God. •



THEY WERE ALL
THE SAME AS
THE OTHERS. THEY
WERE ALL THE SAME
AS THE OTHERS.



WINK.

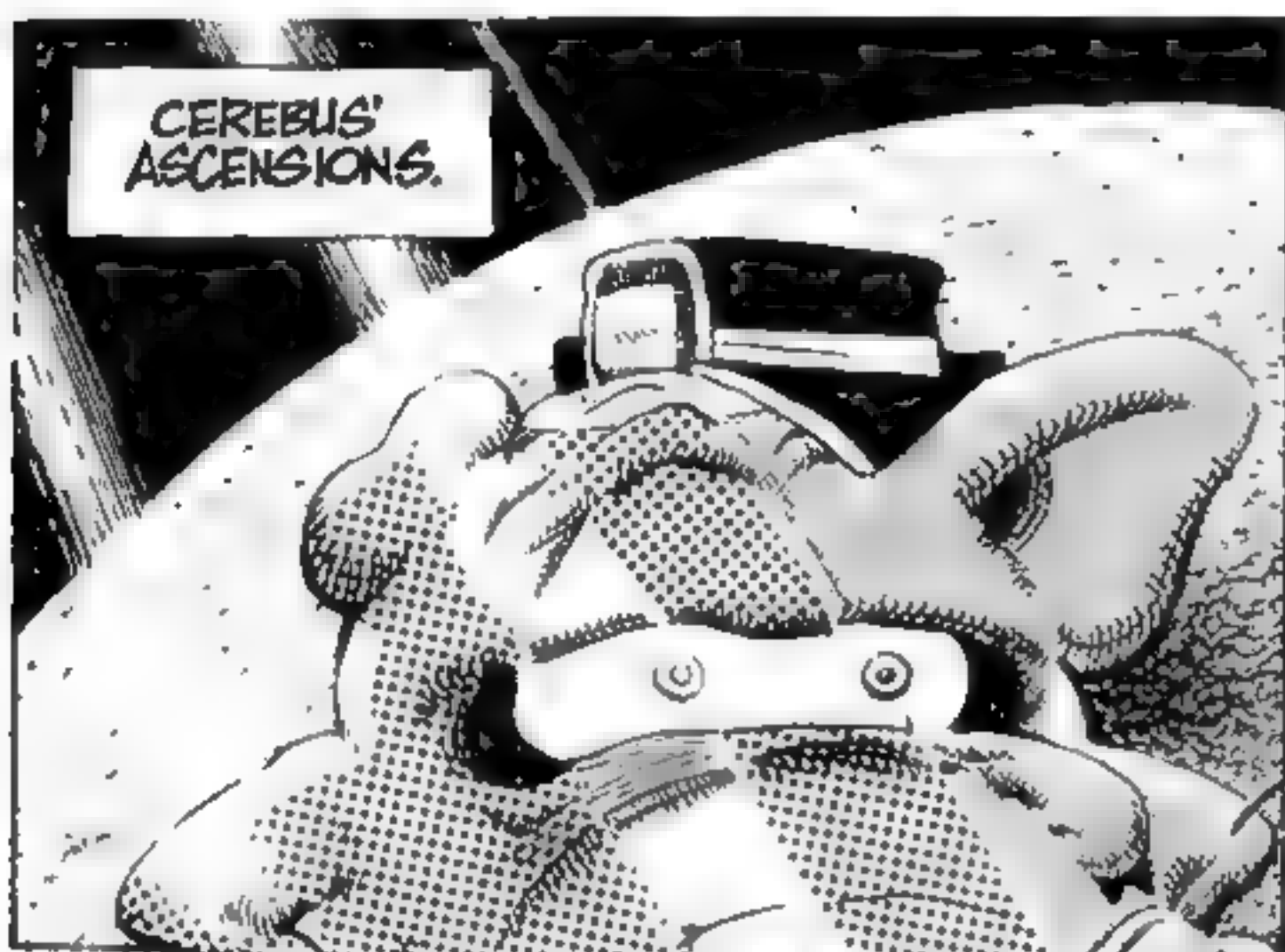
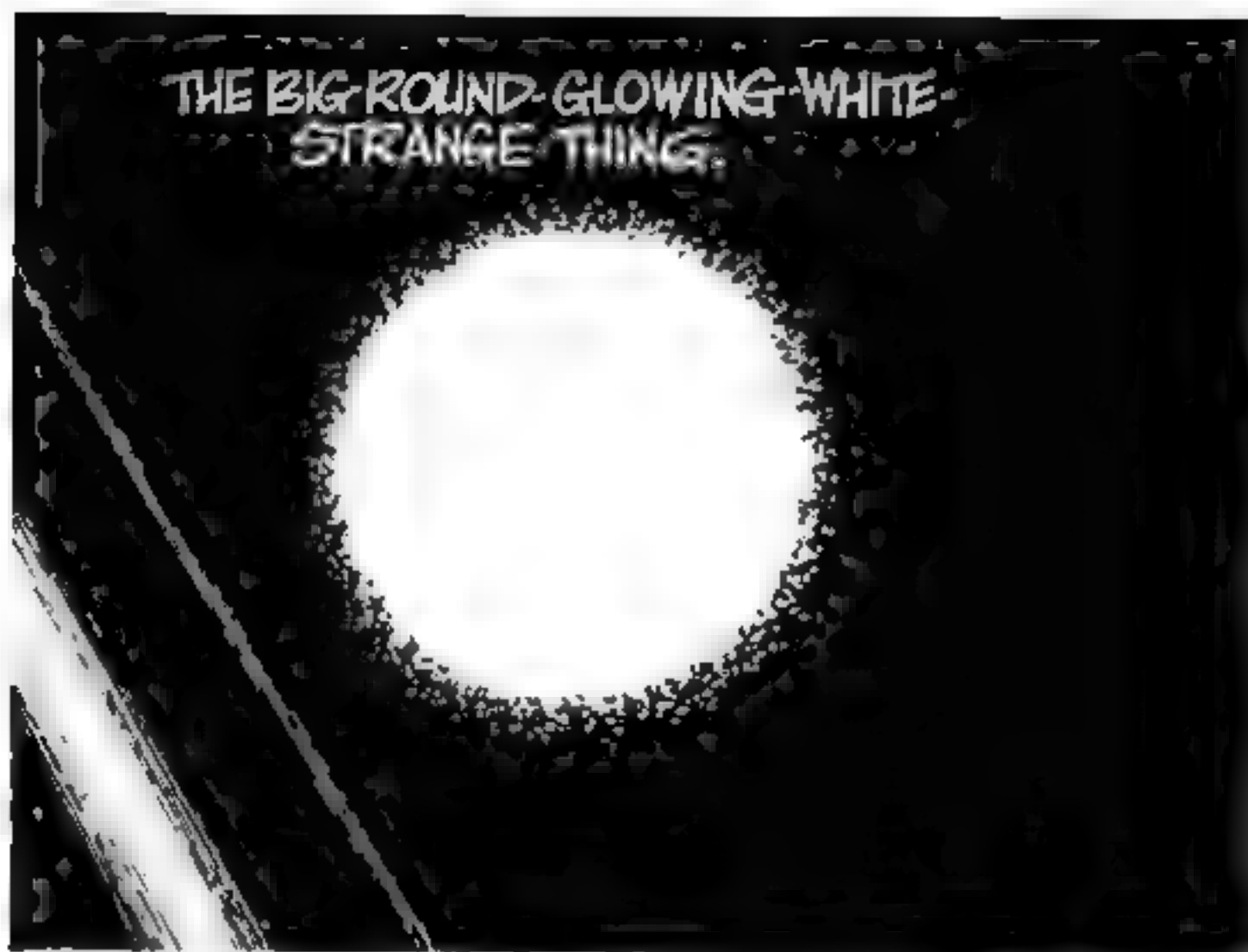


JUST AS... NOW...
RABBI WAS
IN CEREBUS!

A
MIRACLE!
IN FACT!
AS CEREBUS
NOW SAW!
(AS PLAINLY AS
THE **SCHNOZZLE**
ON HIS
FACE!)

CEREBUS'
LIFE HAD
BEEN
FILLED
WITH
MIRACLES!





ALL
MIRACLES.

MIRACLES
FROM
GOD.

...WHICH IS RIGH
OLEWAYS TRUE
WHEN DA WOID
UNTO THEE

V OLE DA OTH BEIN'
EN AGAINST DA DAY
HALL RETOYN
VGET MORE

AND NOW--
THE GREATEST
MIRACLE
OF ALL:

AY EN.

THAT RABBI IS
CEREBUS'
SECRET IDOLATRY!



THIS IS
IT!

MEMORIZETH
IT AS SOON AS
WE DOTH SPEAK
IT UNTO US!

WOOP!
WOOP!
WOOP!
WOOP!

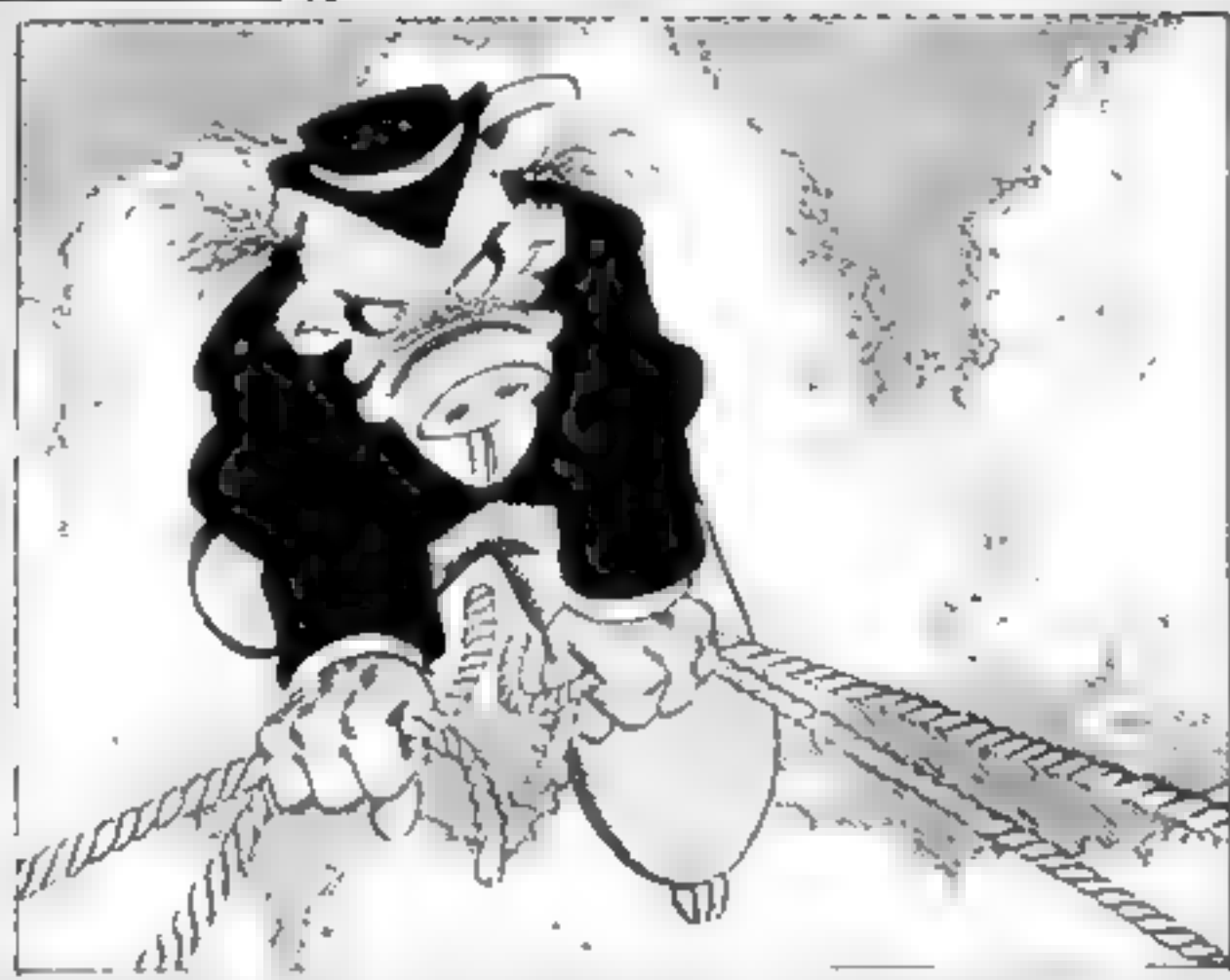
"CHAPTER
FOURTEEN,
VERSE
ONE..."

"AND CEREBUS
SPAKE UNTO THE
THREE WISE
FELLOWS..."

"...SAYING
UNTO THEM..."



RABBI WILL GATHER UP ALL FOUR CORNERS
OF THE NET...



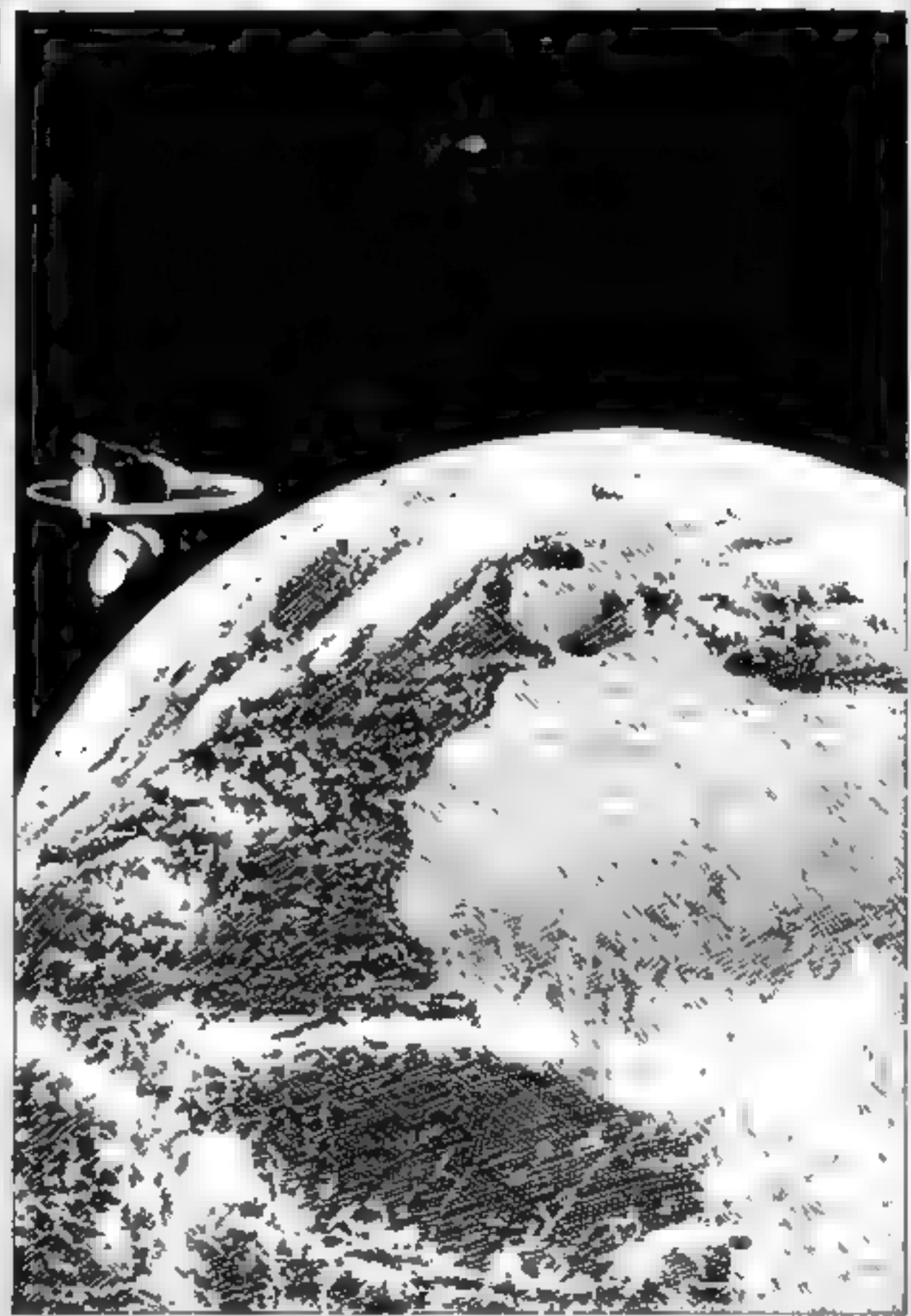
...FLY IT UP TO THE TOP OF EARTH'S
ATMOSPHERE...



SWING IT AROUND... ONCE! TWICE!
AND THEN? WITH ONE MIGHTY HEAVE
OF HIS RABBI MUSCLES?



HURL THE WHOLE FARSHINKENER BUNCH
STRAIGHT OUT TO JUNK?



DESPAIR?

CHAS VESHOLEM (GOD FORBID)
YOU SHOULD EVER KNOW SUCH
DESPAIR.

EVERY NIGHT IN CEREBUS'
DREAMS, RABBI HAUNTED
CEREBUS... LOOMING OVER
CEREBUS... FORBIDDING!
...FORBODING!...
(NOT TO MENTION... BIG!)

"EXCUSE ME... I WOULD BE NEXT
EARTHBOUND INCARNATION..." (HE
HOW (EXACTLY)
RABBI SUPPOSED TO LIE YOU
CHANGE THE COURSE
OF MIGHTY HISTORY,
OR (EVEN) BEND FATE
IN YOUR BARE
HANDS.

WHEN YOU ARE
TRUSSED UP
LIKE SOME RABBI
WANNABE
ROASTING CHICK'N?
NUP?"

AND THEN (EVERY NIGHT IN CEREBUS' DREAMS) IT WAS "OFF TO THE CATHEDRAL STEPS"
TO TRY AGAIN TO EXPLAIN TO MARY ERNESTWAY THE 'AMBIENCE OF IMMORTALITY'.

IMMORTALITY IS LIKE A
NICE PIECE OF CHOCOLATE:
PERFECT SYMMETRICAL BRANDS.
PERFECT CRUST. NOT TOO LIGHT.
NOT TOO CRISPY.
AND INSIDE? EVER SO

WHILE
SHE
TRIED
TO

KaK M

**FORTUNATELY?
ALWAYS? NOW?
(IN HIS DREAMS?)
CEREBUS WAS
IN HIS
RABBI
IDOLATRY!
SO!**

BLOW CEREBUS' HEAD OFF!

EVEN WHEN SHE (BY CHANCE) HIT CEREBUS?
IT WAS NO MORE THAN A... MINOR
ANNOYANCE... LIKE A... A...

ZEBUR
IN CEREBRAS
FAR.

OF COURSE, BY THAT POINT, WHAT CEREBRUS REALLY
WANTED TO SAY TO MARY ERNESTWAY WAS

"IMMORTALITY YOU WANT? HERE!
YOU HAVE CEREBUS' WARTS! YOU HAVE
CEREBUS' PAYEGGS FOR A SHEITL! YOU
HAVE CEREBUS' MORNING COAT! YOU
HAVE CEREBUS' (YOU SHOULD EXCISE THE FIRST
SYLLABLE) PORKPIE HAT!"

BUT...THEN...THAT IS THE DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN A FARBLOOSNER CEREBUS
AND A BALBATISHER FARRBI!

(AS CEREBUS
IS SURE YOU
WILL AGREE)

DESPAIR? LYING THERE? IN THE DARK? NIGHT AFTER NIGHT?
KNOWING? THAT IF THE THREE WISE FELLOWS WOULD JUST, UNTIE
CEREBUS? THAT TAKING CARE OF THE CIRINISTS WOULD BE...
WOULD BE... CHILD'S PLAY FOR CEREBUS' RABBI IDOLATRY?

DESPAIR? KNOWING? THAT THE MOMENT HE WAS UNTIED?
ALL OF HIS
AMAZING
RABBI
POWERS
AND
ABILITIES?

(WHICH HE
POSSESSED
NOW **ONLY**
IN HIS
DREAMS?)

WOULD BE
INSTANTLY
RESTORED
TO HIM!

HIS
RABBI
...

MOEBIUS
STRIP
BREATH?

HIS
RABBI...

ATTRACTO-
HEARING?

HIS RABBI...

SHHHT!

CHAWWABUNGILUM
TOENAILS?

BUT NO MATTER HOW FOOLPROOF
A PLAN CEREBUS PRESENTED TO
THE THREE WISE FELLOWS?

AND THEN? USING HIS
RABBI ACIDIC
EARWAX TO MELT
THE STEEL CABLE?
HOLDING THE ICEBERG
OVER THE CIRINISTS?

DEMON
SELF.

DEMON
SELF.

DEMON
SELF.

DESPAIR?

THEY DIDN'T EVEN
LET CEREBUS
FINISH
EXPLAINING
THAT ONE!

AND THEN! JUST LIKE THAT!
CEREBUS HAD IT! THE
FOOL-PROOF PLAN TO GET
THE THREE WISE FELLOWS
TO UNTIE CEREBUS! (SEE)....

ONE DAY (WHEN IT WAS KOSHIE'S
TURN TO RECITE THE BOOK OF RICK)
KOSHIE SUDDENLY DEVELOPED
A CASE OF THE HICCUPS!..... (SEE)....

WELL! FOR THE BETTER PART OF
THE MORNING MOSHIE AND LOSHIE
HAD LISTENED TO KOSHIE STRUGGLE
HIS WAY THROUGH THE FIRST
CHAPTER..... (SEE)....

...WHEN THEY REALIZED THAT THEY COULD GO OFF TO ONE
OF THE HUNTING LODGES WITH THEIR WIVES AND HAVE
A NICE FOUR-OR FIVE-DAY VACATION AND STILL MAKE IT
BACK BEFORE KOSHIE FINISHED HIS TOIN (-ER
TURN) -- WHICH (UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES) --

"MOANEEN" HIC
...WUZ...

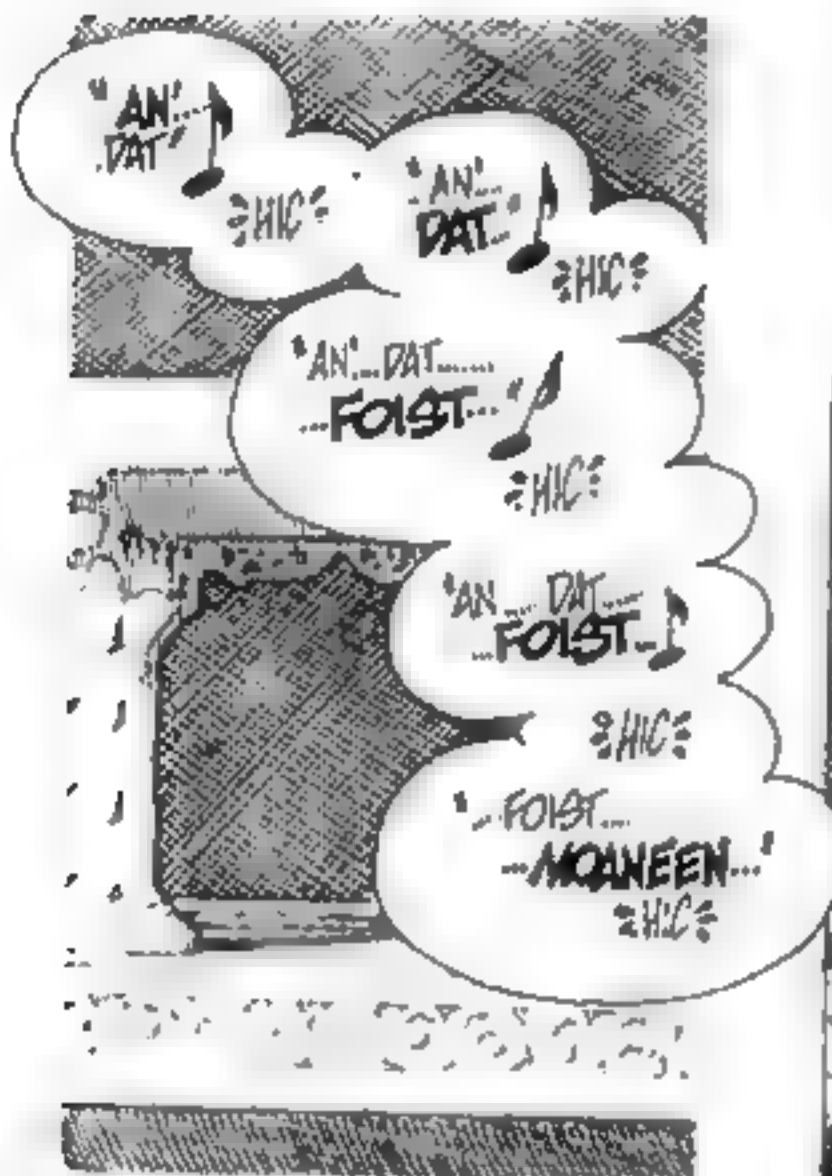
"MOANEEN-
WUZ"

HIC

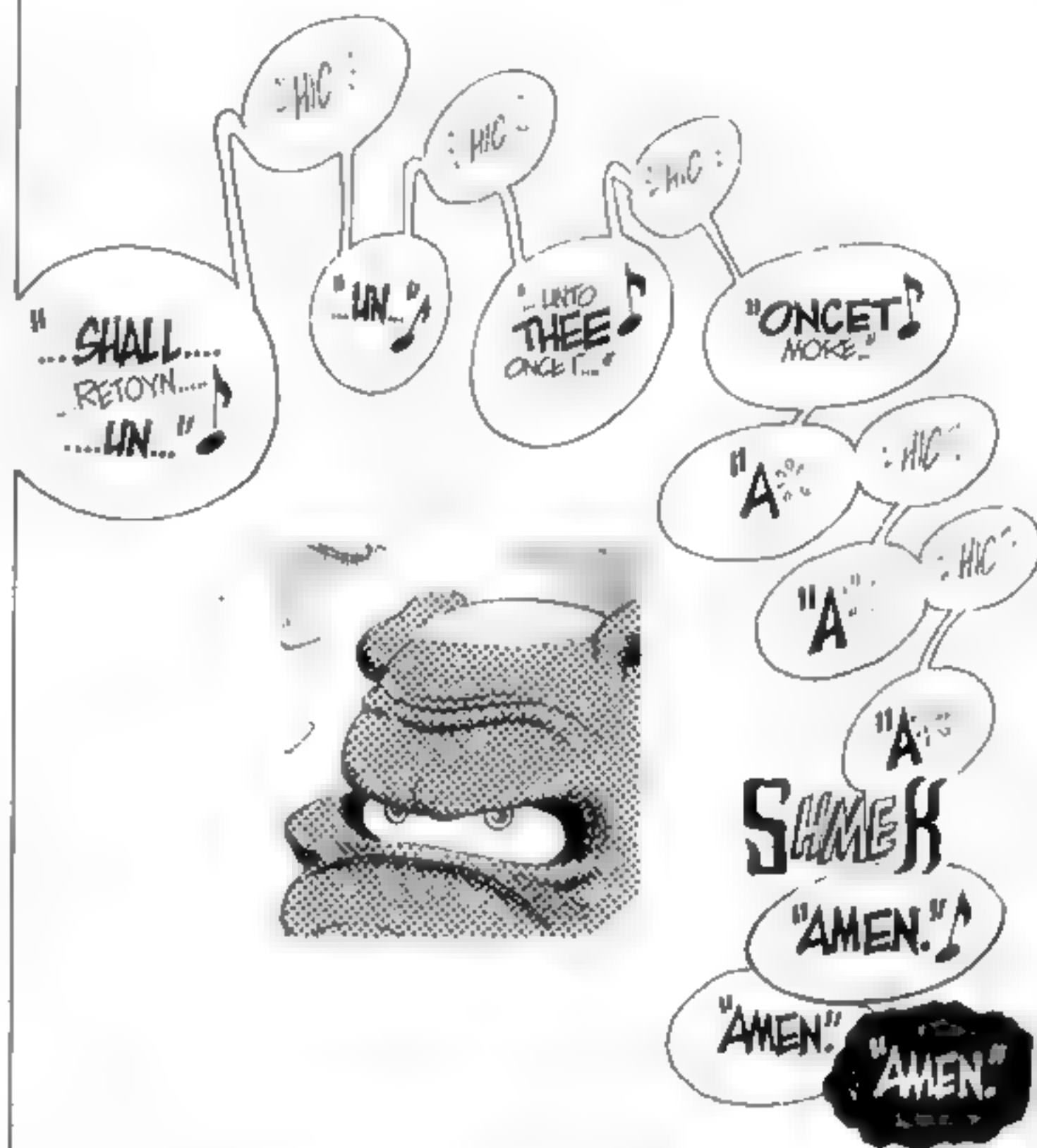
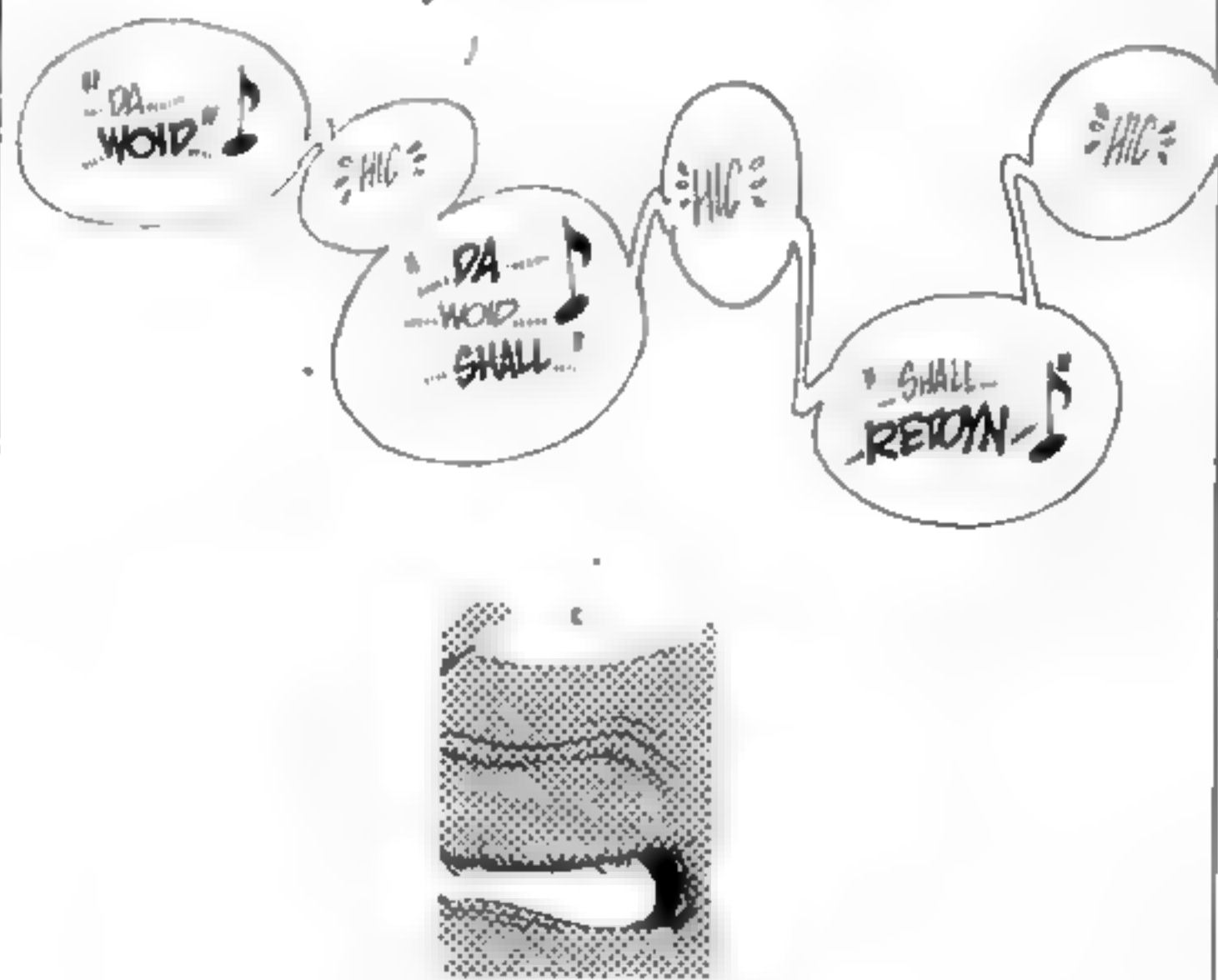
"MOANEEN-
WUZ"

..WAS A DARN GOOD PLAN!

(AND THEN -- SEEING
MOSHIE AND LOSHIE IN
THEIR HUNTING OUTFITS WAS
WHAT GAVE CEREBUS A DARN
GOOD PLAN OF
HIS OWN!)

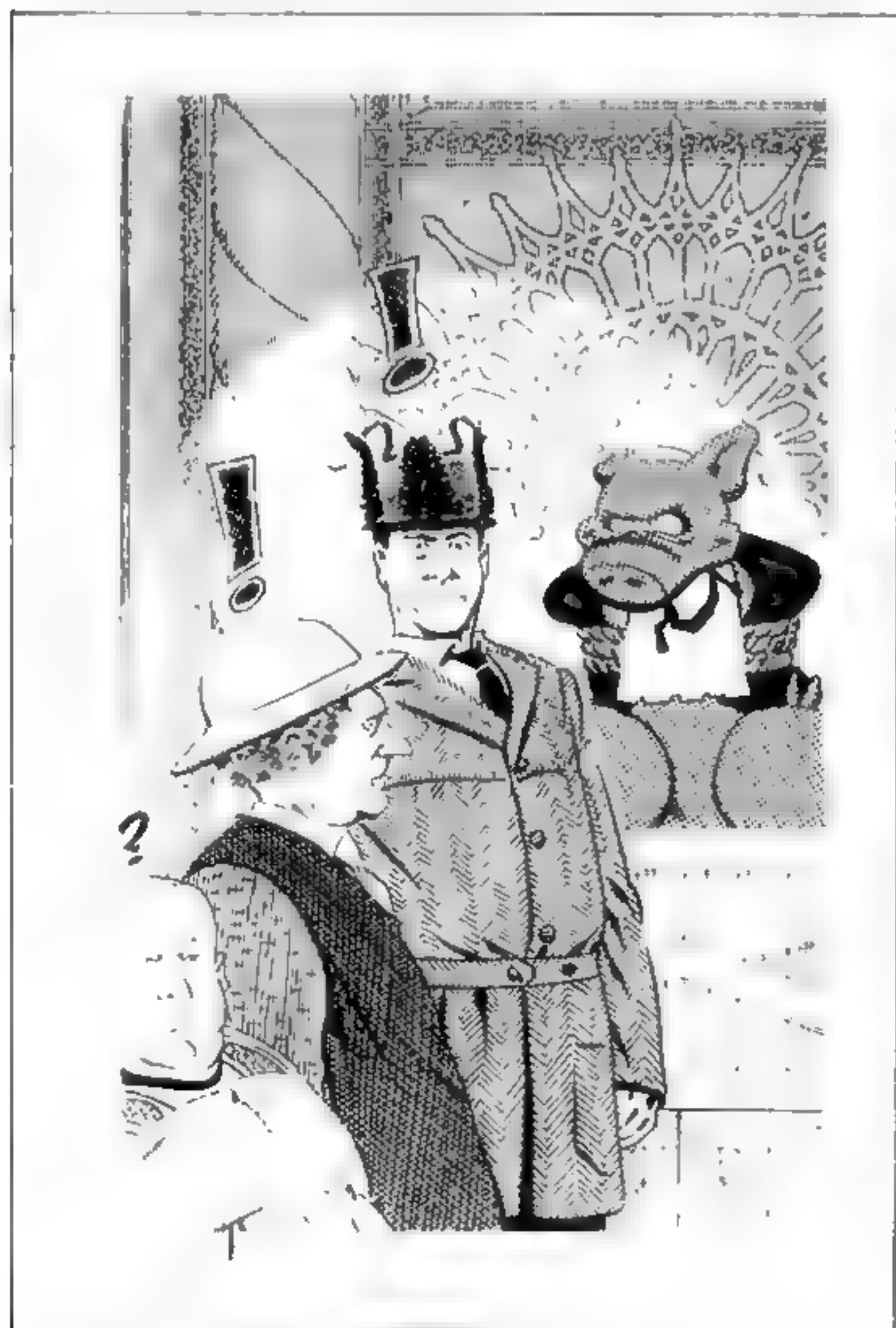
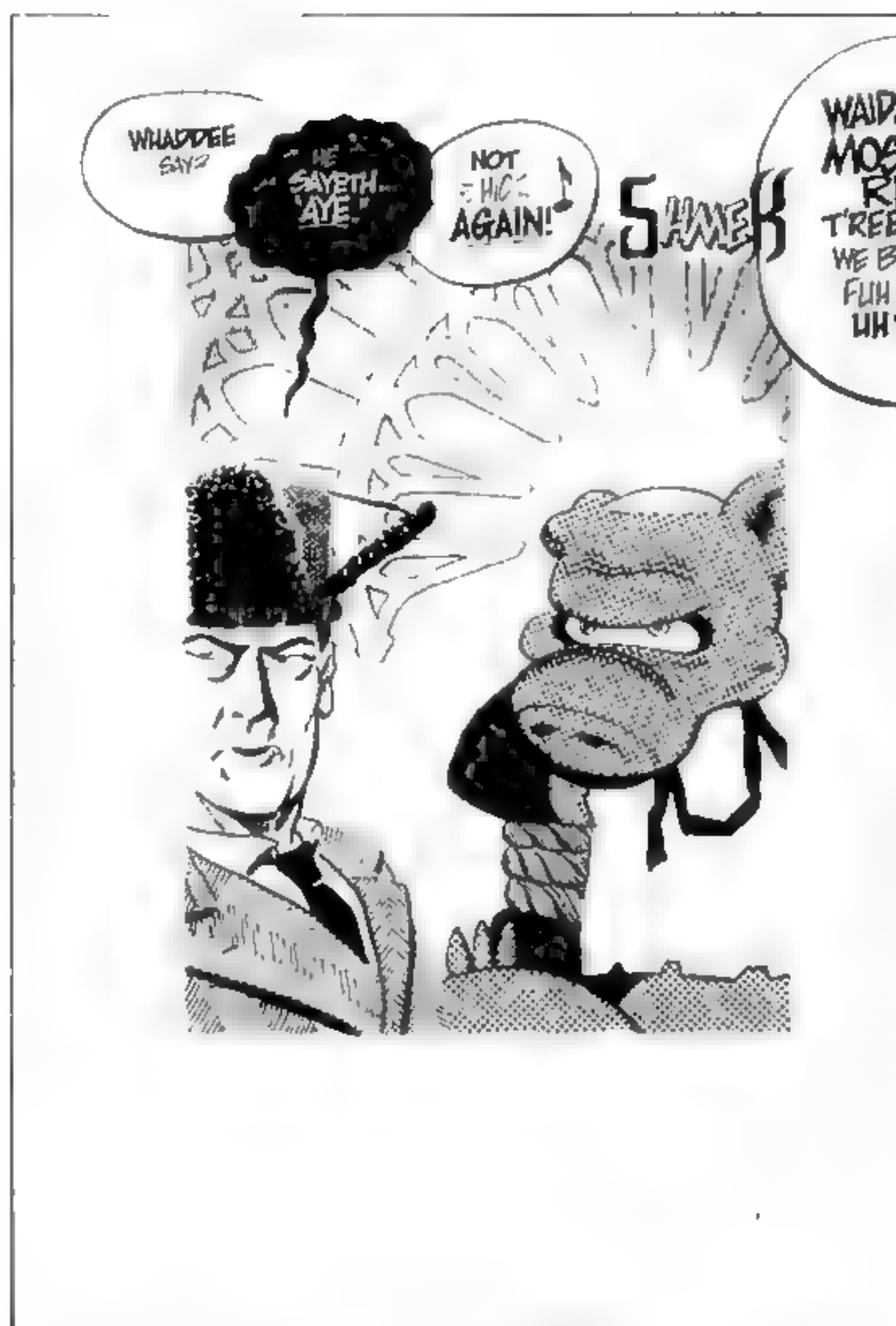


OR RATHER, THE GERM OF A DARN GOOD PLAN
-- WHICH CEREBUS HAD NEARLY FIVE DAYS...



...TO TURN INTO A FOOLPROOF PLAN.





CEREBUS QUICKLY OUTLINED HIS FOOLPROOF PLAN-- GET ALL OF CEREBUS' MARRIED FOLLOWERS TO CHECK INTO HUNTING LODGES AND HAVE ALL OF THEM SIMULTANEOUSLY DECIDE TO GO ON HUNTING TRIPS. HAVE THEM ASSEMBLE IN THE MIDDLE OF A BIG OPEN FIELD AT LEAST A HUNDRED YARDS FROM ANYTHING-- TREES, SHRUBS, ROCKS-- THAT COULD BE USED FOR "COVER"

SINCE IT'S AGAINST CIRINIST LAW FOR ANY GROUP TO CONSIST OF LESS-THAN- HALF WOMEN-- THAT WILL BRING THE CIRINIST ENFORCERS TO INVESTIGATE AND BREAK THINGS UP! ALL CEREBUS' FOLLOWERS HAVE TO DO IS STAY PUT AND SHOOT EVERY CIRINIST BEFORE SHE CAN GET WITHIN CROSSBOW RANGE!

"BUT" (LOSHIE WANTED TO KNOW), "WHAT HAPPENS IF THE CIRINISTS USE GUNS AGAINST US?"

"THAT" (SAID CEREBUS), "IS THE FOOLPROOF PART..."

SINCE EVEN THE BEST WOMAN SHOOTER IS BARELY GOING TO BE AS GOOD AS A BELOW AVERAGE MAN THERE'S NO WAY THE CIRINISTS CAN GET WITHIN RANGE WHERE THEY CAN HIT US WITHOUT FIRST GETTING SHOT THEMSELVES!

THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO PICK A SPOT WITH NO "COVER" WITHIN THE SHOOTING RANGE OF THE AVERAGE MAN

THE PLAINS OF SARAH!

THAT'S JUST WHAT MOSHER WAS THINKING PORCUPINE!

YOOZEEN GUNS! HIC AGAIN'S MUDDERS?

BUT HIC BUT HIC

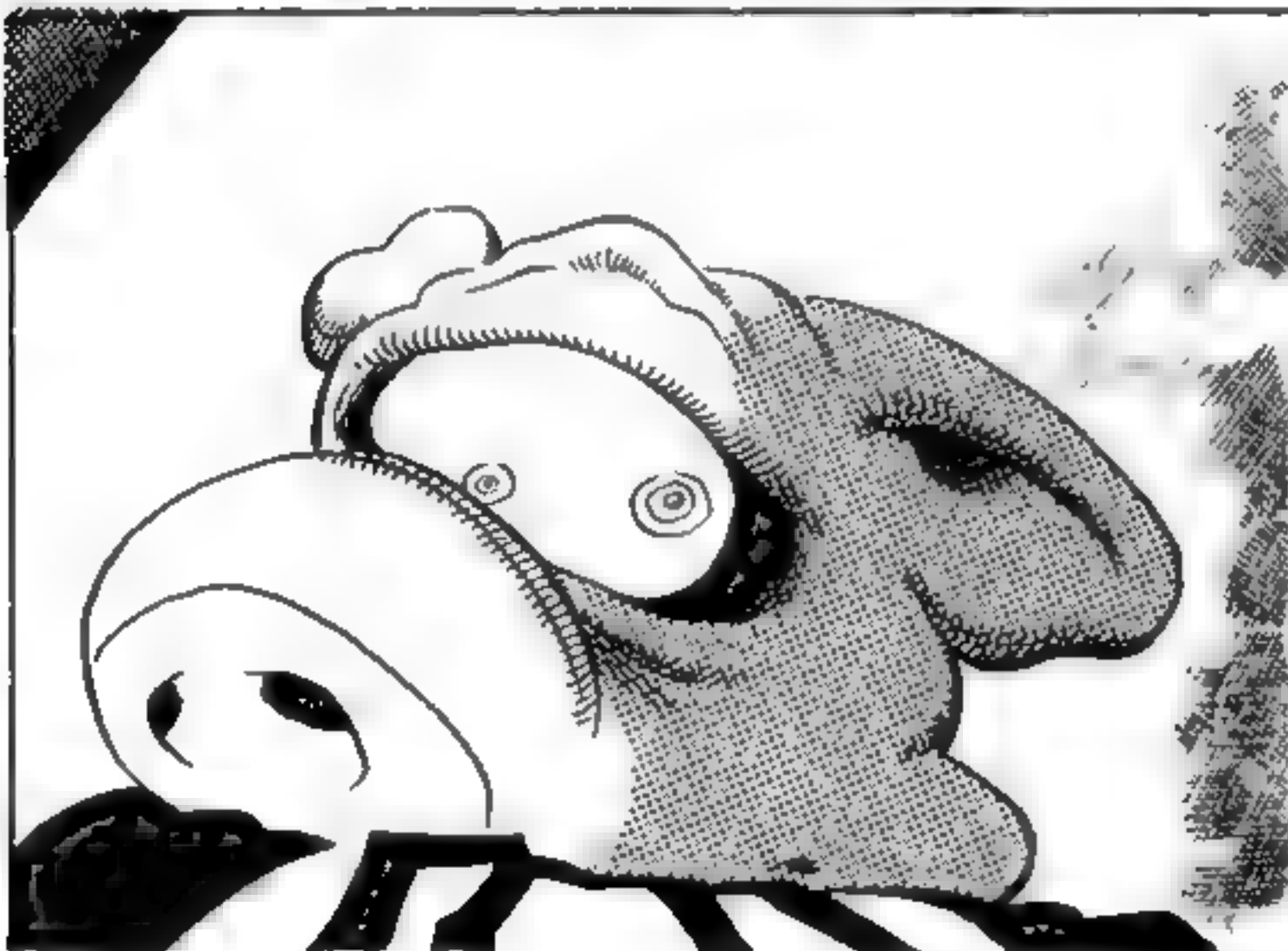
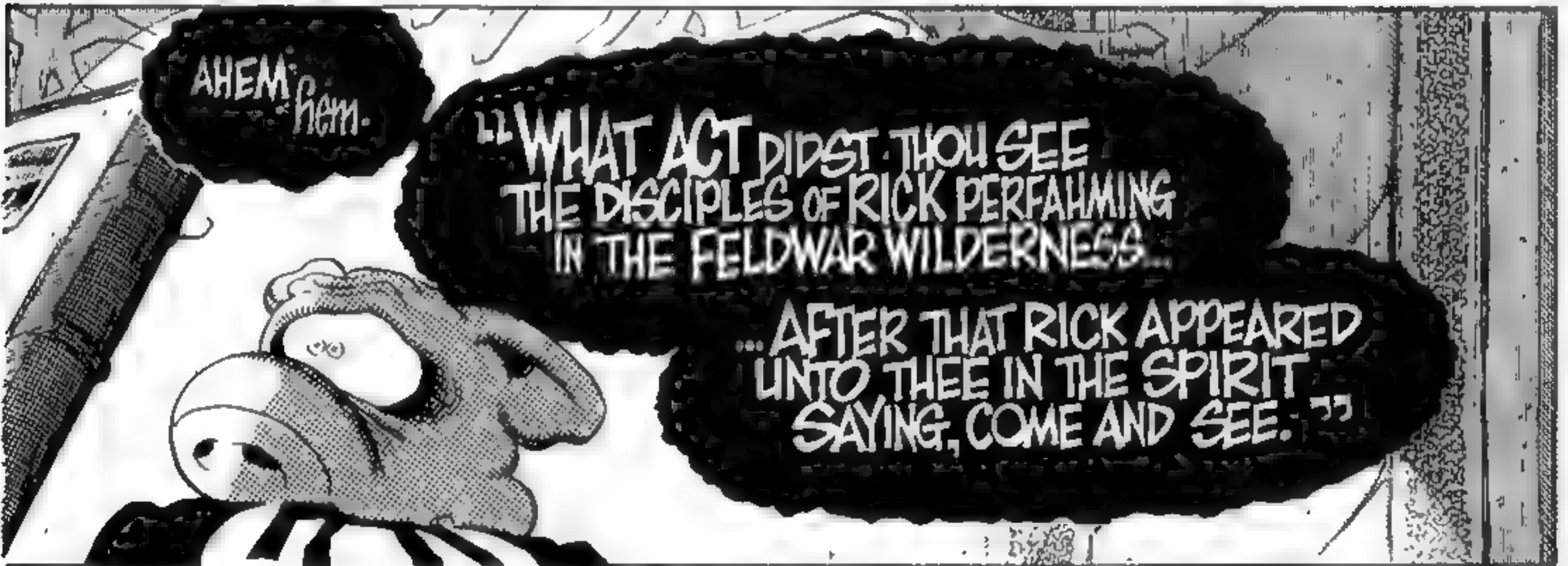
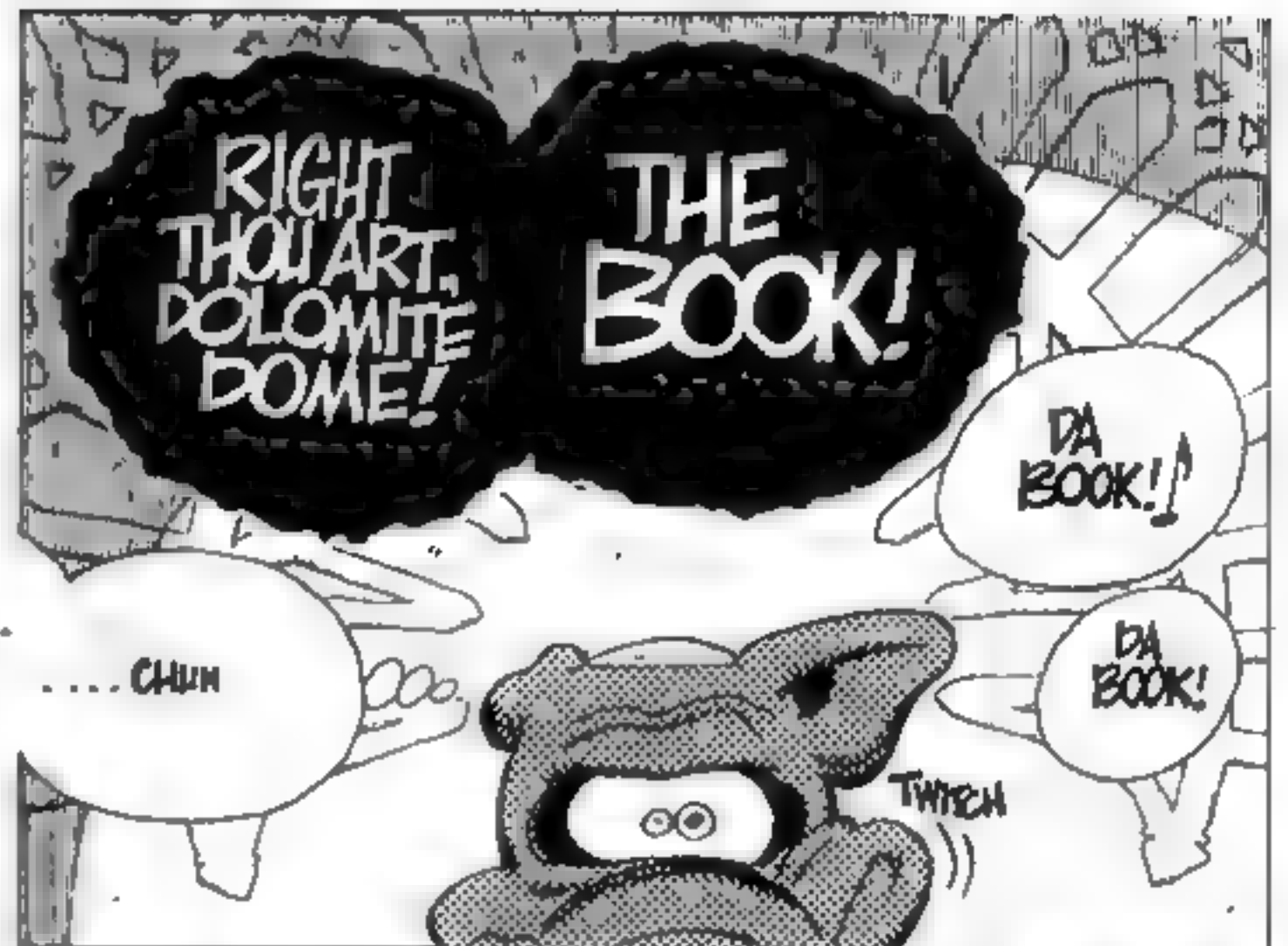
DAT'S DYBBUK HIC OLICAL!

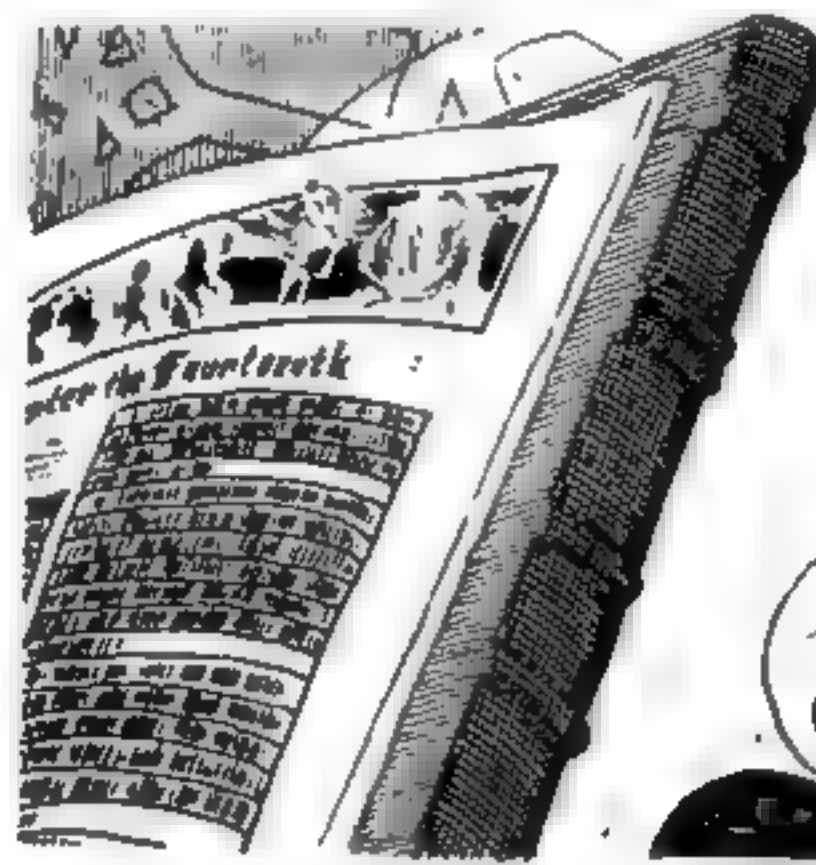
KOSHIE'S RIGHT. IT'S...IT'S A HOYNIOUS PLAN

WHY... IT--IT VOYGH ON THE MEPHISTOPHLEAN.









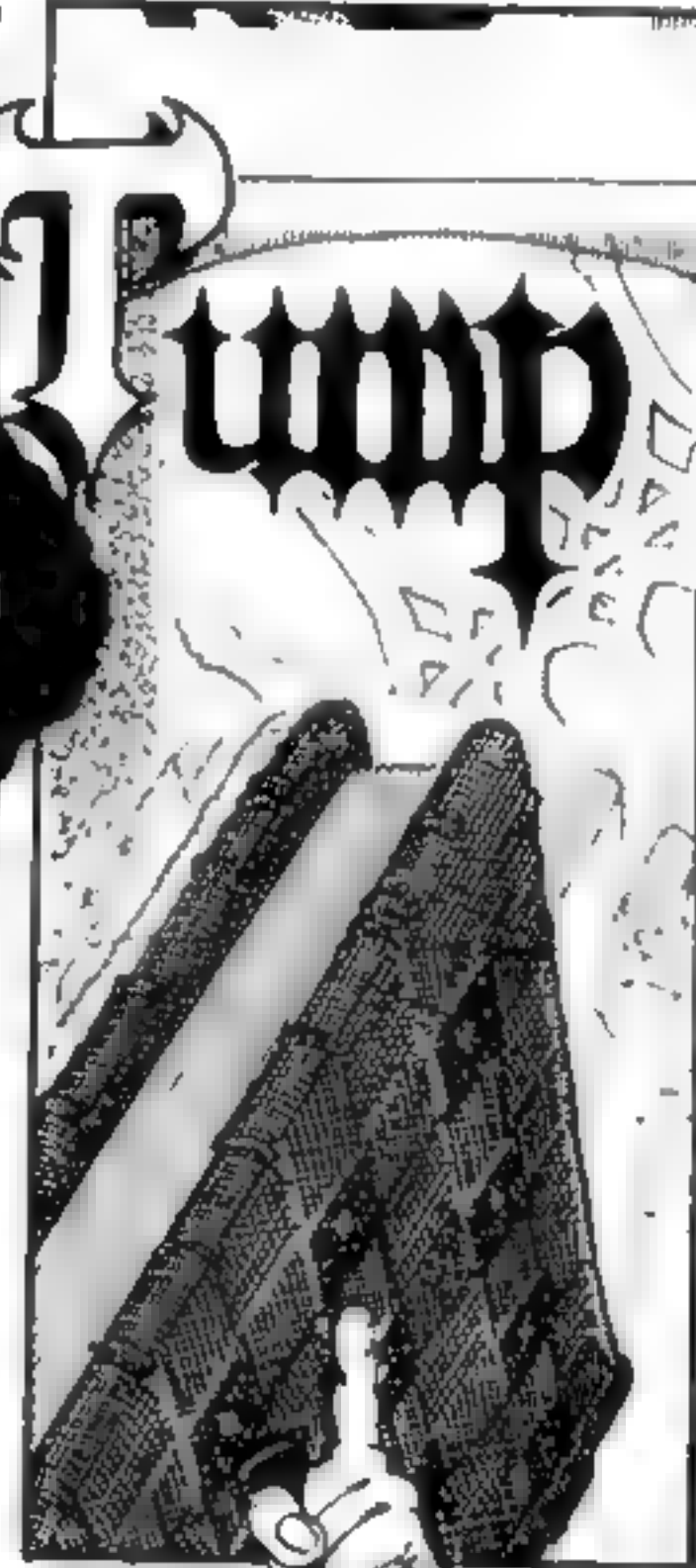
THEY WERE ...

DROWNING GUY62



VERILY!
THOU HAST
SPOKEN
THE WORD OF
TRUTH!

VERILY!
DHOU AHT
DA ONE TRUE
CEREBUS!



VERILY!
BIMBOS
ALA
MODEE,
HERE I COME!
NYUK NYUK
NYUK



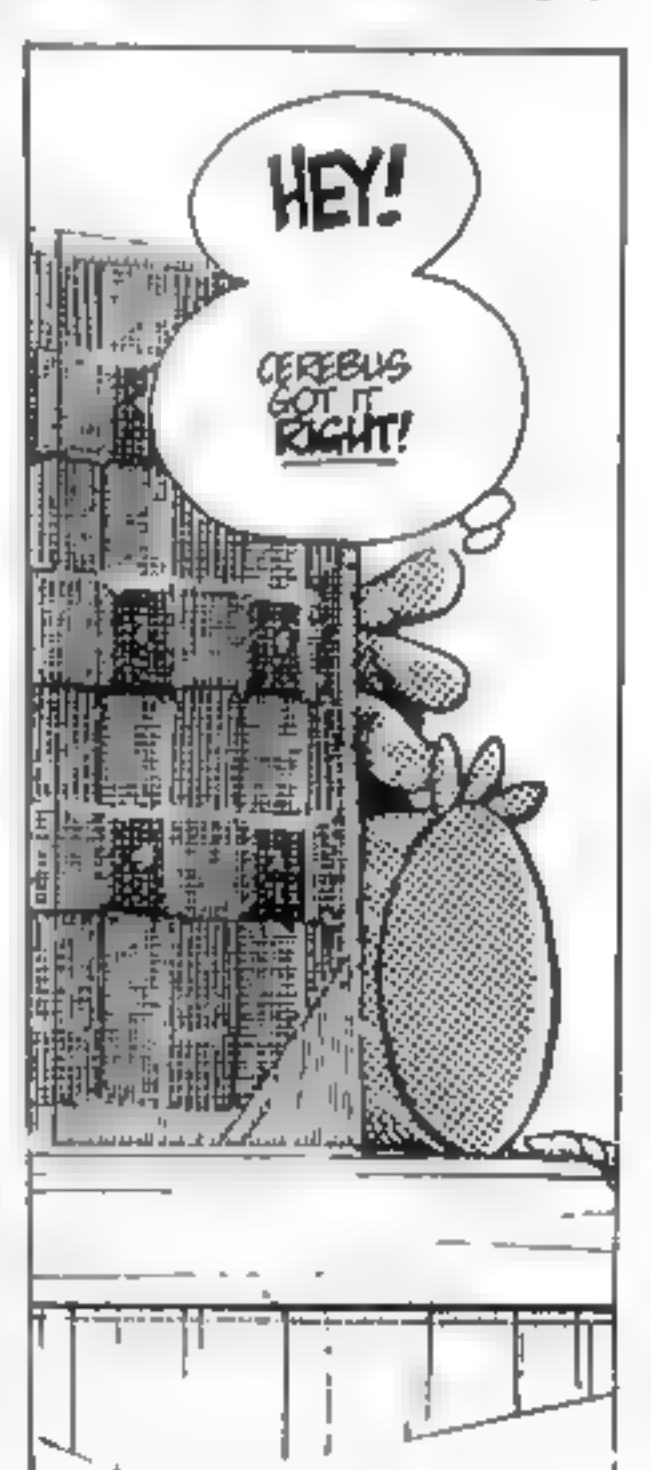
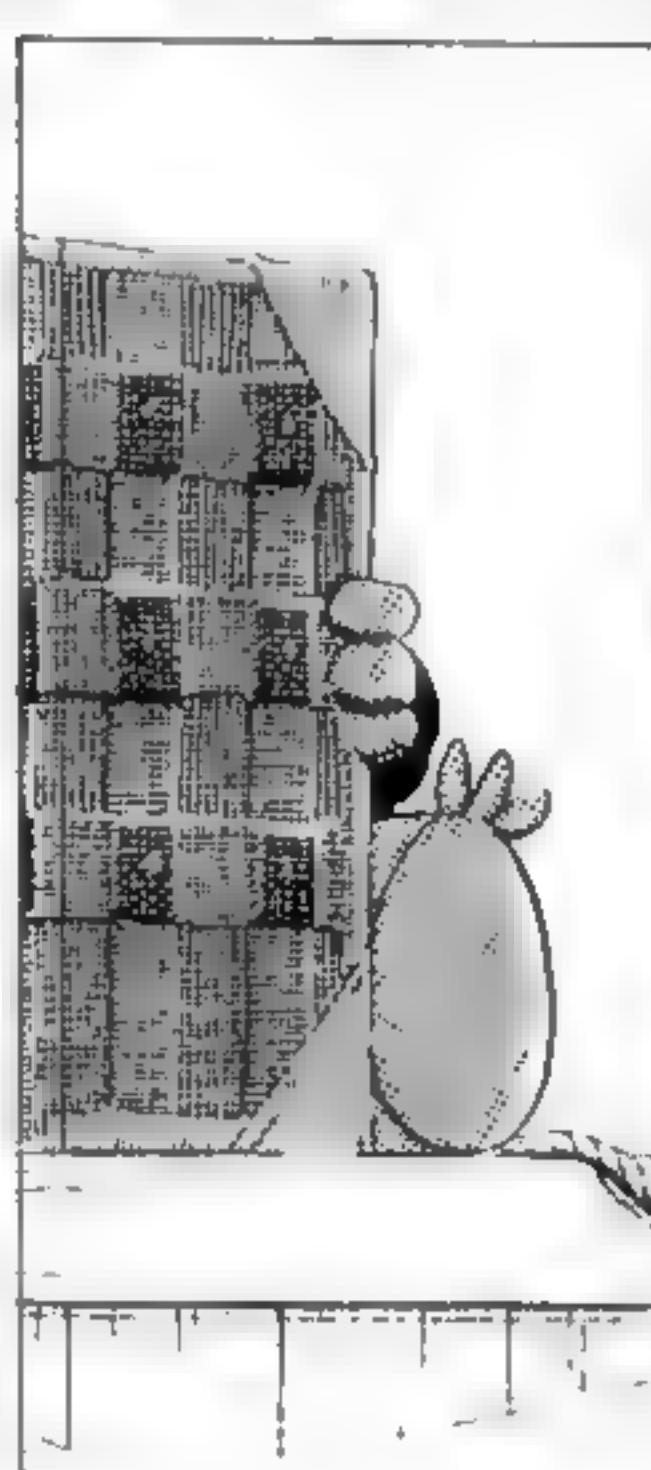
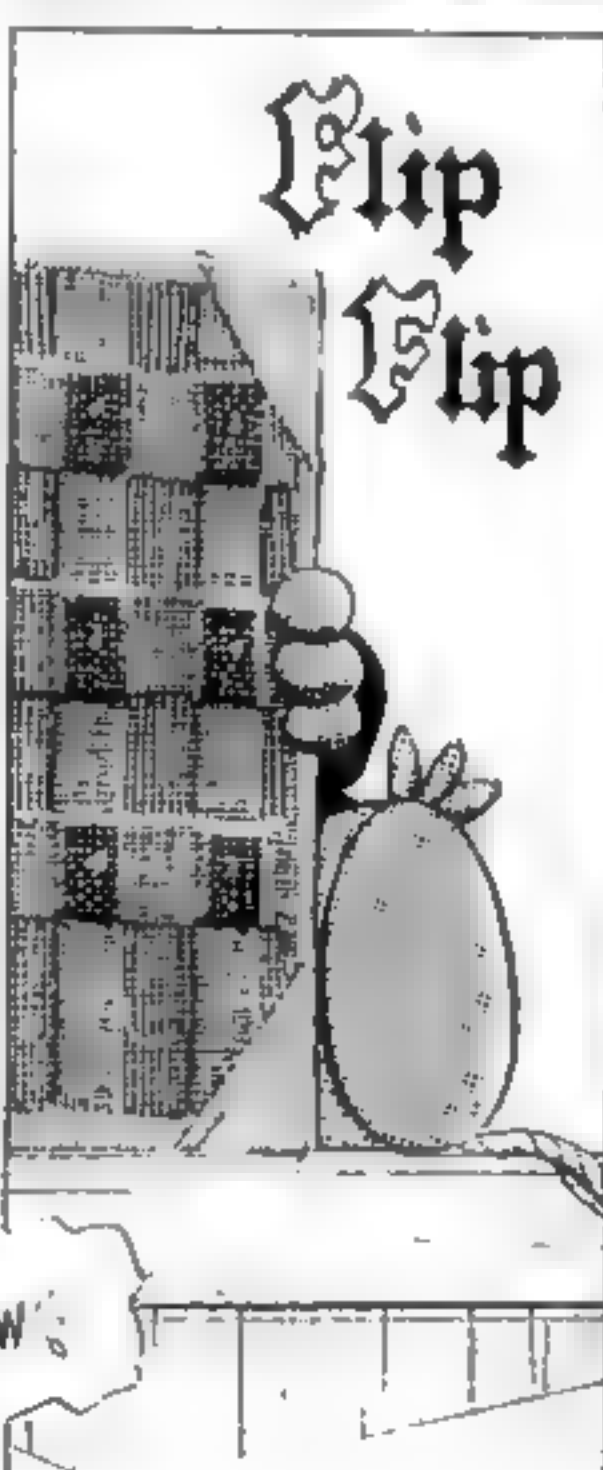
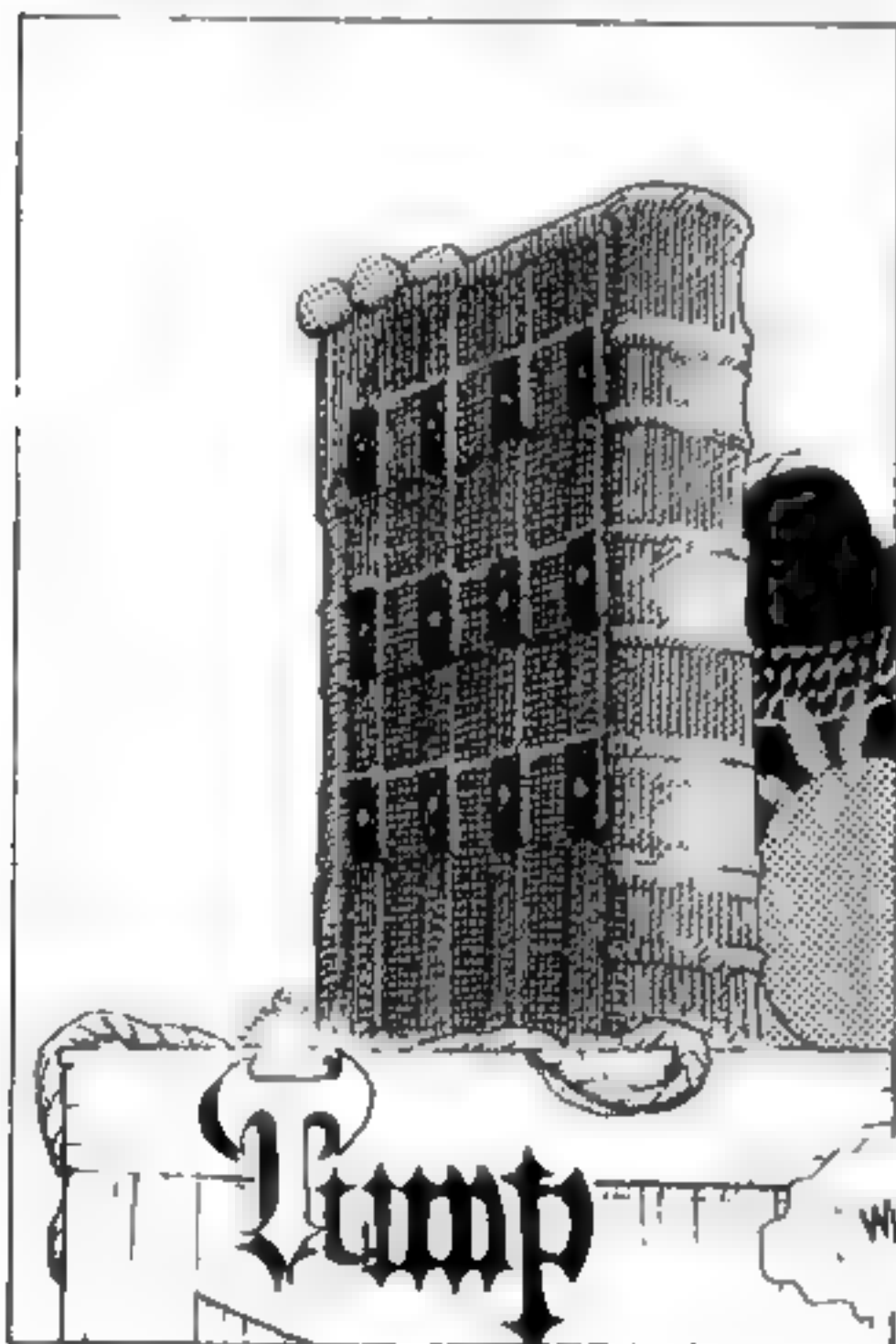
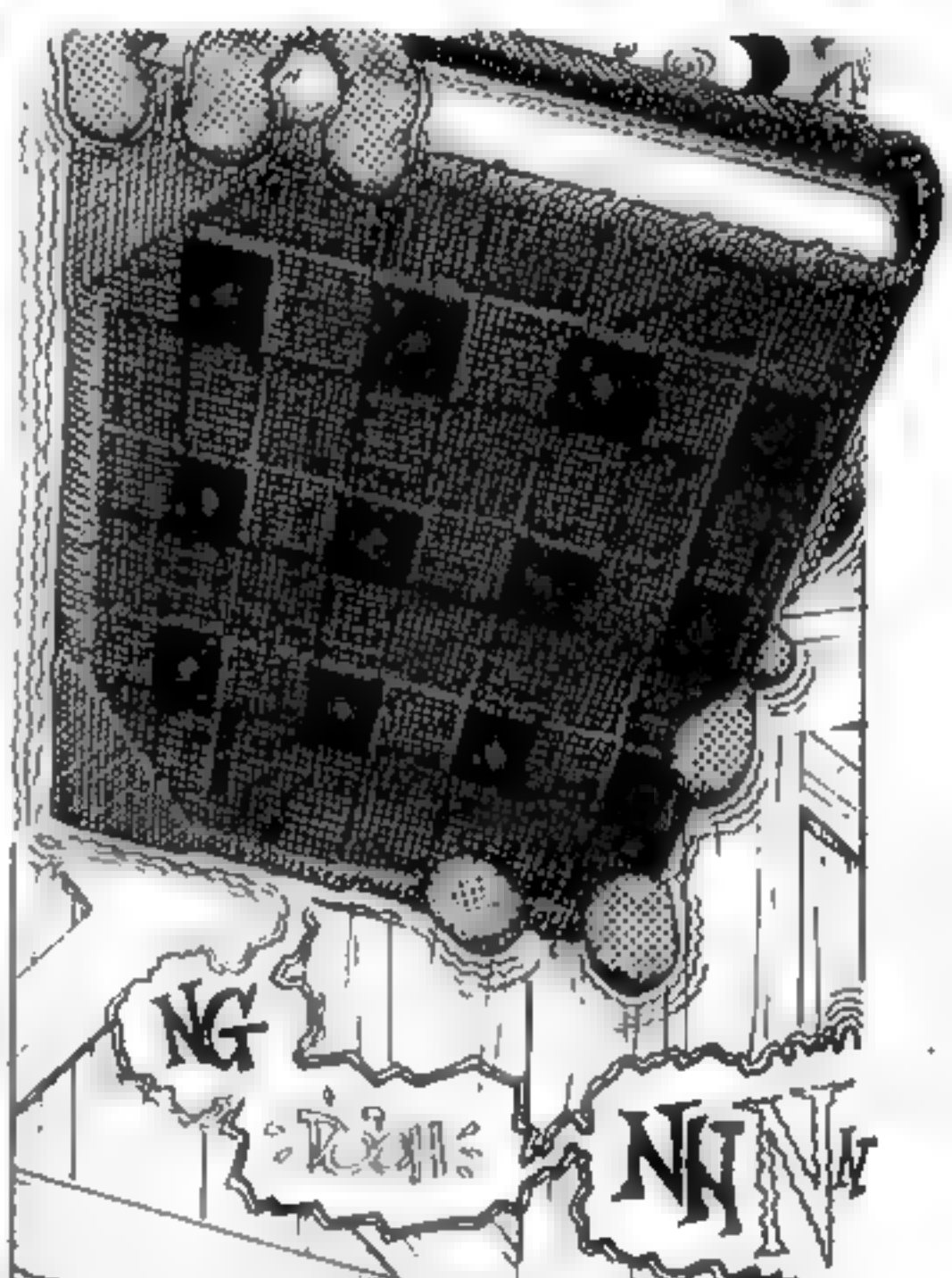
SAMEHOW!

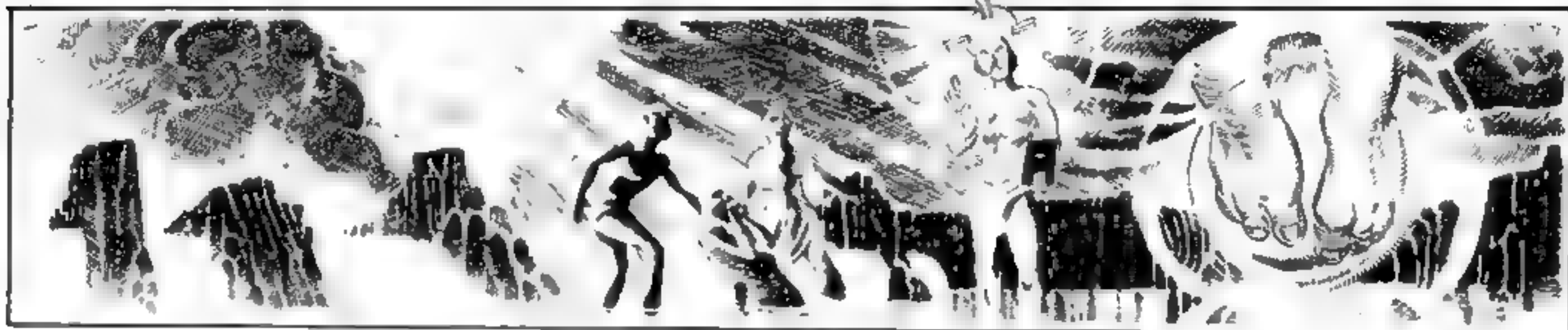
ITMIND!

**LISSEN,
YOUSE!**

**QUIT TRAIPS-
PASSEEN IN
MOY MIND!**







Chapter the Fourteenth

1. Ricke appears vnto Cerebus : 3 Ricke taketh up Cerebus : 4 The baptizing of the disciples : 5 The signe of the latter daies : 6 Cerebus returns to his place : 8 Inquiring of Cerebus : 11 The One True Cerebus



The Prophet Ricke fulfilling the promise hee had made in the sanctuarie appeared vnto Cerebus in the spirit speaking vnto

Cerebus and saying:

2. The waters abound with the new and faithful but as yet the fishers are few. Come and see.

3. Then Ricke taketh up Cerebus in the spirit and setteth him upon the waters and, lo

4. Cerebus beheld Ricke in the Feldwar wilderness baptizing disciples in the Name of the One God (howsoever Ricke himselfe baptized not but his disciples:)

5. And Cerebus marueiled and perceiued not what hee saw (that it might be a signe in the latter daies vnto him).

6. And Cerebus returned vnto his place after hauing bene shown that baptism which Rick's disciples perfourmed in the Feldwar wilderness.

7. And this shalbe the signe in the latter daies: that thou Wise Fellowes shalt conceal from Cerebus this final chapter in this booke.

8. And when it seemeth vnto thee, thou Wise Fellowes, that Cerebus hath spoken vnto thee that worde of truth which shalbe to all men and in the which all men shall be commaunded then shalt thou inquire of Cerebus speaking vnto him and saying:

9. What acte didst thou see the disciples of Ricke perfourming in the Feldwar wilderness after that Ricke appeared vnto thee in the spirit saying Come and see. And if Cerebus doth answer vnto thee

10. Drowning guys.

11. Then of a surety is hee the One True Cerebus and of a surety is his worde the worde of truth. Unbind him and follow him in all that hee commaundeth thee that thy daies may bee long vpon the earth and that all might bee fulfilled which hath been spoken of in this booke by the Prophet Ricke. Amen.





AT THE TIME, THE FACT THAT CEREBUS
HAD GOTTEN THE "DROWNING GUNS"
ANSWER RIGHT HAD SEEMED MUCH
LESS IMPORTANT

THAN
CEREBUS'
CERTAINTY
THAT...

(NOW THAT HE WAS
FREE AGAIN)

...
ALL OF HIS
RABBI
POWERS HAD
BEEN RESTORED
TO HIM:

HIS **RABBI** LOGARITHM
AND ANTILOGARITHM
VISION!

HIS **RABBI**
HERNIOPLASTY
TOUCH!

HIS **RABBI**
MEGALOCEPHALIC
EXPANDO-CRANIUM!

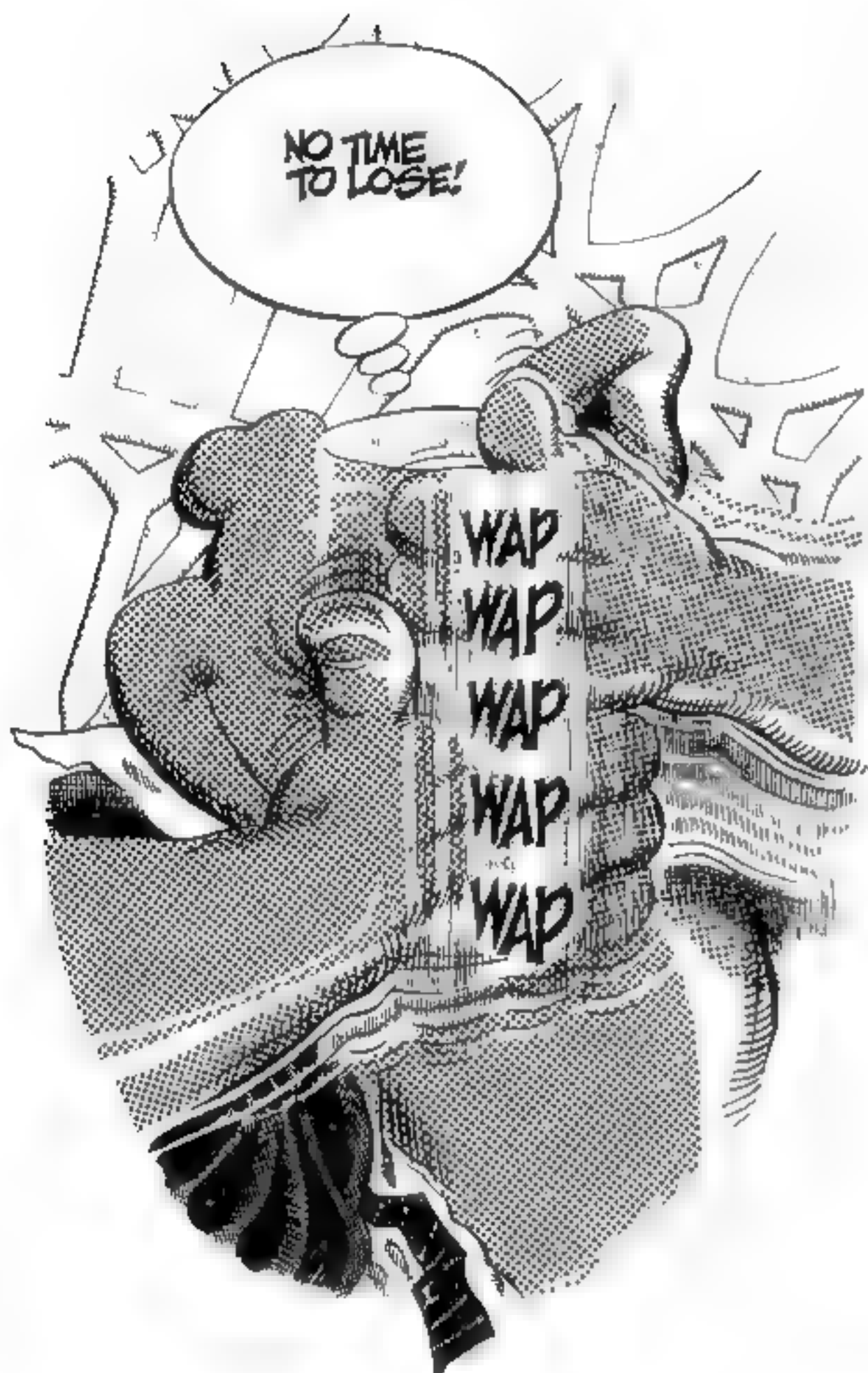
HIS **RABBI**
LEVOROTATORY AND
DEXTROROTATORY
BREATH!

HIS **RABBI**

WELL...

YOU
GET THE
IDEA.





SEE. THE WORD OF TRUTH HADN'T BEEN THE WORD OF TRUTH AT ALL! SEE. THE WAY CEREBUS FIGURED IT, IT HAD BEEN SO LONG SINCE THE LAST WAR THERE PROBABLY WASN'T

ANYONE LEFT ALIVE (BESIDES CEREBUS) WHO KNEW BUPKES OR (EVEN) MAKES FROM MILITARY STRATEGY

(SEE. IF YOU JUST STICK A FEW HUNDRED GUYS OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF A FIELD ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SURROUND THEM WITH SUPERIOR NUMBERS) (WHICH THE CIRINISTS HAD) (AND STARVE THEM OUT BY CUTTING THEIR SUPPLY LINES...) ...OF COURSE KNOWING THE CIRINISTS

IT WAS FAR MORE LIKELY THAT THEY WOULD JUST SEND TWO OR THREE (OR SIX OR EIGHT OR TWELVE) DIVISIONS ACROSS THE FIELD-- SACRIFICE A FEW THOUSAND CIRINISTS TO KILL A FEW HUNDRED GUYS -- LEAVE ALL THE CORPSES RIGHT WHERE THEY FELL TO ROT CLEAN DOWN TO THEIR SKELETONS -- WAIT UNTIL THE BONES WERE BLEACHED WHITE BY THE SUN-- BUILD A PARK AROUND THEM-- AND TURN IT INTO A TOURIST ATTRACTION

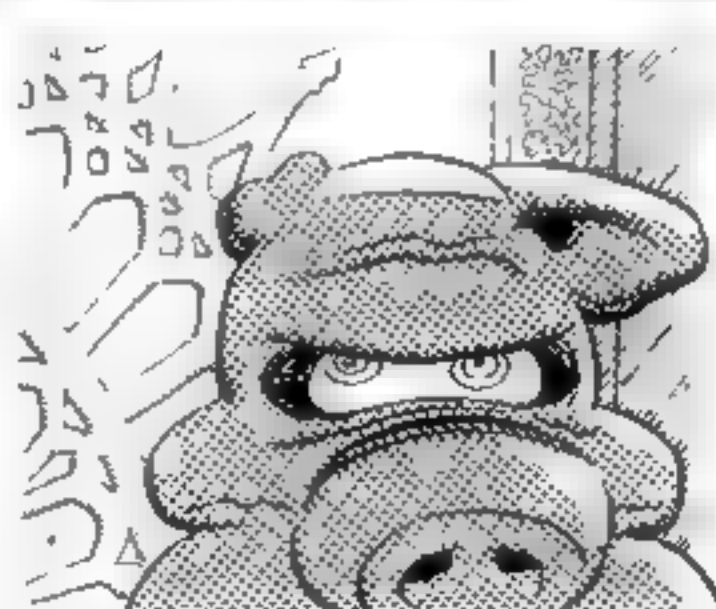
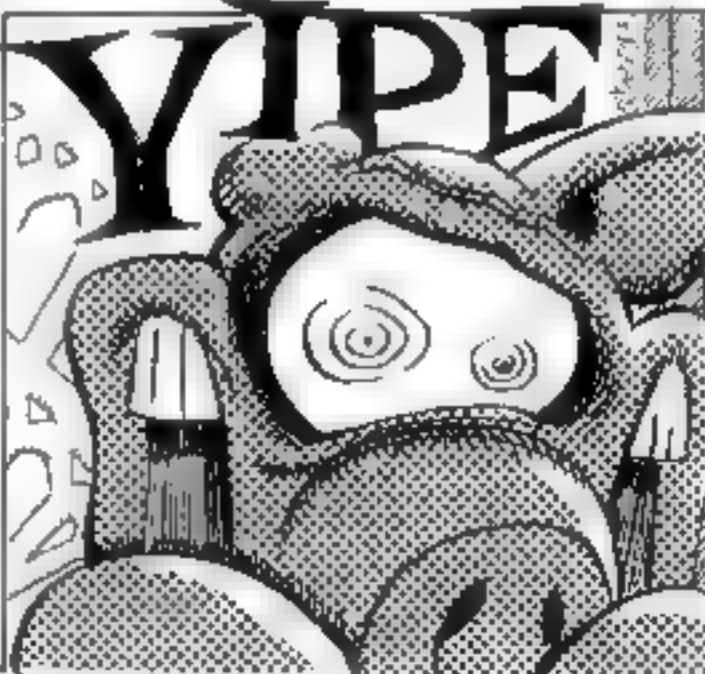
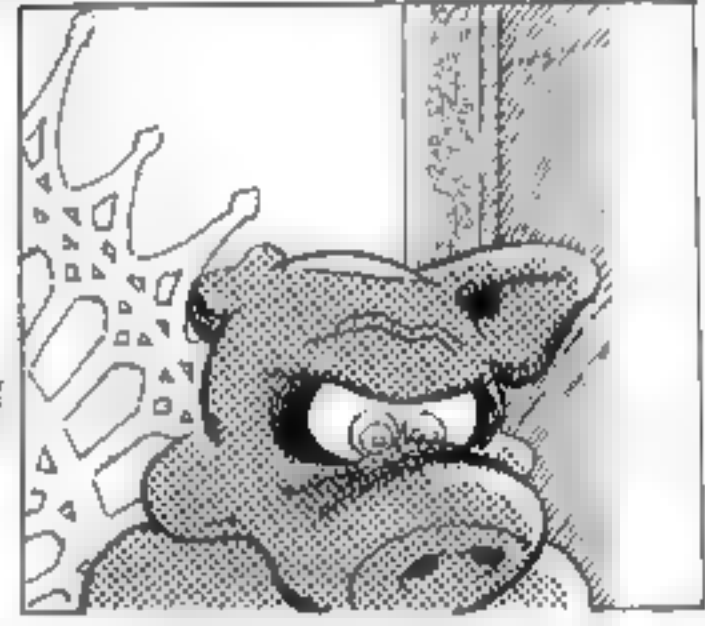
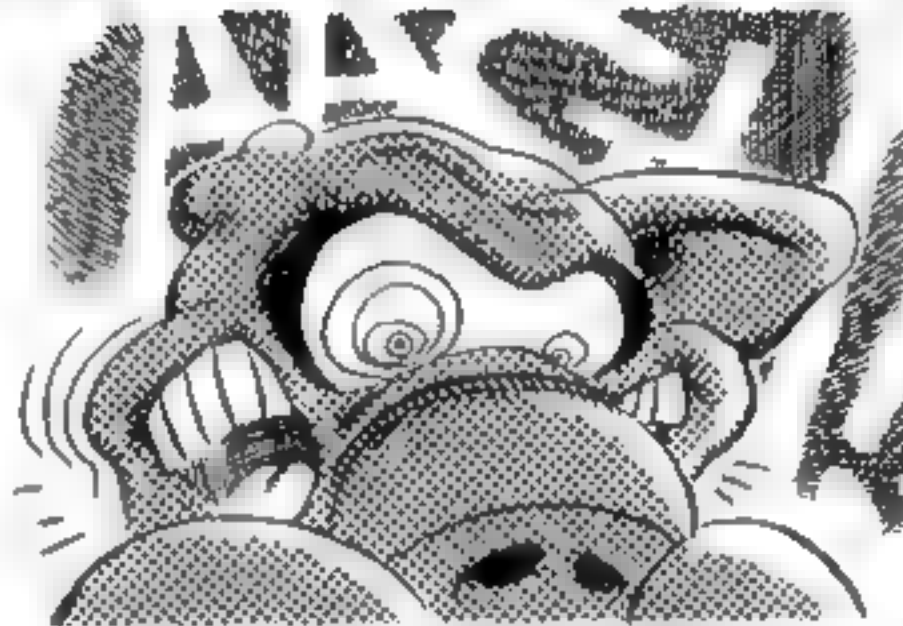
JUST TO (YOU KNOW) MAKE A POINT

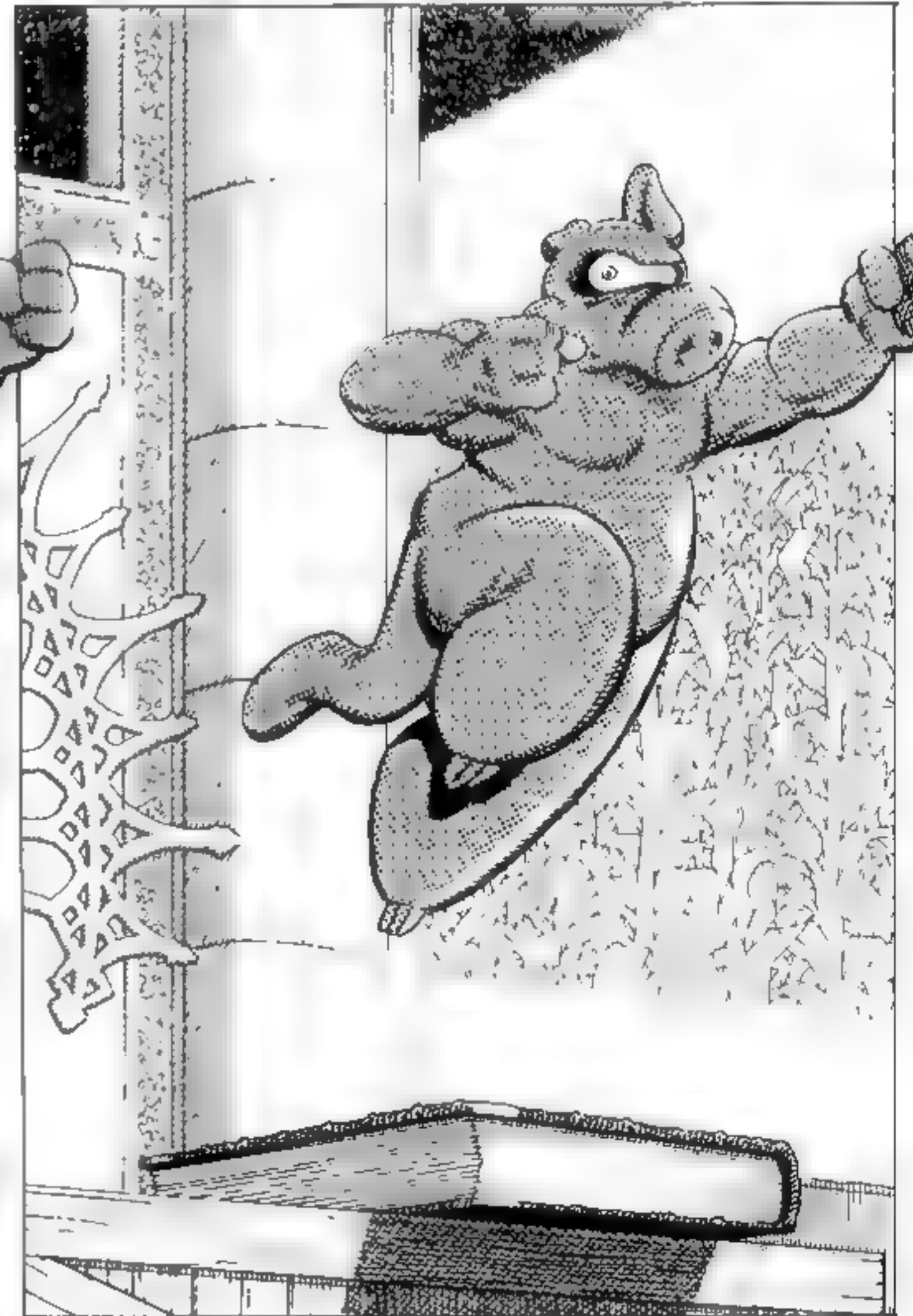


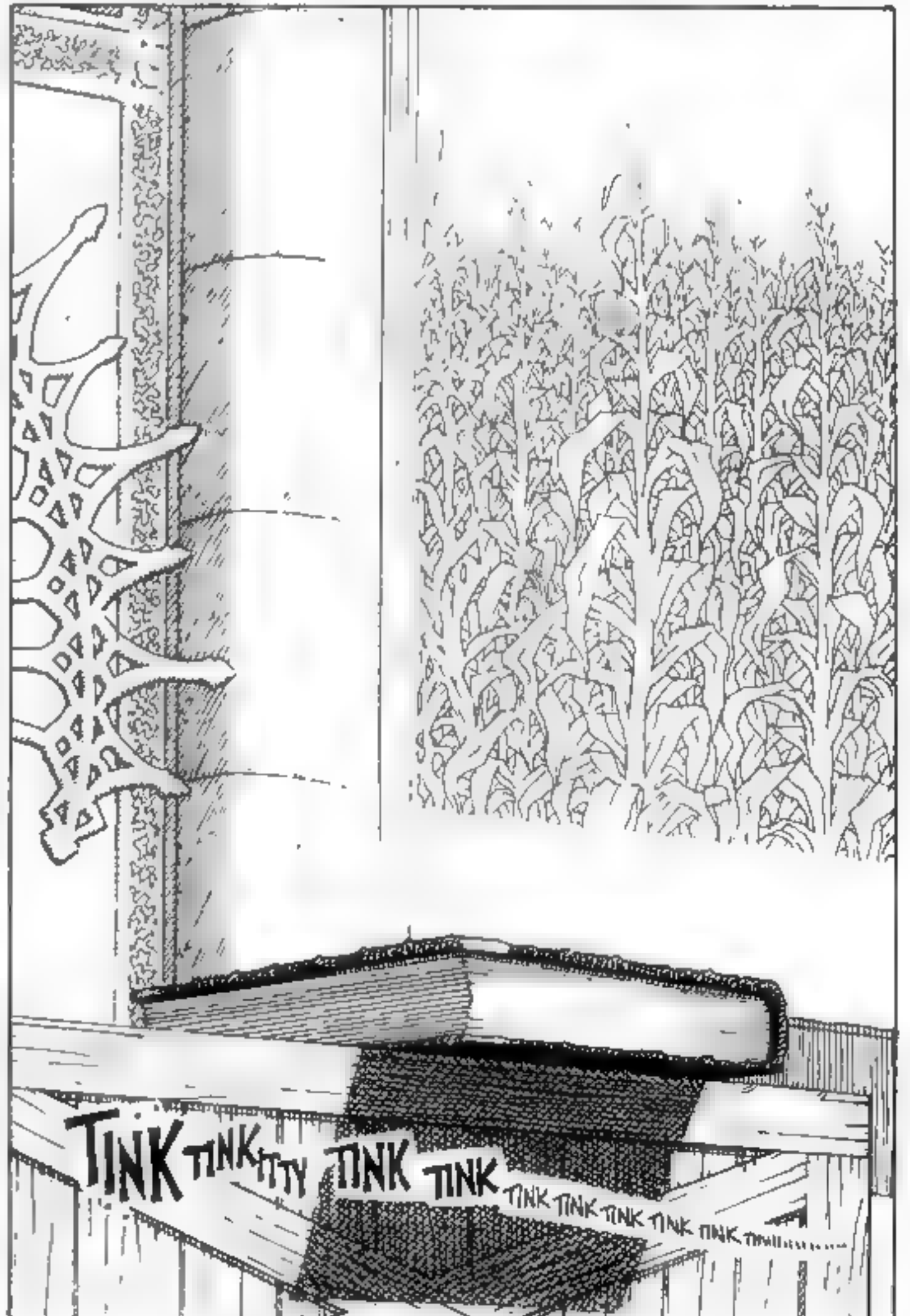
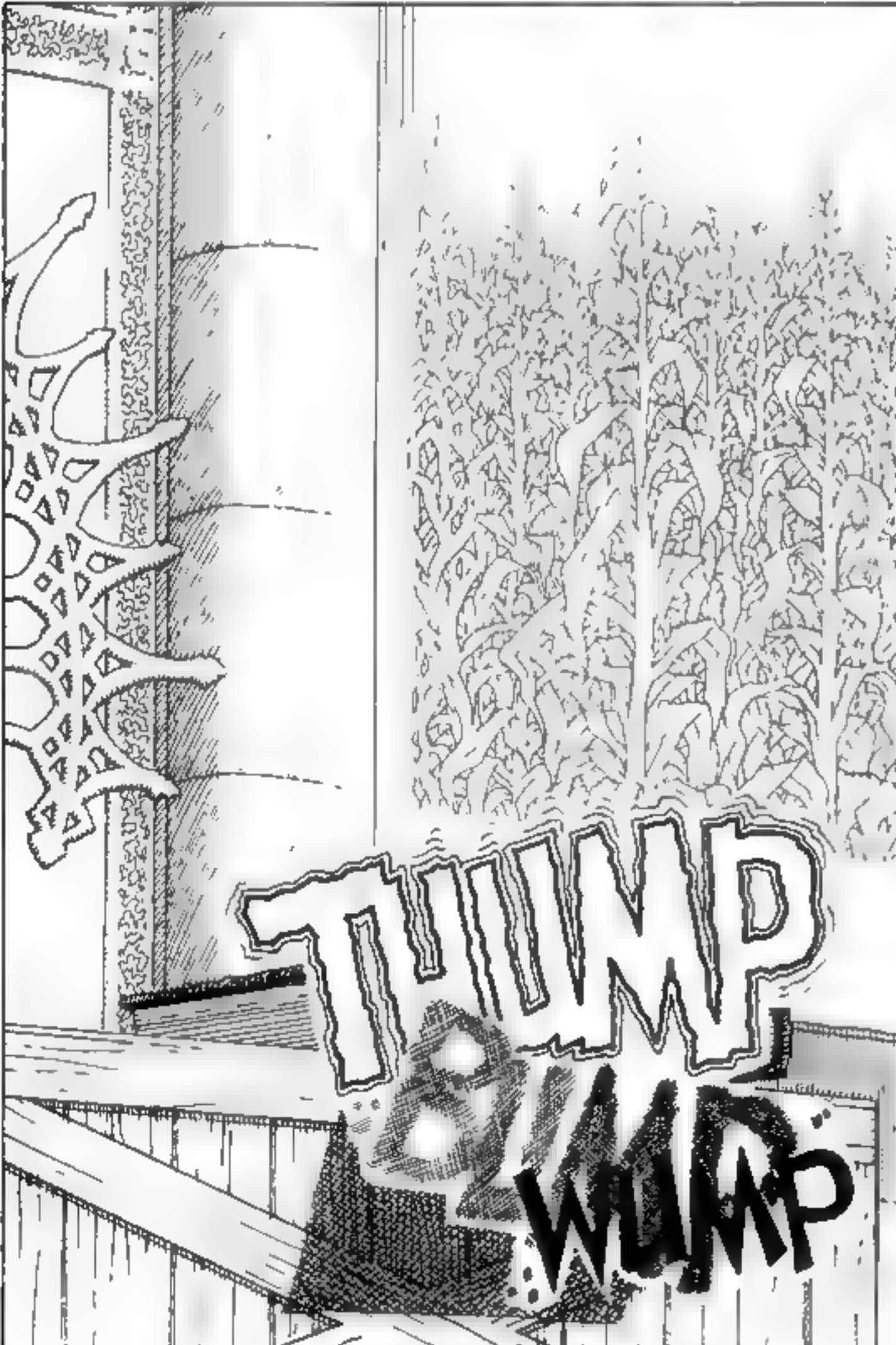
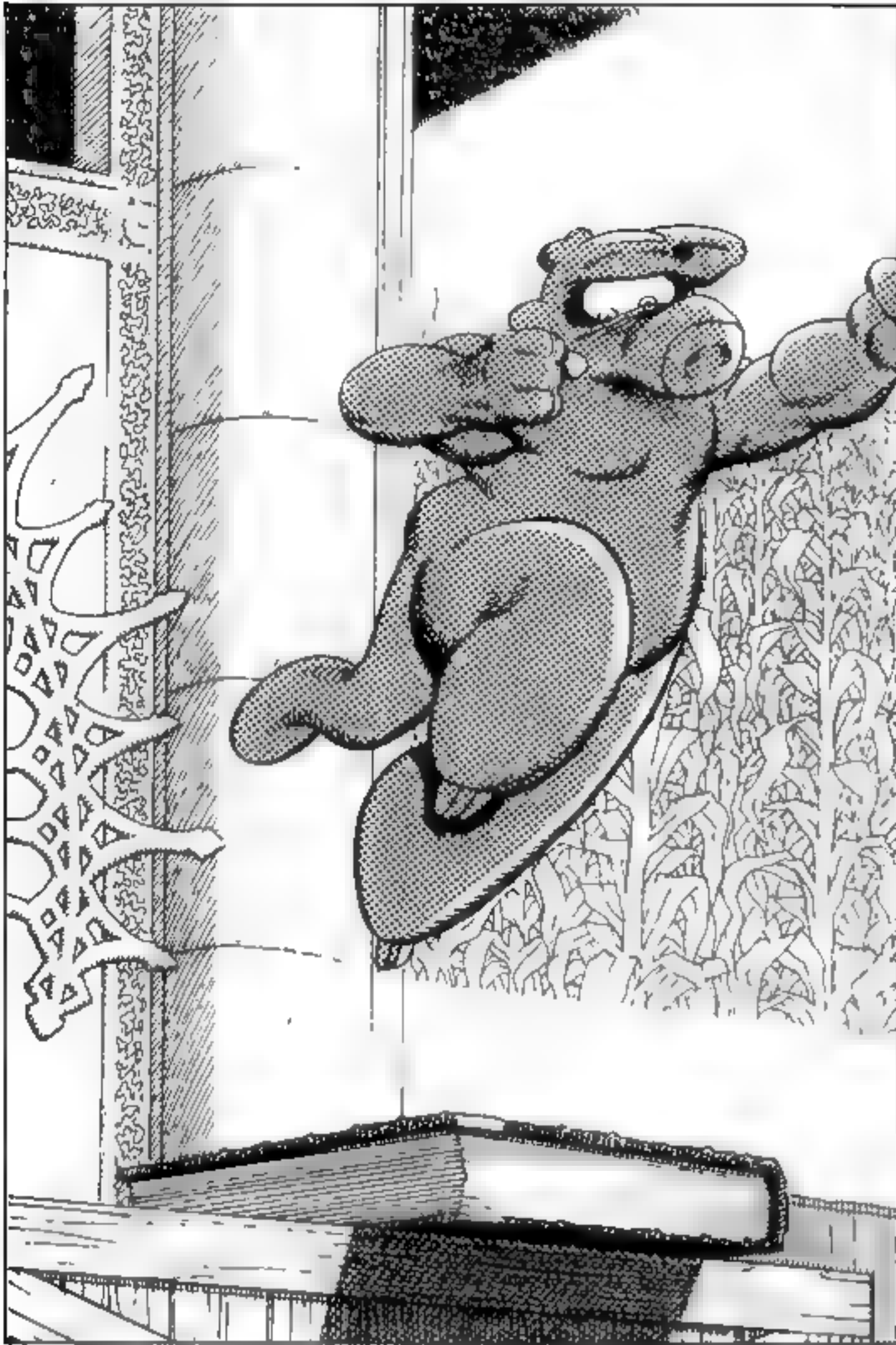
OF COURSE (CHUCKLE)
(AS CEREBUS SAW IT) NONE OF
THAT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN NOW
THAT CEREBUS HAD ALL HIS

RABBI

POWERS BACK; HIS FOLLOWERS
WOULD MERELY SERVE AS BAIT--
DRAWING THE CIRINIST LEGIONS
TO THEM... WHILE CEREBUS
(IN TWO SHAKES OF A LAME'S
TAIL) WOULD FLY WAY, WAY, WAY
UP NORTH TO PICK UP A COUPLE
OF GOOD-SIZED GLACIERS
WITH WHICH TO (CHUCKLE)
SURPRISE HOWEVER-MANY-
THOUSANDS OF CIRINISTS
(FOOLISHLY) DECIDED TO
ASSEMBLE ON THE
PLAINS OF SARAH!







LATER, RECONSTRUCTING
WHAT HAD HAPPENED,
CEREBUS FIGURED OUT:
THAT HE HAD LANDED ON
THE BAR...

...TWICE...

...WHERE
HE HAD
BOUNCED
...ONCE...

"THEN LANDED
ON ONE OF THE
"STOOLS OF THE
BAR... UPON
CEREBUS' RIGHT
HAND" (RICK 3:24)

SNAPPING
ITS
LEGS AND
DROPPING
CEREBUS

HEAD-FIRST
ONTO THE
CONCRETE STEPS
LEADING DOWN
INTO THE
CRYPT

WHERE
(HAVING
NO
IDEA HOW
MUCH TIME
HAD PASSED)

CEREBUS (SUDDENLY)
"CAME TO..."
AND --
LEAPING TO HIS FEET
-- HE DISCOVERED

EEEEEEEE
EYOW!

THAT HIS LEFT LEG WAS BROKEN!
...WHICH LED TO THE IMMEDIATE (HOWSOEVER
UNCONSCIOUS) DECISION TO

WUMP.

FASS OUT
AGAIN!

AGAIN
(HAVING NO
IDEA HOW MUCH
TIME HAD
PASSED)...

...CEREBUS ^WCAME
TOTH WHEN THE FULL
MOON WENT BY
ONE OF THE
UPPER
WINDOWS...

...SMACKING
CEREBUS...

SMS?

...RIGHT
IN THE
EYE.

THIS TIME, CEREBUS
GOT TO HIS FEET (OR
RATHER -- TO HIS FOOT)

HIP

CAREFULLY.

AND STARTED
MAKING HIS
WAY...

...CAREFULLY...

HOP

UPTH THE
CRYPT
STEPS.

HIP

TRYING NOT TO THINK
ABOUT THE FACT THAT
(AT THAT VERY MOMENT)
THE CIRINISTS WERE PROBABLY
TORTURING KOSHIE,
LOSHIE AND MOSHIE...

HOP

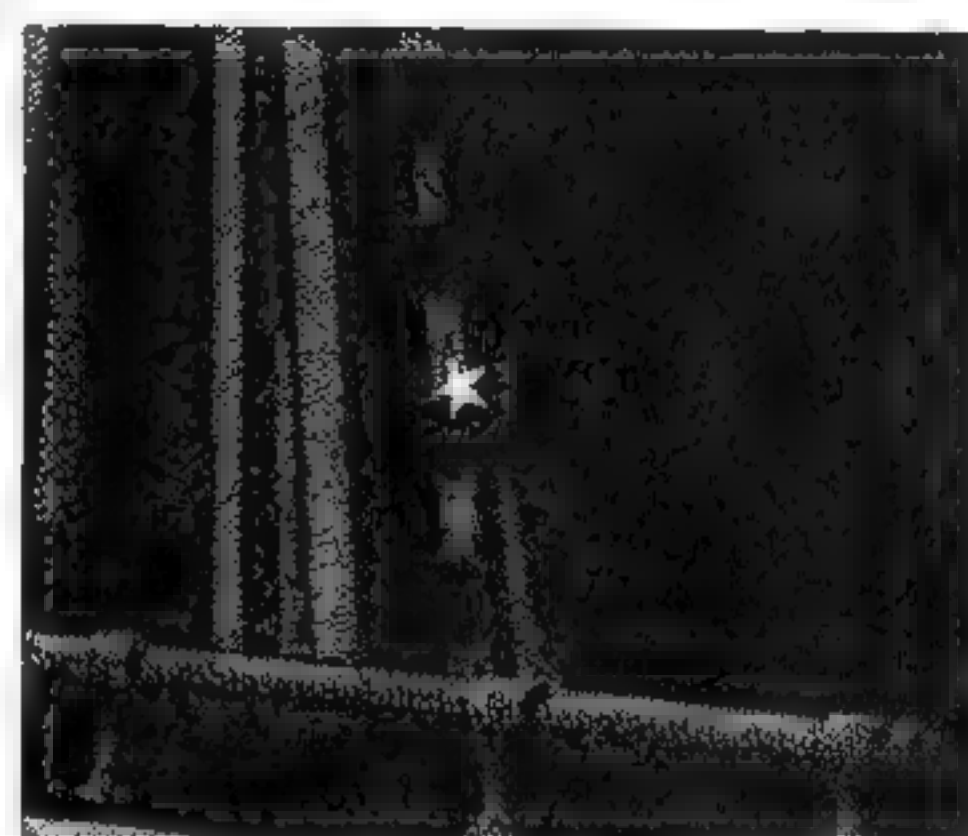
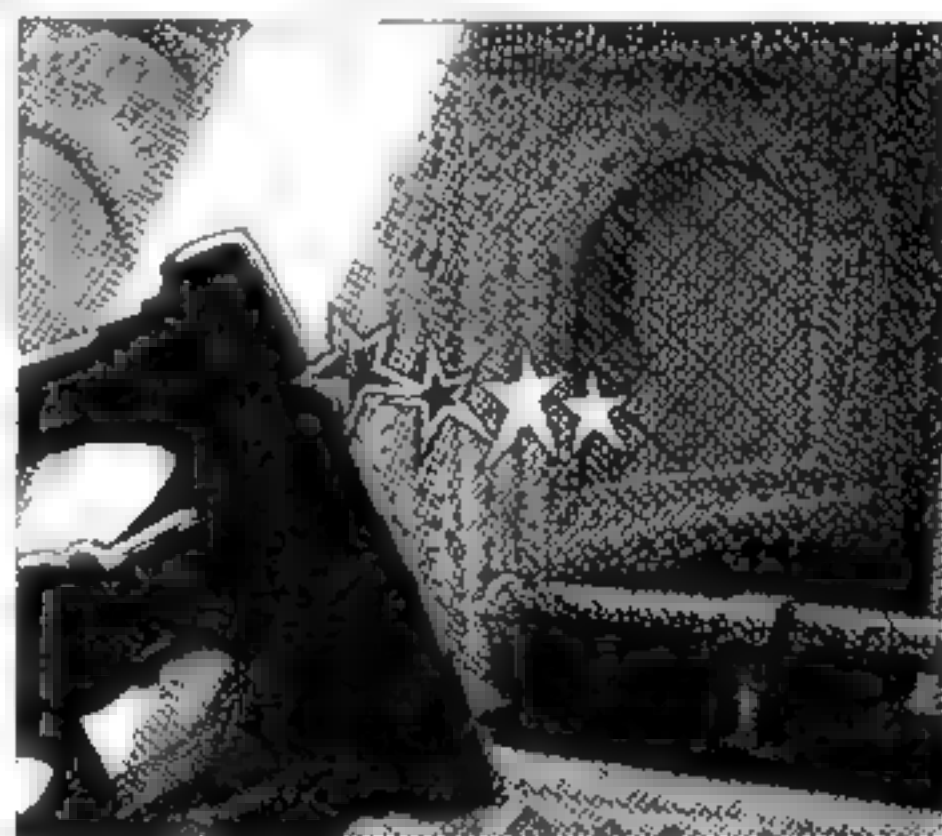
...TO FIND OUT WHERE THEIR
RINGLEADER WAS
HIDING OUT!

HIP

TRYING NOT
TO THINK ABOUT
THAT...

AND TO -- INSTEAD
CONCENTRATE ON...

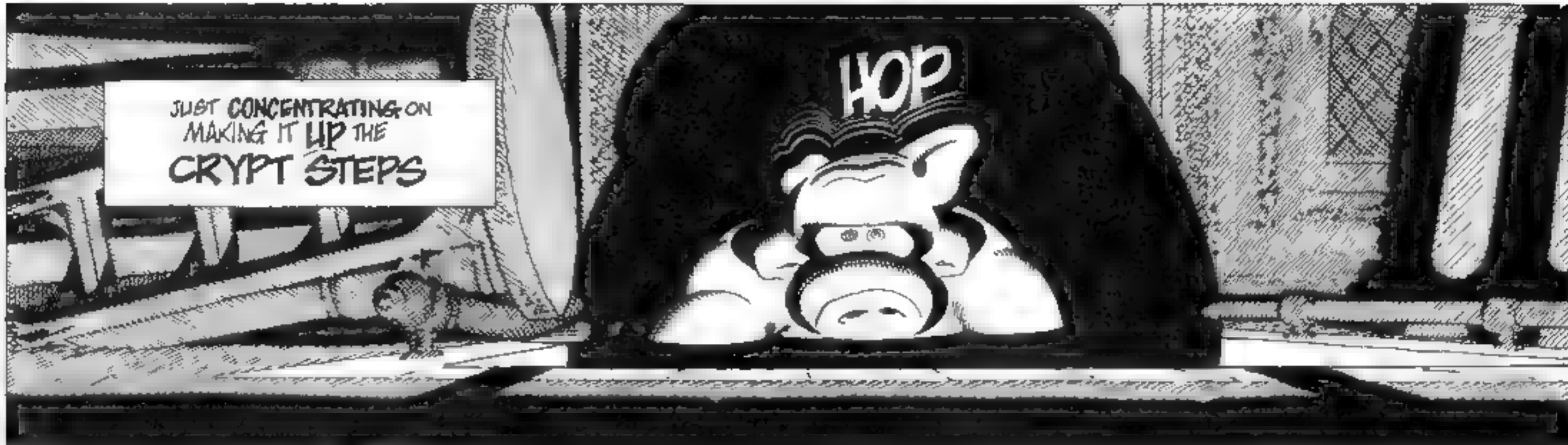
TUMP



...NOT BUMPING
HIS BROKEN
LEG AGAINST
ANYTHING...

...SINCE HE REALLY
COULDN'T AFFORD
TO PASS OUT
AGAIN.

HOP



JUST CONCENTRATING ON
MAKING IT UP THE
CRYPT STEPS

THEN CONCENTRATING
ON MAKING IT ACROSS
THE FLOOR OF THE
SANCTUARY

THROUGH THE
(FORTUNATELY)
NON-EXISTENT
NORTH WALL



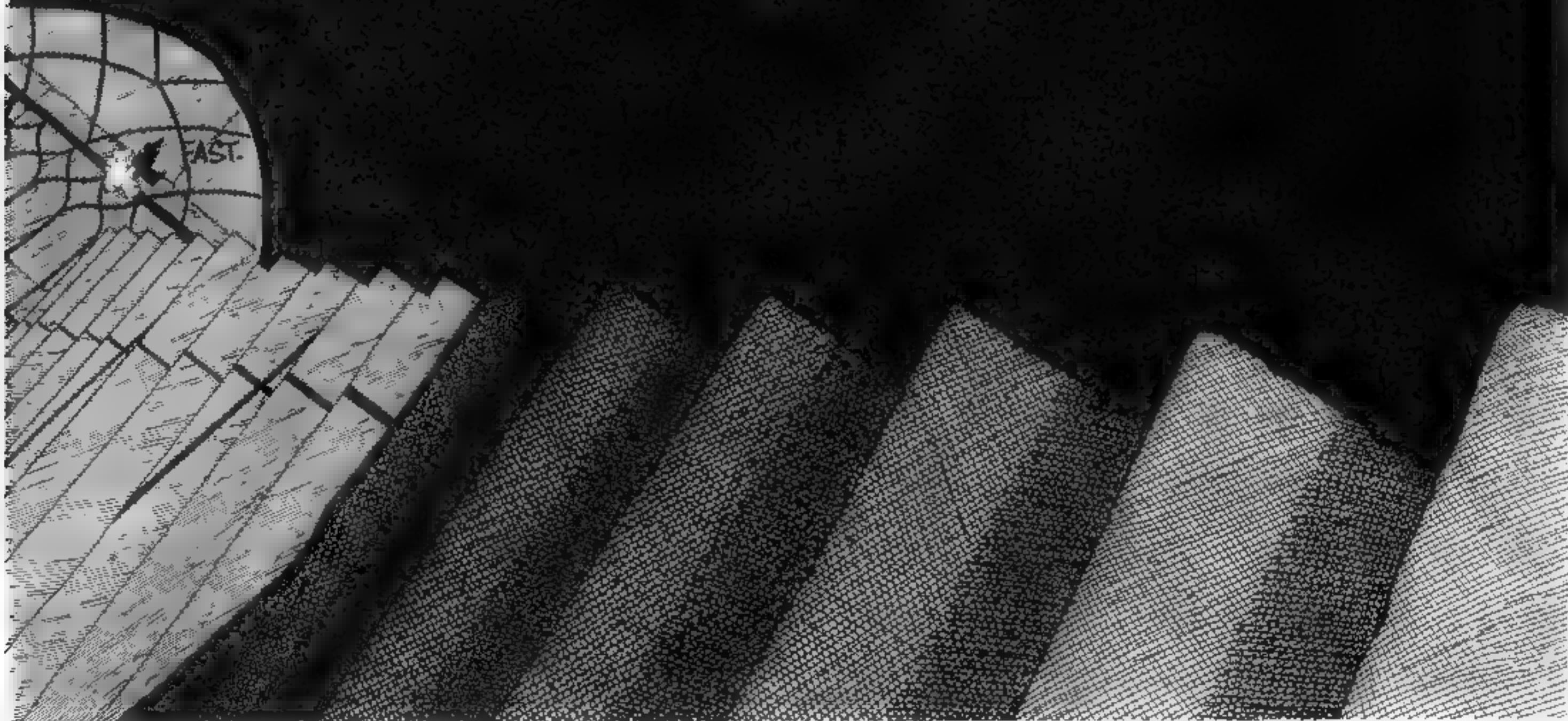
AND (REALLY) JUST TRYING NOT TO THINK
ABOUT THE FACT THAT -- ALTHOUGH BEING A RUN-OF-
THE-MILL-SEX-CRAZED-CRIMINAL-DEGENERATE-
TITTY-BAR-OWNER WAS (UNDER CIRINIST LAW) --
PUNISHABLE BY SWIFT AND IMMEDIATE EXECUTION --

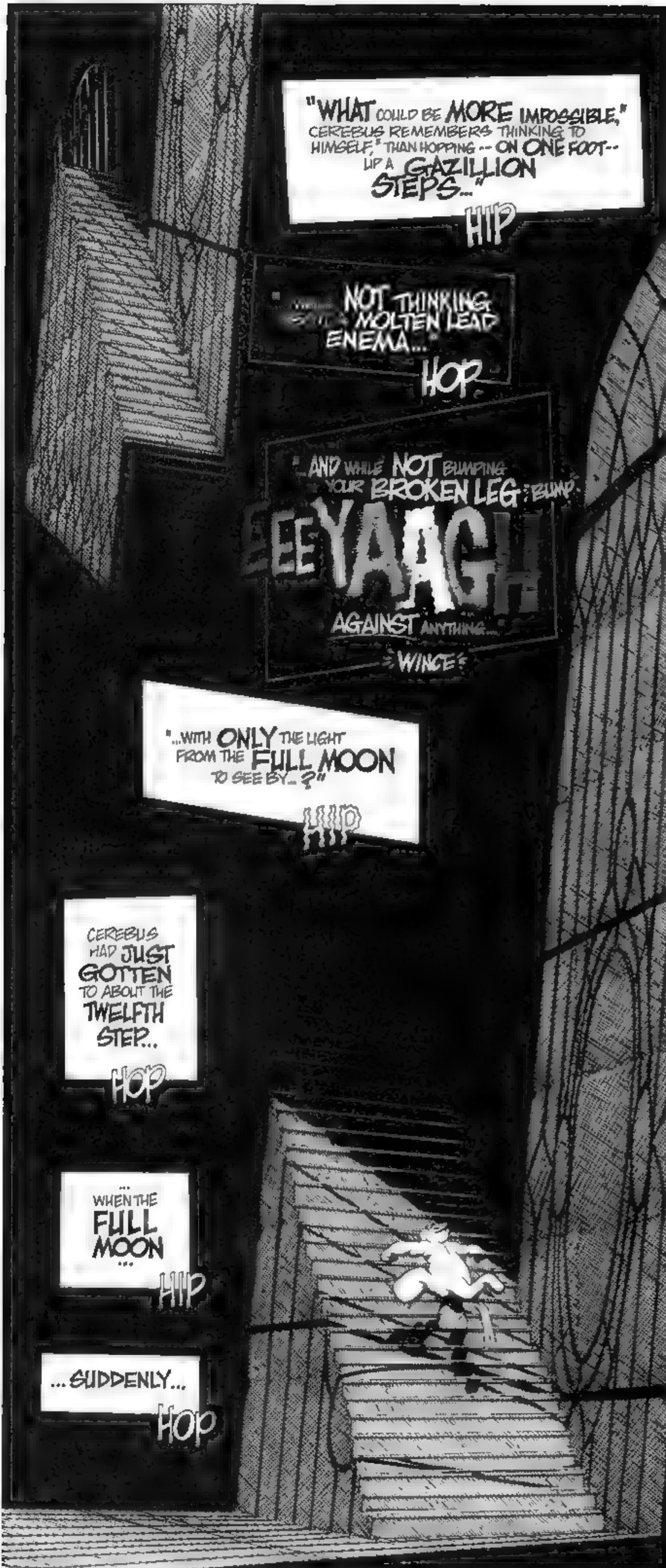
INCITING ARMED REVOLUTION
AGAINST THE CIRINIST AUTHORITIES
WAS A DIFFERENT KETTLE OF FISH ENTIRELY!

A KETTLE OF FISH THAT CONTAINED (OOOOH)
MANY DIFFERENT THINGS -- LIKE (OOOOH)
DISEMBOWELMENT? AMPUTATIONS?
MOLTEN LEAD ENEMAS? AND...

(WELL, AS CEREBUS SAID:
CEREBUS WAS TRYING NOT
TO THINK ABOUT IT.)

IN FACT, THE ONLY THING
CEREBUS WAS ALLOWING
HIMSELF TO THINK WAS
HE HAD TO GET AWAY
FROM THE SANCTUARY.





"WHAT COULD BE MORE IMPOSSIBLE,"
CEREBUS REMEMBERS THINKING TO
HIMSELF, "THAN HOPPING -- ON ONE FOOT--
UP A GAZILLION
STEPS..."

HIP

NOT THINKING
MOLTEN LEAD
ENEMA...

HOP

"AND WHILE NOT BUMPING
YOUR BROKEN LEG BUMP."
EEYAAAGH
AGAINST ANYTHING...
WINGEE

"...WITH ONLY THE LIGHT
FROM THE FULL MOON
TO SEE BY...?"

HIP

CEREBUS
HAD JUST
GOTTEN
TO ABOUT THE
TWELFTH
STEP...

HOP

WHEN THE
FULL
MOON

HIP

...SUDDENLY...

HOP

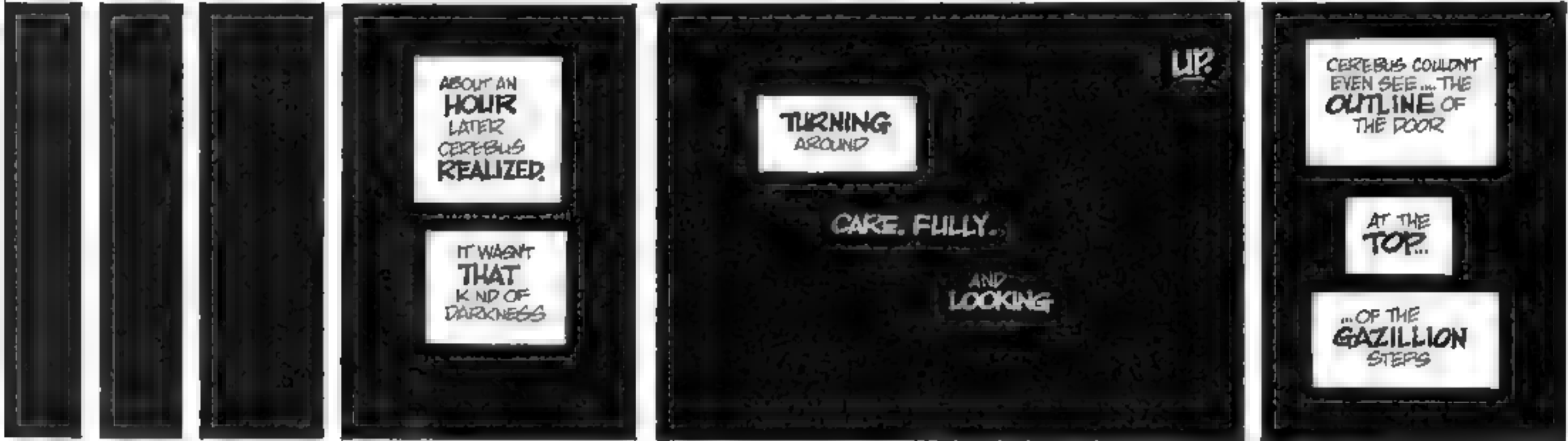
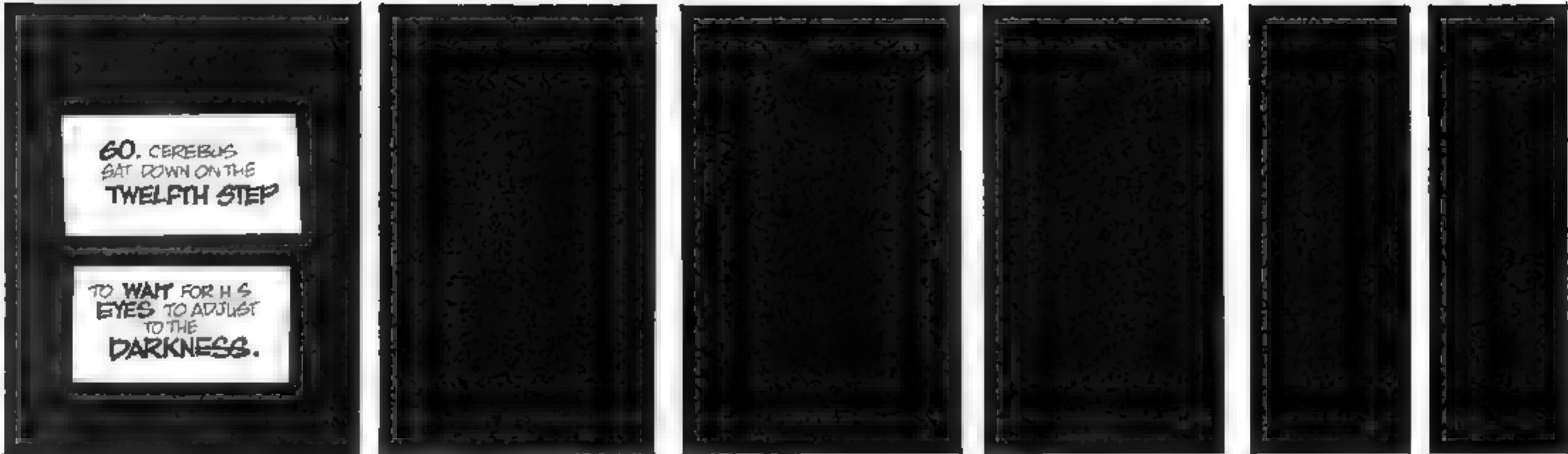
DISAPPEARED
BEHIND
THE ROOF OF
THE SANCTUARY

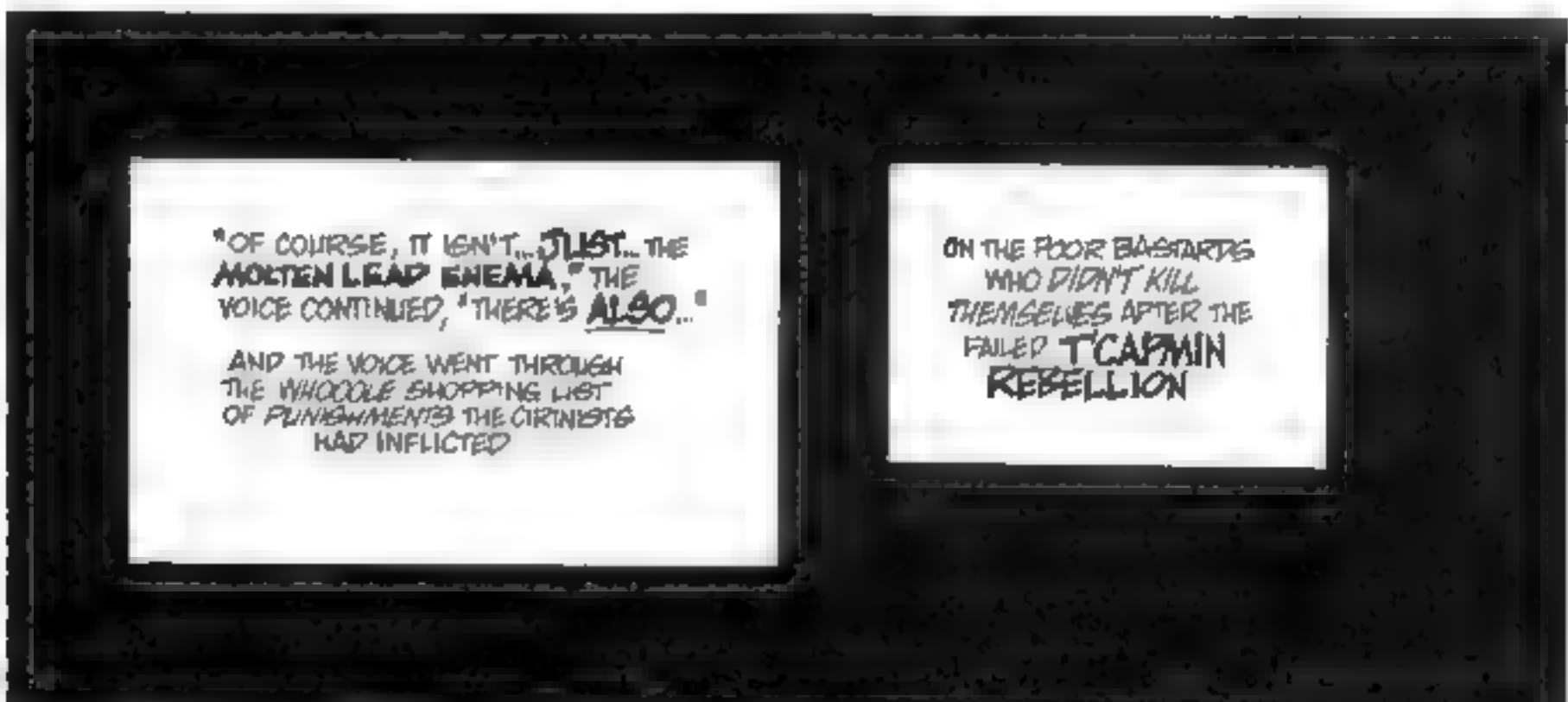
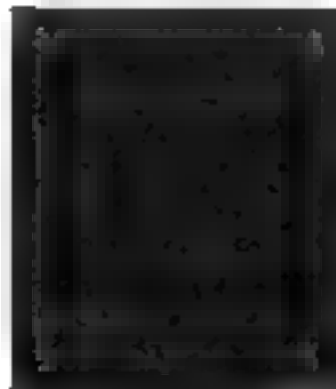
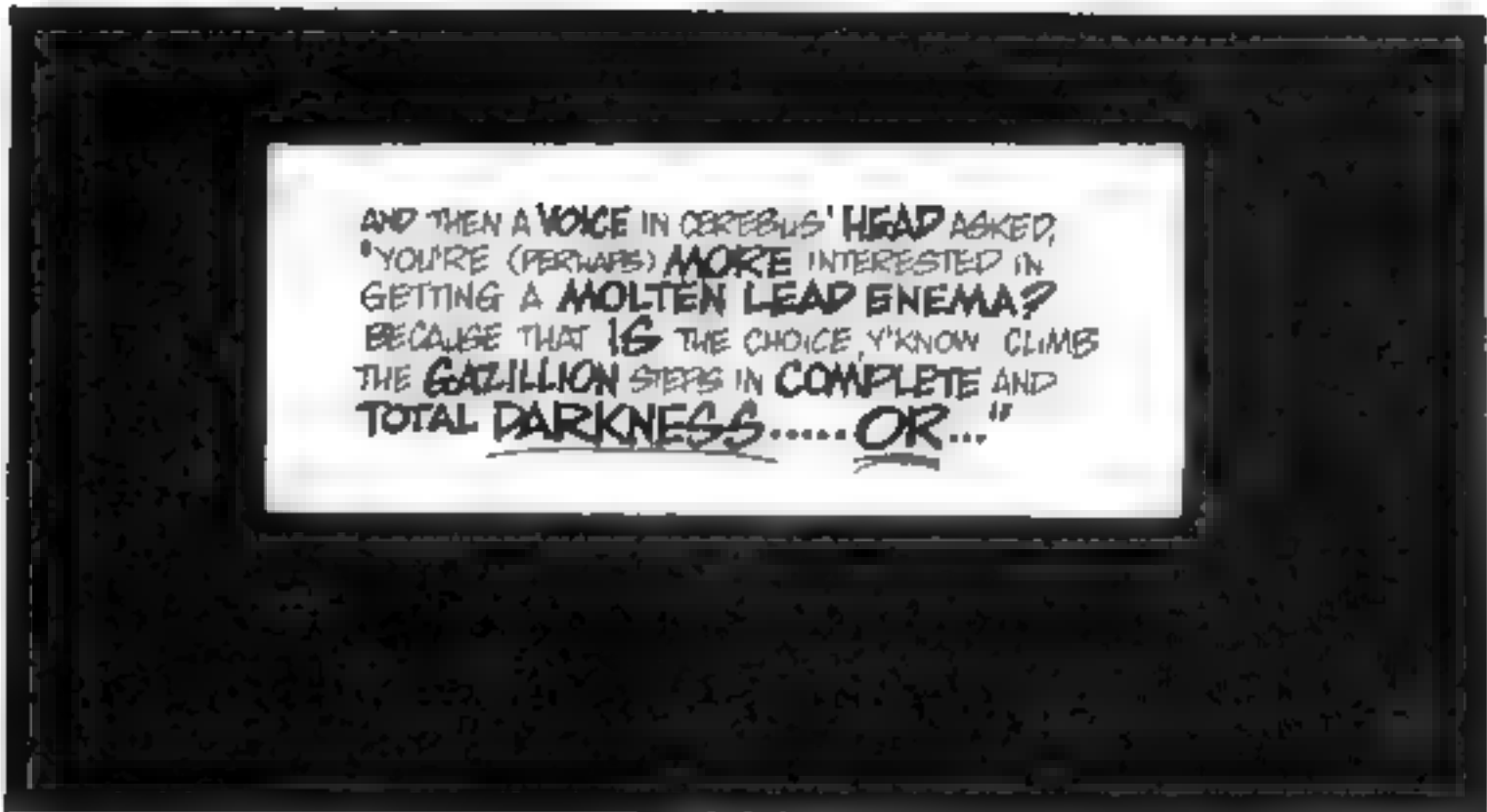
"YEP," CEREBUS
REMEMBERS
THINKING TO
HIMSELF

"YEP...
THIS..."

IT IS
DEFINITELY

"...MORE
IMPOSSIBLE."





"CEREBUS HAS THE
NECESSARY ABILITIES
BUT IS TOO EASILY
DISTRACTED BY
UNRELATED SUBJECTS,"
ANSWERED THE
VOICE.

"AAGH!"
SCREAMED
CEREBUS
INSIDE HIS
HEAD.
'REPORT
CARD
VOICE'
!"

"BOO!"
SAID
THE
VOICE

"CEREBUS
HATES
'REPORT
CARD
VOICE'.
YOU'RE
SO
SO..."

"REASONABLE?"
ANSWERED THE
VOICE.

"YES!"
CEREBUS
SCREAMED
INSIDE HIS
HEAD.
(WISHING
HE DIDN'T
SOUND
SO...)

"TERRIFIED?"
QUERIED THE
VOICE

"AAGH!"
STOP
THAT."

"THERE'S NOTHING
TO BE TERRIFIED
ABOUT," SAID
THE

VOICE. "IT'S ALL IN HOW
YOU LOOK AT IT. FOR
EXAMPLE: THERE
AREN'T A GAZILLION
STEPS. THERE
ARE ONLY..."

(STINKING
LYING)

(TWO
HUN-
DRED
!)

"FIFTY.
MAYBE
SIXTY"

(A
HUN-
DRED
!)

"AT THE
MOST
SEVENTY"

"ALL CEREBUS
HAS TO..."

"FORGET"
WHAT? CEREBUS
HASN'T
EVEN..."

"FORGET
IT."

"HAH!"

"YOU THINK CEREBUS
DOESN'T KNOW
HOW..."

"REPORT CARD
VOICE'
WORKS?"

"YOU'RE
GOING
TO SAY..."

"ALL CEREBUS HAS TO DO IS
TO GO FROM THE TWELFTH
TO THE THIRTEENTH
STEP."

"AND THEN
YOU'RE
GOING
TO SAY"

"YOU
KNOW
THE STEPS
AREN'T
GOING TO
MOVE,
RIGHT?"

"AND
THEN
YOU'RE
GOING
TO SAY"

"...AND THEN
SEE THEM. BUT
CEREBUS DOES
KNOW THE STEPS
ARE THERE
RIGHT?"

"AND
THEN"

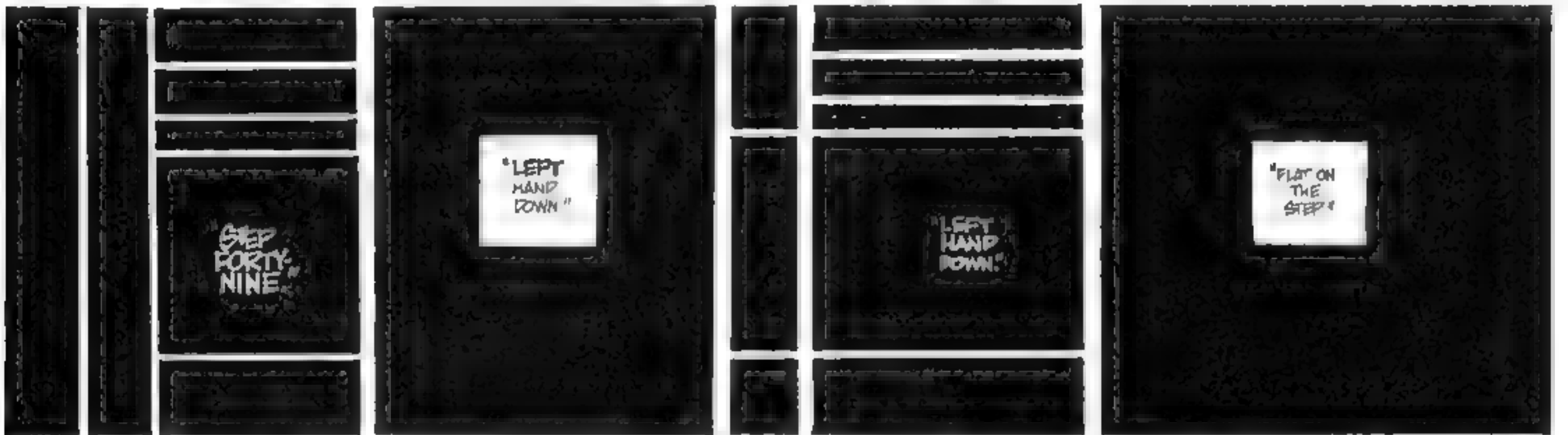
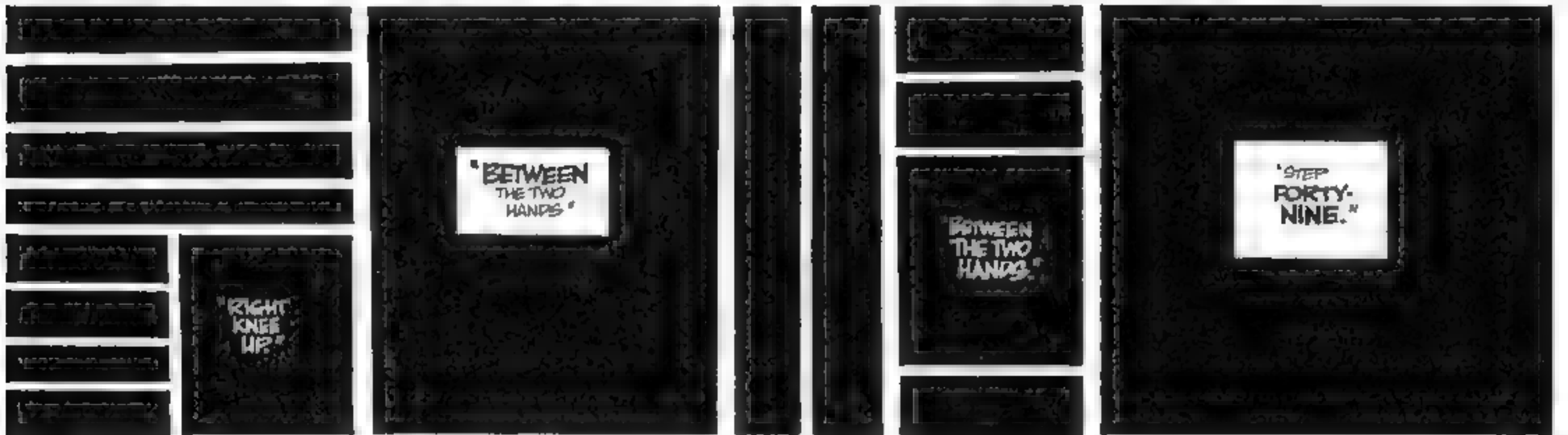
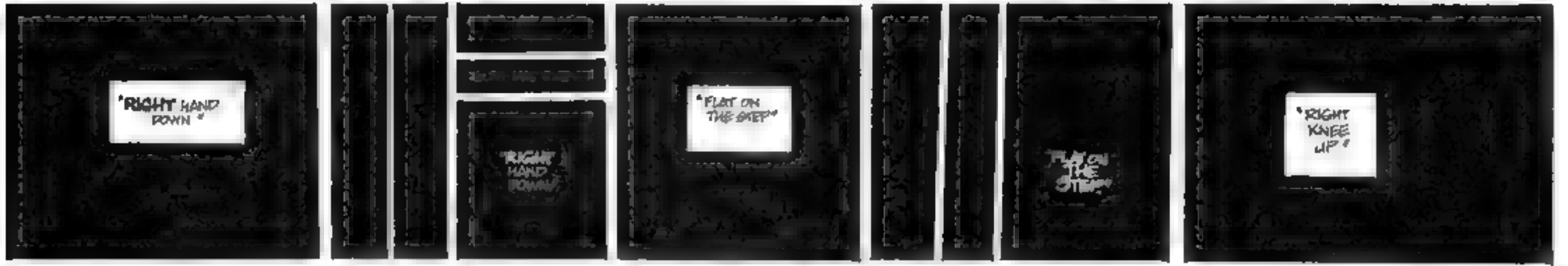
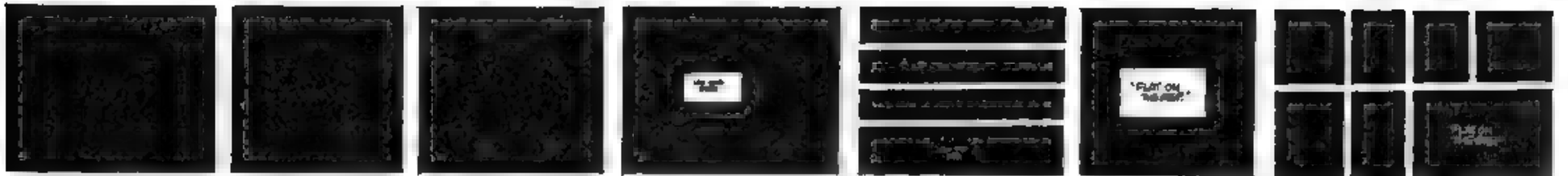
"...AND THEN
DOES GO FROM
THE TWELFTH TO
THE THIRTEENTH
STEP.)"

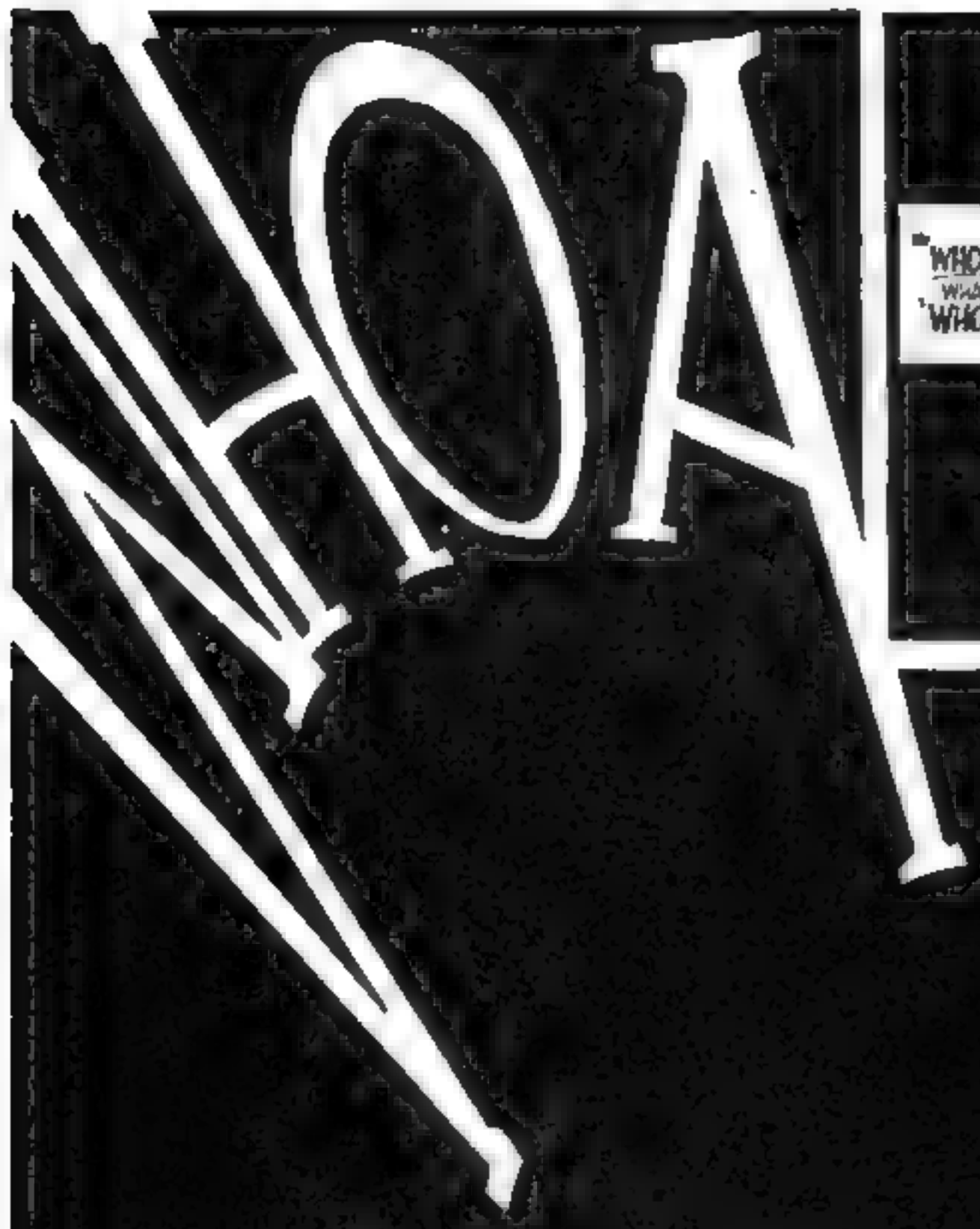
"YOU'RE
GOING
TO SAY"

"THE
CEREBUS
CAN GO
FROM THE
TWELFTH"

"TO THE
THIRTEENTH
STEP"

"CEREBUS SHOULD
BE ABLE TO GO
STILL FROM
THIRTEENTH
TO FOURTEENTH"





"WHOA?
WHAT
'WHOA?'"

"STEP
FIFTY
REPORT
CARD
VOICE"

"IT'S
GONE"

"GONE? WHAT
DOES CEREBUS
MEAN: 'GONE' ..?"

"A STEP
DOESN'T
JUST
UP
AND
..."

WH
OA
H

"SEE?"

"GOD
DID IT."

"BECAUSE
GOD HATES
CEREBUS!"

"FIRST GOD TOOK
AWAY CEREBUS'
RABBI POWERS
AND THEN GOD
BROKE CEREBUS
LEG! AND THEN..."

"DON'T PANIC .."

"DON'T PANIC?!"
GOD MAKES
STEP FIFTY DISAPPEAR
COMPLETELY AND
'REPORT CARD VOICE'
SAYS!"

"IT DIDN'T DISAPPEAR-- IT'S
RIGHT IN FRONT OF CEREBUS"

"WHAAAT?"

"MOVE CEREBUS'
RIGHT HAND
FORWARD"

?

"MOVE
CEREBUS'
RIGHT"

"HAND"

"AK!
NO!"

"DON'T!
CEREBUS
I CAN'T!"

"THERE."

"BUT-
?"

"IT'S JUST THAT CEREBUS HAS BEEN CLIMBING
AT AN ANGLE- CEREBUS IS AT THE
EXTREME LEFT SIDE OF THE STEPS
.. WHICH IS WHY CEREBUS'
LEFT HAND DIDN'T TOUCH..."

"THE
EXTREME
LEFT
SIDE?"

"AVE
GO ALL
CEREBUS
HAS TO..."

WHERE
THERE'S
NO
RAILING?!"

"YES
EXACTLY.
SO ALL THAT
CEREBLUS
HAS TO
DO
IS "



" MOVE
TO HIS
RIGHT. "



"AHEM."

"AHEM."

"WHAT?"

"TIME TO
START
THINKING
ABOUT."

"STEP
FIFTY-
ONE"

"RIGHT?"

"HEY!
HEY!
GIVE
CEREBUS
TIME
TO
CATCH
HIS
BREATH!"

"CATCH HIS
BREATH"

"HOW LONG...
DOES CEREBUS
FIGURE HE...
NEEDS...
TO 'CATCH
HIS BREATH'
?"

?

"COUPLA
WEEKS"

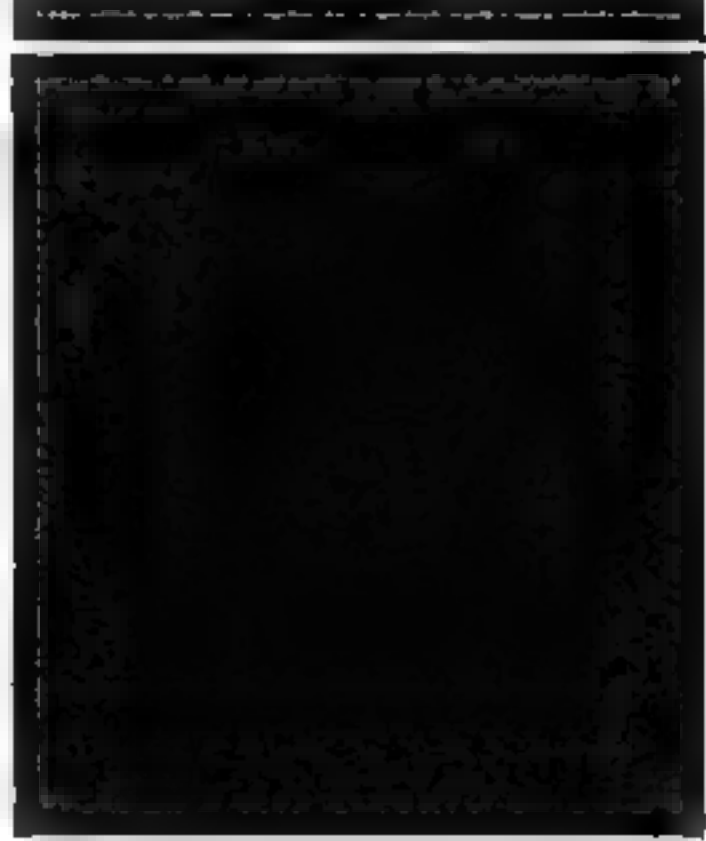
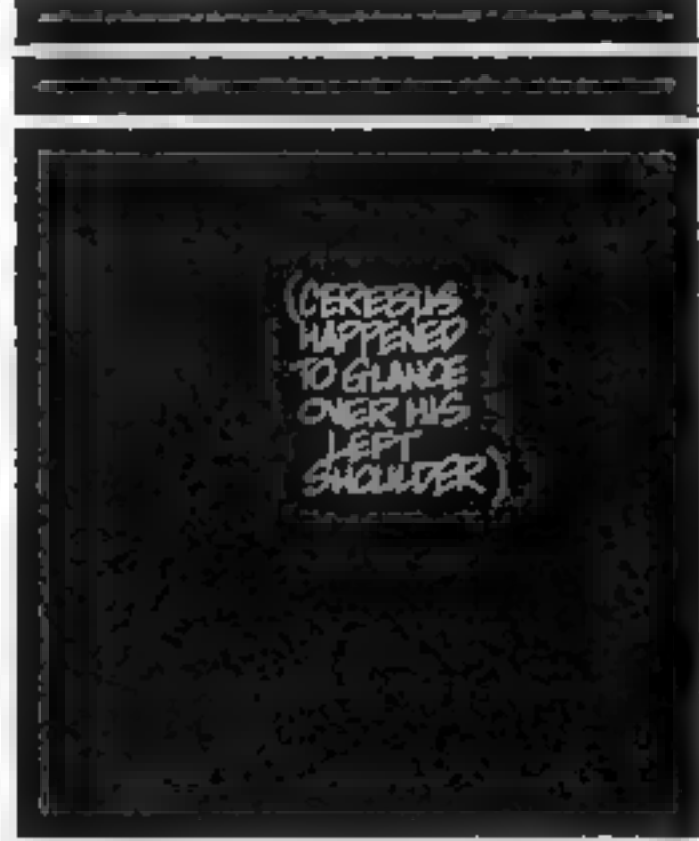
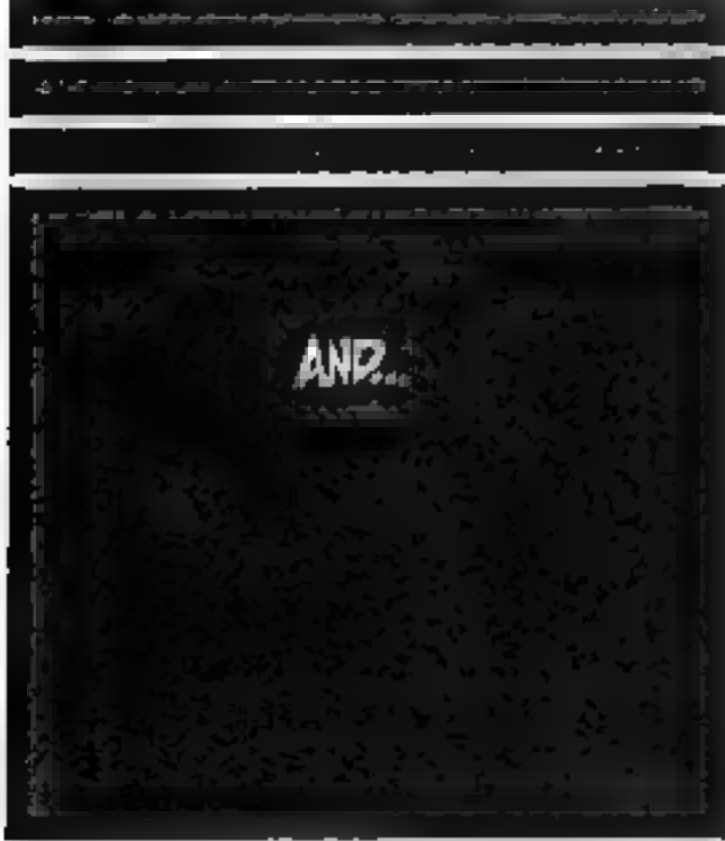
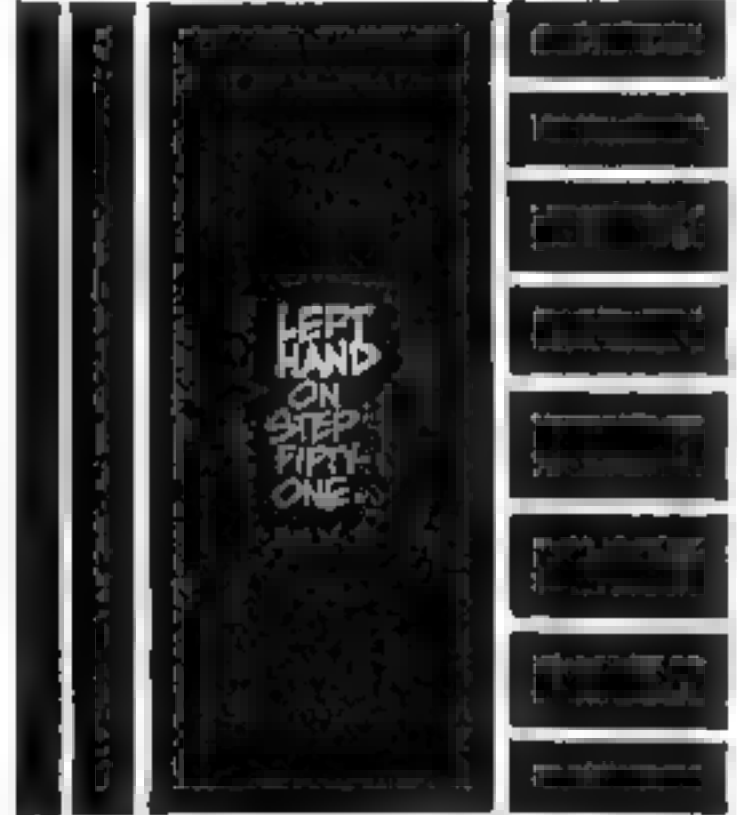
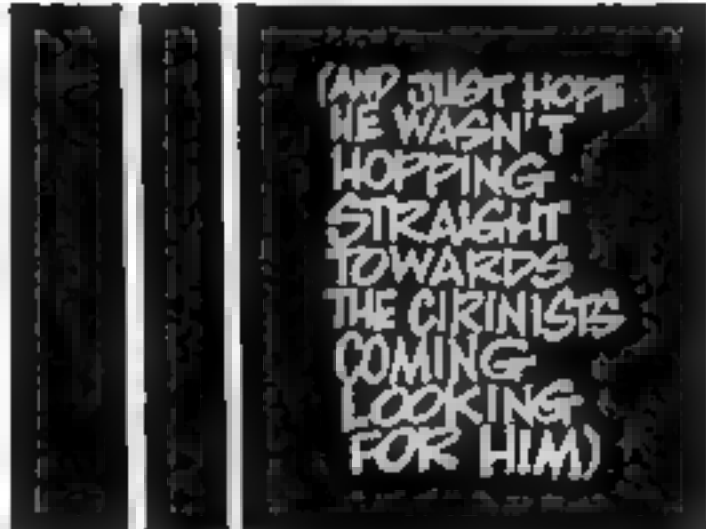
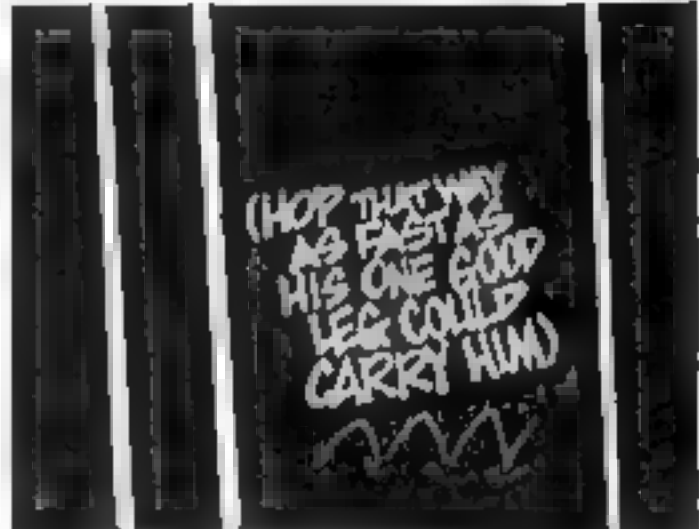
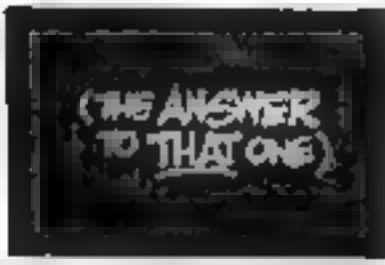
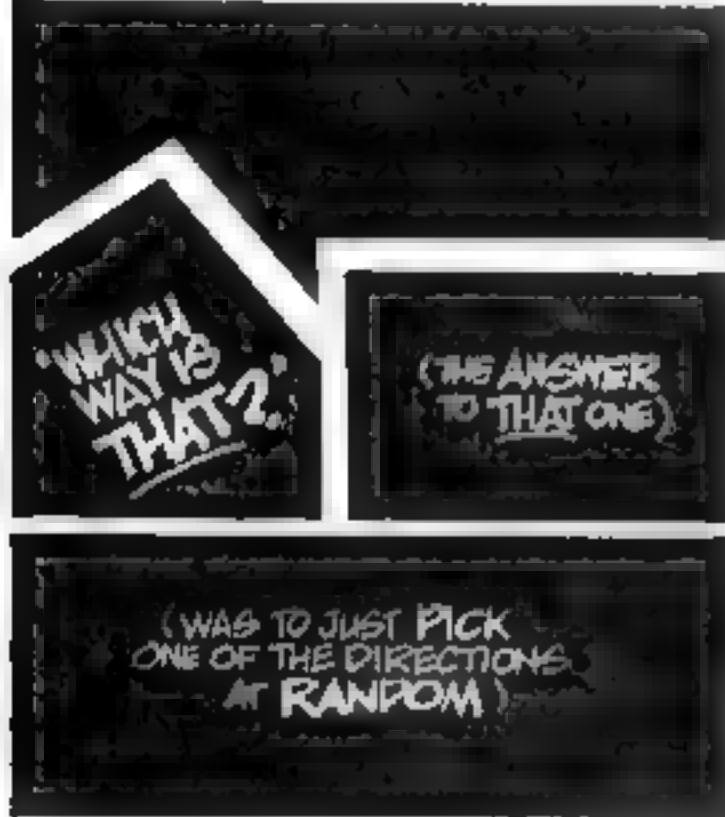
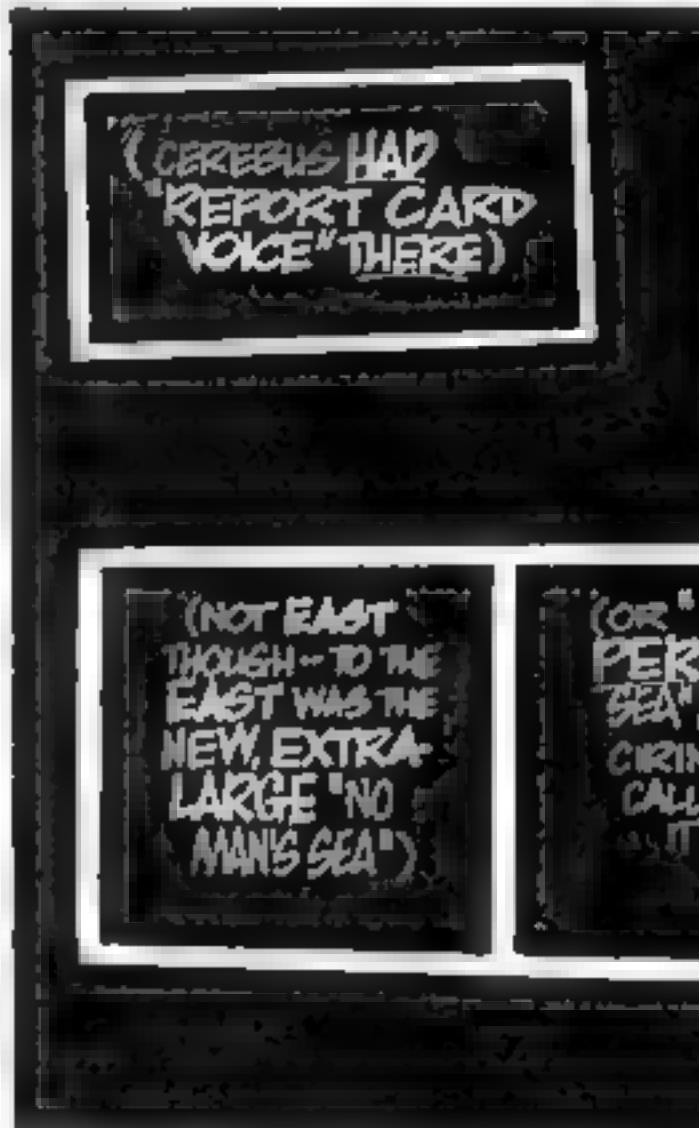
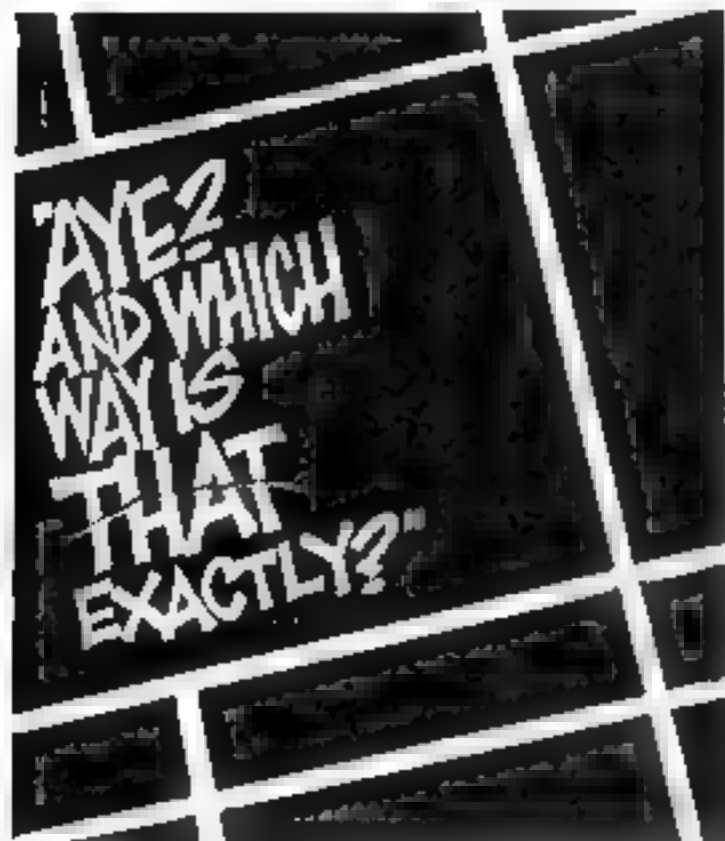
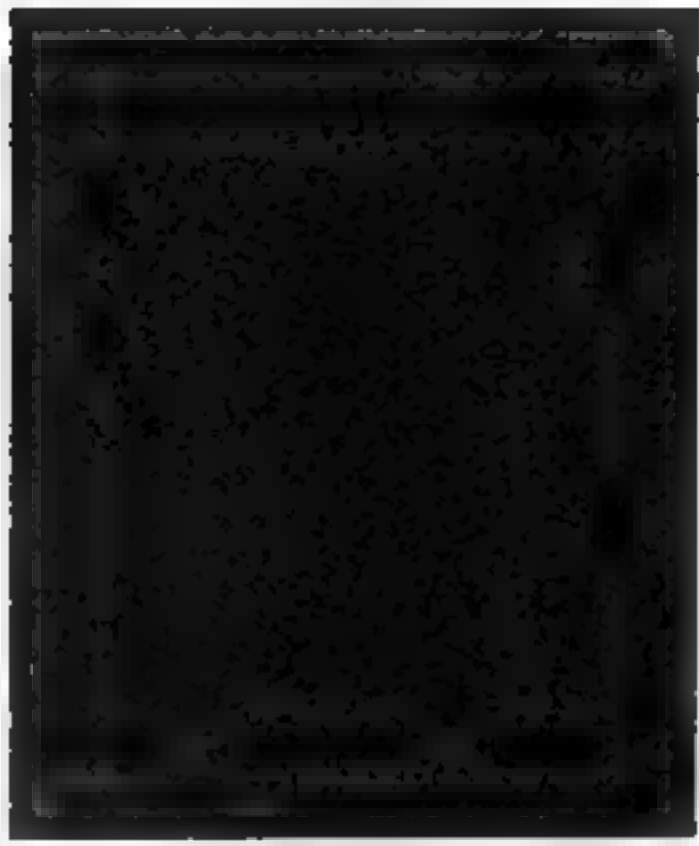
"LISTEN! 'REPORT CARD VOICE' IS ABOUT TO BECOME A
WHOLE LOT LESS REASONABLE-- CEREBUS HAS
GOT TO GET TO THE TOP OF THESE STEPS
AND OUT THAT DOOR AND... AND..."

"AND
WHAT?"

"AND
WHAT?"

"AND CEREBUS IS GOING
TO HOP AS FAST AS
HE CAN--"

"YEAH?
WHICH
WAY?"



THERE.

HOVERING

IN THE DARKNESS

VISION!

OF
RICK!

SIGN
INTO
CEREBUS!

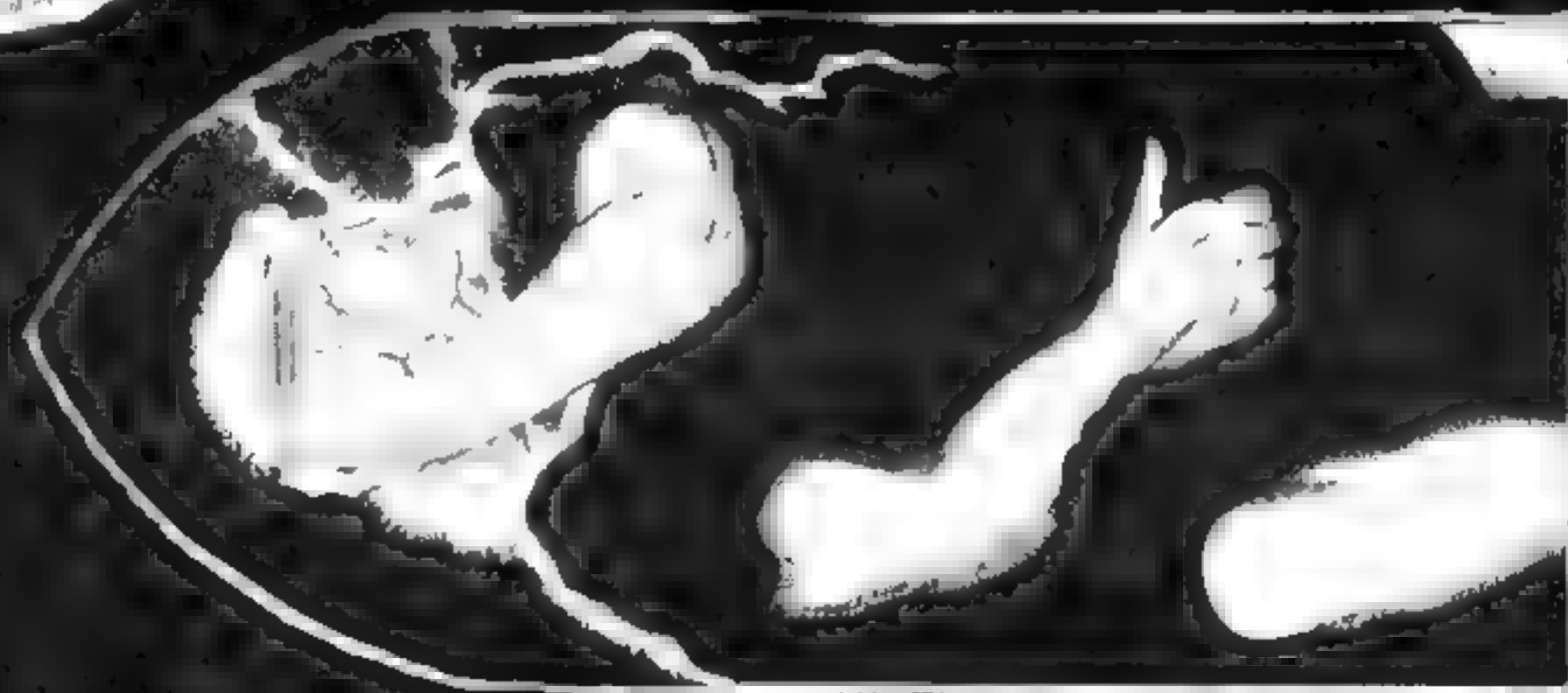
(LIKE UNDO THE
WORDS OF
RICK 10:16)

"TAKE OFF THY
SLING...THINE
UNDERSTANDING
HATH MADE THEE
WHOLE!"

WHO?

AND CEREBUS WAS
FILLED WITH THE
SPIRIT OF
RICK

AND (KNOWING HE WAS
NOW HEALED)



CEREBUS STOOP UP
UPON HIS LEFT LEG!!



AND GAVE WITH
SUCH A

GRASP

BECAUSE (AS IT TURNED
OUT) CEREBUS'
LEFT LEG WAS
STILL BROKEN!

LEAVING CEREBUS
HIS IDOLATRY
TO POINT OUT TO CEREBUS

"GOD MOVES IN
MYSTEROUS
WAYS..."

"MANY OF WHICH..."

(HE
ADDED)

"...ARE
NO 'DAY
AT THE
BEACH'..."



SO. ("WIT' DOSE WORDS
O' COMFORT" CEREBUS
SAT DOWN ON STEEL
FIFTY-ONE.

TO SPEND A FEW QUIET
MOMENTS WITH HIS LEFT
LEG WHICH WAS THROB-
BING SO HARD...

"HOW
HARD?"
(YOU QUERY)

SO
HARD

THAT IT WAS MAKING
A FAST DRUMMING
NOISE IN CEREBUS'
GOOD EAR

A NOISE
THAT JUST GOT
LOUDER
AND LOUDER

AND
LOUDER

UNTIL IT
SOUNDED
EXACTLY

LIKE

HORSES!

HORSES.

ALL RIGHT, CEREBUS
THOUGHT, ALL RIGHT,
HORSES. SO WHAT
IS CEREBUS' PLAN?
(WELL, LET'S SEE...)
CEREBUS HAS ONLY
A MINUTE OR TWO UNTIL
THE CIRINISTS BREAK
IN HERE AND START
TORTURING
CEREBUS. SO
CEREBUS SHOULD
JUST THROW
HIMSELF OFF
THE STEPS
AND DIE!

BUT (THOUGHT)
CEREBUS AS HE
WENT TO THE
HORSES STAMPING
IN A CIRCLE)
WHAT IF CEREBUS
(YOU KNOW)
FLIPS OVER
IN THE AIR AND
ONLY BREAKS
HIS BACK?

PARDON? CEREBUS WAS
TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW
MANY HORSES THERE WERE
AND CEREBUS MISSED WHAT
CEREBUS JUST SAID.
WHAT IF CEREBUS
FLIPS OVER IN MID-
AIR AND ONLY
MANAGES TO
BREAK HIS
BACK? AT THAT
POINT, CEREBUS MIGHT
AS WELL DUMP QUICK-
LIME IN HIS OWN EYES

"OH, HELLO, CIRINISTS-- NO
NEED TO BREAK CEREBUS'
LEG OR HIS BACK
OR DUMP QUICKLIME
IN HIS EYES-- CEREBUS
DECIDED TO START
WITHOUT
YOU!"

BUT...

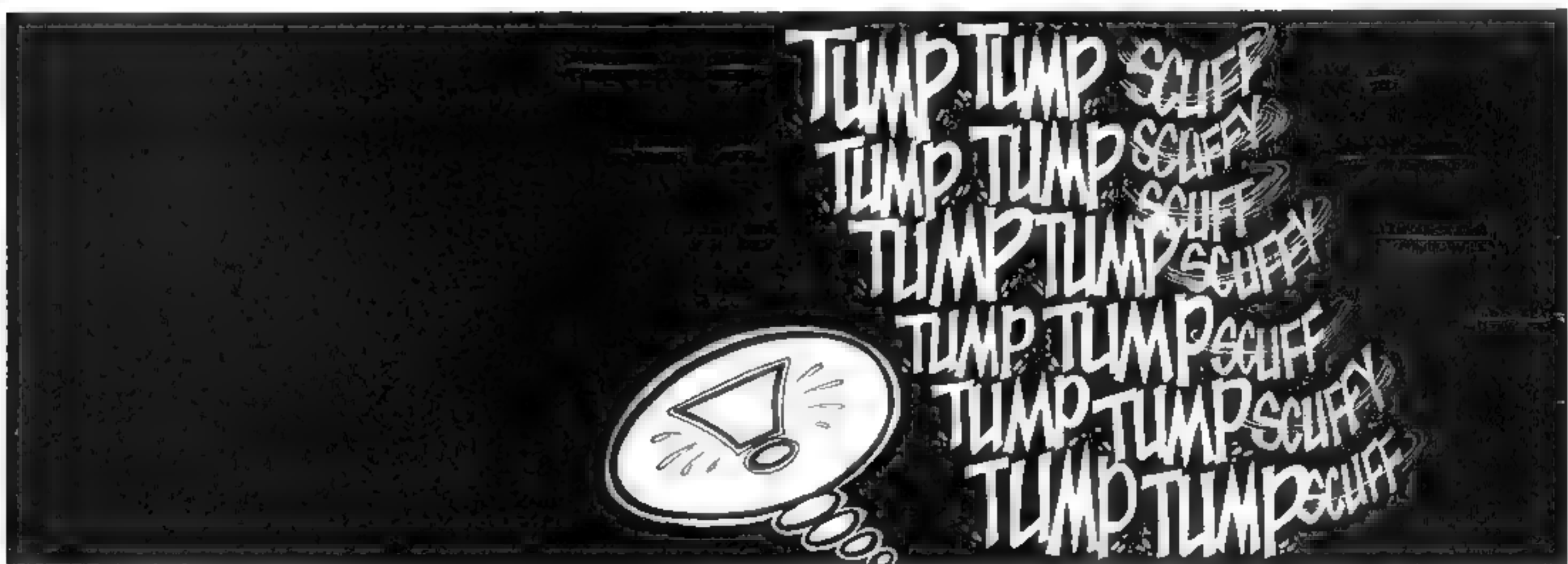
BUT
THROWING
HIMSELF
OFF THE
STEPS
IS THE
ONLY
CHANCE
OF A
QUICK
PAINLESS
DEATH

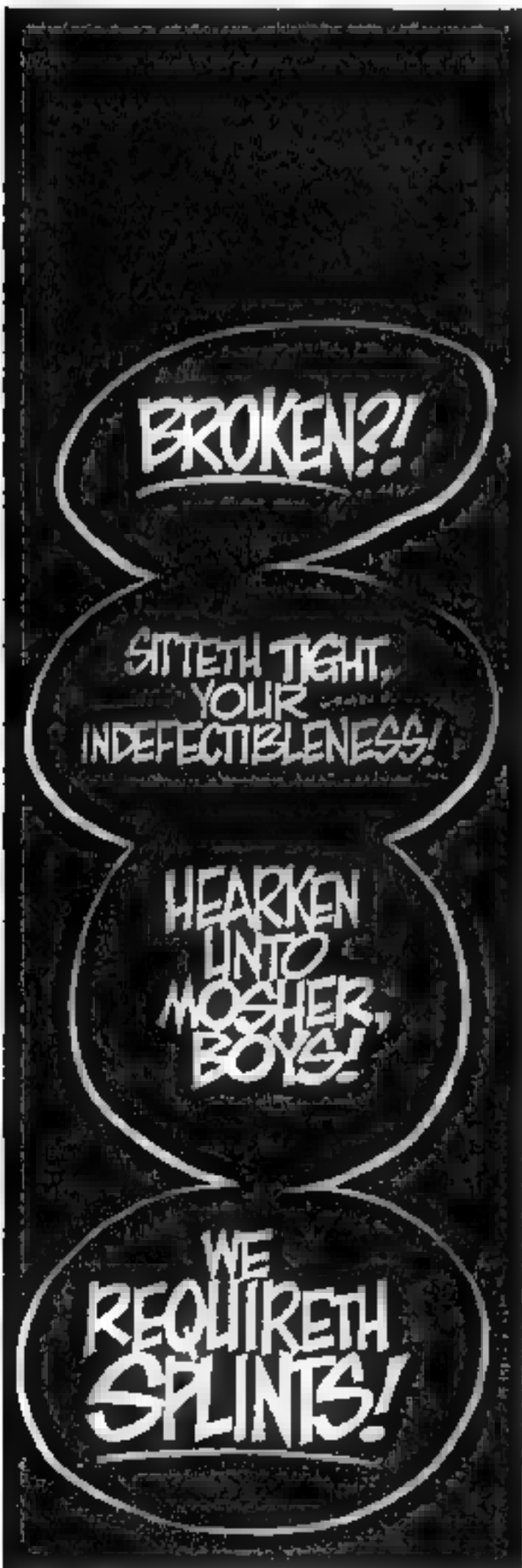
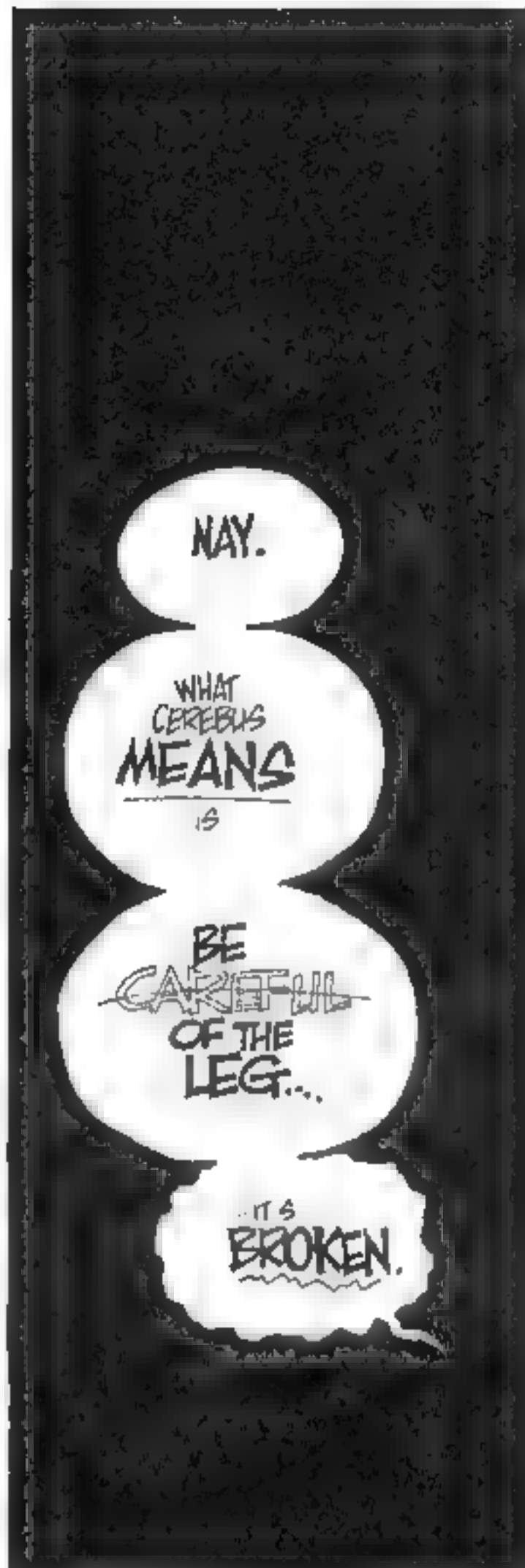
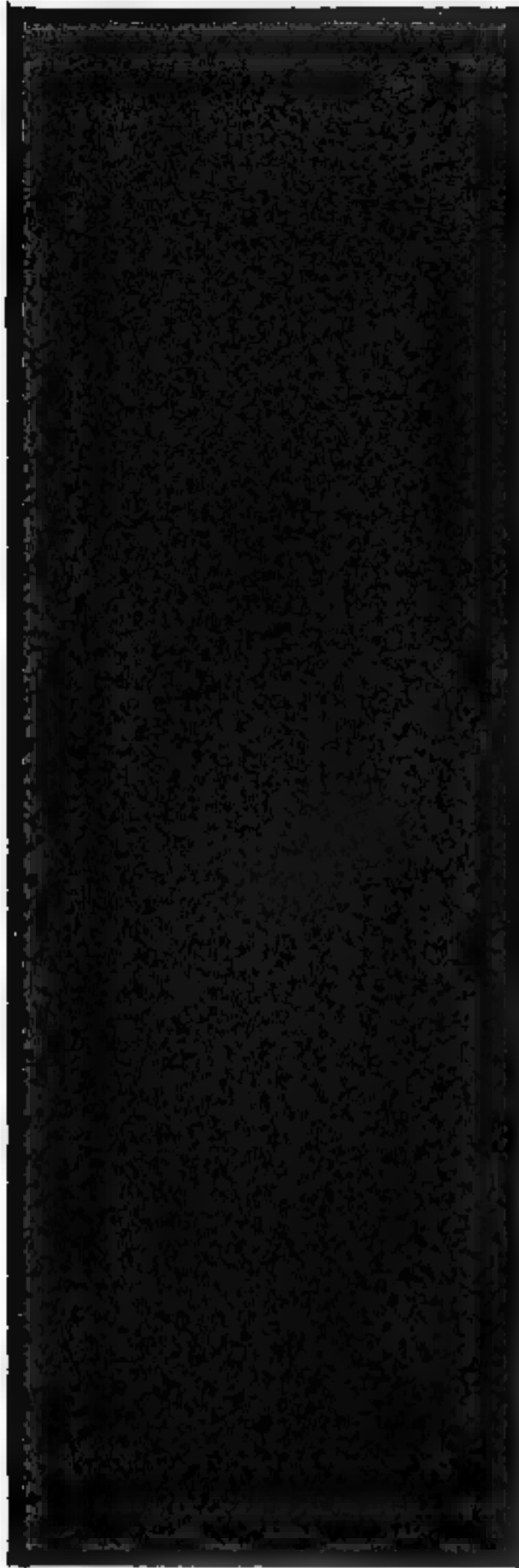
THAT'S
TRUE,
THOUGHT
CEREBUS
LET'S DO IT!

WELL,
ANSWERED
CEREBUS

AS THE
DOOR
BURST
OPEN!

IT'S A
LITTLE
LATE
FOR THAT
NOW
ISN'T
IT





M-M-MATCHES

AN--AN'
G-CAYNDLES!

AN'
T-TT
TOAHCHES!

3

OH
MY!

NYUK
NYUK
NYUK

SHMER
OW!

MWOAH!
LOOKIT
DAT.

DA FIZZYFERESCENT
PAINT I LISET FOAH DA
FLESHY TONES AND DA
LOIGHT WOIKED
GOOD!

THE **BEST** THING ABOUT
LIVING AS LONG AS
CEREBUS HAS IS ALL
THE NEW **INVENTIONS**
YOU GET TO SEE

LIKE: USING
PLASTER TO
"SET" A BROKEN
BONE.

SOME BODY
SHOULD HAVE
THOUGHT OF THAT
ONE **YEARS**
AGO.

NYANA NEEEEE!

PLAP-
FLIP-
PLAP

AHOY
PARMESAN.
WHEREFORE DOEST
THOU GRAFT UPON
HIS CAST A WINGED
VIPER?

MMWOAH!!
DAT AIN'T NO
WINGED VIPER.
DAT DERE IS
"DEE-VOIN RAINYMINTS"
SHE WHAT IS SPOKEN
ABOUT IN RICK 5:8

SHE SIGNIFRIES
DAT GOD'S WISDOM IS
ROYZEEN TO CERRESTRAL
HOYTIS WIT'N DA GREAT
CEREBUS.

(CAN A
NICE
PIECE O
SCRIPTURE
SHE IS, TOO
IF I DO
SAY SO
MYSELF...
NYUK NYUK
NYUK)

IZZAT
SO?

IT SEEMETH
UNTO MOSHER THAT
WHAT SHE "SIGNIFRIES"
IS KOSHER'S THEOLOGY
DESCENDEGRATING UNTO
THE LEVEL OF HIS GROIN
AGAIN!

OH, YEAH?
AN' WHAT DO YOU
MEAN BOY DAT
EXZACK??

PUTTEST THOU
GOME CLOTHES
ON HER OR
PUHFOAM A
"DEE-VOIN
RAINYMINTS"
ECTOMY.

NOW!

OW
SPINEH

FILLA-
SEAM



Chip Chop
Chip Chop
Chop Chop

WHILE KOSHIE CHOPPED "DIVINE RAINYMINTS"
OFF OF CEREBUS' FOOT, CEREBUS FIGURED
HE WAS AS READY AS HE WOULD EVER BE
FOR THE BAD NEWS:

"HOW MANY CIRINISTS?"



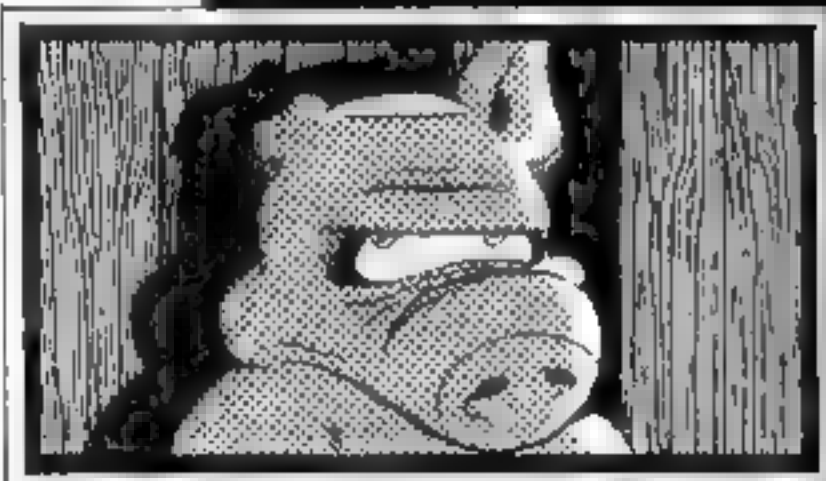
WISE FELLOW SCHISM!

TWO
DIVISIONS!

FOAH
DIVISIONS!

TREE
DIVISIONS
AN' TWO ON
DA WAY

TWO
DIVISIONS
AND THREE
ON THE WAY!

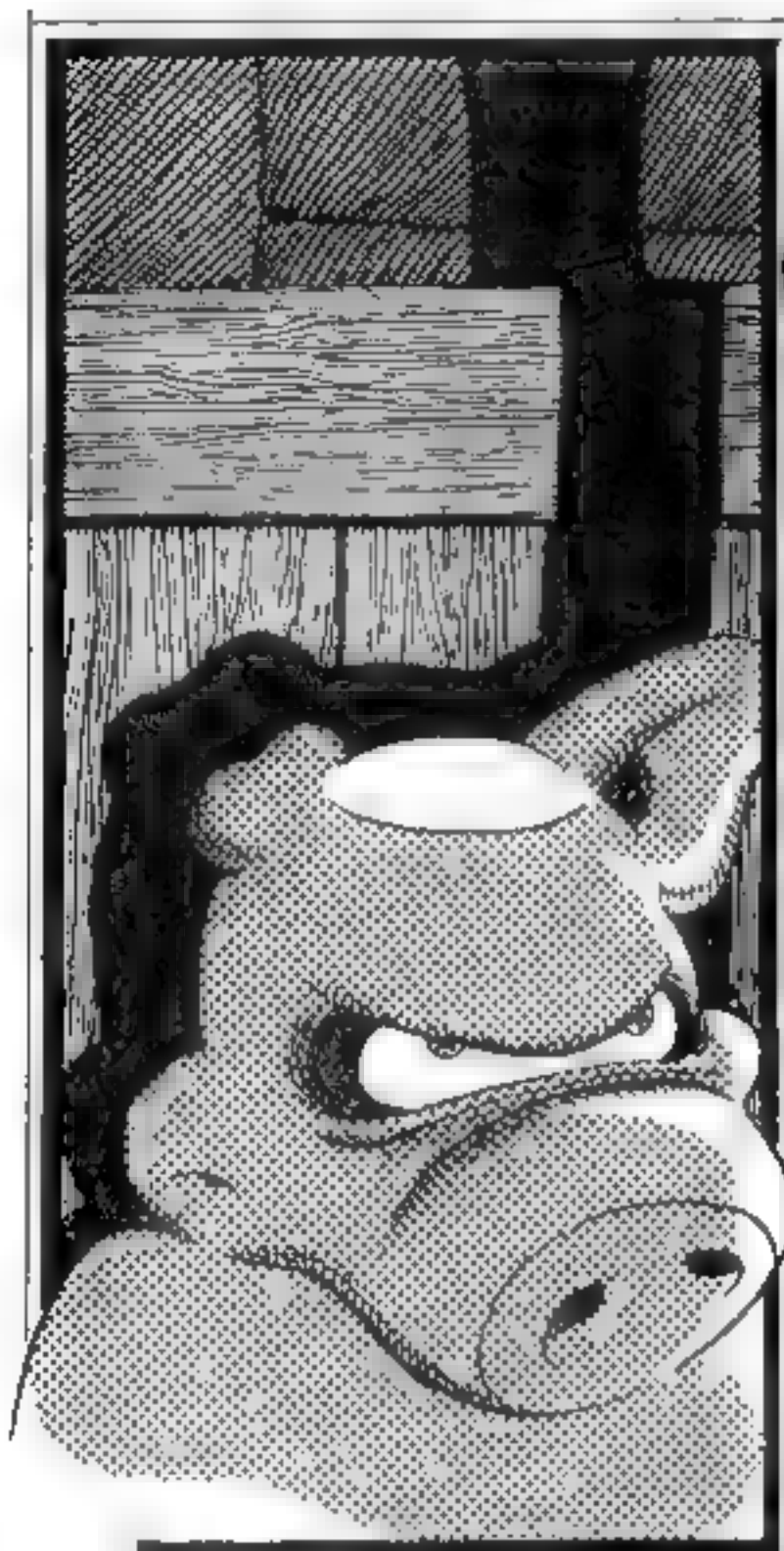


TRANSLATION? PROBABLY A
BATTALION (OR TWO)



SO MUCH FOR THE BAD NEWS
NOW FOR THE WORSE NEWS:

"HOW MANY CEREBITES?"



PERTAINEST THY
INQUIRY UNTO?
(ohm)
ALL THE HUNTING
LODGES, YOUR
INCONCEIVABLENESS
?

OR DOEST
THOU INQUIRE
OF THE GOOD
AND FAITHFUL
NORTHERN
HUNTING LODGES
ONLY?

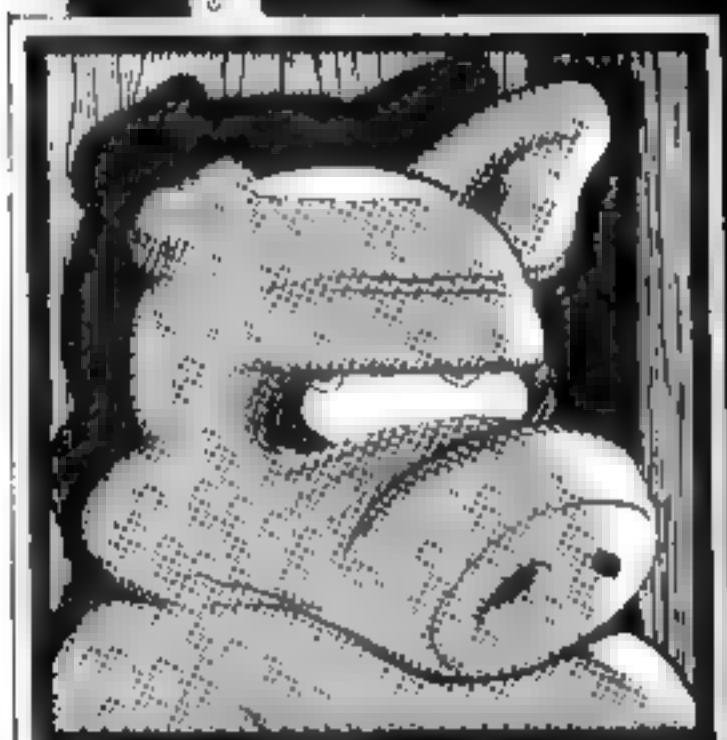
YEAH. DA GOOD
AN' FAIT'FUL
AN' LOYAL NORTH-
EASTERN
HUNTING LODGES
LIKE WE BELONG
TO...

YEAH!

OR DO YOU
WANT WE SHOULD
ALSO TELL YOU
ABOUT

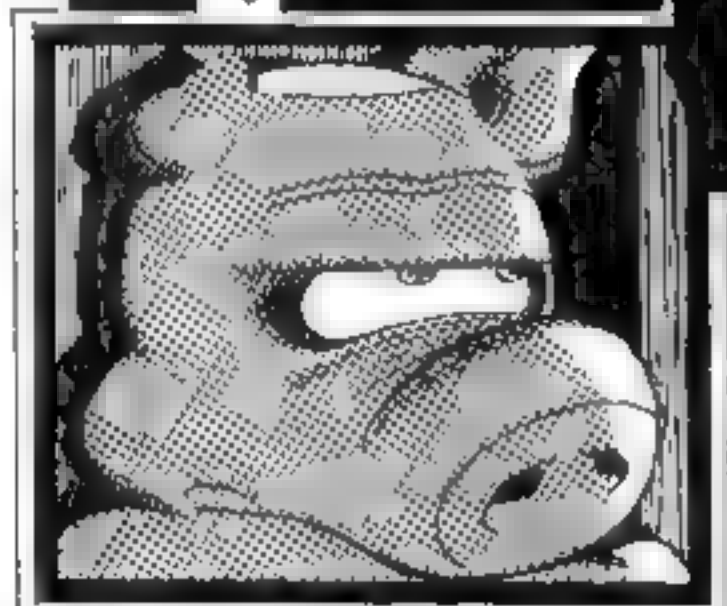
DEM LOUZY
NO-GOOD UNFAIT'FUL
AN' DISLOYAL SOUTHRIN
AN' EASTRIN AN' WESTRIN
AN' NORT'WESTRIN HUNTEEN'
LODGES WHAT AIN'T
WOIT' SPIT!
(PLOOZ)

TRANSLATION? A HANDFUL... RUNNING
AROUND IN CIRCLES LIKE CHICKENS
WITH THEIR HEADS CUT OFF...
SQUABBLING
EACH OTHER.

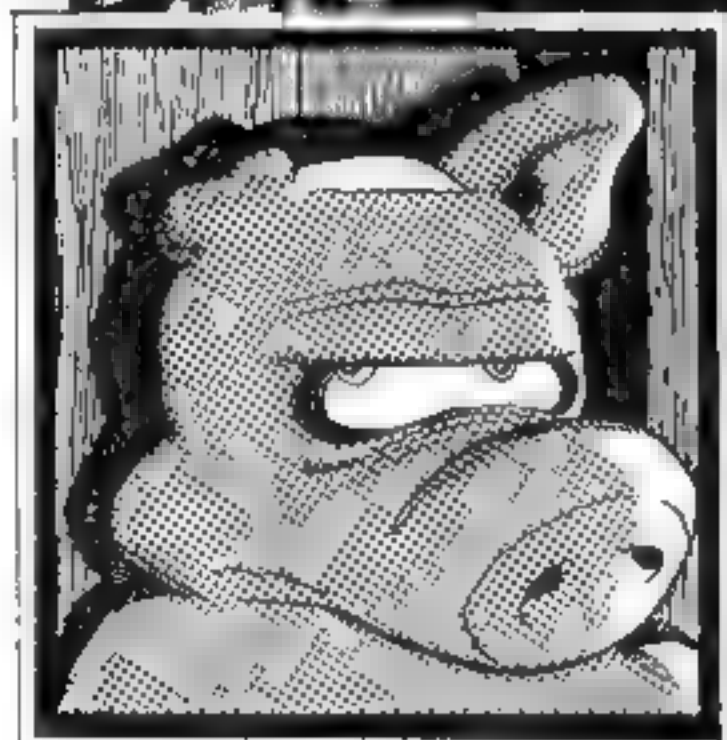


THEY ART NAUGHT
BUT... BUT...
TODD FOLLOWERS
(YOUR NAY-PLOOZ-ULTRANESS)

NUTTIN' BUT A
PACK OF
TODD
HUGGERS
(YOUR-SKY-ER-
NO-HIGHERNESS)



NUTTIN' BUT A
BUNCH O'
TODD NOSERS
(YOUAH STRATOSPHERICKNESS)



TRANSLATION? EVERYTHING'S A MESS BUT
WE'VE GOT A SCAPEGOAT FOR YOU TO TAKE
IT OUT ON AND HIS NAME IS TODD.

SO CEREBUS (PLAYING ALONG) SAYS
HE SAYS:

WHERE. IS. THIS...

TODD



(REAL SNARLY LIKE THAT)

FIGURING WHEREVER TODD WAS IT HAD TO BE SOMEPLACE REASONABLY SAFE (THAT IS, A MOLTEN-LEAD-ENEMA-FREE-ZONE) OR THEY WOULD'VE BROUGHT TODD-- AND THE REST OF THE CEREBITES-- WITH THEM.

(AND WHEREVER THAT TURNED OUT TO BE - CEREBUS FIGURED IT HAD TO BE A WHOLE LOT SAFER THAN THE "SANCT-VARRY" AT THAT MOMENT)

(WELL.)

TALK ABOUT YOUR "WOID OF TRUTH"

BEFORE YOU COULD SAY **STRATEGO-TACTICAL RETRENCHMENT..**

(WELL-- NOT BEFORE YOU COULD SAY IT.

HEH-HEH

YOU WEREN'T THERE.)

BUT BEFORE CEREBUS COULD SAY IT, WE WERE "HOTTELING ACROSS" THE WESTERN PLAINS..

~CEREBUS IN A PILLOW-LINED TWO-WHEELED CART DRAWN BY MOSHER'S HORSE, HANGING ON FOR DEAR LIFE

(THAT IS CEREBUS WAS HANGING ON FOR DEAR LIFE)

(NOT MOSHER'S HORSE.)



ALTHOUGH CEREBUS
SPENT MOST OF THE
TRIP WATCHING OUT
FOR

BUMP!

IN ORDER TO KEEP HIS
BROKEN LEG FROM GETTING
ANY BROKENER...

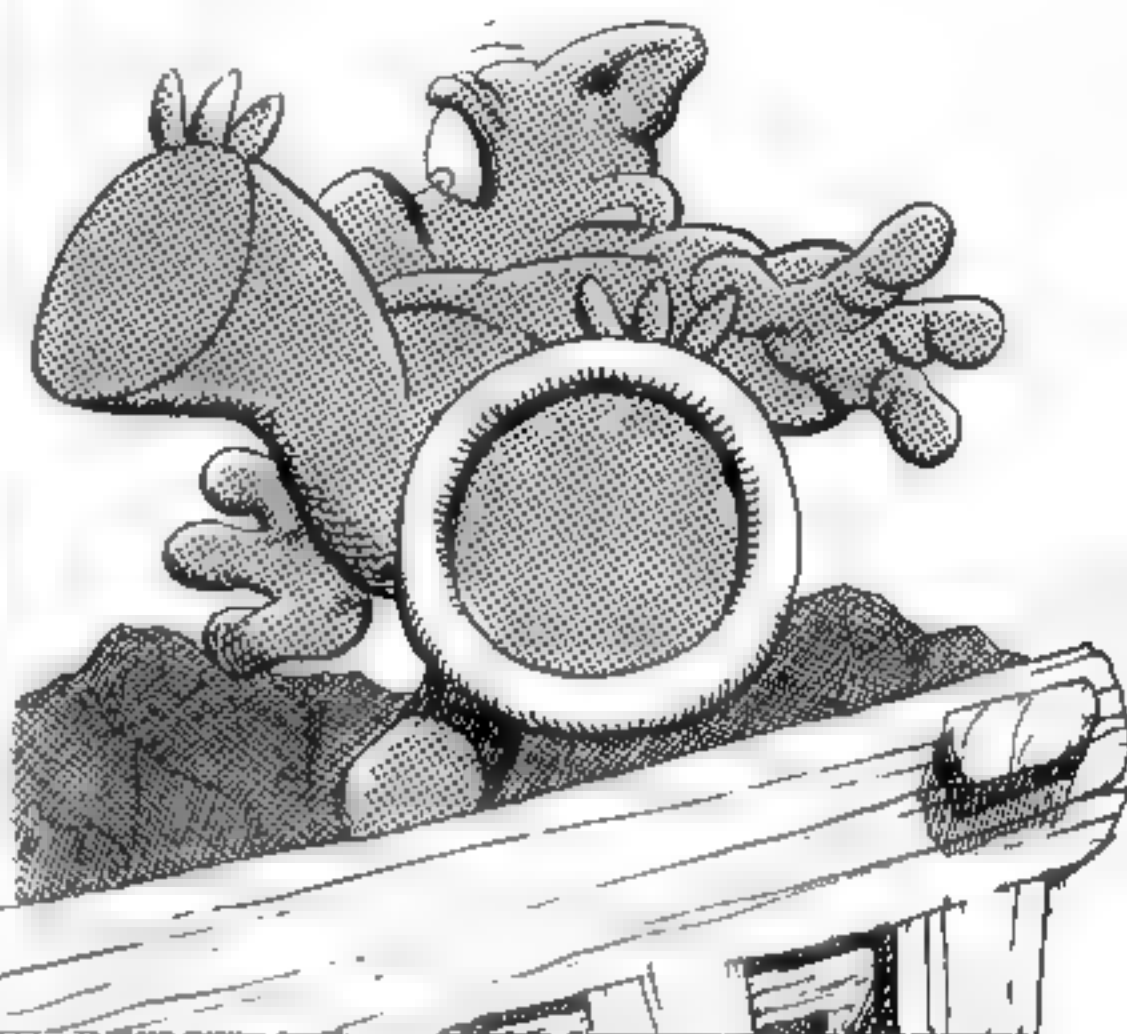
EVEN IN MID-AIR CEREBUS COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE HOW DESOLATE THE WESTERN
PLAINS HAD BECOME... NOT EVEN A BLADE OF GRASS FOR MILES AROUND



JUST AS CEREBUS COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE EVEN IN MID-AIR A FEW MILES
LATER A CIRINIST WITH HER HEAD BLOWN OFF AND HALF HER CHEST
SHOT AWAY.....



...er... THAT IS... CEREBUS WAS IN MID-AIR.
THE CIRINIST WAS LYING ON THE
GROUND.



... AND A FEW MILES AFTER THAT...



... A COUPLE MORE DEAD CIRINISTS...

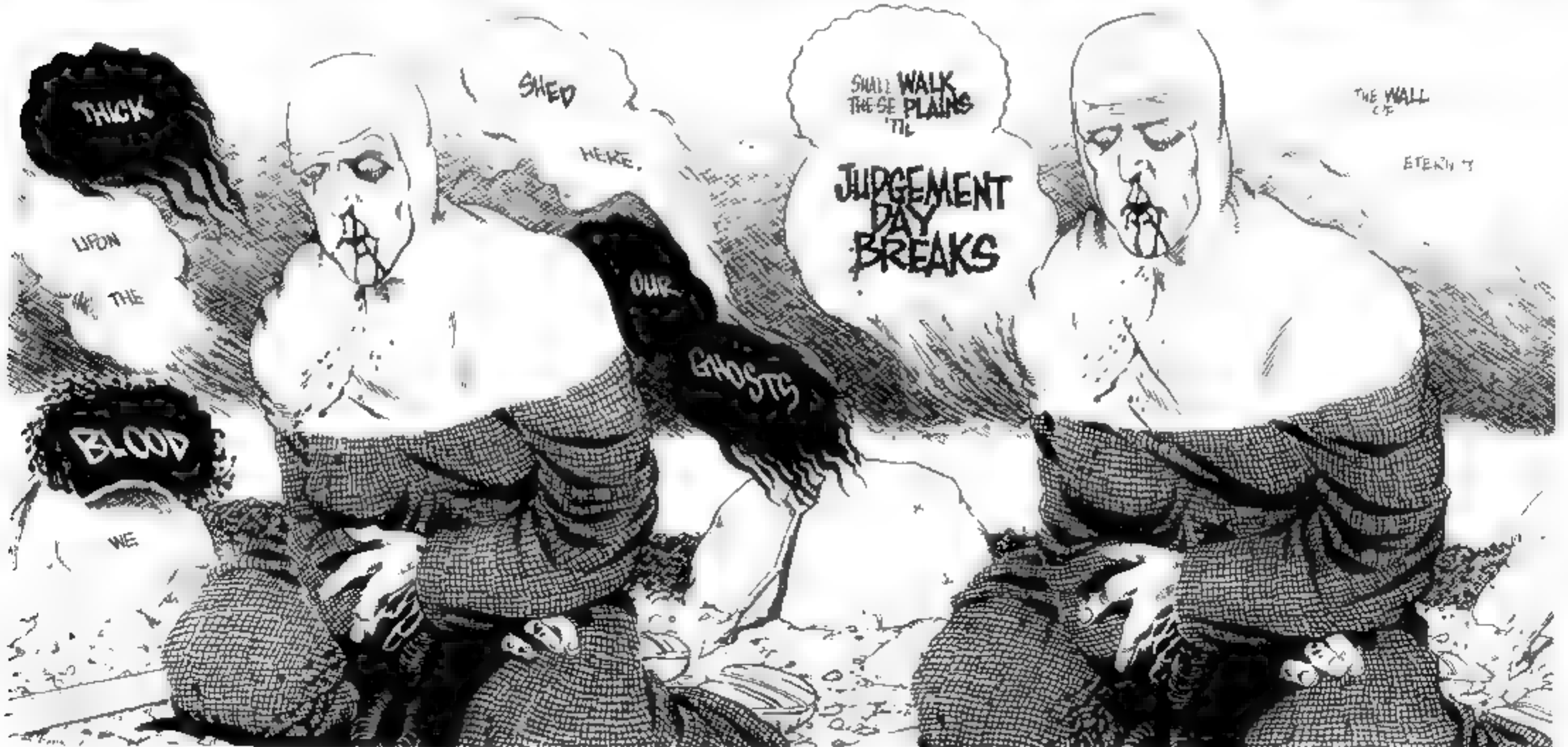
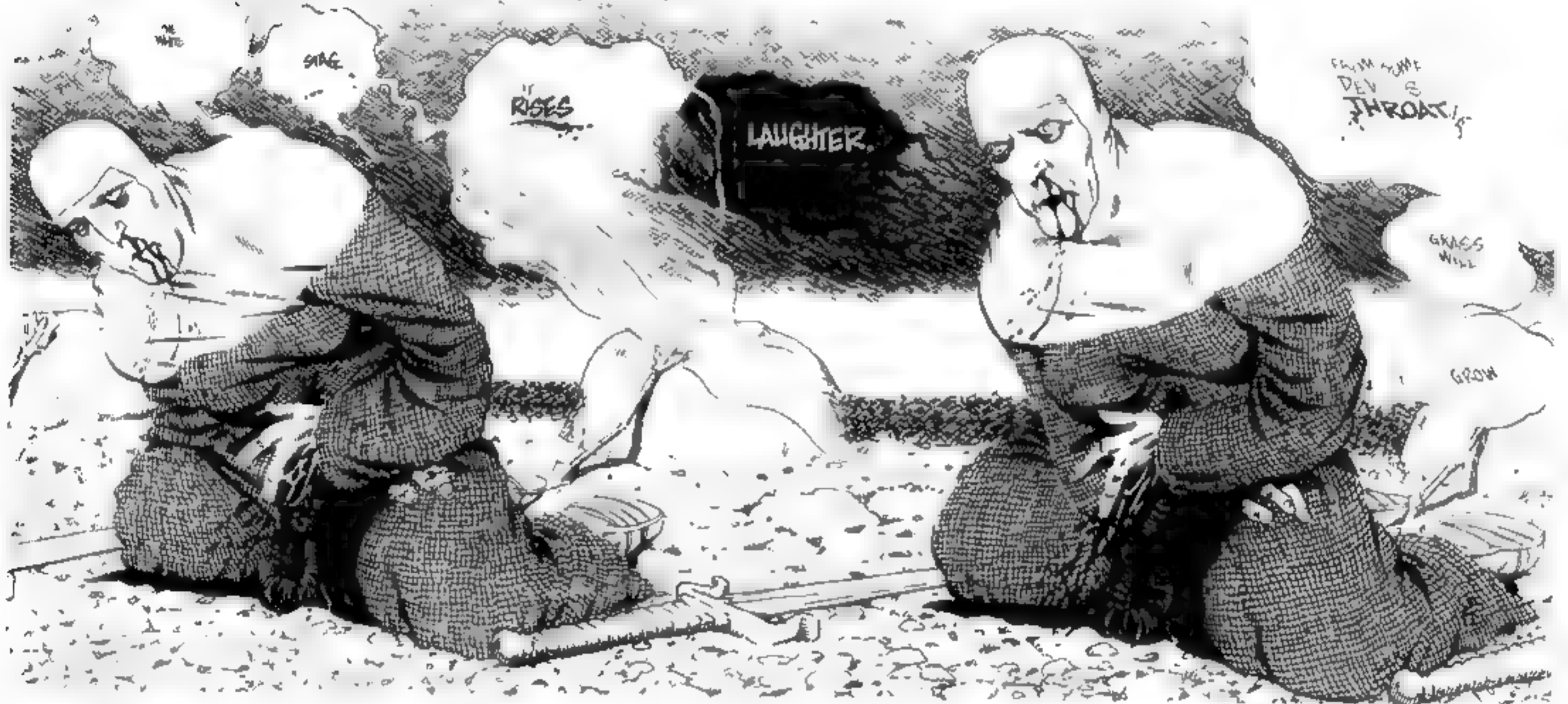
AND A FEW MILES AFTER THAT, SO MANY DEAD CIRINISTS

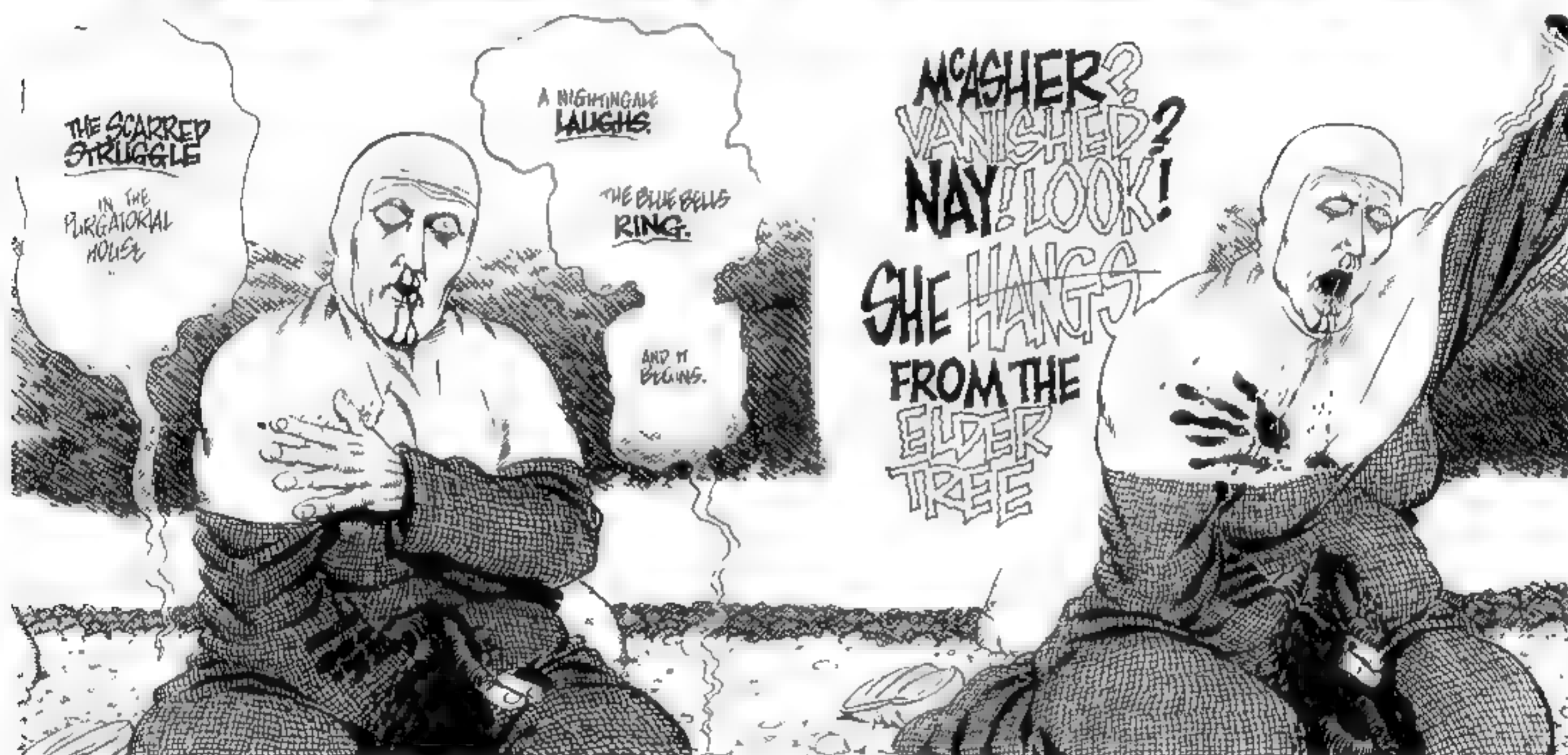
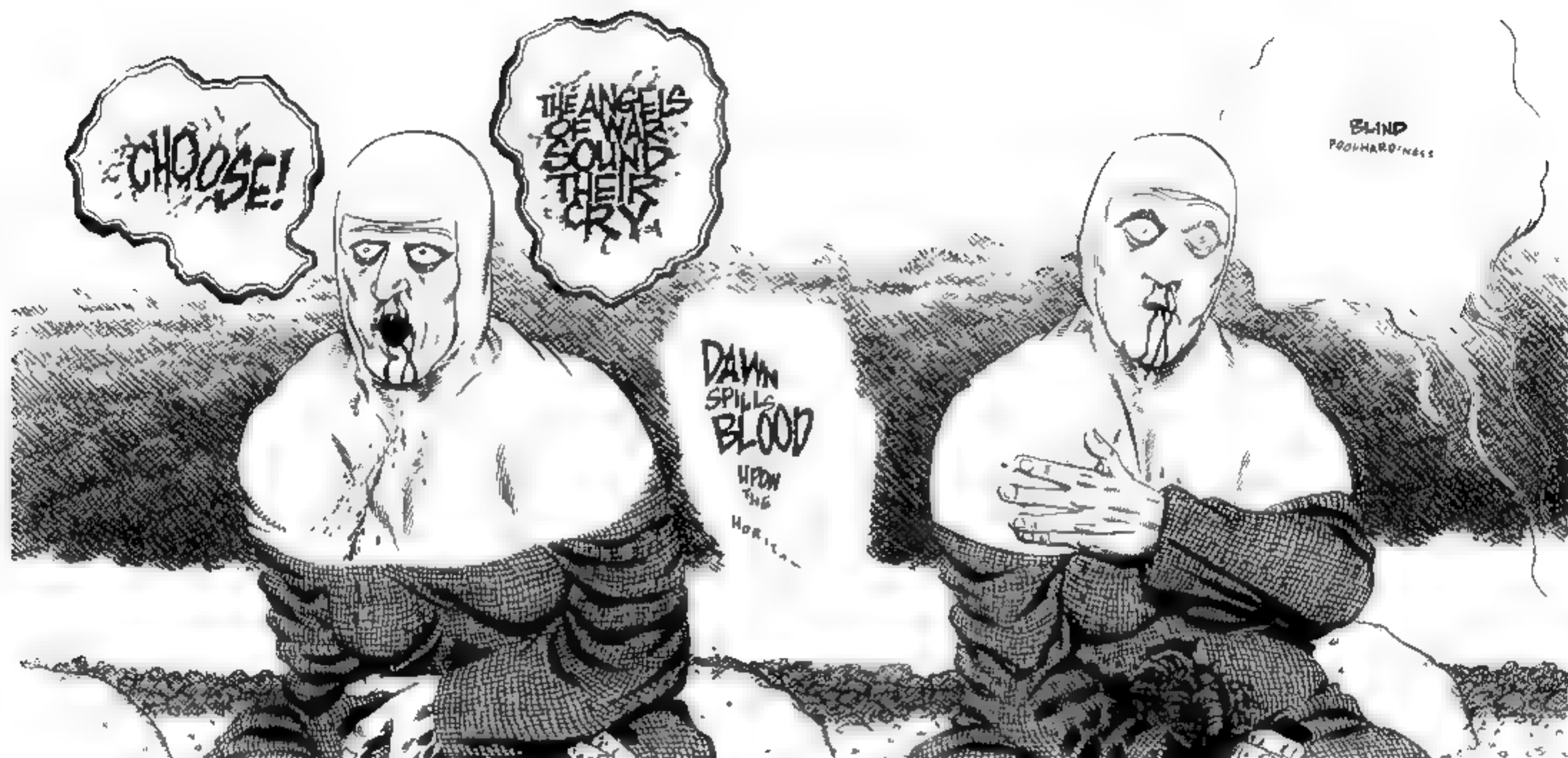


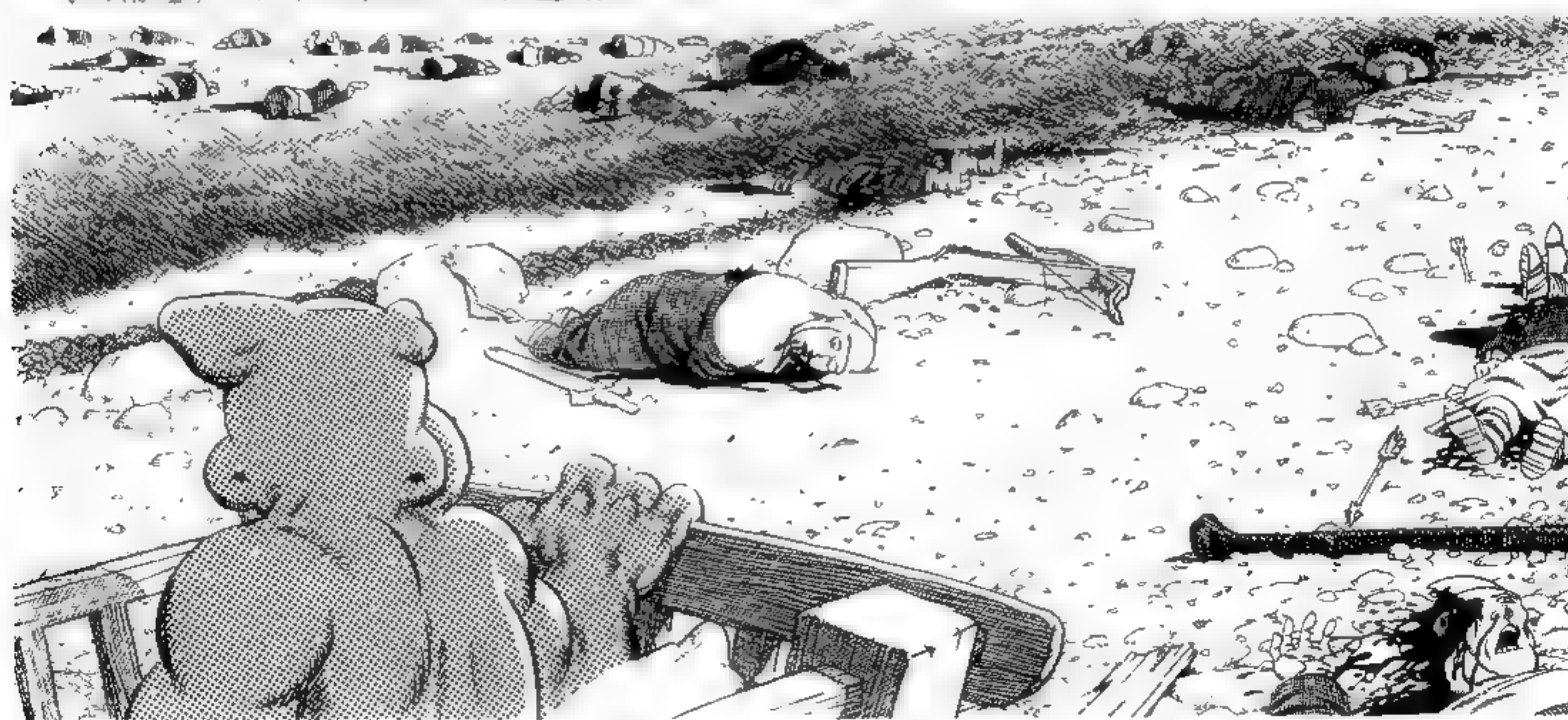
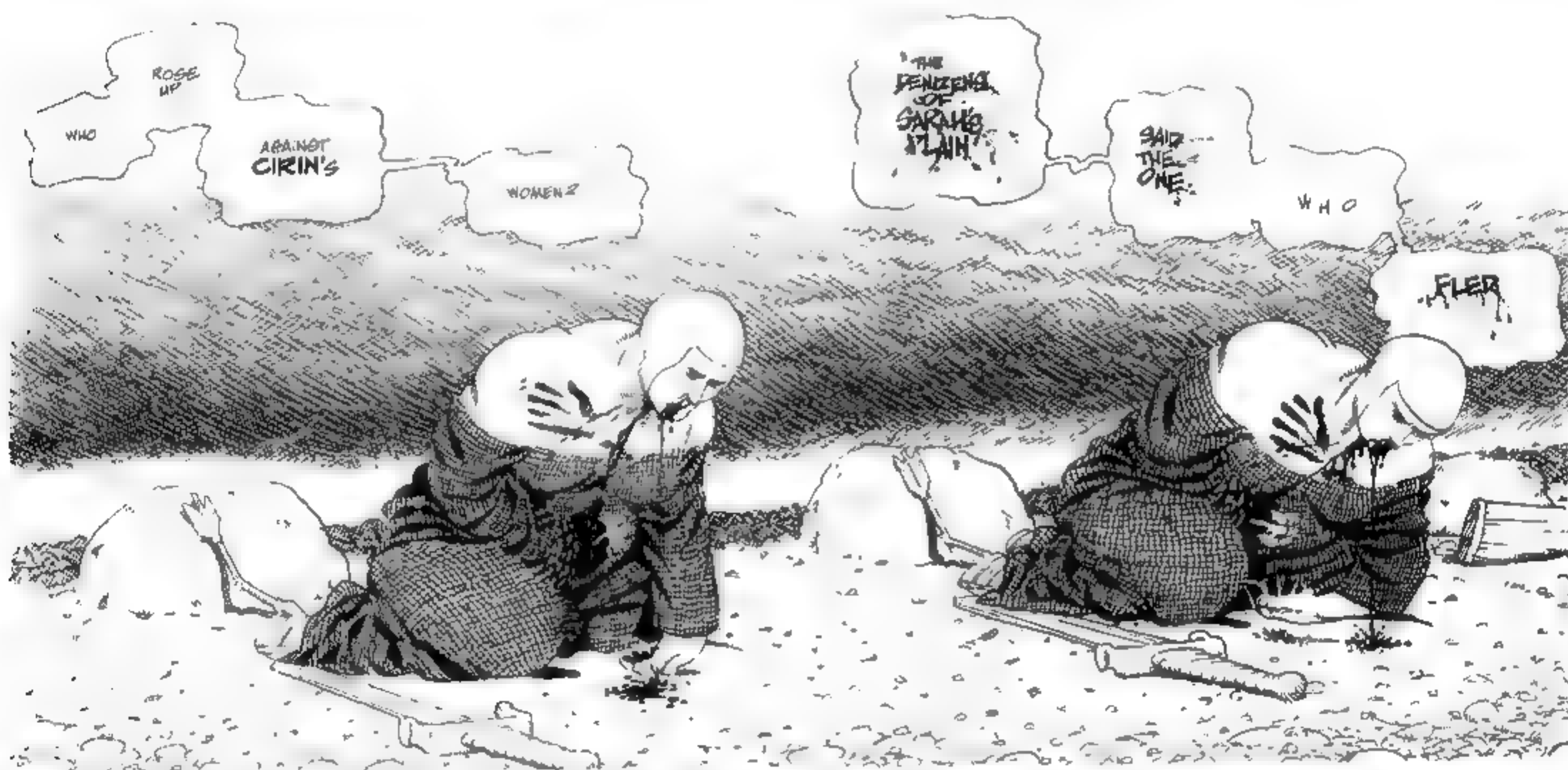
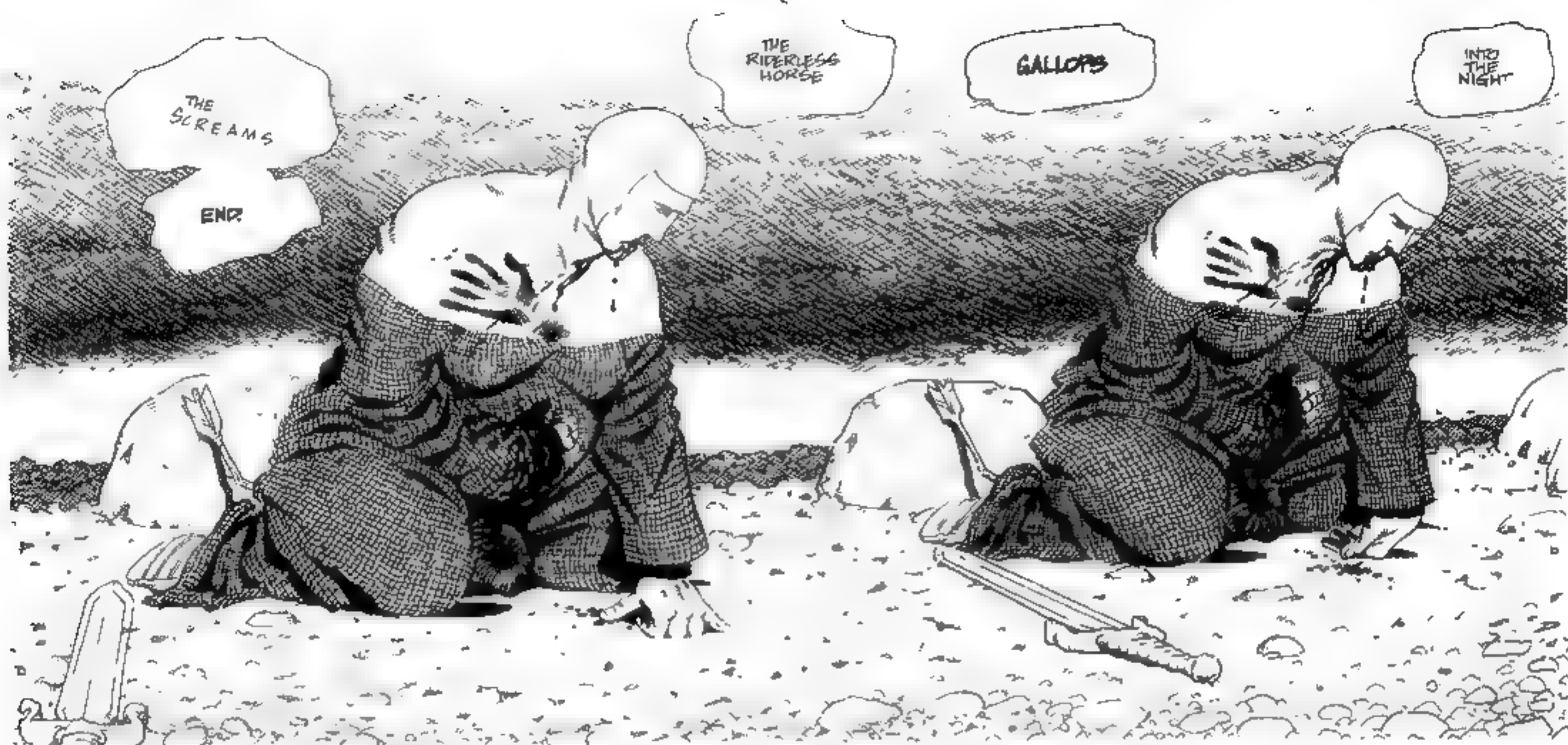
THAT MOSHIE, LOSHIE AND KOSHIE HAD
TO DISMOUNT AND WALK THE HORSES
THROUGH THE MAZE OF CIRINIST
CORPSES!

AND THEN (CEREBUS
DOESN'T KNOW HOW ELSE TO
EXPLAIN IT) **EVERYTHING SLOWED
DOWN**. KOSHIE AND MOSHIE AND LOSHIE
AND THE HORSES WERE
STILL **WALKING** BUT
S-L-O-W-L-Y -- AS IF THEY
WERE UNDERWATER

EVEN CEREBUS' HEAD WHEN HE TURNED TO WATCH THE DEAD,
CIRINIST GETTING U P









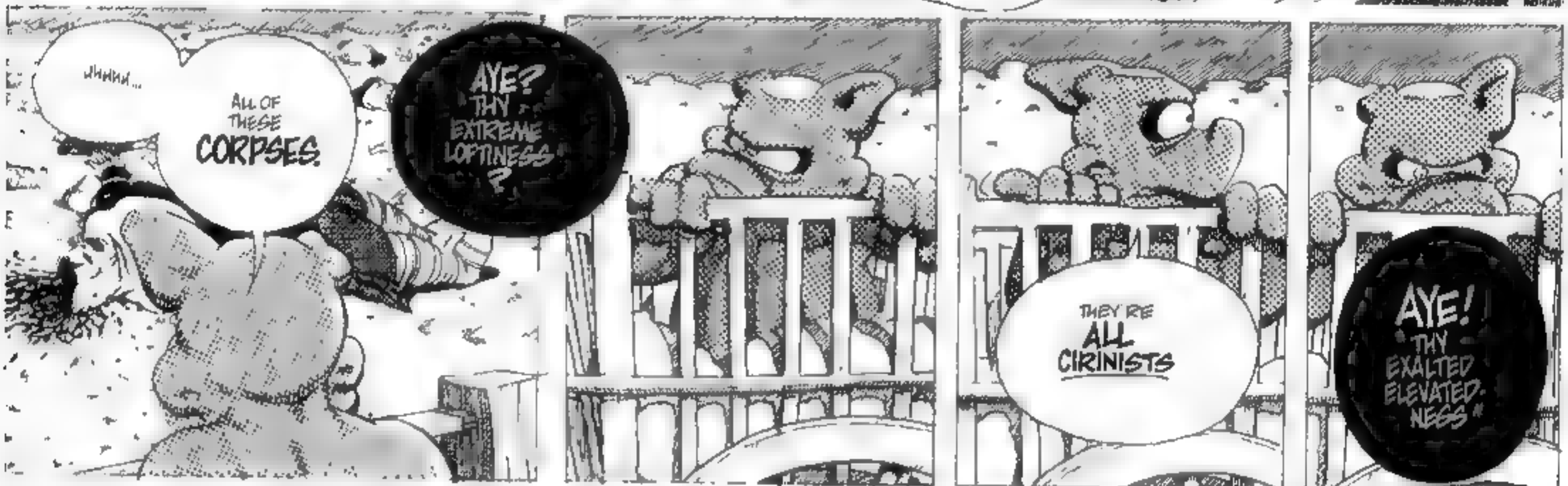
A PLACE OF DIRE WOE
AND FORBODING! HERE
WAS CALIRASILS THE
SEPRAN DEFEATED BY
THE PIGTS...

SUFFERING A
NEAR FATAL
WOUND...

WHICH HE
DIDST
SURVIVE...

ONLY TO HAVE HIS SHIP
SINKETH OFF BENWICK
KILLING ALL HANDS
ABOARD

CHEE, MOSH...
YOU SHOOAH
KNOW A LOTTA
HIST'RY!



WHHHH...

AYE?
THY
EXTREME
LOFTINESS?

THEY'RE
ALL
CIRINISTS

AYE!
THY
EXALTED
ELEVATED
NESS



NONE OF THEM
ARE CEREBITES.

NAY, THY
UPPERMOSTEDNESS

SO?

SO?
THY
OVERTHETOP-
NESS?

SO? WHAT'S THE
BIG 'CAPOSTROPHE'?

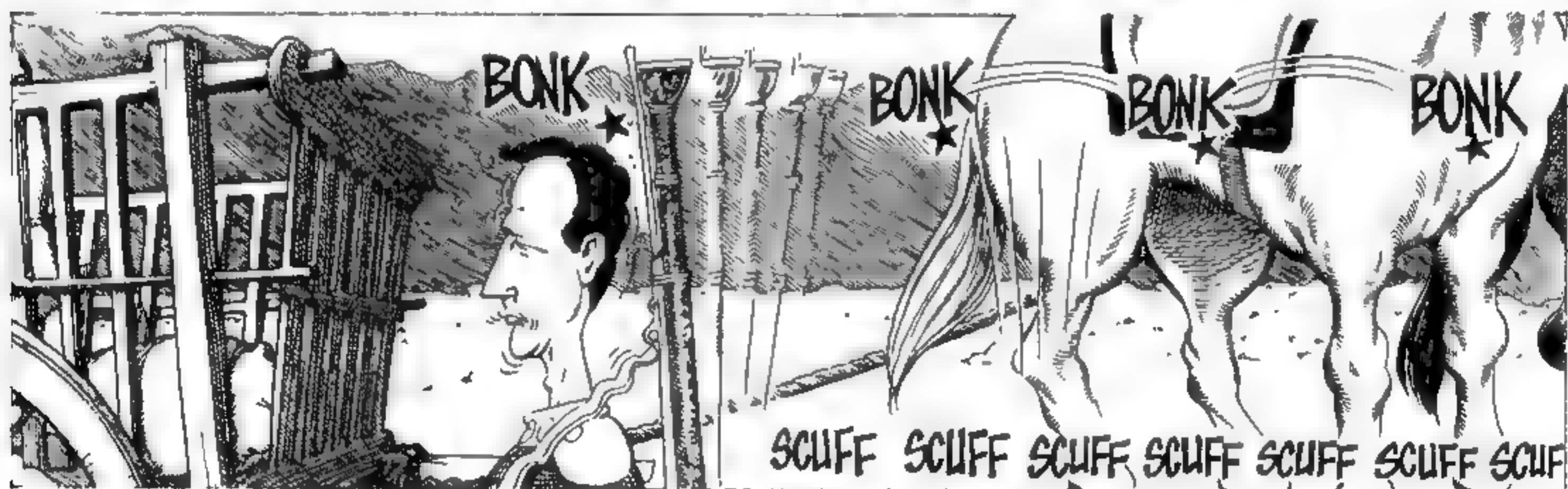


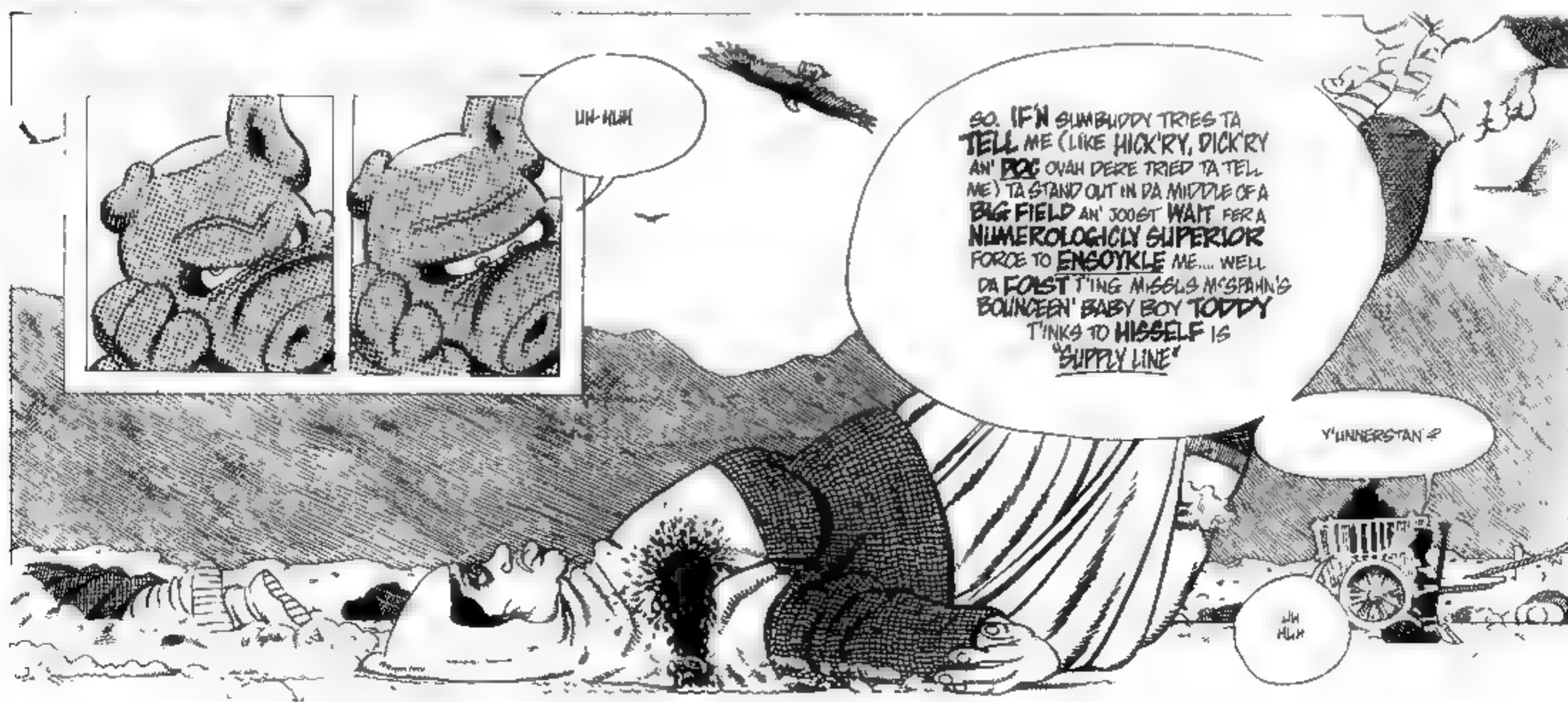
DA BIG CAPOSTROPHE
IS COMIN' DIS WAY,
YOOAH SUPREME
AVENGANCENESS

AN' HIS
NAME IS (SUN NEER)

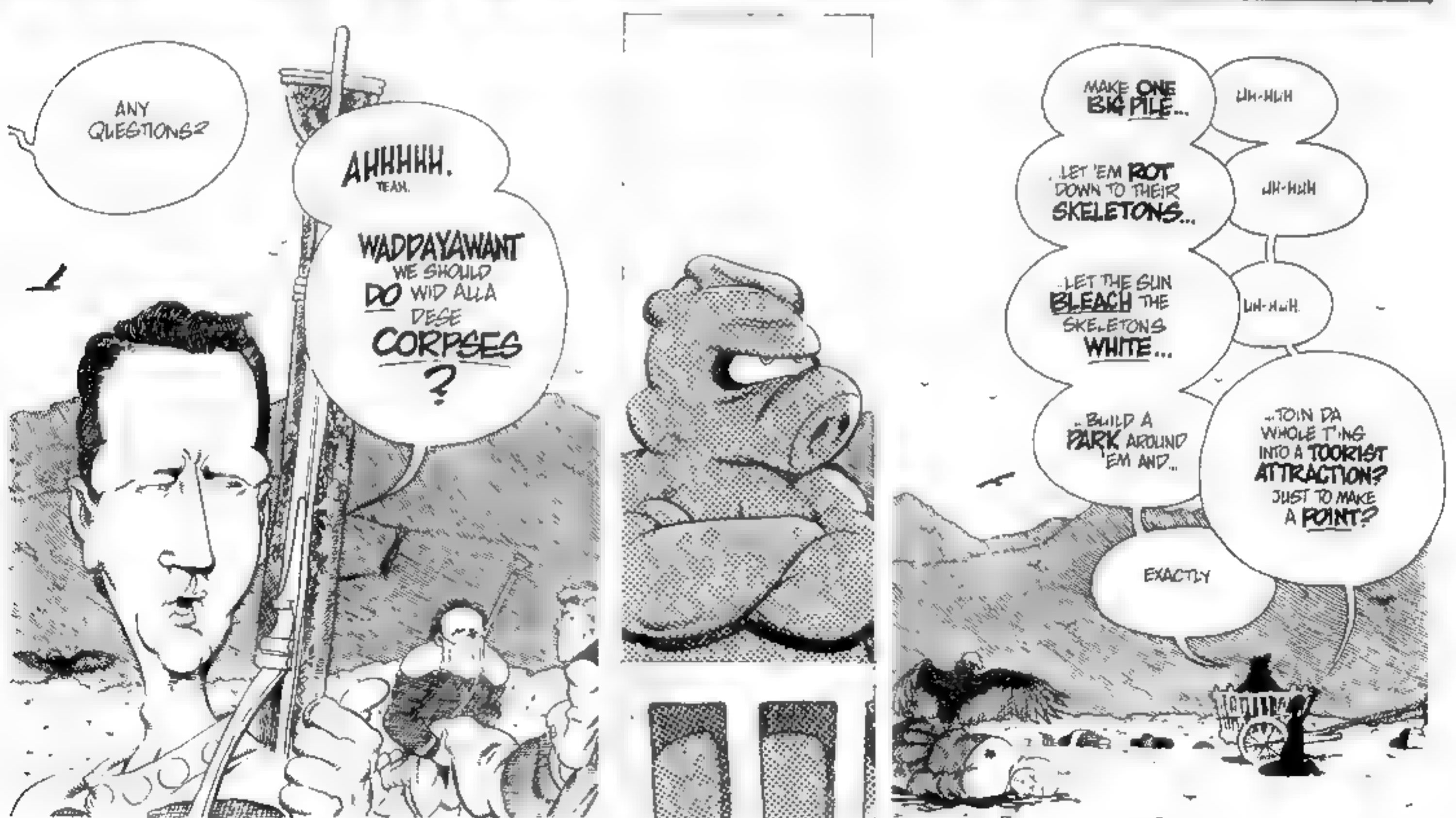
TODD "FAR LANE"
MC SPAHN!













HEY! AN'
A PONY RIDE
AROUN'
DA BONES?

MY LITTLE
GOIL
LOVES
PONY RIDES

GURE
WHY
N

AAAAAH

SAY! IZZIT
OKAY
WITCHYOU
DAT I DON'T
SCUFF SCUFF SCUFF
BACK OUTTA
HERE ON MY
KNEES
?

DESE HERE
IS MY
GOOD
PANTS



HUNH?

OH!

OH

UH

STANDEST THOU
UPRIGHT! THY
FAITH HATH
MADE THEE
VERTICAL!

T'ANK YOUSE,
(THY EASILY BOY-CUM-VENTED-NEES)



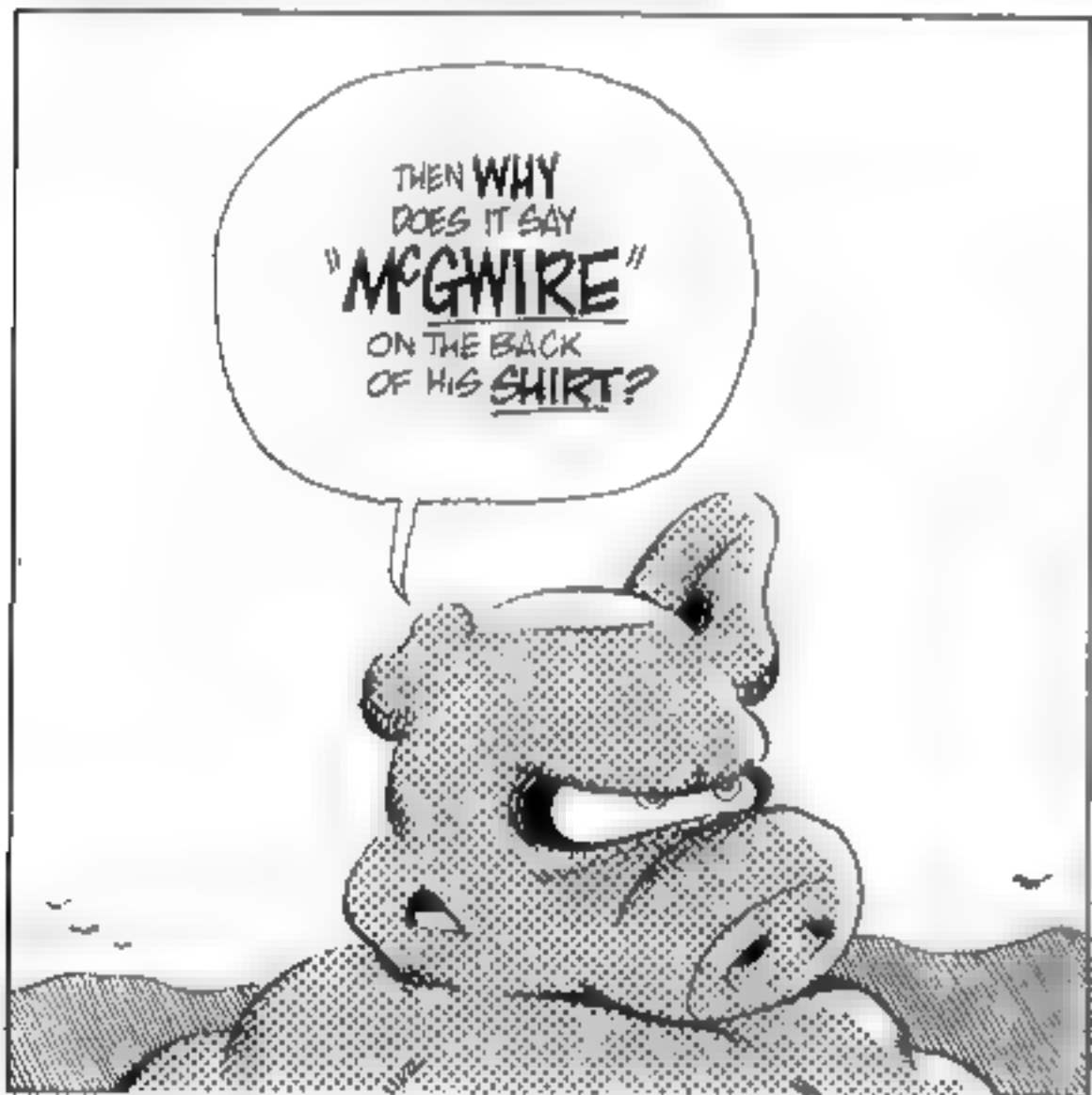
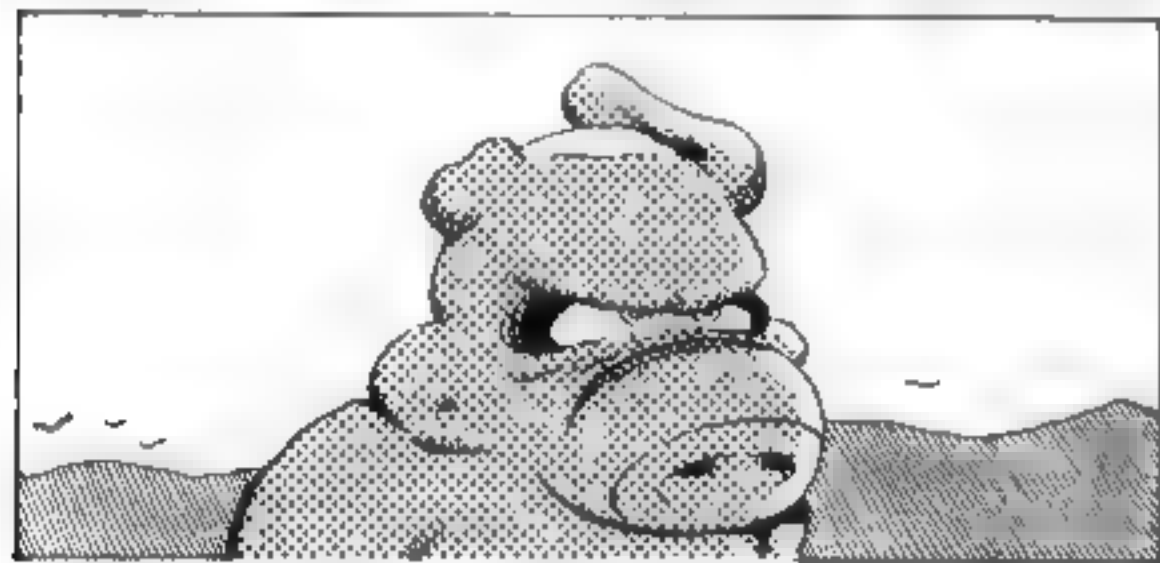
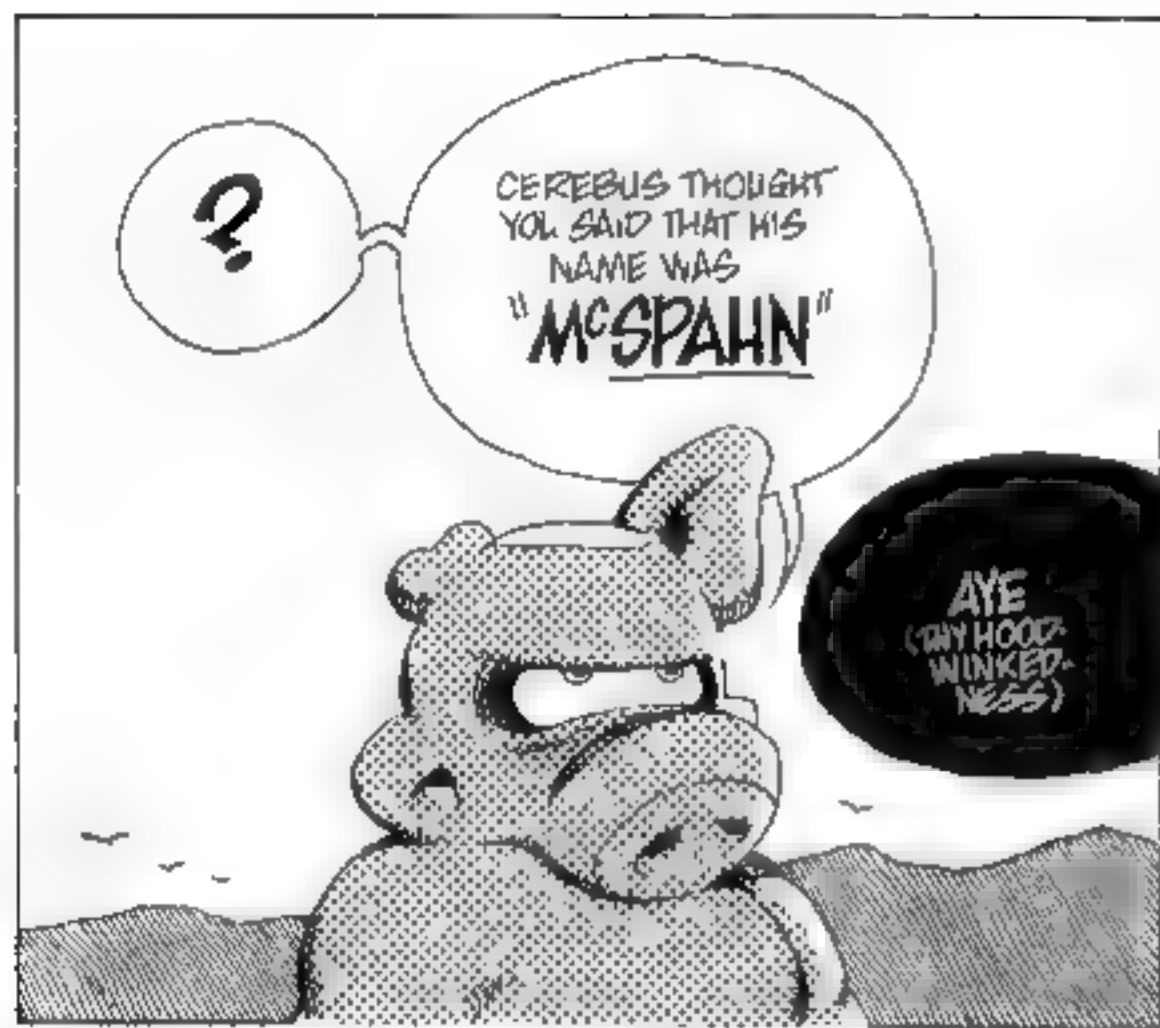
MMMM

GRUMPY?

PUMPY?

WUFFY?

YOUSE
BOYCE HAVE
YO SELFS
A NICE
DAY
NOW



"YOUR EASILY CIRCUMVENTEDNESS" OFF TO A LOUSY START, CEREBUS THOUGHT (BALANCED ON HIS RIGHT FOOT). CEREBUS **SHOULD** HAVE TOLD M'SPAHN TO SCUFF SCUFF SCUFF AWAY **BACKWARDS**. ON HIS **KNEES**. AND ON HIS **FAT, STUPID NOSE**.

(CLEARLY CEREBUS NEEDED TO "BRUSH UP" ON HIS FOUL-TEMPERED TYRANT SKILLS) (WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY: "PRACTICE, PRACTICE, PRACTICE")

ACTUALLY, CEREBUS COULD JUST AS EASILY HAVE **HOPPED** AROUND -- BUT HE HAD TO GET THE THREE WISE FELLOWS "BACK INTO LINE" ("TIN HOODWINKEDNESS" & "YOUR OUT-OF-THE-LOOPNESS" & *) SO CEREBUS JUST STOOD THERE LOOKING **REALLY STEAMED** WHILE HE LISTENED TO MOSHIE CHIRP CHIRP CHIRP WHIPPING A **CRUTCH** OUT OF A COUPLE OF STRAY BOARDS...

(WHICH GAVE CEREBUS TIME TO DREAM UP HIS **NEXT UNREASONABLE DEMAND**)

"CRUTCH!"

(CEREBUS SNARLED)



"CLOTHING HUT!"

(CEREBUS SNARLED)

(AS SOON AS HE HAD HIS HAND-CRAFTED CRUTCH TUCKED INTO HIS LEFT ARMPIT) THE TOUGH PART **THEN** WAS TRYING NOT TO LAUGH AS HE LISTENED TO

MOSHIE, LOSHIE AND KOSHIE (WOOP! WOOP! WOOP! WOOP!) MADLY SCRAMBLING AROUND (HEY! YOW! WHAT TH'?) RIPPING SHIRTS AND SWEATERS OFF GUYS' BACKS AND (SNIP SNIP SNIP SNIP) CUTTING THEM DOWN TO SIZE -- OVER-TURNING (KA-WHEE! MP) THE TWO-WHEELED WAGON AND (KATHUNK KATHUNK KATHUNK) PROPPING IT UP ON PILES OF ROCKS AND THEN USING (KATHUNK KATHUNK KATHUNK) **OTHER** ROCKS TO DISPLAY "DA MOYCHENDICE"



AS SOON AS CEREBUS SAW THE SHIRT HE KNEW IT WAS "THE ONE" JUST LOOK AT IT! THE ENTIRE SHIRT CONSISTING OF TWO ROWS OF **JAGGED, YELLOW TEETH** OPENING UP. READY TO DEVOUR ANY CEREBSITE WHO DOUBTED CEREBUS WAS IN CHARGE.

(SPEAKING OF "IN CHARGE")

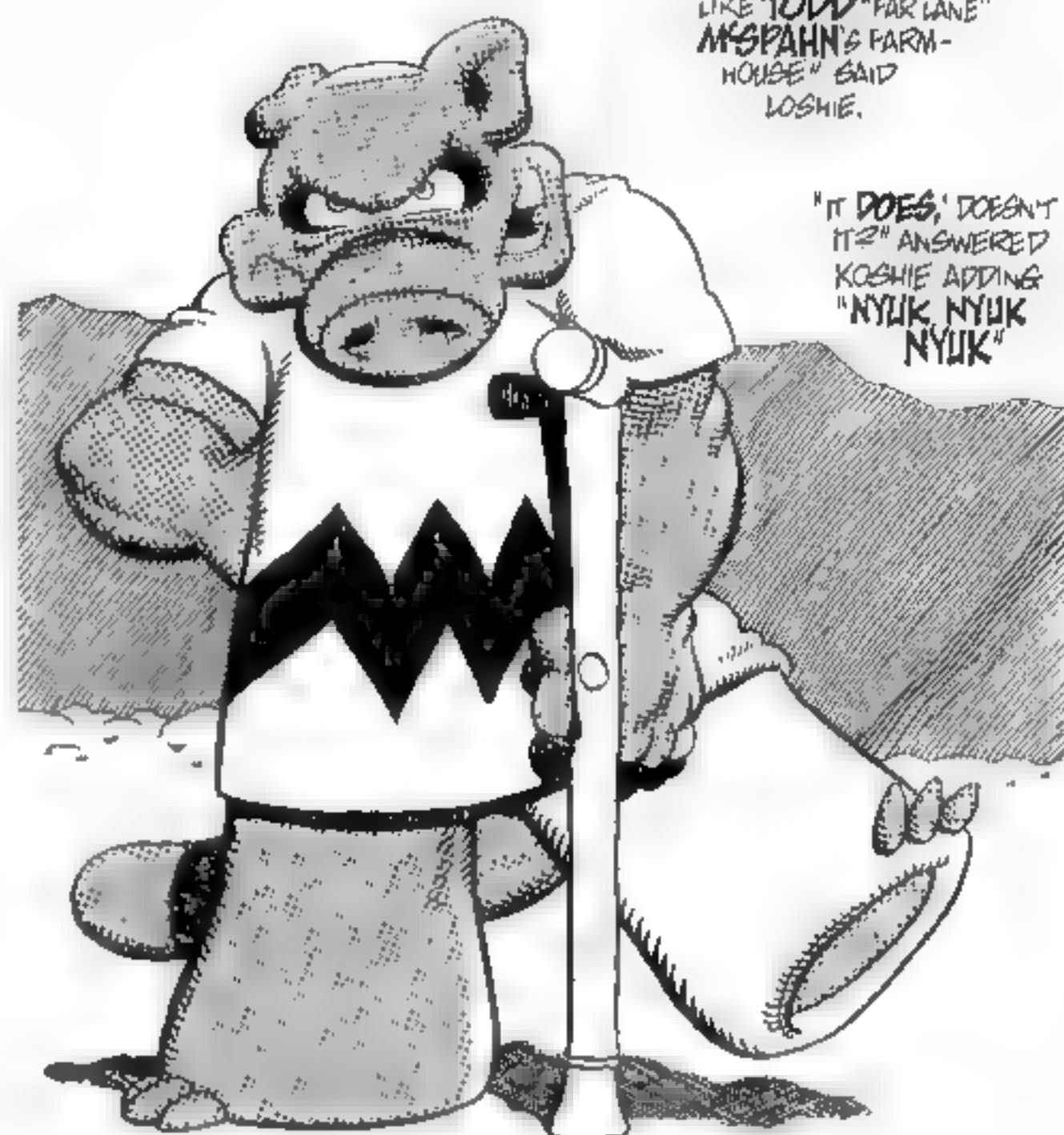


"HEADQUARTERS!" (CEREBUS SNARLED)

SPECIFYING THAT IT DIDN'T NEED TO BE ANYTHING FANCY -- JUST SO LONG AS IT WAS **BIGGER, MORE COMFORTABLE** AND IN A **BETTER LOCATION** THAN ANYONE ELSE'S HEADQUARTERS.

"SAAAY! DAT SOUNDS LIKE TODD 'FAR LANE' MSPAHN'S FARM-HOUSE" SAID LOSHIE.

"IT DOES, DOESN'T IT?" ANSWERED KOSHIE ADDING "NYUK NYUK NYUK"

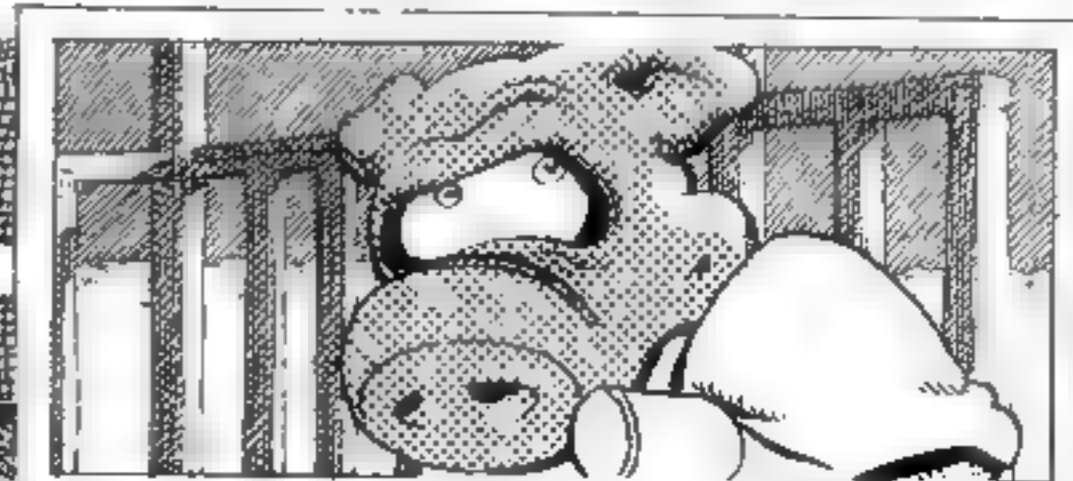


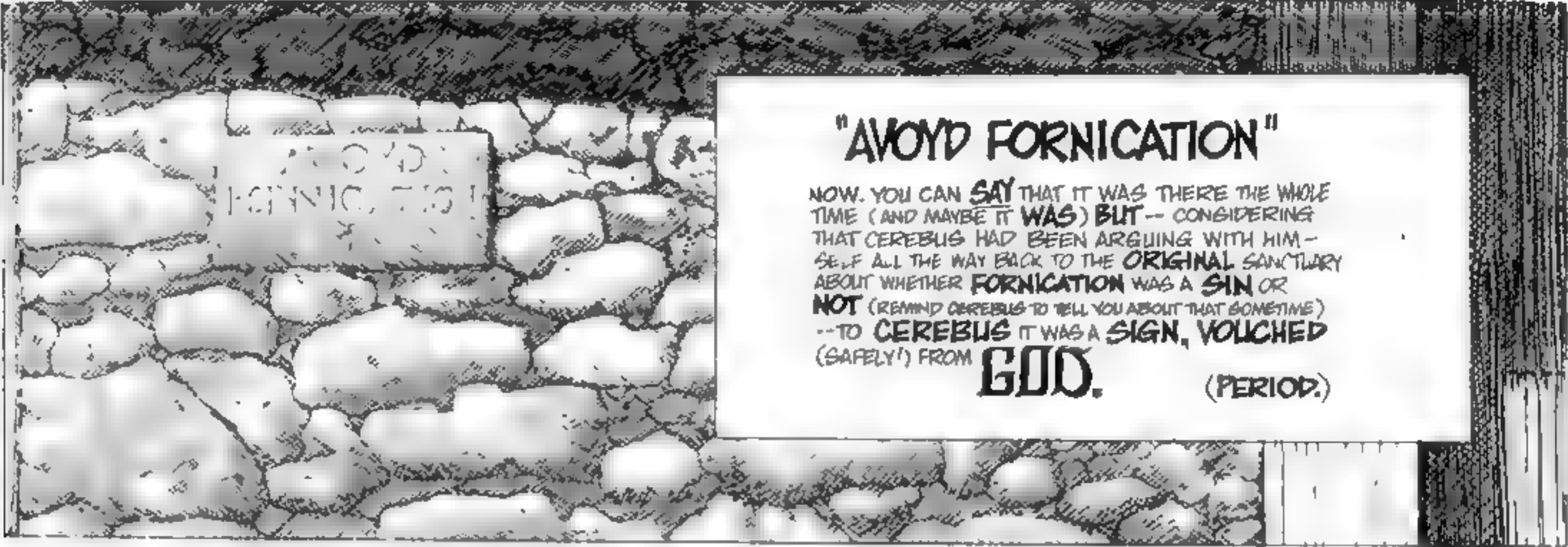
THE BOYS RACED OFF UP AHEAD -- AND CEREBUS FOLLOWING ON HIS CRUTCH AND PASSING A BUNCH OF TIRED-LOOKING OLD GUYS IN THEIR DOUBLE-M "MARK McGWIRE" SHIRTS (KOSHIE HAD STARTED TO EXPLAIN AT ONE POINT THAT THAT WAS THE OTHER FELLA "WIT DA BALLS" AND THAT THAT WAS WHAT THE DOUBLE-M STOOD FOR WHEN CEREBUS REMINDED KOSHIE THAT CEREBUS REALLY DIDN'T WANT TO HEAR ANY MORE ABOUT IT) (CEREBUS TOOK IT AS A GOOD SIGN THAT THAT WAS, INDEED, THE LAST THAT CEREBUS HEARD ABOUT IT)

CEREBUS FOLLOWING ON HIS CRUTCH LOST SIGHT OF KOSHIE AND LOSHIE AND MOSHIE SO HE JUST KEPT FOLLOWING THE TRAIL OF TIRED-LOOKING OLD GUYS UNTIL HE CAME TO THIS BIG OL' STONE-AND-TIMBER FARMHOUSE AND CEREBUS REMEMBERED HOW RABBI -- AT THE START OF HIS GREATEST ADVENTURES -- ALWAYS ASKED GOD TO VOUCHSAFE HIM A SIGN. SO CEREBUS (NOT REALLY EXPECTING ANYTHING BUT FIGURING THAT IT WAS WORTH) (YOU KNOW) (A SHOT)

THOUGHT "GOD, PLEASE VOUCHETH (SAFELY) UNTO CEREBUS A SIGN SUCH AS THOU DIDST VOUCHETH (SAFELY) UNTO RABBI. AMEN."

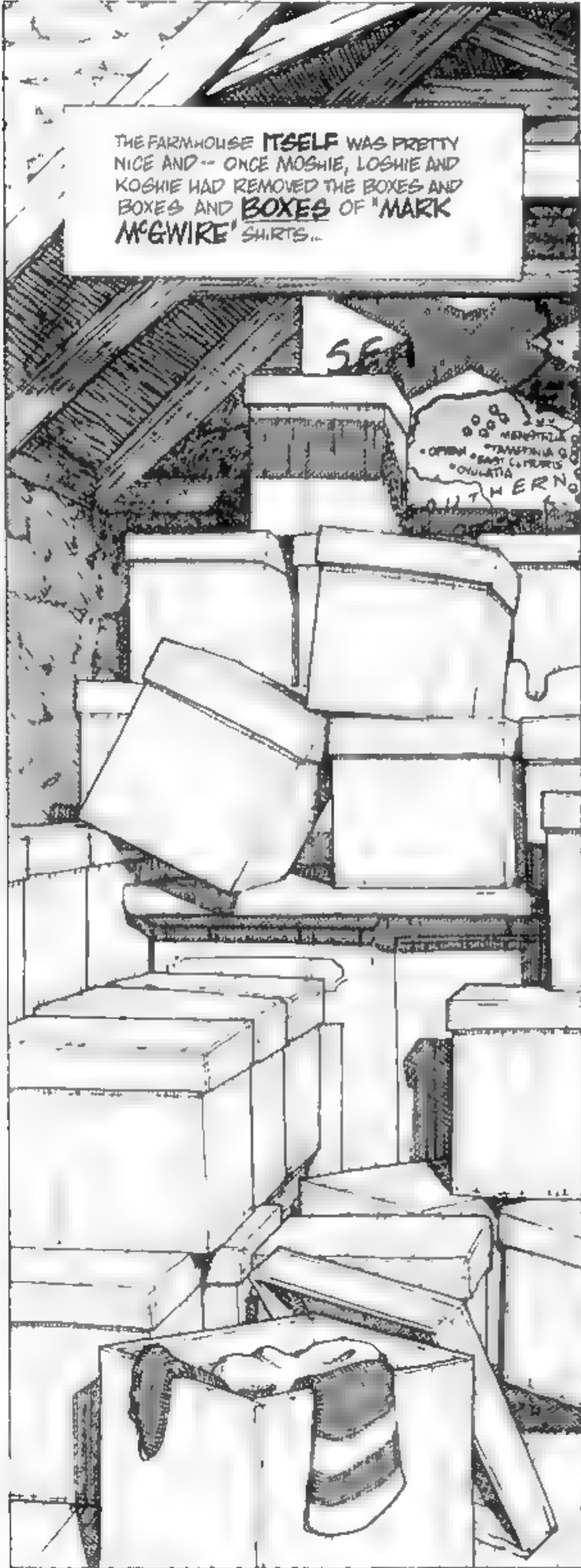
WELL, CEREBUS KNOWS YOU AREN'T GOING TO BELIEVE THIS BUT JUST AS CEREBUS REACHED THE STONE-AND-TIMBER FARMHOUSE, CEREBUS HEARD THIS TAP-TAP-TAP NOISE OVER HIS HEAD. SO CEREBUS LOOKED UP AND THERE IT WAS!

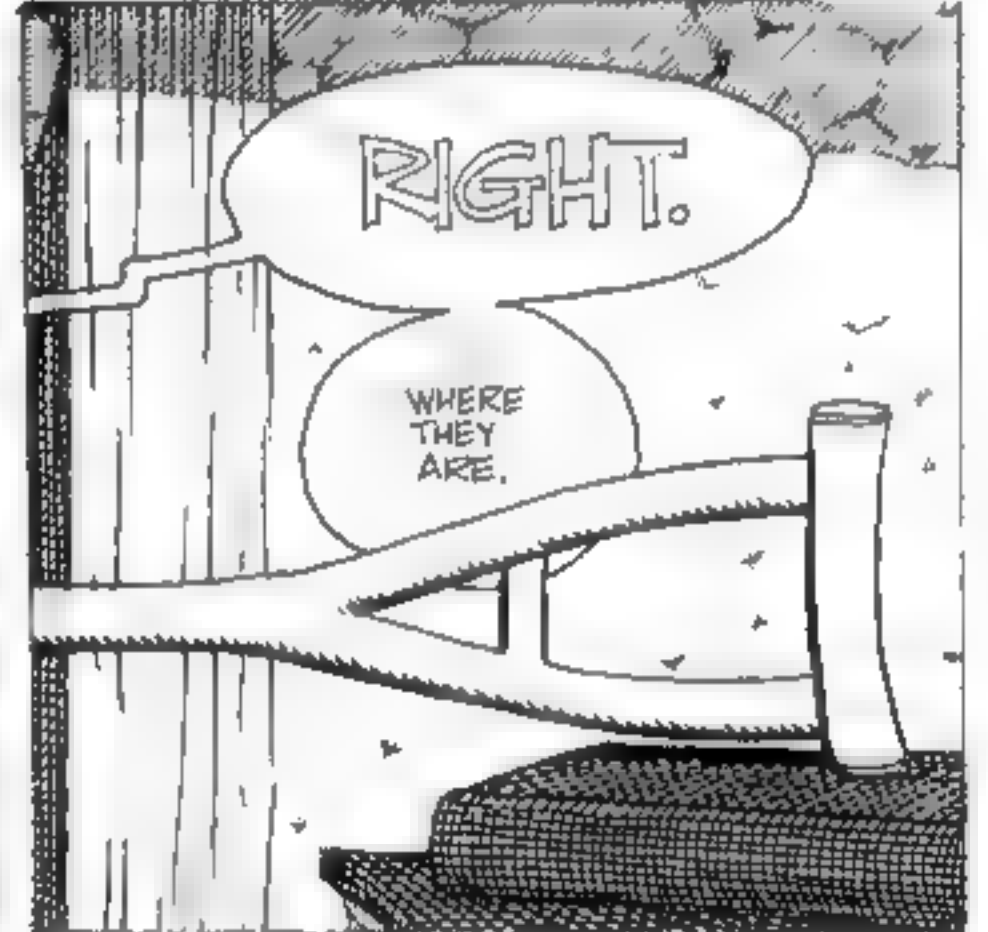
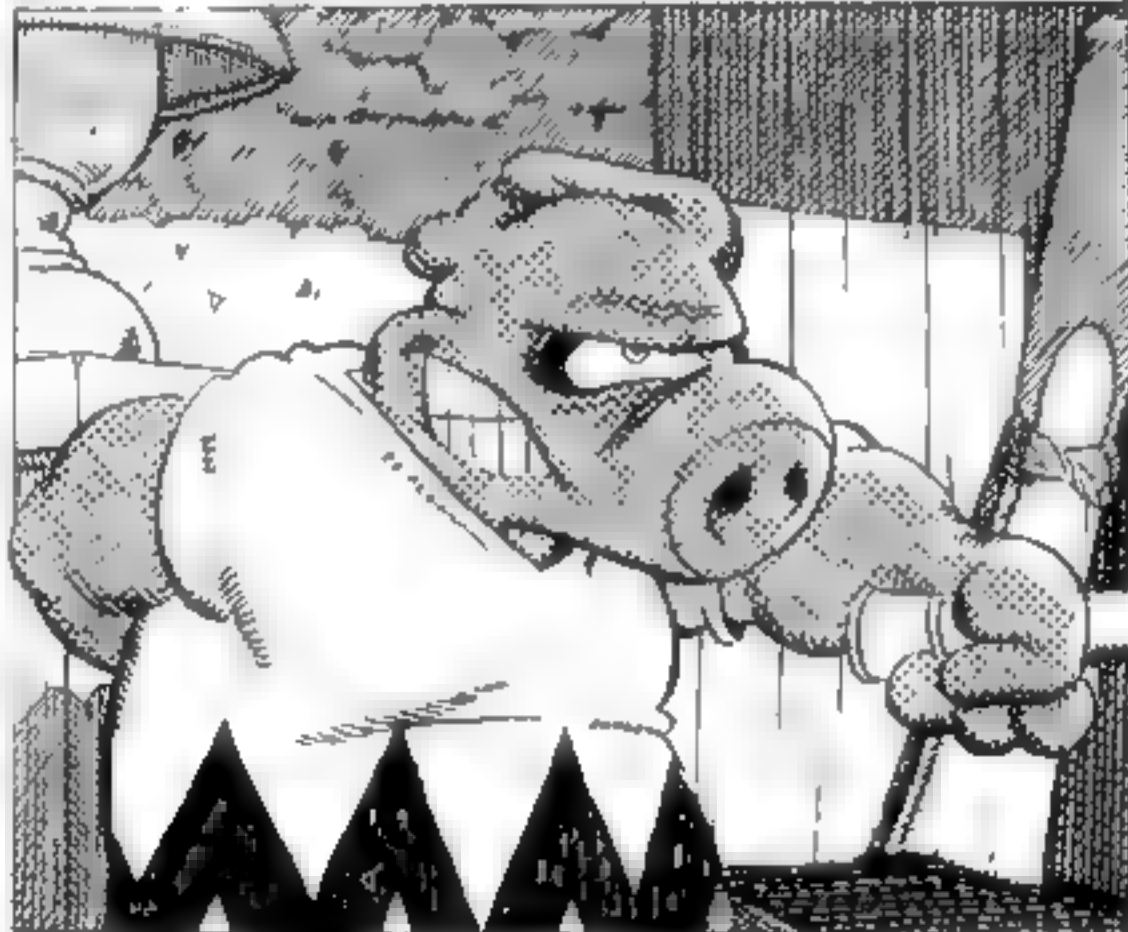




"AVOYD FORNICATION"

NOW. YOU CAN SAY THAT IT WAS THERE THE WHOLE TIME (AND MAYBE IT WAS) BUT -- CONSIDERING THAT CEREBUS HAD BEEN ARGUING WITH HIMSELF ALL THE WAY BACK TO THE ORIGINAL SANCTUARY ABOUT WHETHER FORNICATION WAS A SIN OR NOT (REMINDED CEREBUS TO TELL YOU ABOUT THAT SOMETIME) -- TO CEREBUS IT WAS A SIGN, VOLCHED (SAFELY!) FROM **GOD.** (PERIOD.)







THAT ONE WORKED LIKE A WELL-
OILED PROVERB: "GIVEST THOU
UNTO A YUTZ A LESS YUTZY
NICKNAME? AND UNTO THEE
WILL HE LEAK--LIKE A
SIEVE IN SPRINGTIME."

SERIOUSLY

THE MAN WAS A WALKING
"COLOURED PIN ENCYCLOPEDIA"
WHICH COLOURED PINS HAD
COLOURED-PIN BALLS THE
SIZE OF YOUR HEAD. (THE
YELLOW ONES)

WHICH COLOURED PINS
WERE YELLOW CLEAR
THROUGH. (THE BLUE ONES)...

WHICH COLOURED PINS
WERE COLOURED PIN TOAST.
(THE WHITE ONES)

WHICH COLOURED PINS WERE
GOING TO MARKET.

WHICH COLOURED PINS WERE
STAYING HOME.

WHICH COLOURED PINS WERE
HAVING ROAST BEEF.

WHICH COLOURED PINS WERE
HAVING NONE AND

WHICH COLOURED PINS WERE
CRYING "WEE WEE"
WEE "ALL THE TIME"

WELL

YOU GET THE
DEA



IT ALL CAME
POURING
OUT OF
"FAIRY T"

ER

"F.T.J."
LIKE YOU-KNOW.
WHAT FROM A
GOOSE
RAISED ON
OAT BRAN.

THE **GOOD NEWS** WAS THAT
IT WAS GOING TO BE A
COLOURED-PIN
WALKOVER.

ANY MINUTE NOW, THE CIRINIST
COLOURED PINS WERE GOING
TO LAUNCH A COLOURED-PIN
COUNTER-STRIKE AND
- IN THE PROCESS -- GET THEIR
POINTY LITTLE COLOURED-PIN

BUTTS

KICKED CLEAR ACROSS THE
KOTA MOUNTAINS
OR INTO THE SOFIM
RIVER CANYONS
(AS THE CASE MAY BE)

THE **BAD NEWS**

WAS THAT THAT MEANT CEREBUS
HAD PRACTICALLY NO TIME AT ALL
TO MAKE SURE EVERYONE KNEW
HE WAS IN CHARGE (BECAUSE
OTHERWISE EVERYONE WAS
GOING TO GIVE

MCSPAHN

ALL THE CREDIT FOR WHAT
CEREBUS' COLOURED PINS
WERE ABOUT TO **DO.**)

SO CEREBUS STARTED READING SOME OF
MCSPAHN'S BOOKS, WHICH TURNED OUT TO BE
ALMOST A COMPLETE WASTE OF TIME
(SINCE NOT ONE OF THE BOOKS SAID A
WORD ABOUT COLOURED PINS) (AND
CEREBUS HAD CHECKED UNDER "C" IN EVERY
DAMNED INDEX) EXCEPT FOR THIS ONE BOOK
WHICH WAS FULL OF QUOTES ABOUT WAR
FROM GREAT LEADERS IN NICE BIG LETTERS
THAT IS THE QUOTES WERE IN NICE BIG
LETTERS. THE GREAT LEADERS WERE --
YOU KNOW - **DEAD!**)

MOST OF THE QUOTES WERE WAY
TOO LONG (SOMETIMES, LIKE A WHOLE PAGE)
BUT SOME OF THEM WERE **GOOD... AND**
SHORT ENOUGH TO WRITE DOWN (WHICH IS
WHAT CEREBUS DID. LIKE THIS ONE:)

"A MAN CAN DIE BUT ONCE. WE
OWE **GOD** A DEATH."

AND THIS ONE

"IS LIFE SO DEAR OR PEACE SO
SWEET AS TO BE PURCHASED AT THE PRICE
OF CHAINS AND SLAVERY?
FORBID IT, ALMIGHTY GOD!
I KNOW NOT WHAT COURSE OTHERS MAY
TAKE, BUT AS FOR ME -- **GIVE ME**
LIBERTY OR GIVE ME
DEATH!"

AND THIS ONE

"THE ART OF WAR IS SIMPLE ENOUGH. FIND
OUT WHERE YOUR ENEMY IS. GET AT HIM
AS SOON AS YOU CAN. STRIKE AT HIM AS
HARD AS YOU CAN AND AS OFTEN AS YOU
CAN AND KEEP MOVING ON."



AND **THIS** ONE

"WAR ALONE BRINGS UP TO ITS HIGHEST TENSION ALL HUMAN ENERGY AND PUTS THE STAMP OF NOBILITY UPON THE PEOPLES WHO HAVE THE COURAGE TO FACE IT."

AND **THIS** ONE:

"THIS WAR IS ONE OF THOSE ELEMENTAL CONFLICTS WHICH USHER IN A NEW MILLENNIUM AND WHICH SHAKE THE WORLD ONCE IN A THOUSAND YEARS!"

AND **THIS** ONE:

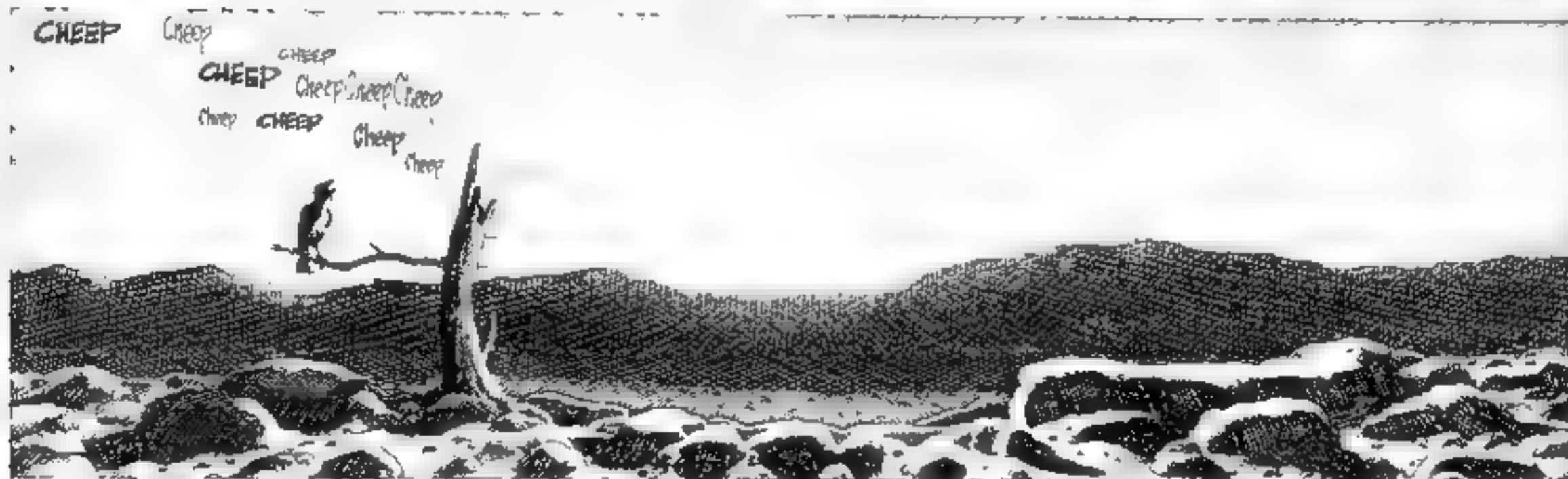
"AND WHEN THE WAR BROKE OUT, ITS REAL HORRORS, ITS REAL DANGERS, ITS MENACE OF REAL DEATH WERE A BLESSING COMPARED WITH THE INHUMAN REIGN OF THE LIE."

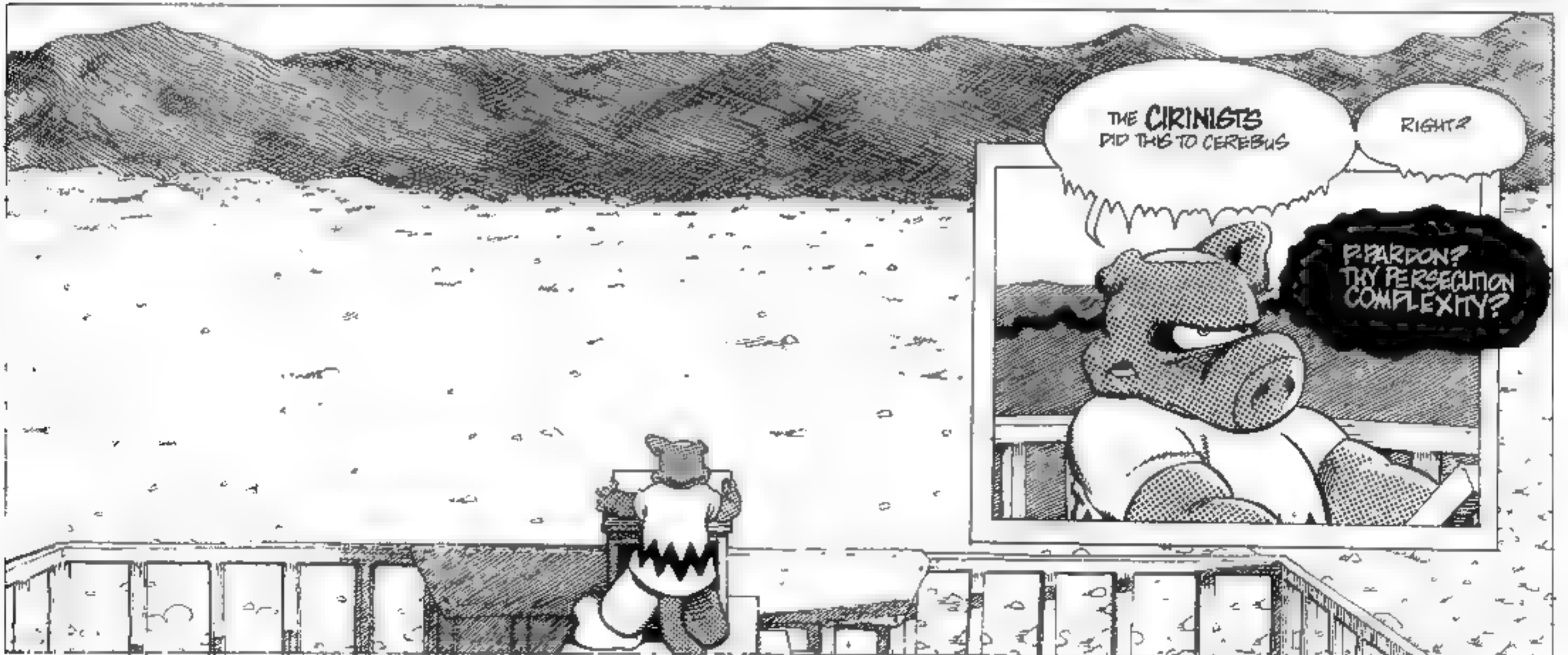
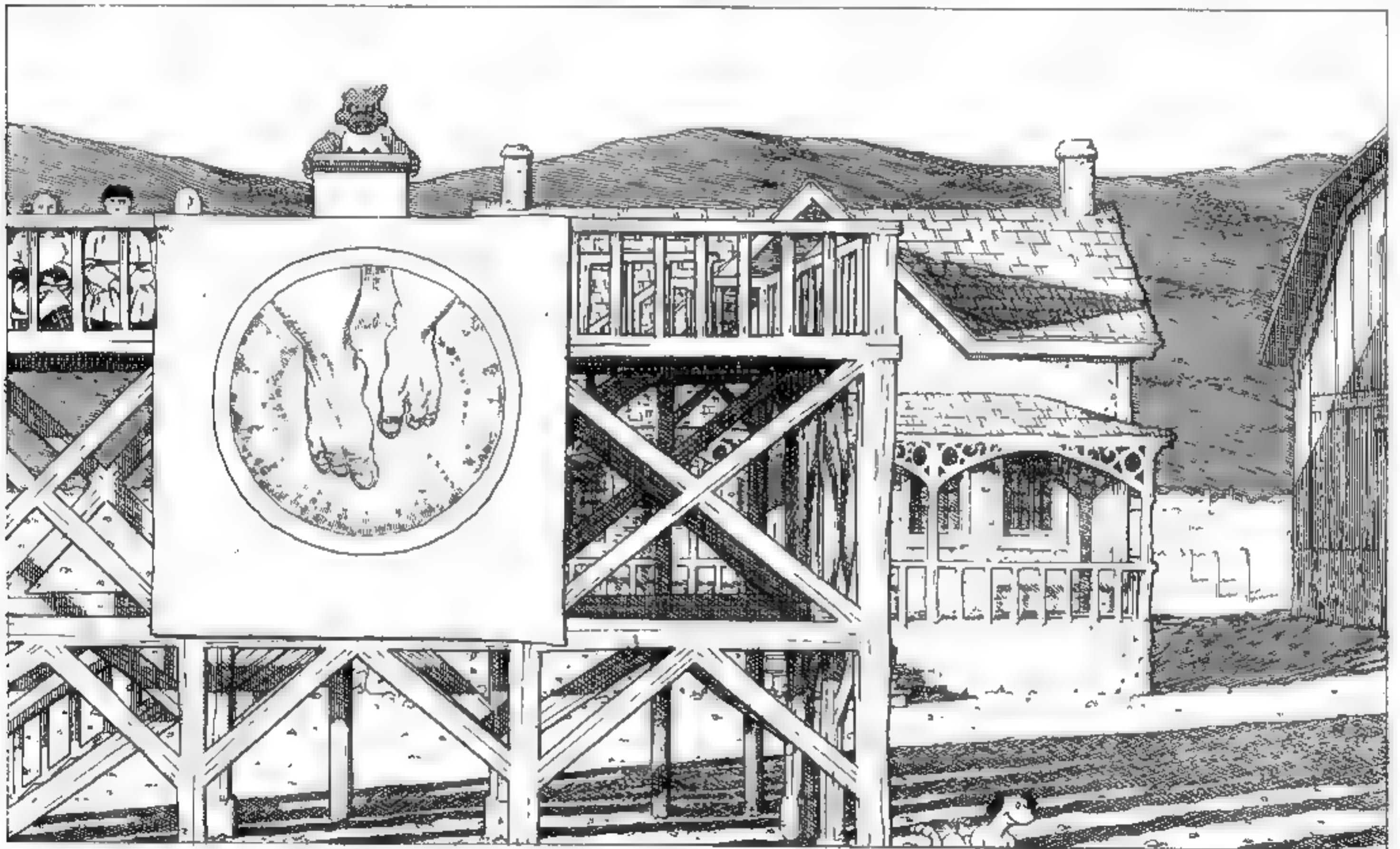
AND:

"HIGH COMMAND IN WAR IS NO PLACE FOR THOSE WHO NEED CONSENSUS."

THAT LAST ONE WAS THE ONE THAT CONVINCED CEREBUS TO STRING THEM ALL TOGETHER INTO A SPEECH (THAT WOULD SHOW ALL THE GOOD AND FAITHFUL CEREBITES WHO WAS IN CHARGE) (SO THEY DIDN'T ACCIDENTALLY TURN INTO A BUNCH OF EVIL AND DISLOYAL TODD-NOSEERS) BECAUSE IT SAID WHAT CEREBUS WANTED TO SAY (WHICH WAS "FUCK M'SPAHN FOLLOW CEREBUS") (PARDON CEREBUS BEDUINESE)... BUT!... IT MADE IT SOUND MORE IMPORTANT AND (YOU KNOW) NOBLE AND STUFF

WHICH IS REALLY WHAT LEADERSHIP IS ALL ABOUT: FINDING REALLY GOOD, NOBLE-SOUNDING WAYS TO TELL PEOPLE WHAT YOU WANT THEM TO DO. (BE CAUSE IF YOU WERE TO JUST TELL THEM WHAT YOU WANT THEM TO DO, THEY WOULD JUST LOOK AT YOU AS IF YOU WERE NUTS AND TELL YOU TO GO FUCK YOURSELF) (PARDON CEREBUS' BEDUINESE, AGAIN)



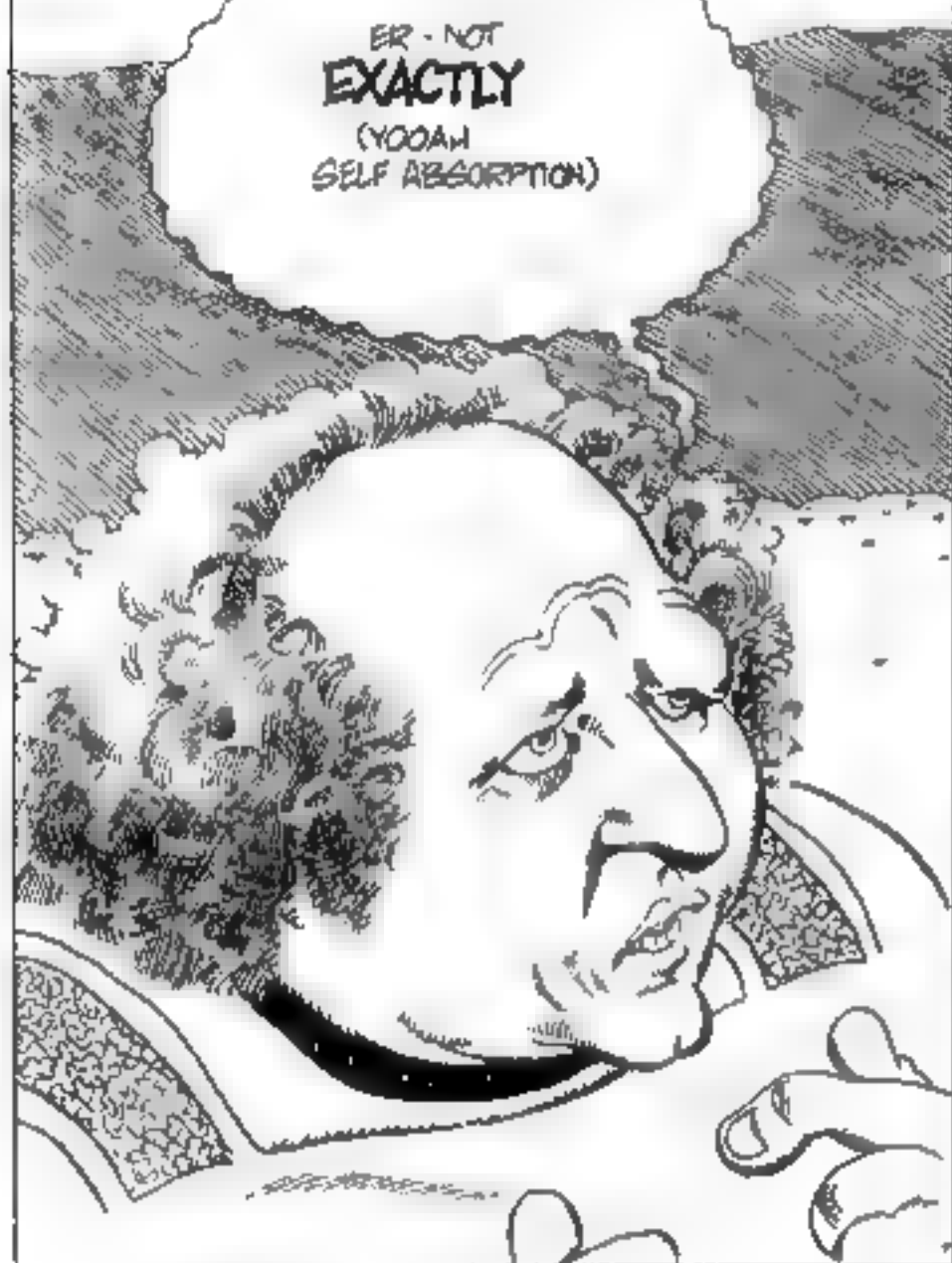


THE CIRINISTS! THEY MUST'VE
LAUNCHED THEIR COUNTER-STRIKE
THIS MORNING JUST

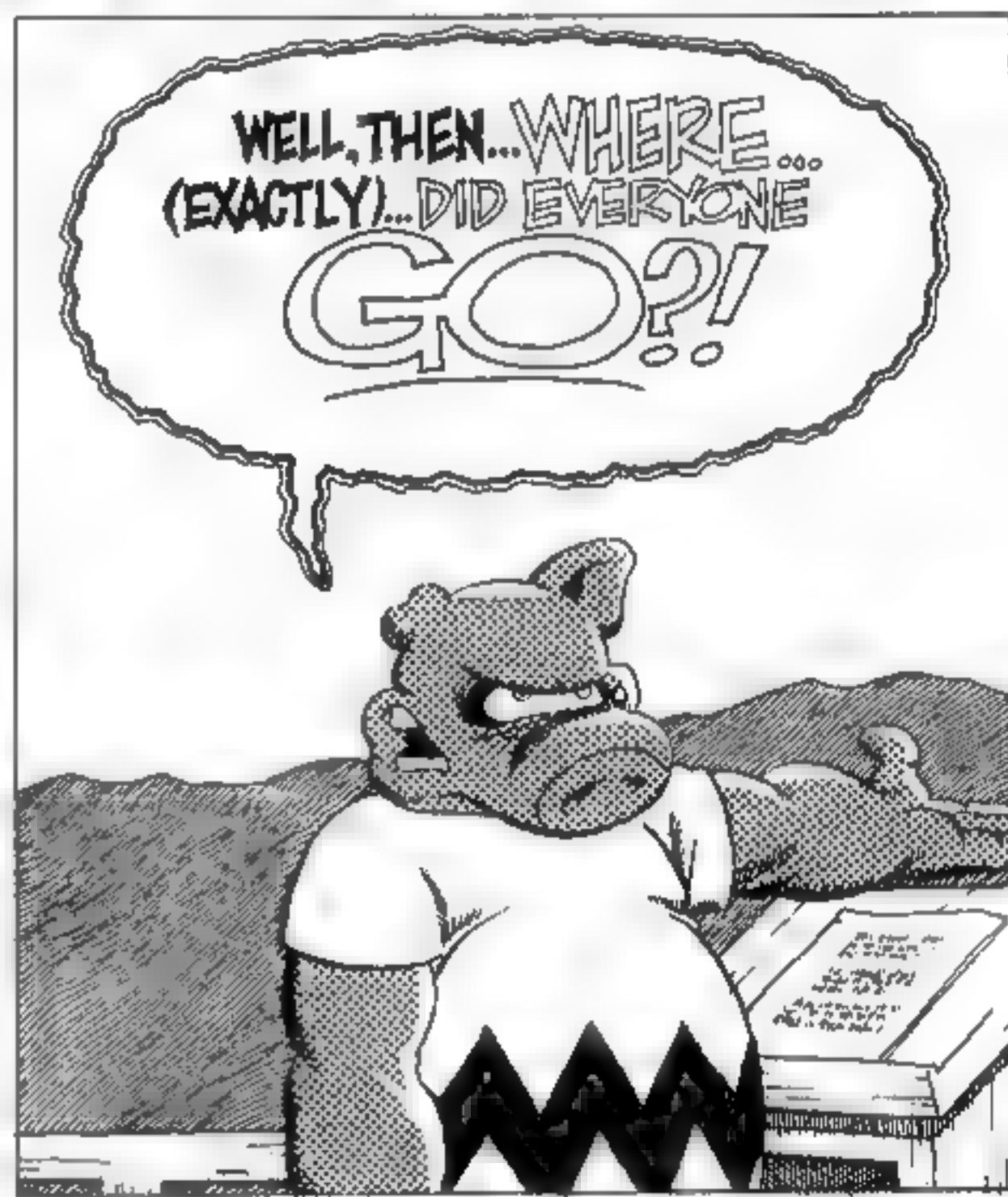
TO MAKE EVERYBODY
MISS CEREBUS'
GREAT SPEECH,
RIGHT?



ER - NOT
EXACTLY
(YOOAH
SELF ABSORPTION)



WELL, THEN... WHERE...
(EXACTLY)... DID EVERYONE
GO?!



DEY WENT
TO A
WOODS ROOST
(YOOAH) (HOPEFULLY)
(HARD O' HEAREEN-
NESS)

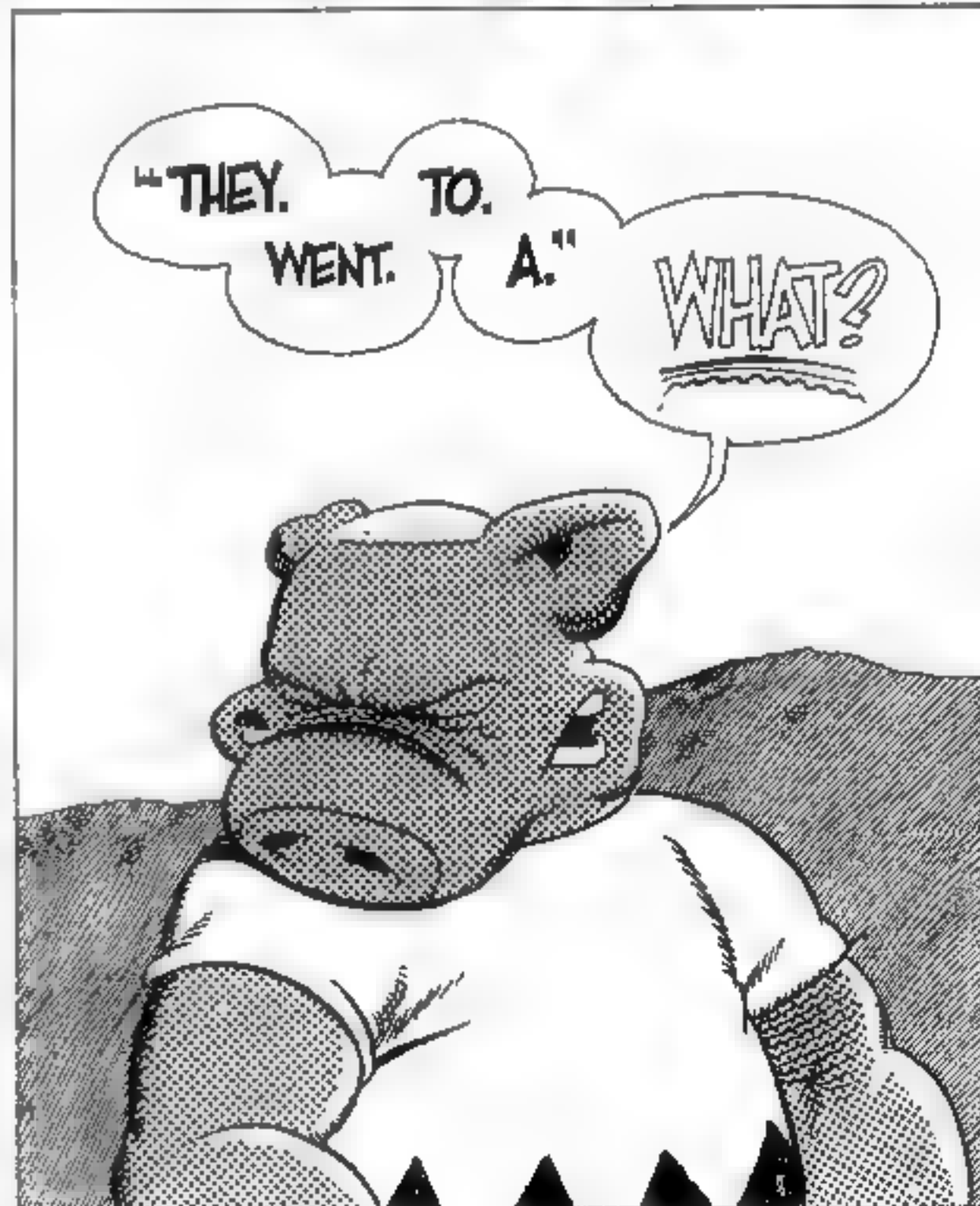


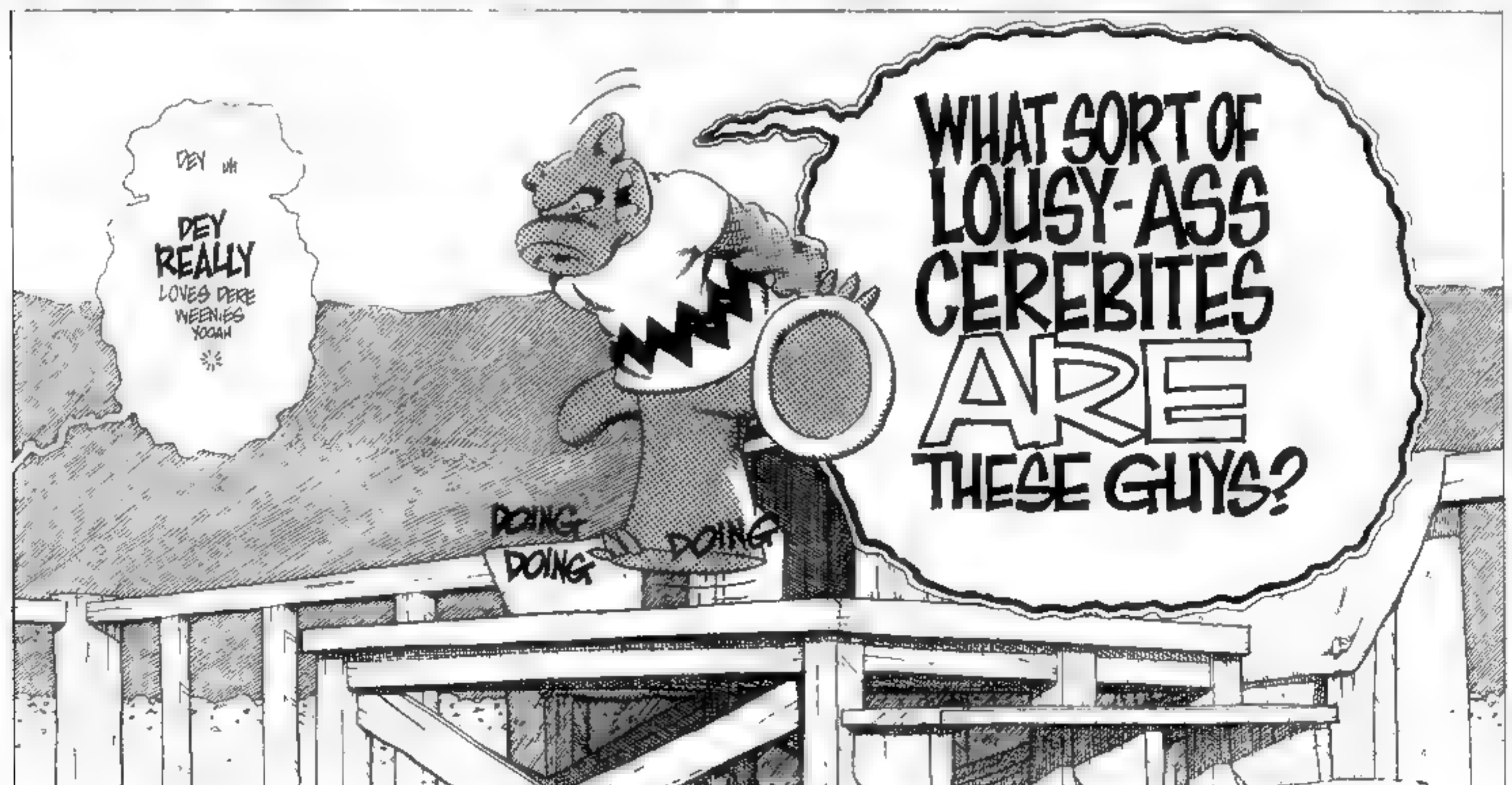
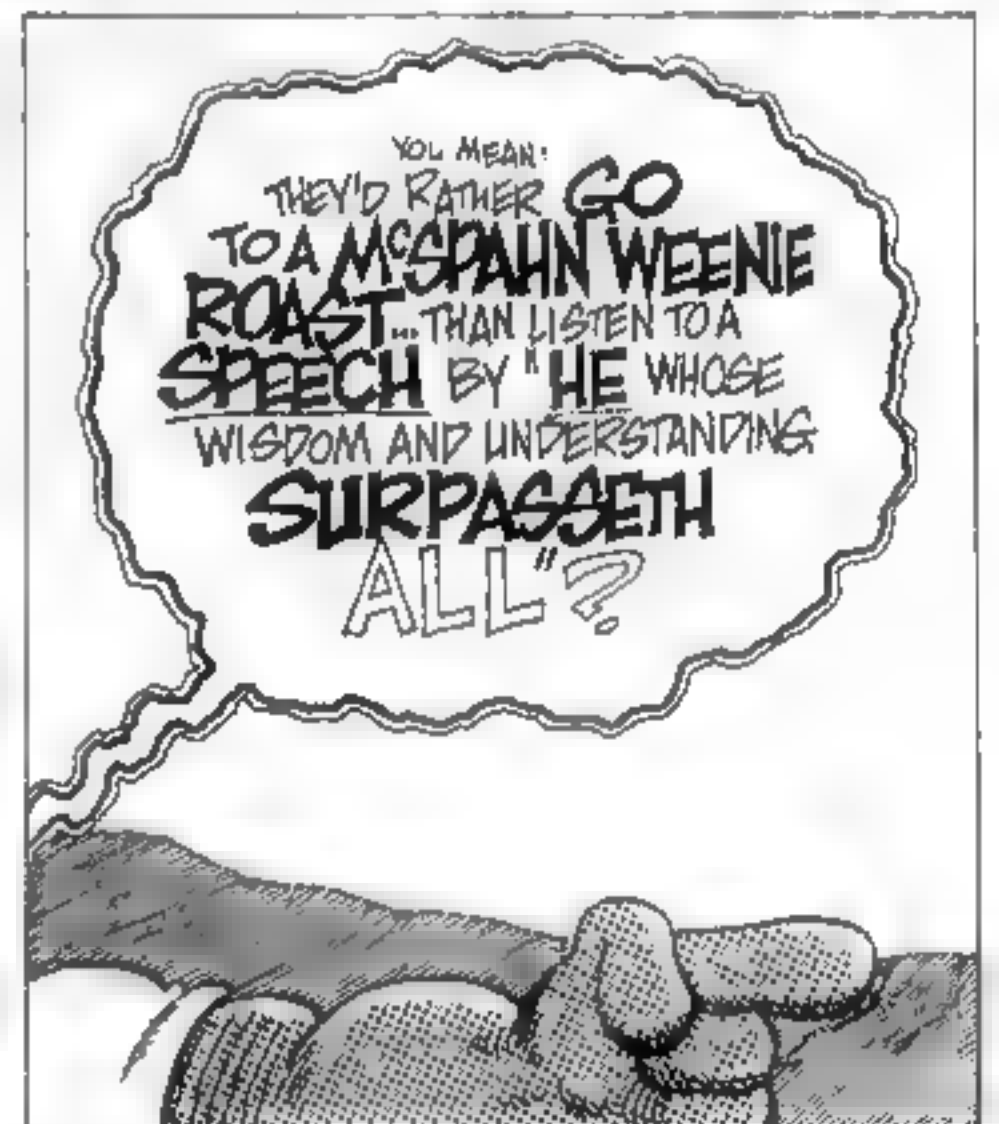
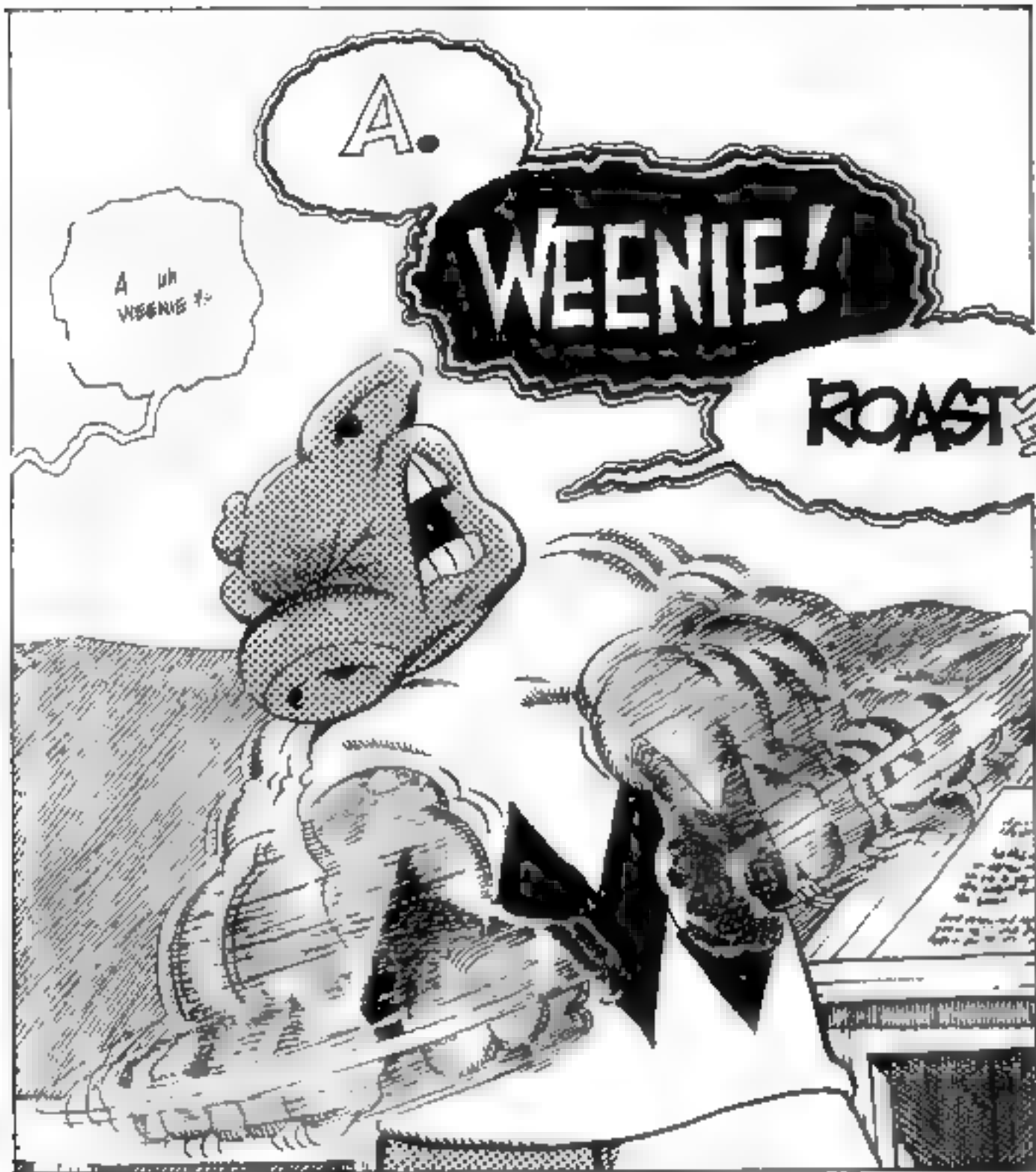
"THEY.
WENT.

TO.

A."

WHAT?







THAT WAS WHEN
CEREBUS FOUND
OUT THAT THEY
WEREN'T
REALLY
"CEREBITES".

THAT
IS:

THE THREE WISE
FELLOWS (AND
CEREBUS)
WERE THE ONLY
REAL
"CEREBITES".
EVERYONE
ELSE
WERE

(OR WAS)
"FERRY
TITS."

(THAT
WAS WHEN
CEREBUS
FIGURED
HE'D BETTER
SIT DOWN)



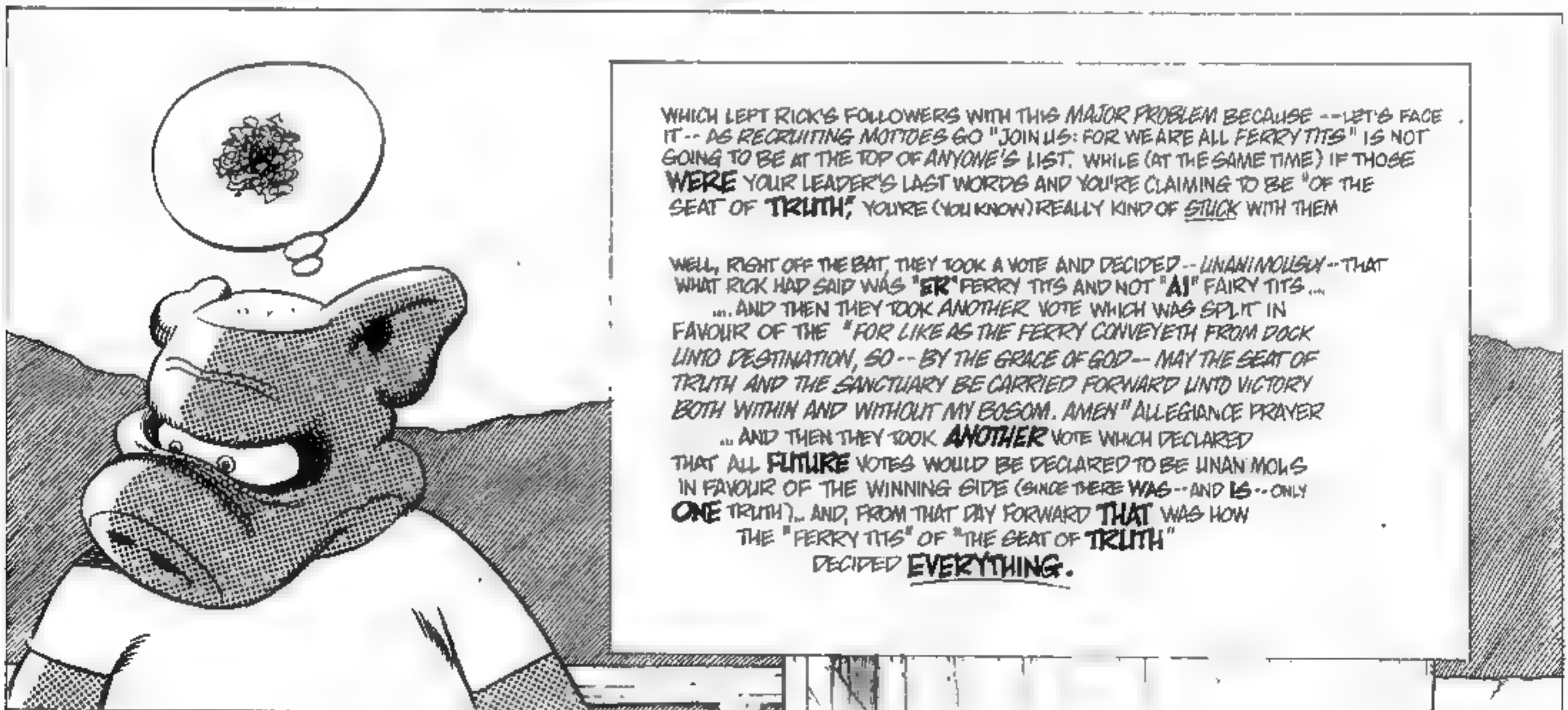
AND IT WAS A GOOD THING HE **DID** BECAUSE THAT
WAS WHEN CEREBUS FIRST LEARNED THAT THE CIRINETS
HAD EXECUTED RICK BY **NAILING HIS HANDS AND
FEET TO A TREE** (SOME SACRED CIRINIST EARTH MOTHER
TREE OR OTHER) (WHICH **REALLY** MADE CEREBUS
FEEL SICK TO HIS STOMACH -- JUST **THINKING** ABOUT
IT) AND THAT, REPORTEDLY, RICK'S LAST WORDS WERE:

"NOW, YOU ARE **ALL** 'OF THE SEAT OF TRUTH'."

FOLLOWED (A LITTLE WHILE LATER) (REPORTEDLY) BY:

"NOW, YOU ARE **ALL** 'FERRY TITS'."

AT WHICH POINT (REPORTEDLY) RICK (YOU KNOW) **DIED**



WHICH LEFT RICK'S FOLLOWERS WITH THIS MAJOR PROBLEM BECAUSE --LET'S FACE
IT-- AS RECRUITING MOTTOES GO "JOIN US: FOR WE ARE ALL FERRY TITS" IS NOT
GOING TO BE AT THE TOP OF ANYONE'S LIST. WHILE (AT THE SAME TIME) IF THOSE
WERE YOUR LEADER'S LAST WORDS AND YOU'RE CLAIMING TO BE "OF THE
SEAT OF **TRUTH**", YOU'RE (YOU KNOW) REALLY KIND OF **STUCK** WITH THEM

WELL, RIGHT OFF THE BAT, THEY TOOK A VOTE AND DECIDED -- **UNANIMOUSLY** -- THAT
WHAT RICK HAD SAID WAS "**ER**" FERRY TITS AND NOT "**AI**" FAIRY TITS ...
... AND THEN THEY TOOK ANOTHER VOTE WHICH WAS SPLIT IN
FAVOUR OF THE "FOR LIKE AS THE FERRY CONVEYETH FROM DOCK
UNTO DESTINATION, SO -- BY THE GRACE OF GOD -- MAY THE SEAT OF
TRUTH AND THE SANCTUARY BE CARRIED FORWARD UNTO VICTORY
BOTH WITHIN AND WITHOUT MY BOSOM. AMEN" ALLEGIANCE PRAYER
... AND THEN THEY TOOK **ANOTHER** VOTE WHICH DECLARED
THAT ALL **FUTURE** VOTES WOULD BE DECLARED TO BE UNANIMOUS
IN FAVOUR OF THE WINNING SIDE (SINCE THERE WAS -- AND IS -- ONLY
ONE TRUTH) ... AND, FROM THAT DAY FORWARD **THAT** WAS HOW
THE "FERRY TITS" OF "THE SEAT OF **TRUTH**"
DECIDED **EVERYTHING**.

SEE? SO THAT WAS WHAT HAD HAPPENED WITH CEREBUS' **WORD OF TRUTH:** KOSHIE, LOSHIE AND MOSHIE HAD **RELAYED** THE WORD OF TRUTH TO THE "FERRY TITS" AND A MAJORITY OF THE "FERRY TITS" HAD VOTED IN FAVOUR OF IT **BEING** THE WORD OF TRUTH

LIKEWISE, WHEN TODD "FAR LANE" McSPAWN HAD TOLD THE "FERRY TITS" THAT THEY NEEDED TO BREAK THROUGH THE CIRINIST FRONTLINE TO THE SOUTH.

THE "FERRY TITS" VOTED ON IT AND THE MAJORITY AGREED WITH McSPAWN (SO THAT WAS WHAT THEY DID)

AND **THEN** THE MAJORITY OF THE "FERRY TITS" VOTED McSPAWN TO BE RICK'S OFFICIAL SUCCESSOR..... (SO THAT McSPAWN WAS OF THE SEAT OF TRUTH AND THE SEAT OF TRUTH WAS OF McSPAWN) **THE SEAT OF TRUTH** (i.e. McSPAWN) (ACCORDING TO THE "FERRY TITS" INTERPRETATION OF THE ALLEGIANCE PRAYER) WAS TO BE "CARRIED FORWARD UNTO VICTORY" **WITHIN** THEIR "FERRY TIT" BOSOMS AND THE **SANCTUARY** (i.e. CEREBUS) WAS TO BE "CARRIED FORWARD UNTO VICTORY" **WITHOUT** THEIR "FERRY TIT" BOSOMS.

AT THAT POINT, (HAVING DECIDED THEY WERE ALL NO-GOOD "FERRY TIT" TRAITORS) KOSHIE, MOSHIE AND LOSHIE HAD SWORN THE **NORTH-EASTERN HUNTING LODGE "FERRY TITS"** TO AN OATH OF LOYALTY TO CEREBUS. **BUT**, (AS IT TURNED OUT) AS SOON AS THEY LEFT TO COME BACK TO THE **SANCTUARY** McSPAWN HAD CALLED FOR **ANOTHER** OATH OF LOYALTY VOTE WHICH THE NORTH-EASTERN HUNTING LODGE "FERRY TITS" (OF COURSE) **LOST** WHICH MEANT THAT (AS LAW-ABIDING "FERRY TITS") THEY HAD TO **INSTANTLY SWITCH** TO THE WINNING SIDE (LOYALTY TO McSPAWN)

SEE? SO THE SAME THING HAD HAPPENED WHEN KOSHIE, LOSHIE AND MOSHIE HAD ANNOUNCED THAT CEREBUS WAS GIVING A SPEECH. McSPAWN ANNOUNCED THAT **HE** WAS HAVING A WEENIE ROAST. THE "FERRY TITS" TOOK A VOTE. MORE "FERRY TITS" VOTED TO GO TO THE WEENIE ROAST THAN VOTED TO HEAR CEREBUS' SPEECH, SO (BY "FERRY TIT" LAW) THEY **ALL HAD TO GO TO THE WEENIE ROAST!**

IT WAS AT **THAT** POINT IN THE EXPLANATION THAT CEREBUS NOTICED **THREE** THINGS: CEREBUS NOTICED (A) THAT KOSHIE, LOSHIE AND MOSHIE HAD STOPPED TALKING (B) THAT CEREBUS WAS STARTING TO GET A **REALLY BAD** HEADACHE AND (C) THAT CEREBUS HAD BEEN (UNCONSCIOUSLY) PUNCHING HIMSELF IN THE SIDE OF THE HEAD THROUGH MOST OF KOSHIE, LOSHIE AND MOSHIE'S EXPLANATION

REALIZING THAT (C) WAS (PROBABLY) THE LEADING CAUSE OF (B) AND (POSSIBLY) (A) AS WELL, CEREBUS **STOPPED** PUNCHING HIMSELF IN THE HEAD.

BAF.

PUNCH.

BAP.

BIFF.

BAFF.

AT WHICH POINT CEREBUS' HEAD-ACHE STARTED GOING AWAY.

AT WHICH POINT (PROBABLY TO MAKE CEREBUS FEEL BETTER) KOSHIE TOLD HIM THAT THE "FERRY TITS" HAD VOTED (JUST BEFORE THEY LEFT FOR THE WEENIE ROAST) TO CALL EACH OTHER "ET. (YOUR INITIAL HERE)" (AS IN "ET.J." INSTEAD OF "FERRY TITS" JERROLD)

AT WHICH POINT...



...CEREBUS DECIDED TO GO BACK TO BED.

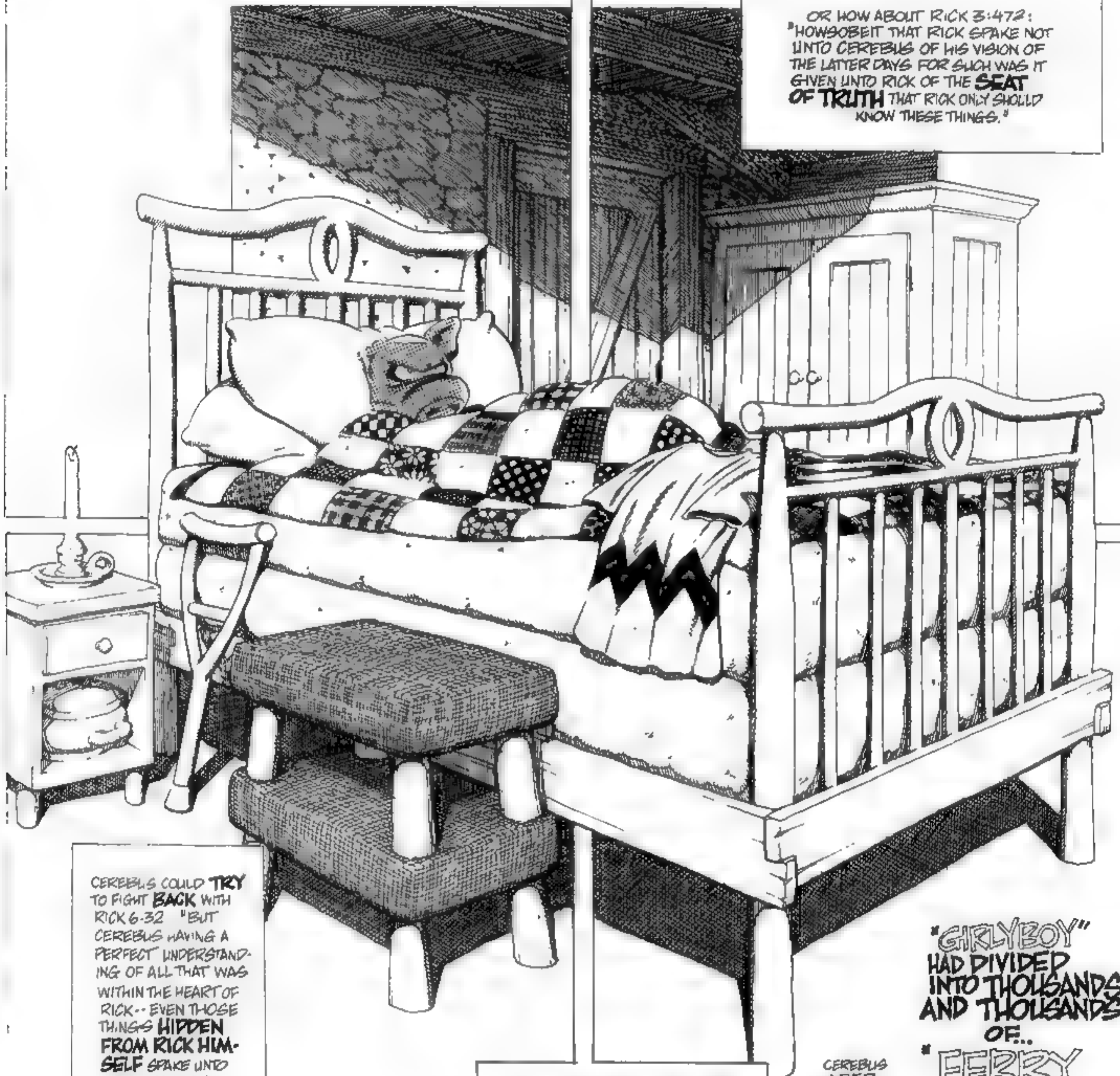


ONCE CEREBUS WAS BACK IN BED, CEREBUS COULDN'T FALL ASLEEP RIGHT AWAY (BECAUSE HE HAD ONLY BEEN AWAKE FOR) (LIKE) (TWO HOURS), SO...

INSTEAD OF COUNTING SHEEP, HE TRIED COUNTING "SEAT OF TRUTH" REFERENCES IN THE BOOK OF RICK THAT ROYALLY SCREWED "THE SANCTUARY" IN THE EAR.

RICK 3:37 WAS THE LEADING CONTENDER IN THAT CATEGORY: "AND UPON THE SEAT OF TRUTH SAT RICK WITH HIS BOOK, JUDGING ALL MATTERS AS THEY PERTAINED TO CEREBUS, THE SANCTUARY AND TRUTH."

OR HOW ABOUT RICK 3:472: "HOWSOBEIT THAT RICK SPAKE NOT UNTO CEREBUS OF HIS VISION OF THE LATTER DAYS FOR SUCH WAS IT GIVEN UNTO RICK OF THE SEAT OF TRUTH THAT RICK ONLY SHOULD KNOW THESE THINGS."



CEREBUS COULD TRY TO FIGHT BACK WITH RICK 6:32 "BUT CEREBUS HAVING A PERFECT UNDERSTANDING OF ALL THAT WAS WITHIN THE HEART OF RICK... EVEN THOSE THINGS HIDDEN FROM RICK HIMSELF SPAKE UNTO RICK SAYING "

(IT WAS JUST LIKE "GIRLYBOY") (CEREBUS THOUGHT) (TO KEEP ALL THE SELF-CONTAINED VERSES FOR HIMSELF)

PARDON?

OH! HEH-HEH "GIRLYBOY"? THAT WAS THE NICKNAME CEREBUS HAD FOR RICK BACK IN THE ORIGINAL SANCTUARY. CEREBUS NEVER CALLED HIM THAT TO HIS FACE OF COURSE, BUT HE HEY!

CEREBUS NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT BEFORE!

"GIRLYBOY" HAD DIVIDED INTO THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF... "FERRY TITS!" NYUK! NYUK! NYUK! NYUK!

AYEN? (SORRY)



SO ANYWAY CEREBUS JUST...
**LAY THERE... GETTING MORE
AND MORE STEAMED--**
THINKING OF RICK
--SOMEWHERE--
HAVING THE LAST LAUGH AT
CEREBUS' EXPENSE.
JUDGING CEREBUS

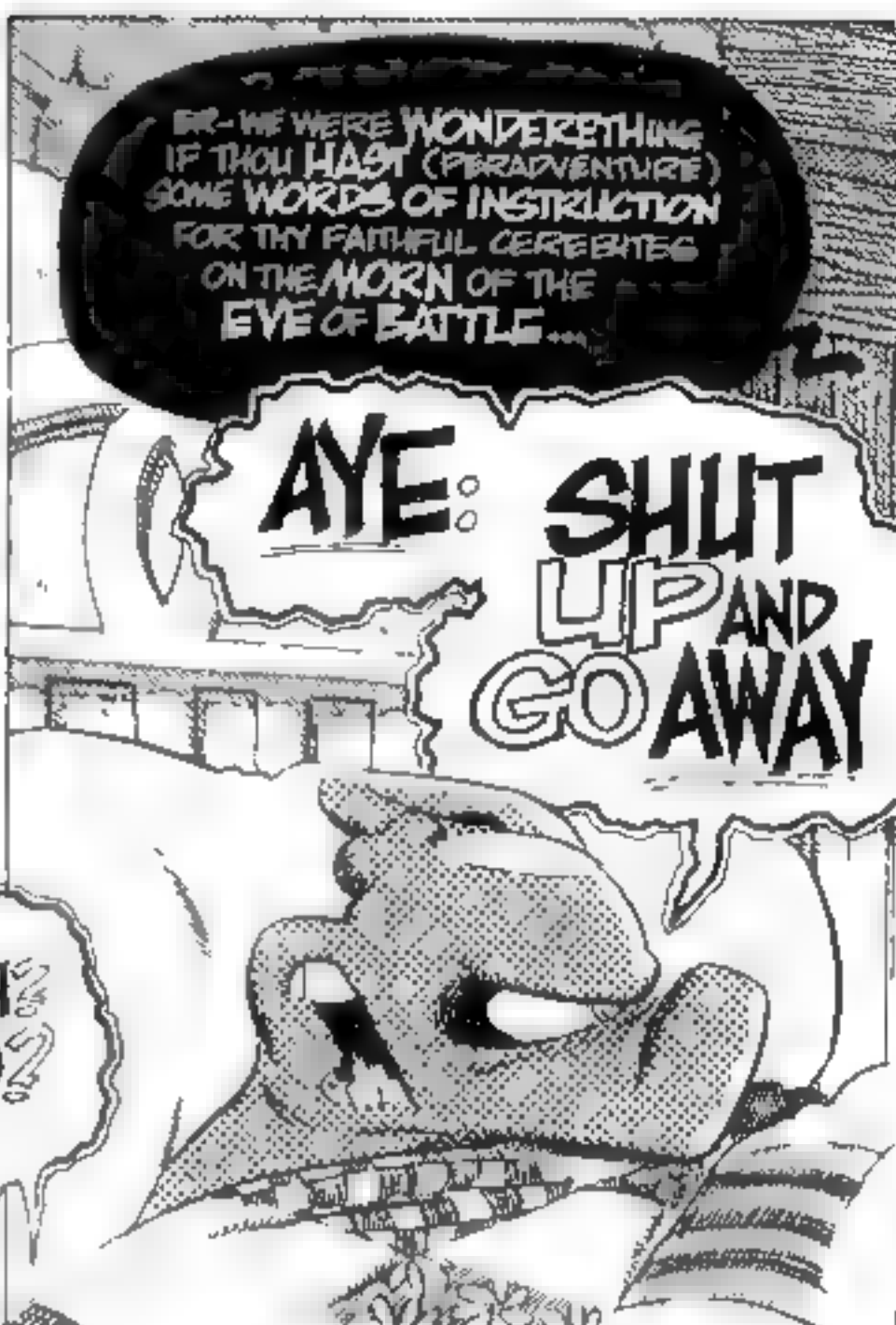
**KNOCK
KNOCK**



WHAT?!

PARDON MOSHER,
(TRY SULKINESS)
BUT THE CIRINISTS
HATH LAUNCHED
THEIR COUNTERSTRIKE
AND MCSPAHN DOTH
PREPARE HIS
**COUNTER-
COUNTER-
STRIKE!**

**YEAH?
SO?**



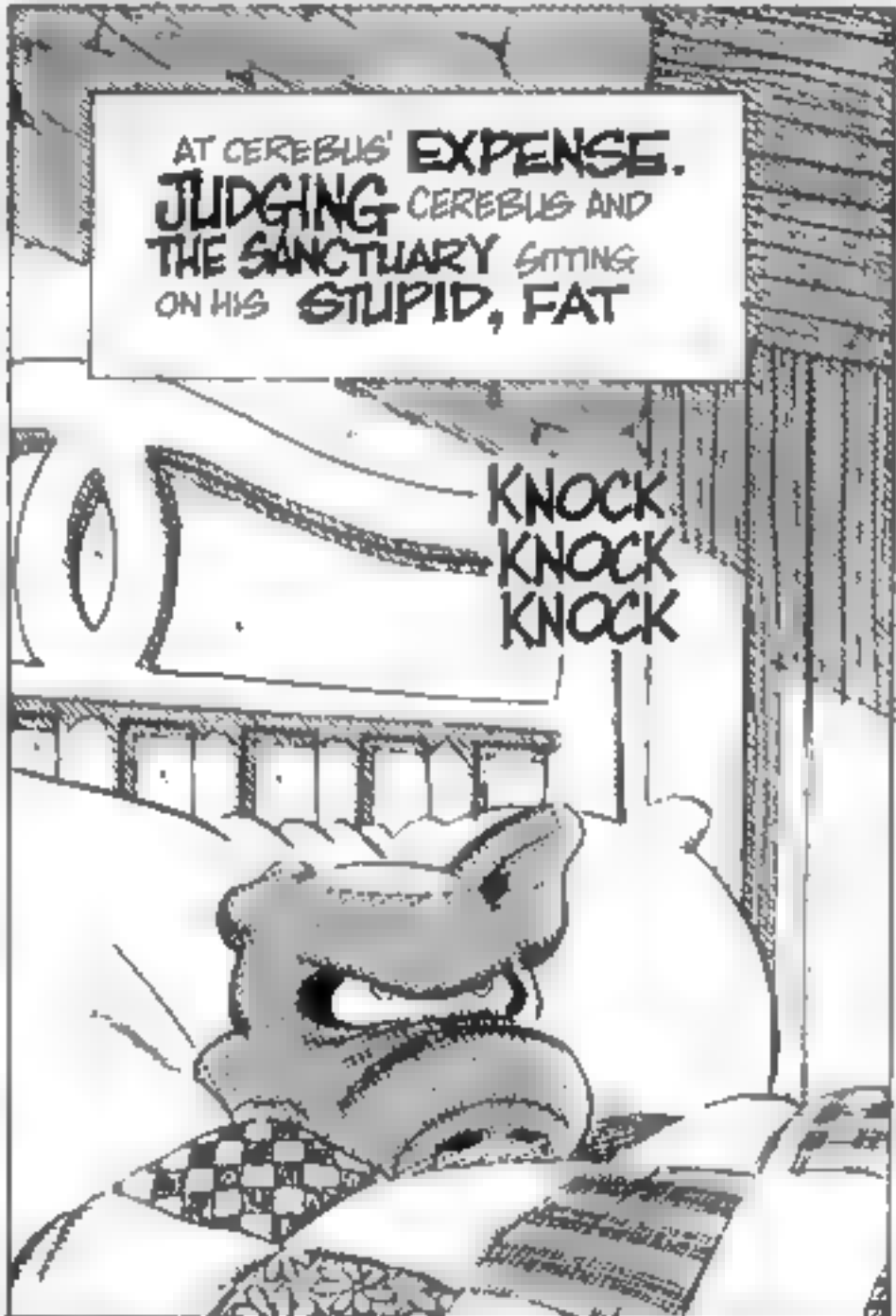
ER- WE WERE WONDERETHING
IF THOU HAST (PERADVENTURE)
SOME WORDS OF INSTRUCTION
FOR THY FAITHFUL CEREBSITES
ON THE MORN OF THE
EVE OF BATTLE...

**AYE: SHUT
UP AND
GO AWAY**



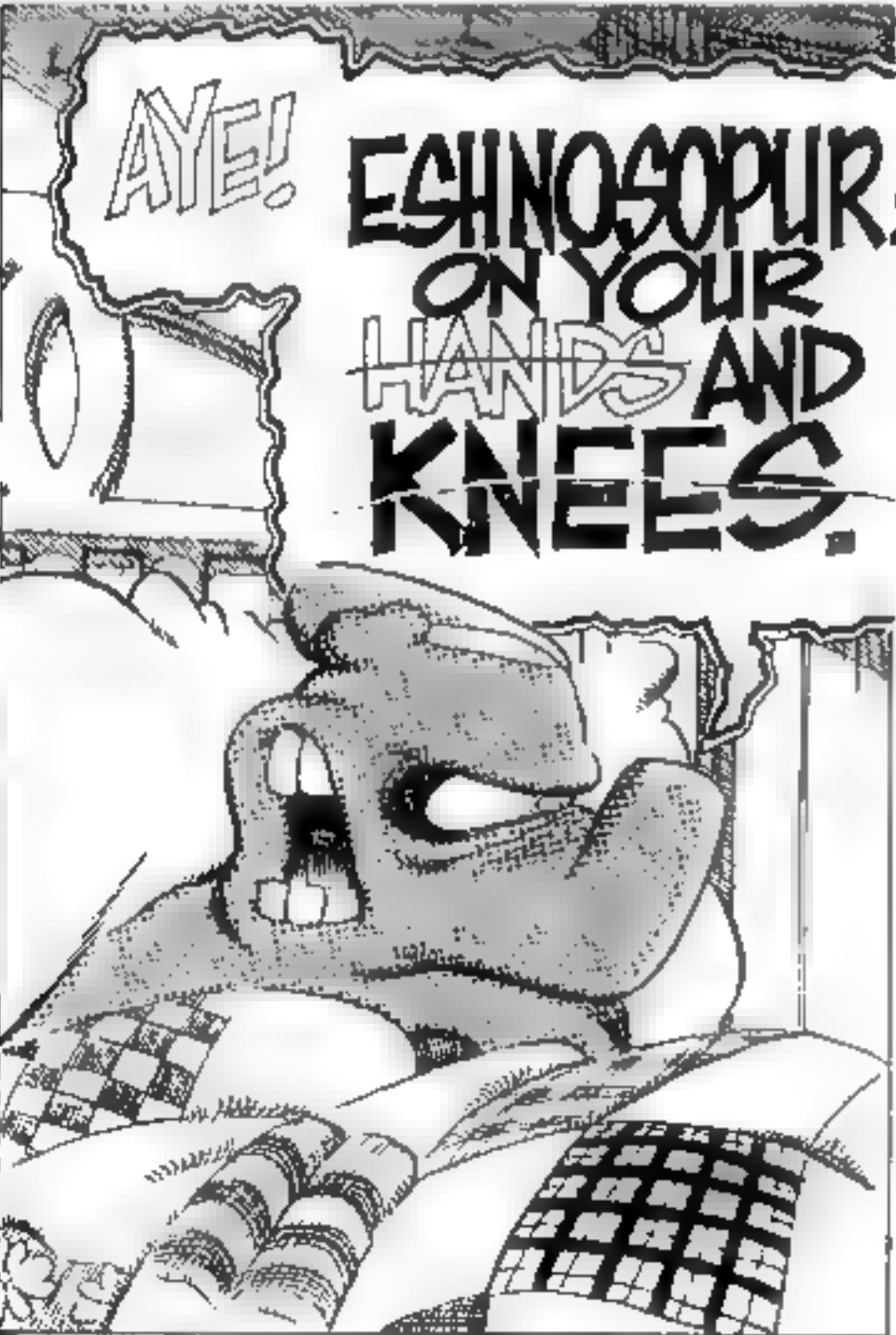
AT CEREBUS' EXPENSE.
**JUDGING CEREBUS AND
THE SANCTUARY SITTING
ON HIS STUPID, FAT**

**KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK**



WHAT?!

ER... IS DERE ANYPLACE
PACIFICALLY
YOU'EE WANT US TO GO
AWAY TO? (YOOAH
CRANKINESS)?

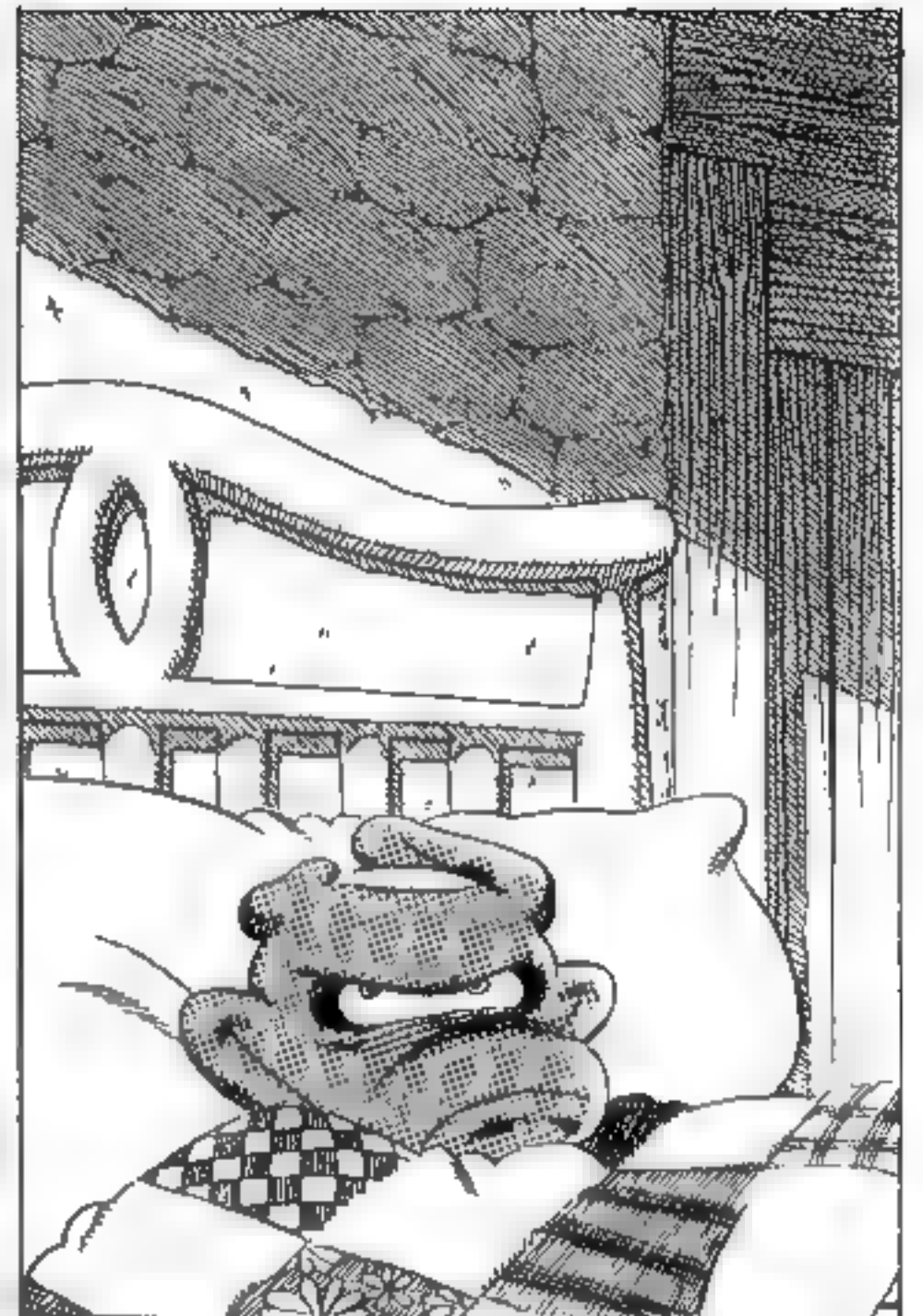


**AYE! ESHINOSOPUR!
ON YOUR
HANDS AND
KNEES.**



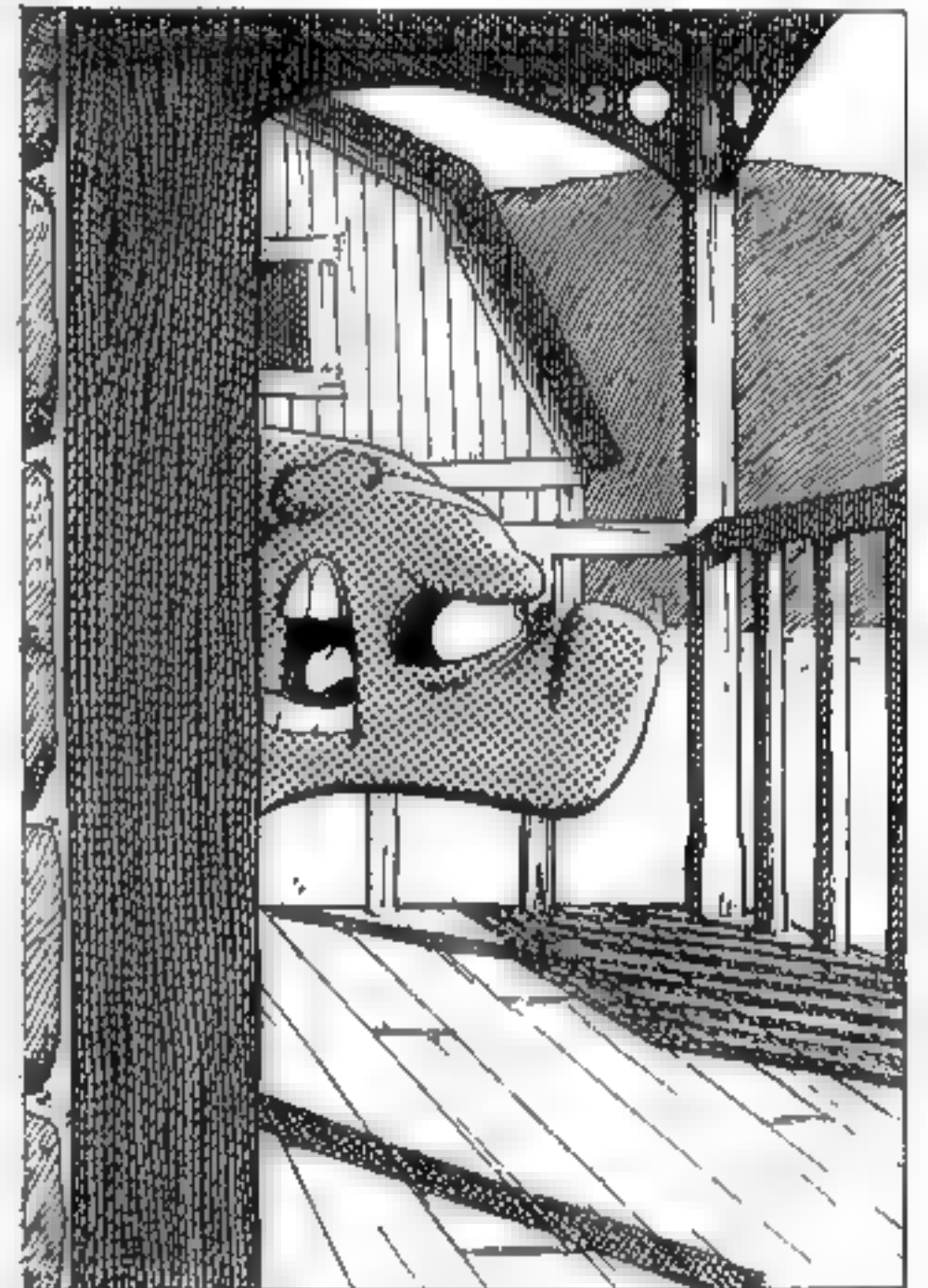
SITTING ON HIS STUPID, FAT
SEAT OF TRUTH. HAH!
(THOUGHT CEREBUS) IF ONLY ALL OF
THESE... "FERRY TITS"... HAD
SEEN GIRLYBOY TWITCHING
AND SHUDDERING THAT TIME THAT
HE THOUGHT CEREBUS HAD CALLED
FORTH THE **QUEEN OF
ALL**





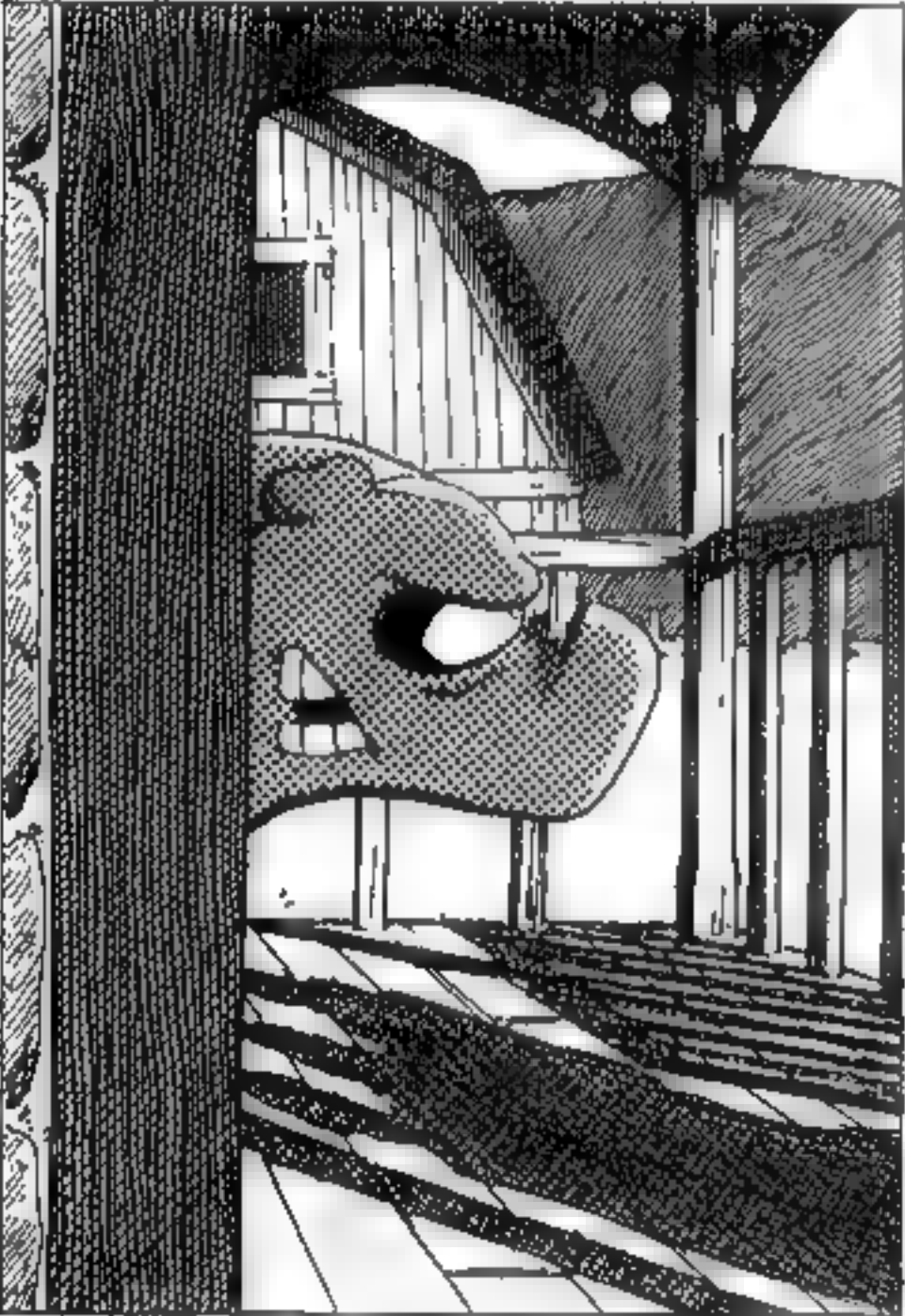
De Rooke of Cerebbs

Chapter the Firste



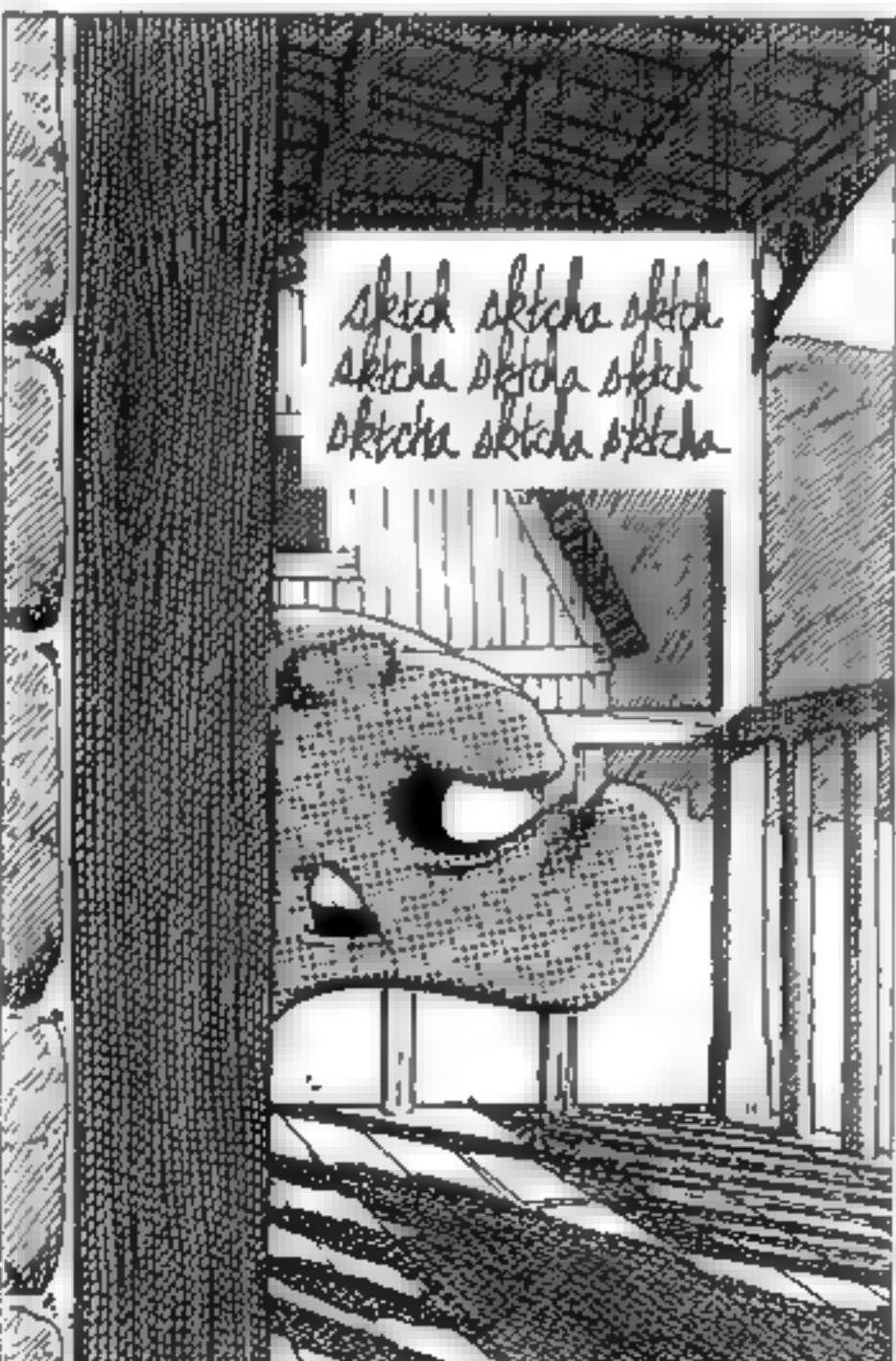
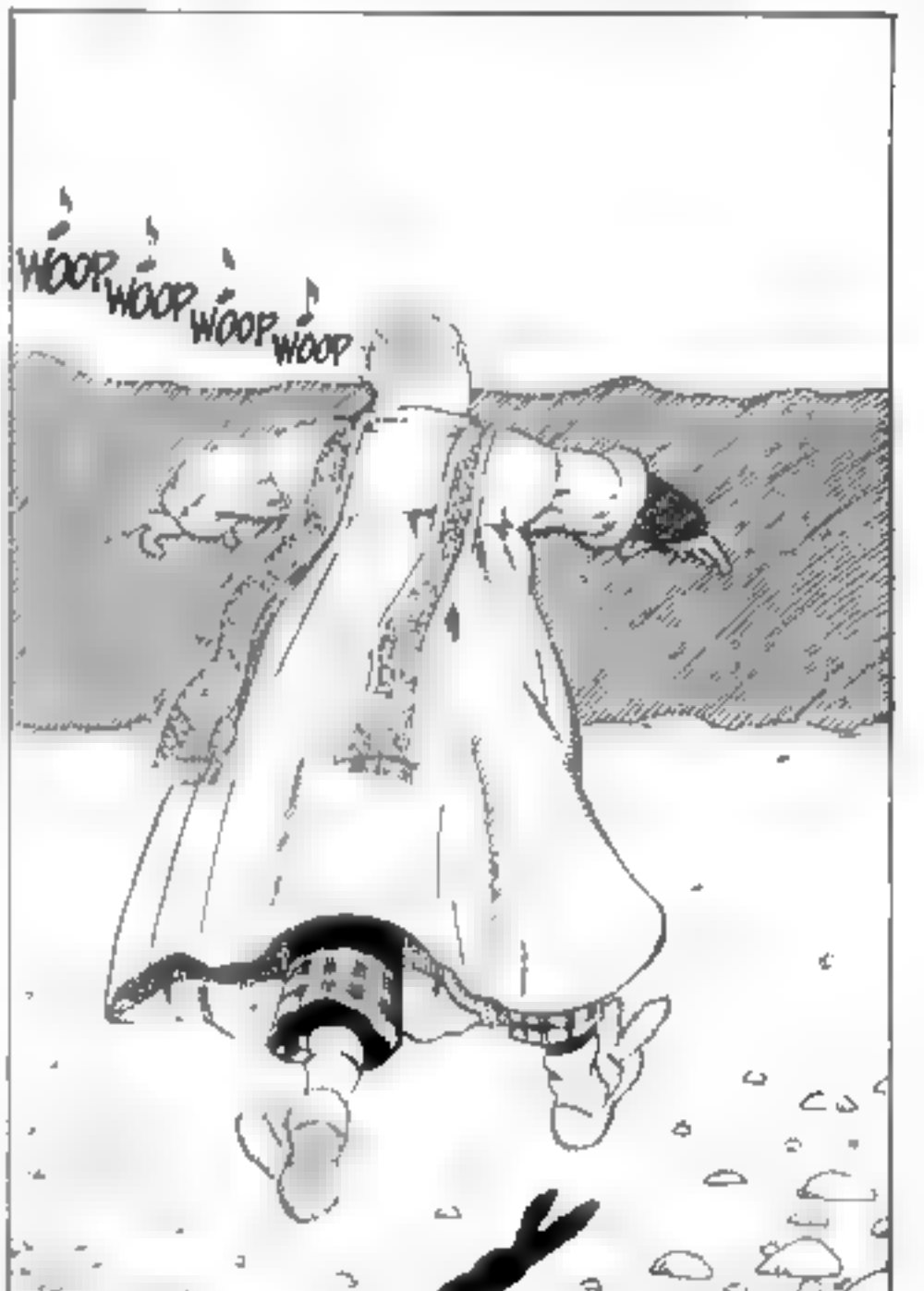
1: And Cerebbs
spake vnto the
Three Wise Fellowes
saying, Hearken vnto
Cerebbs. Heare
ye Cerebbs' speeche:





2: Write ye these
wordes of Cerebus
in a booke

...



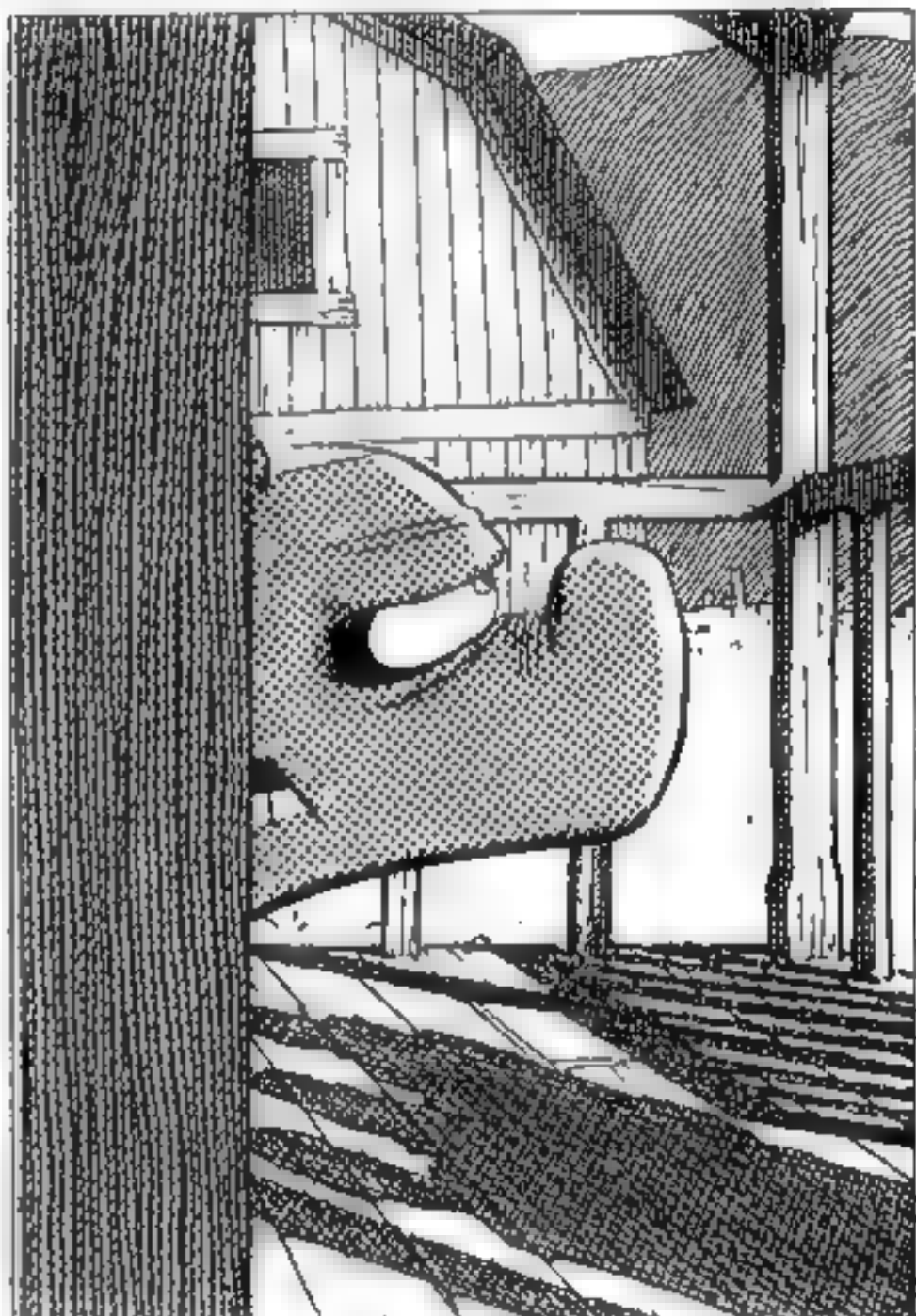
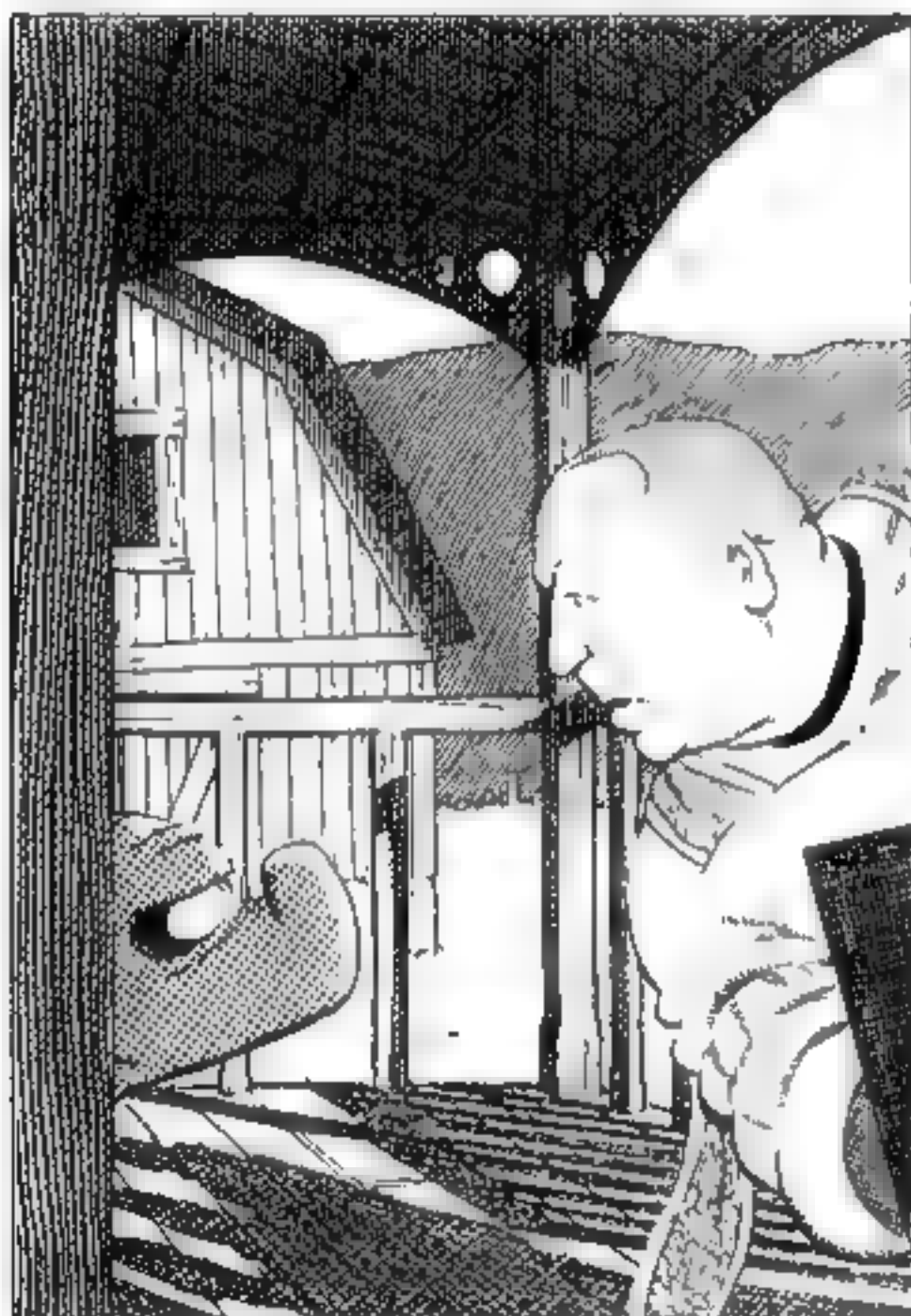

...
which shall
be known as *De*
Booke of Cerebus:

sketch sketcha sketch
sketch sketcha sketch



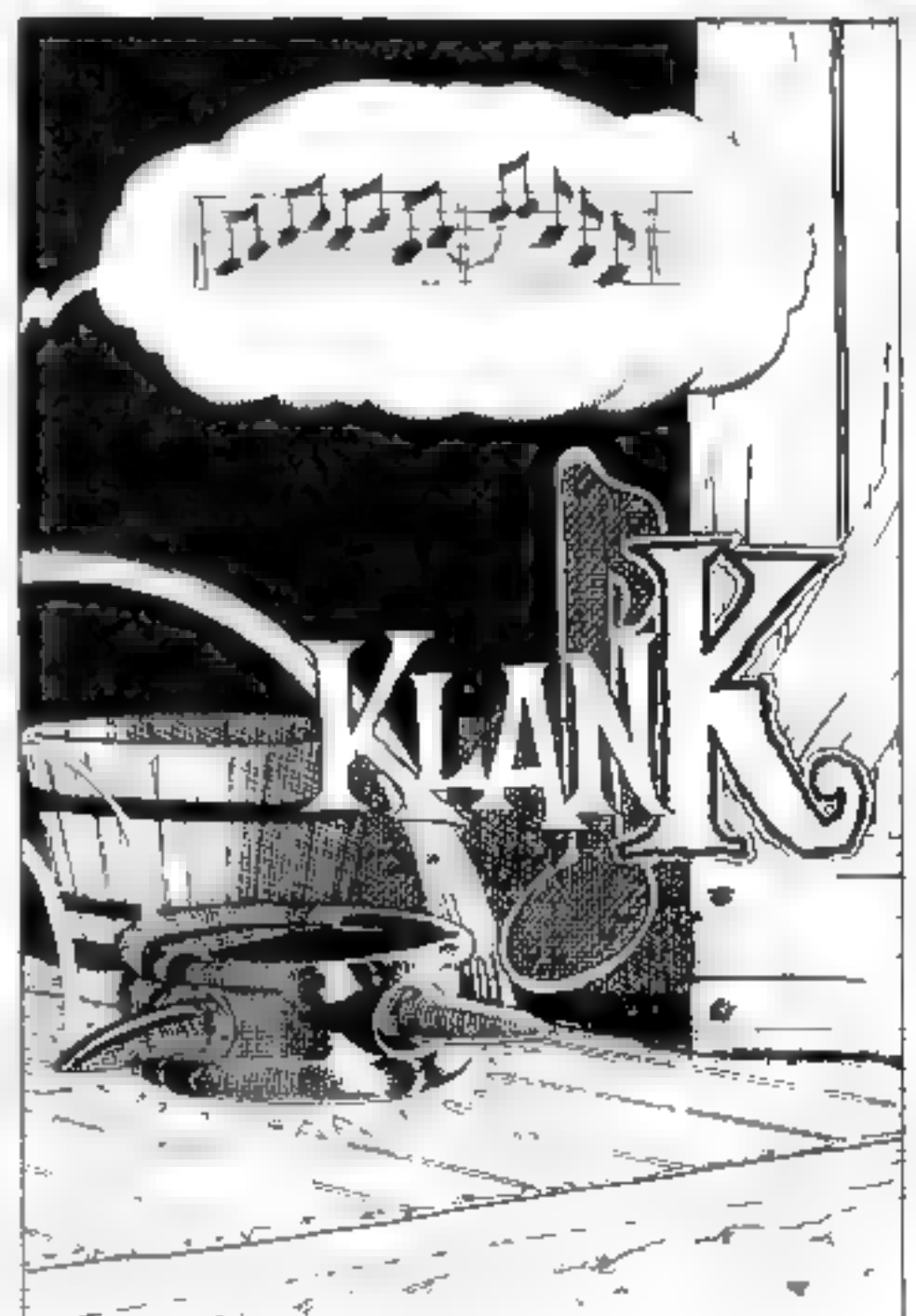
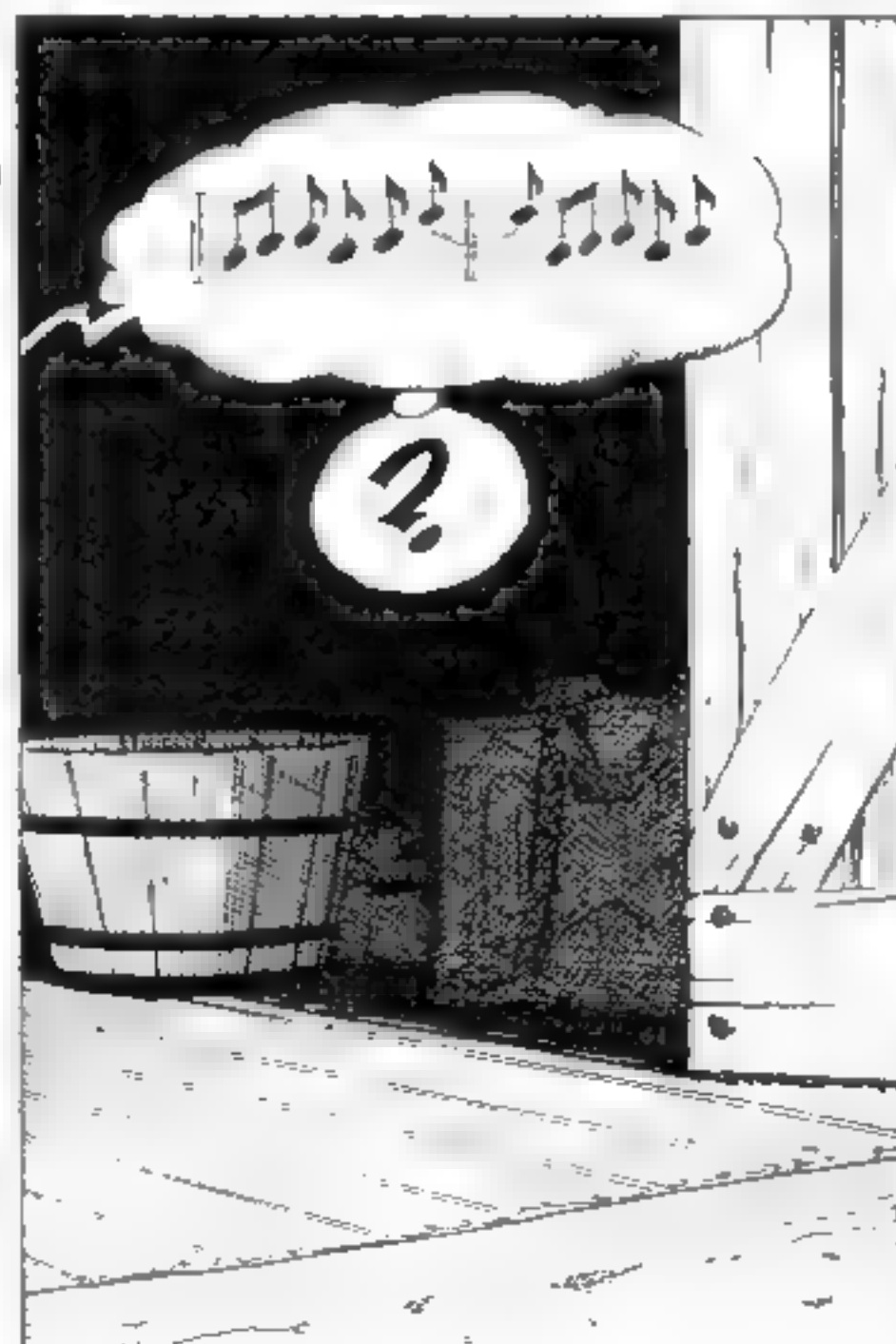
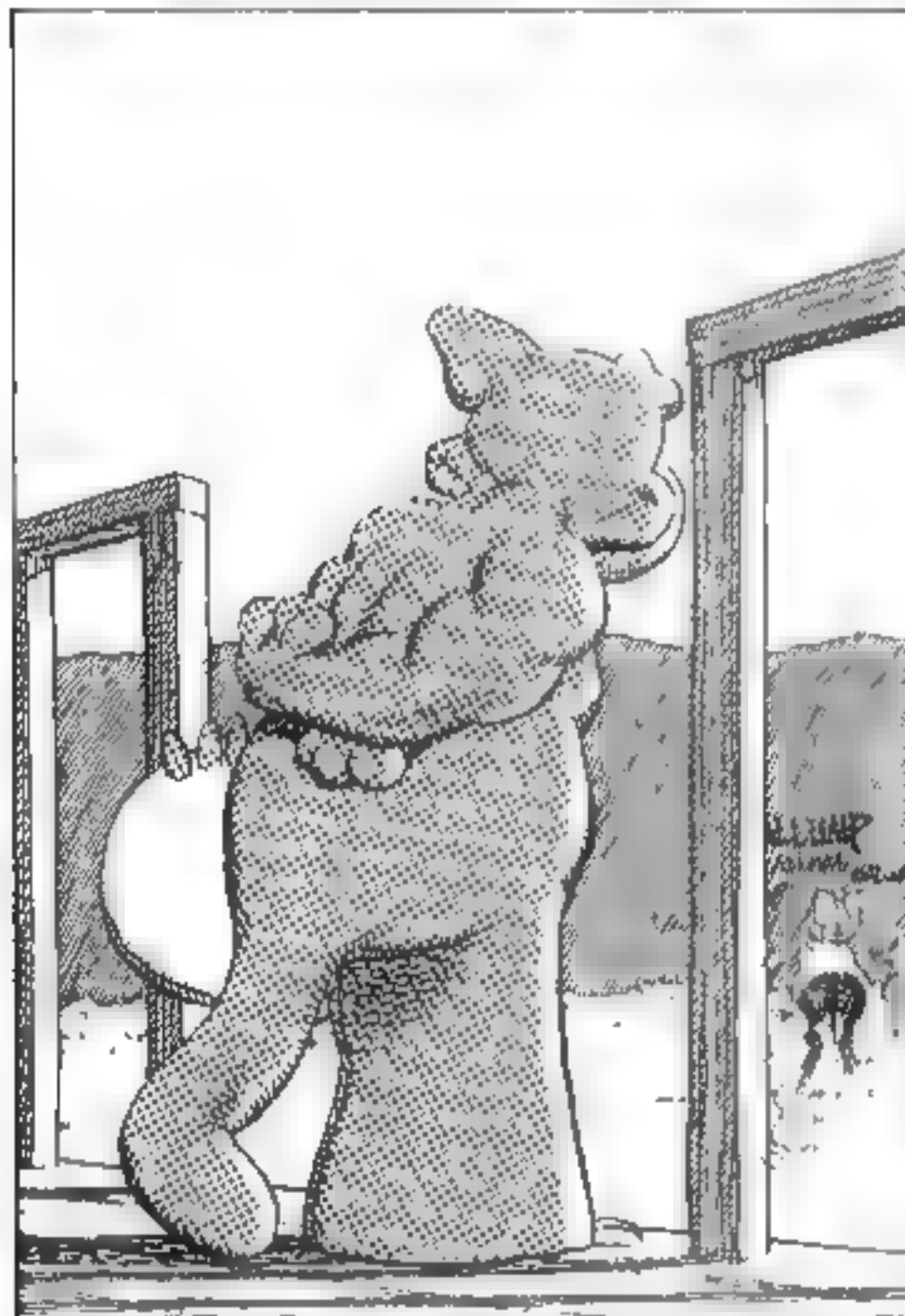
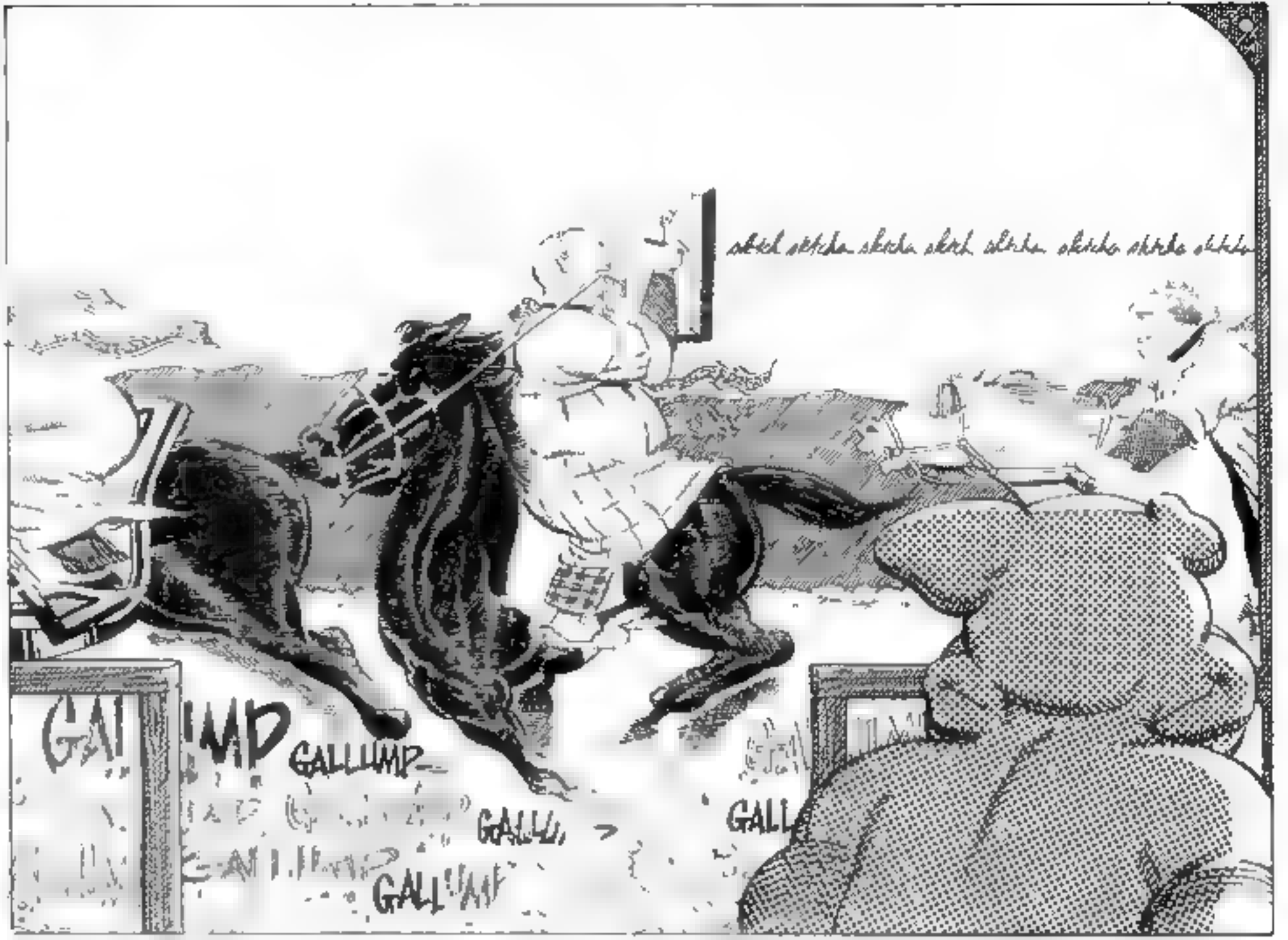
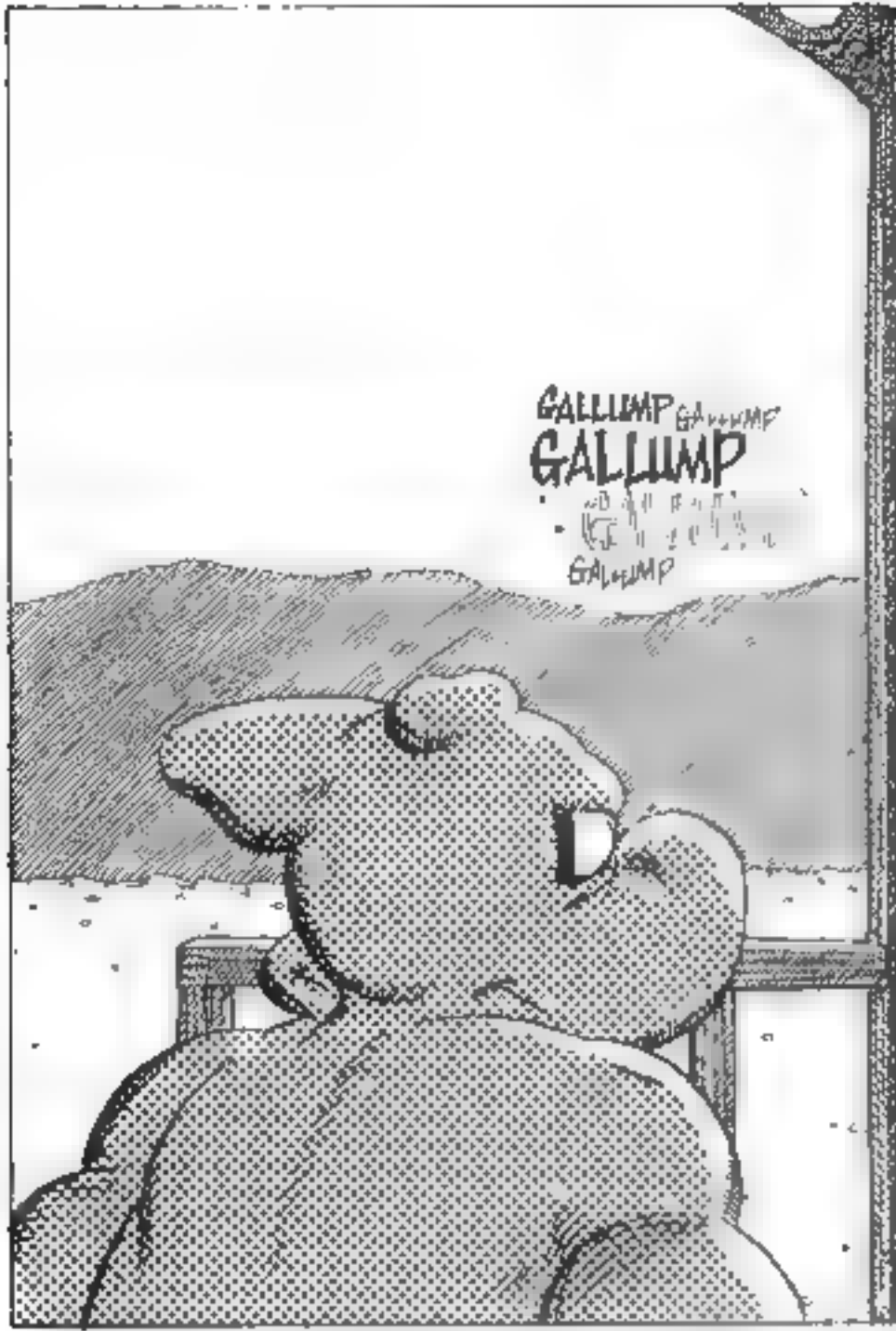
3: Goe ye foorth
to warre with McSpahn
and bring ye his
messenger vnto
Cerebbs after
each victorie.

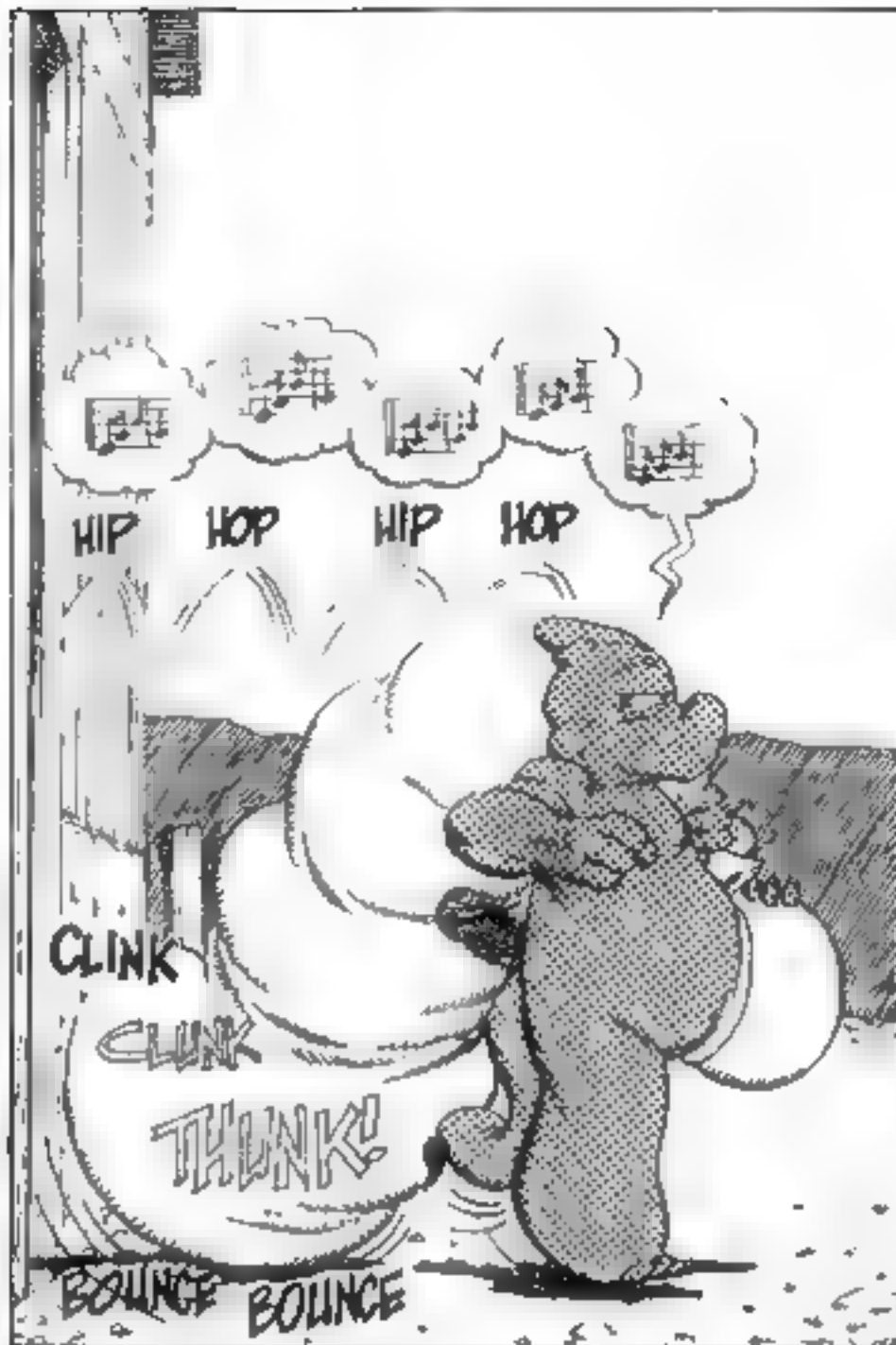
Nyung!

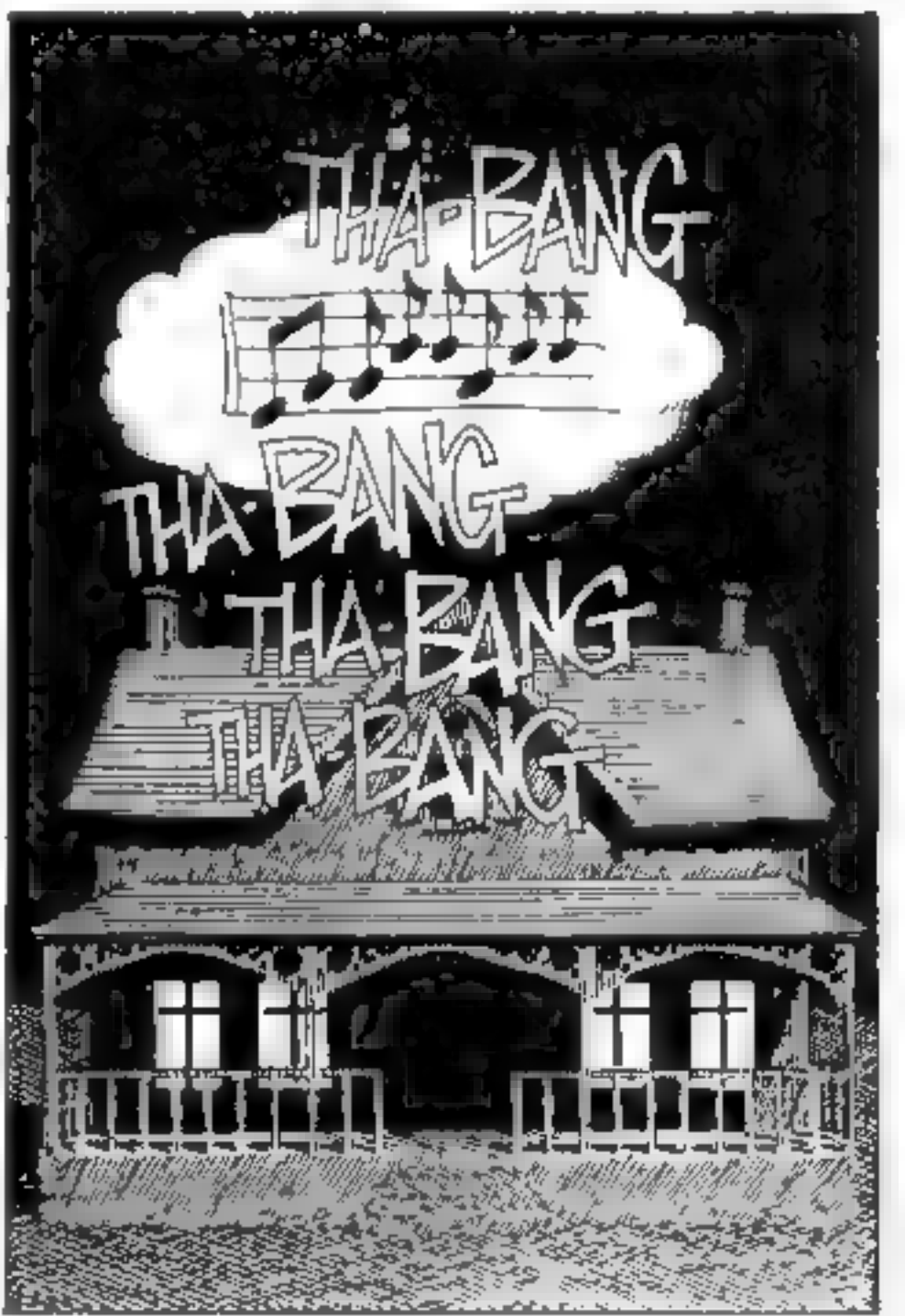
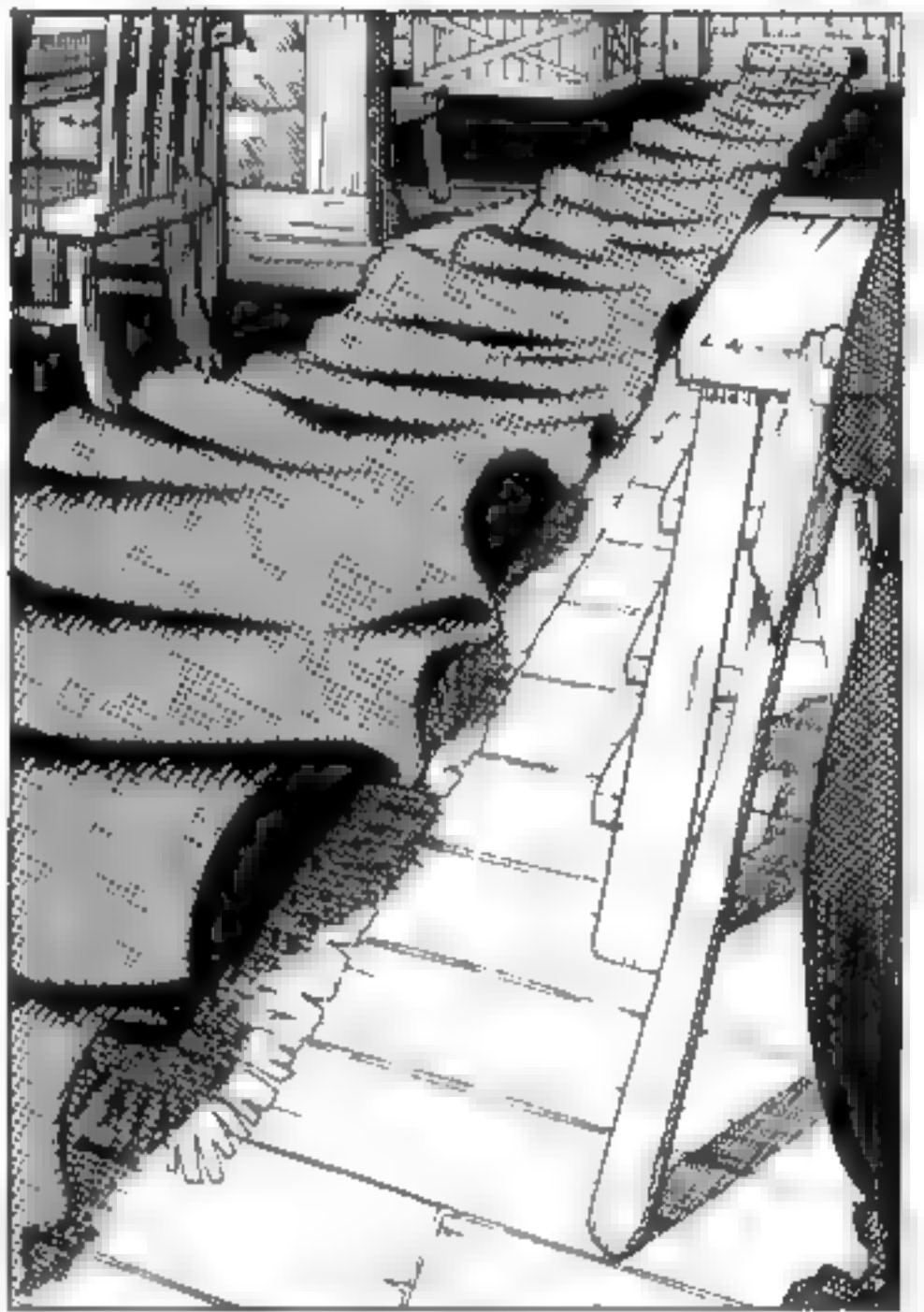
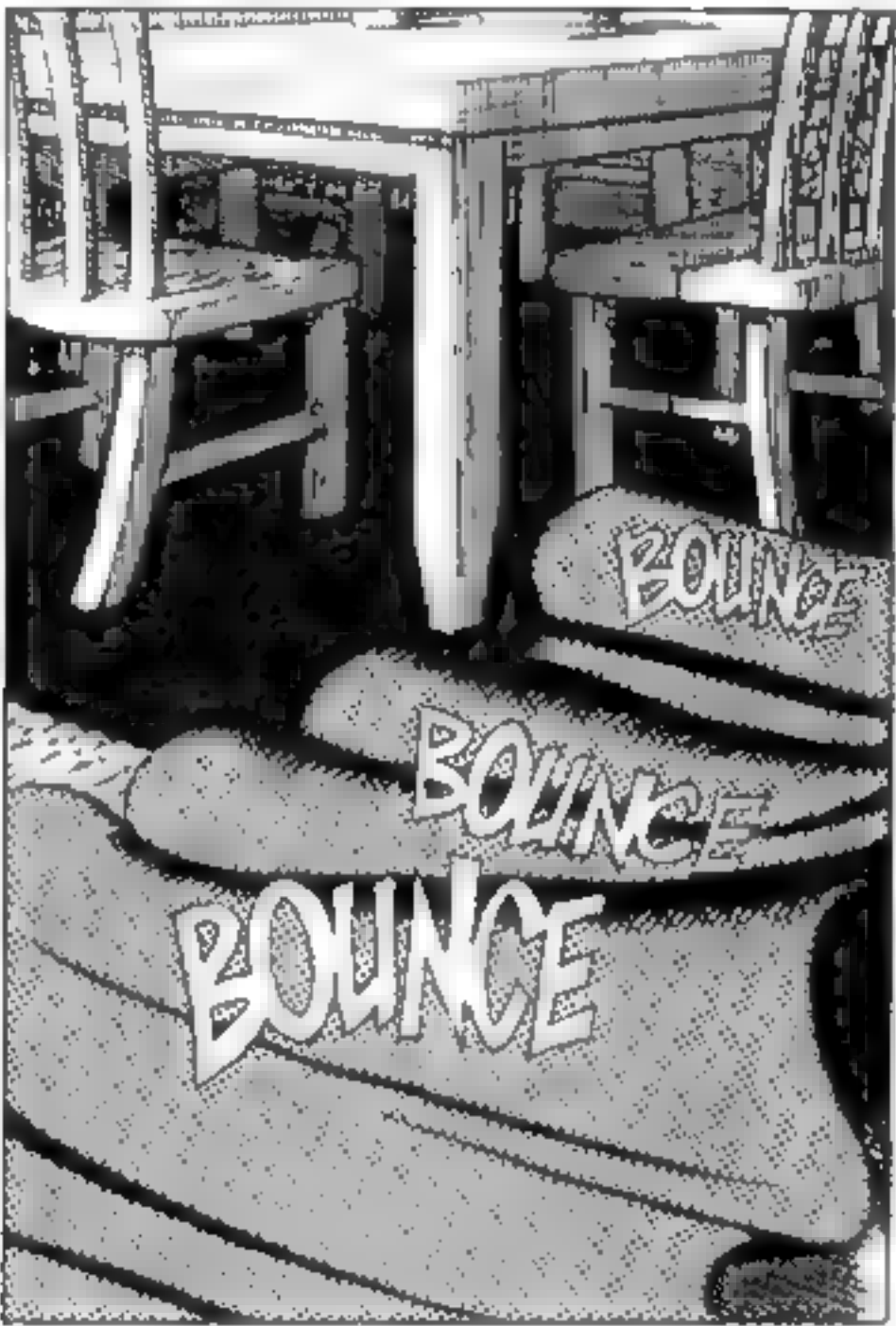
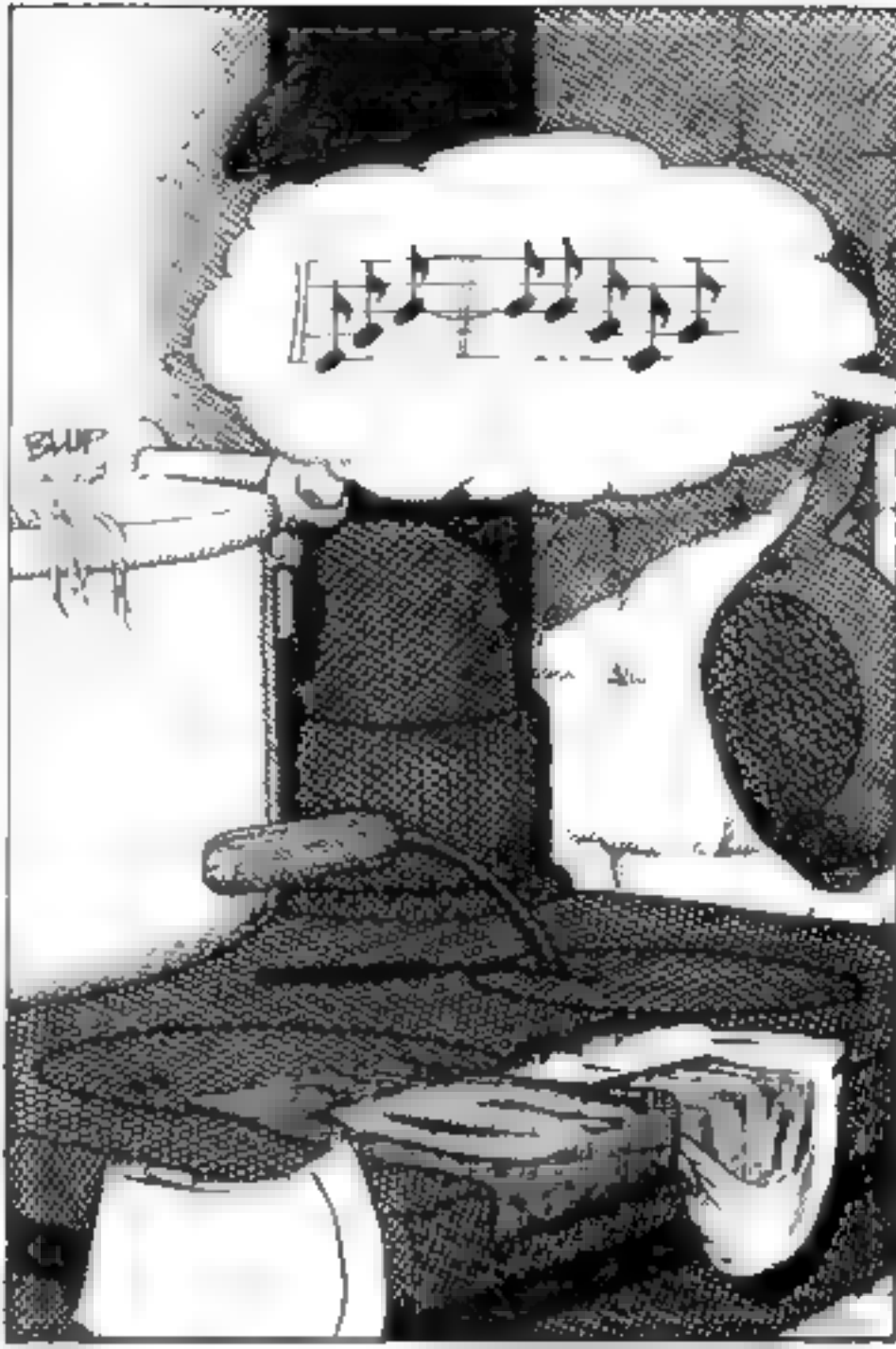
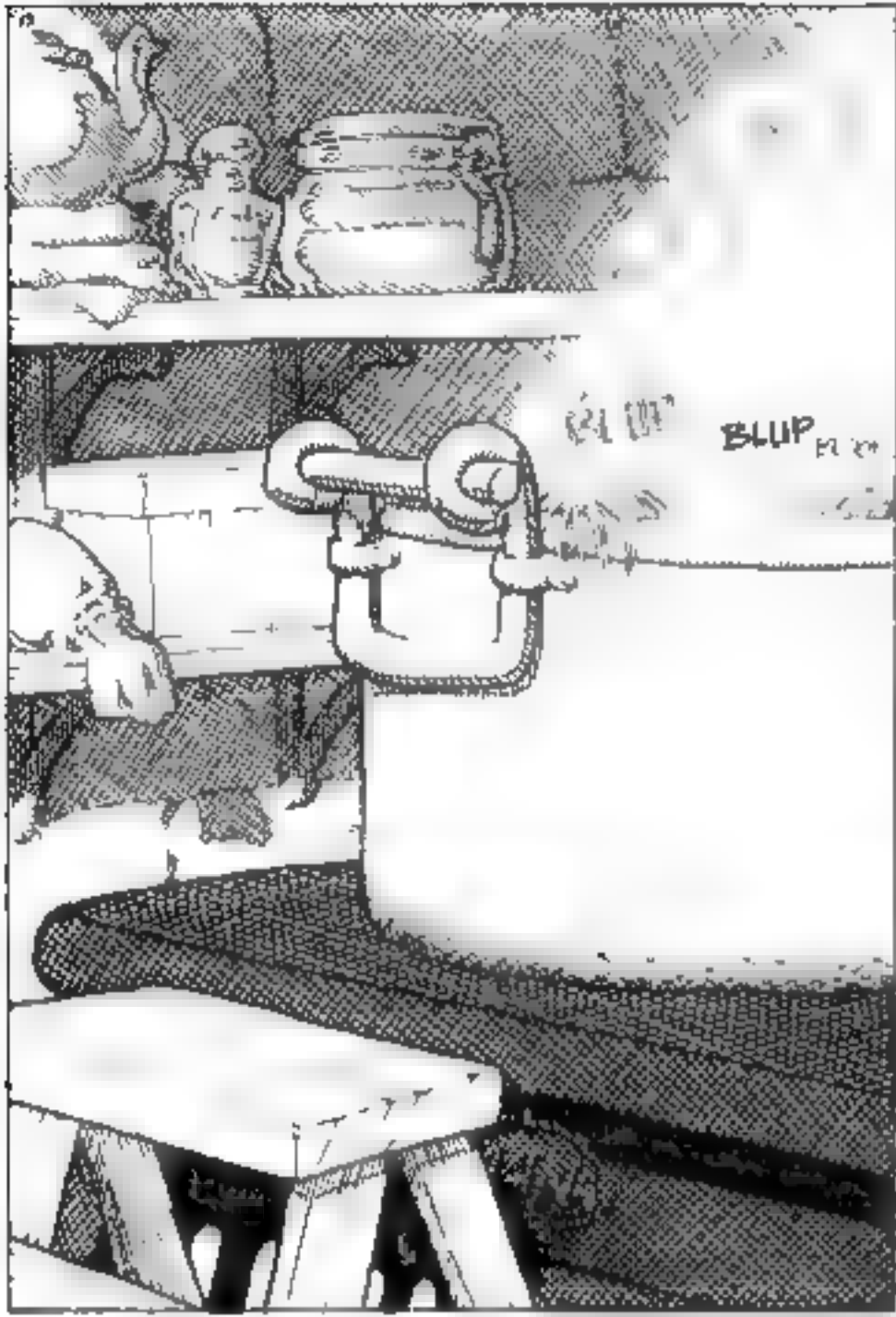


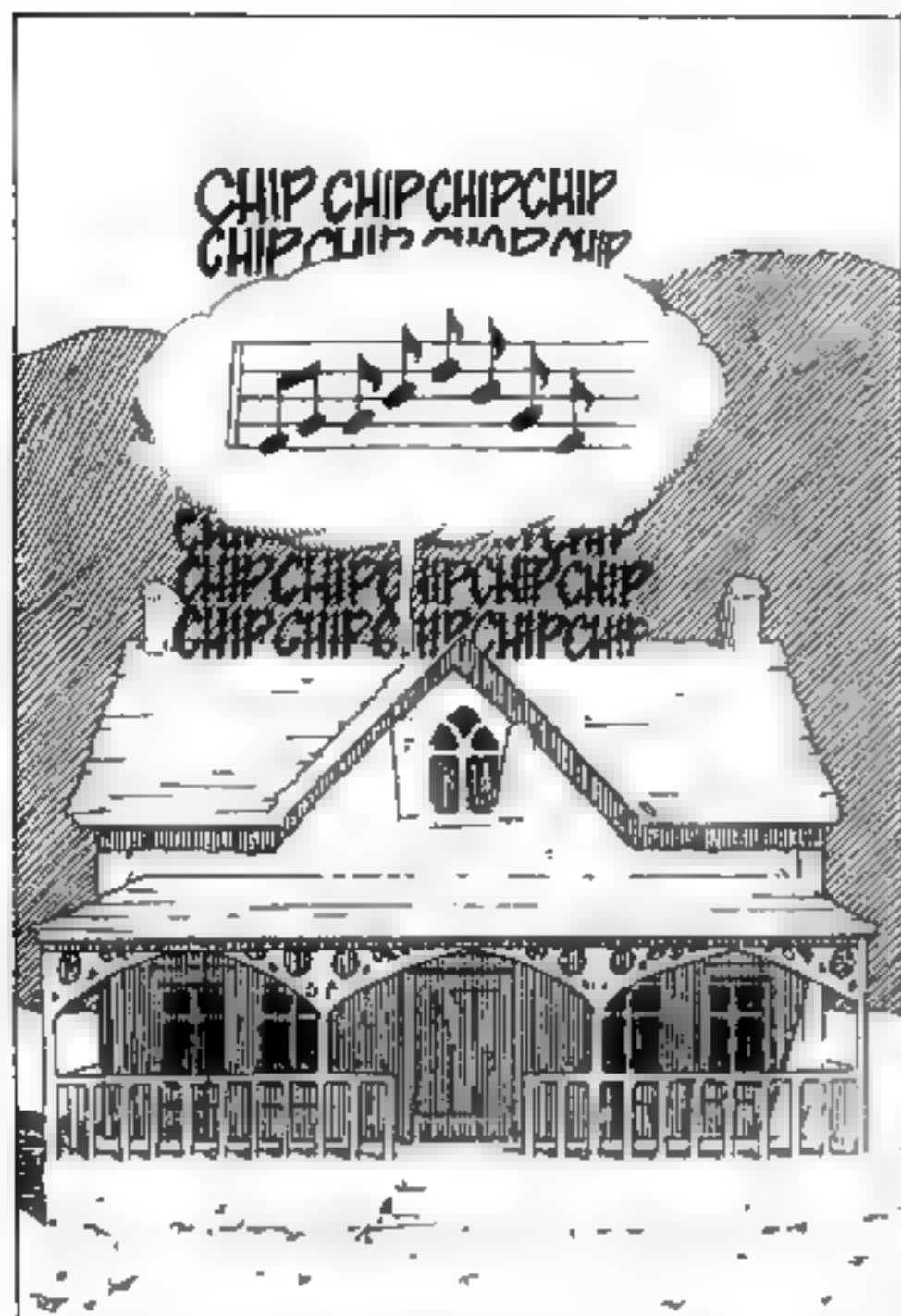
4: And swiftly didst the
Three Wise Fellowes
hearken unto the
wordes of Cerebbs,
saddling up their
Three Wise Horses
and
galloping away in pursuit
of McSpahn and
his valiant bande of
"Bosoms of ye Barges".









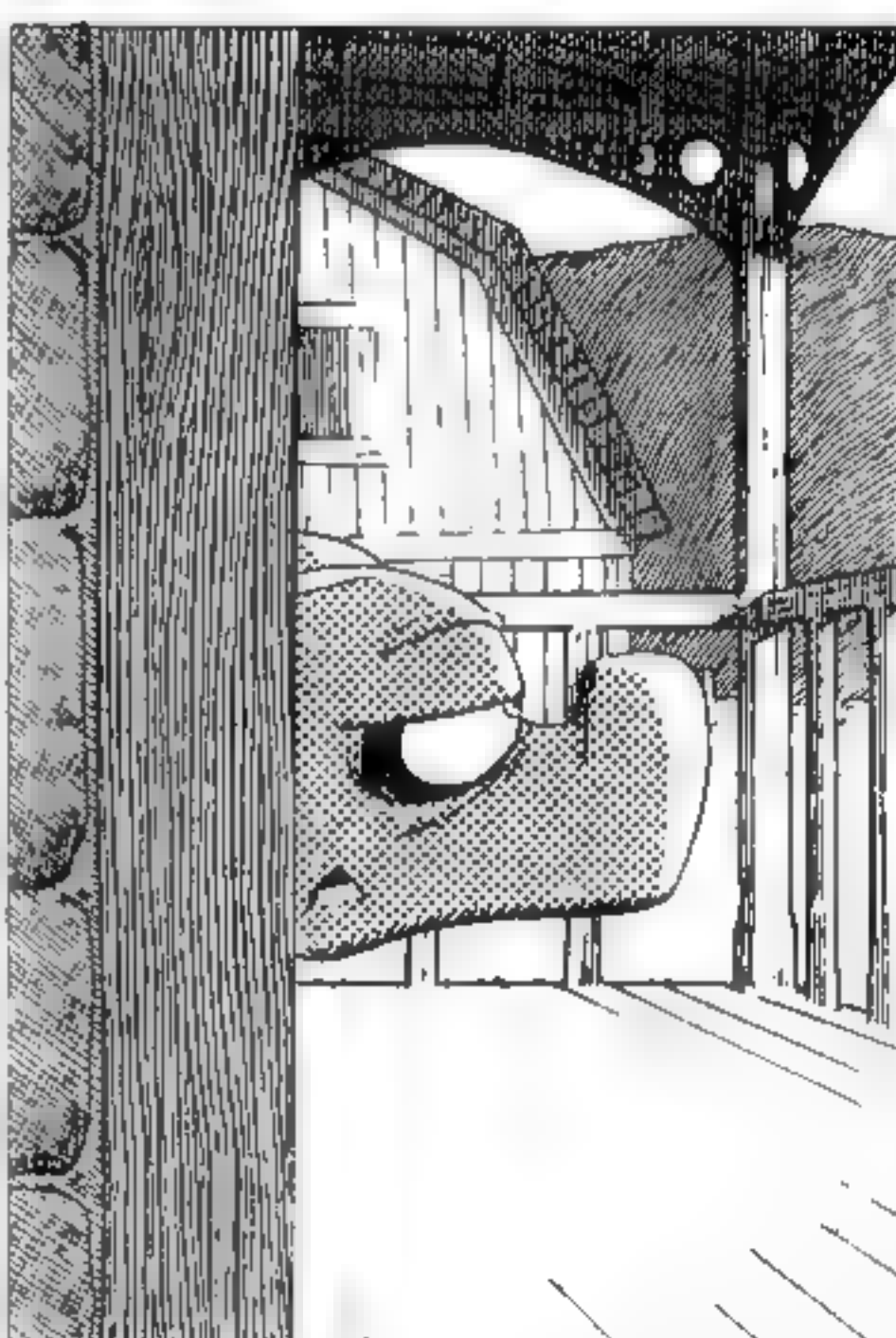


5: The next daie the
Three Wise Fellowes
with "De Barge of De
Bosomes" Ferrold
camest unto Cerebbs
bearing tidings of
McSpahn's victorie
at Estrogenia



6: (which aforetimes
wast named
East Serrea)

7: and inqbirng of
Cerebbs saying,
From whence camest
the lowde noise
of screaming and of
chaines which we
hast heard from
within thy
chambers?

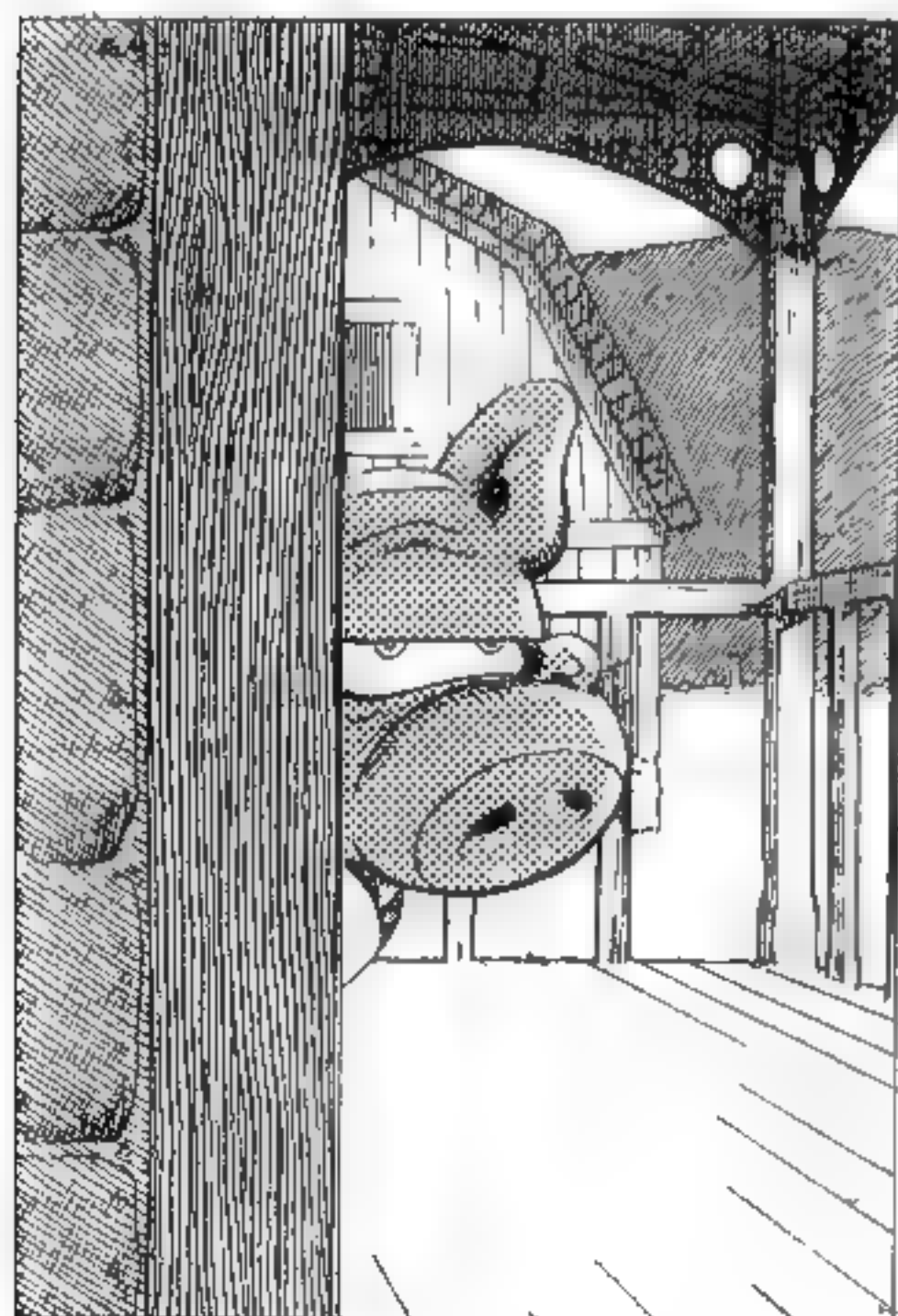




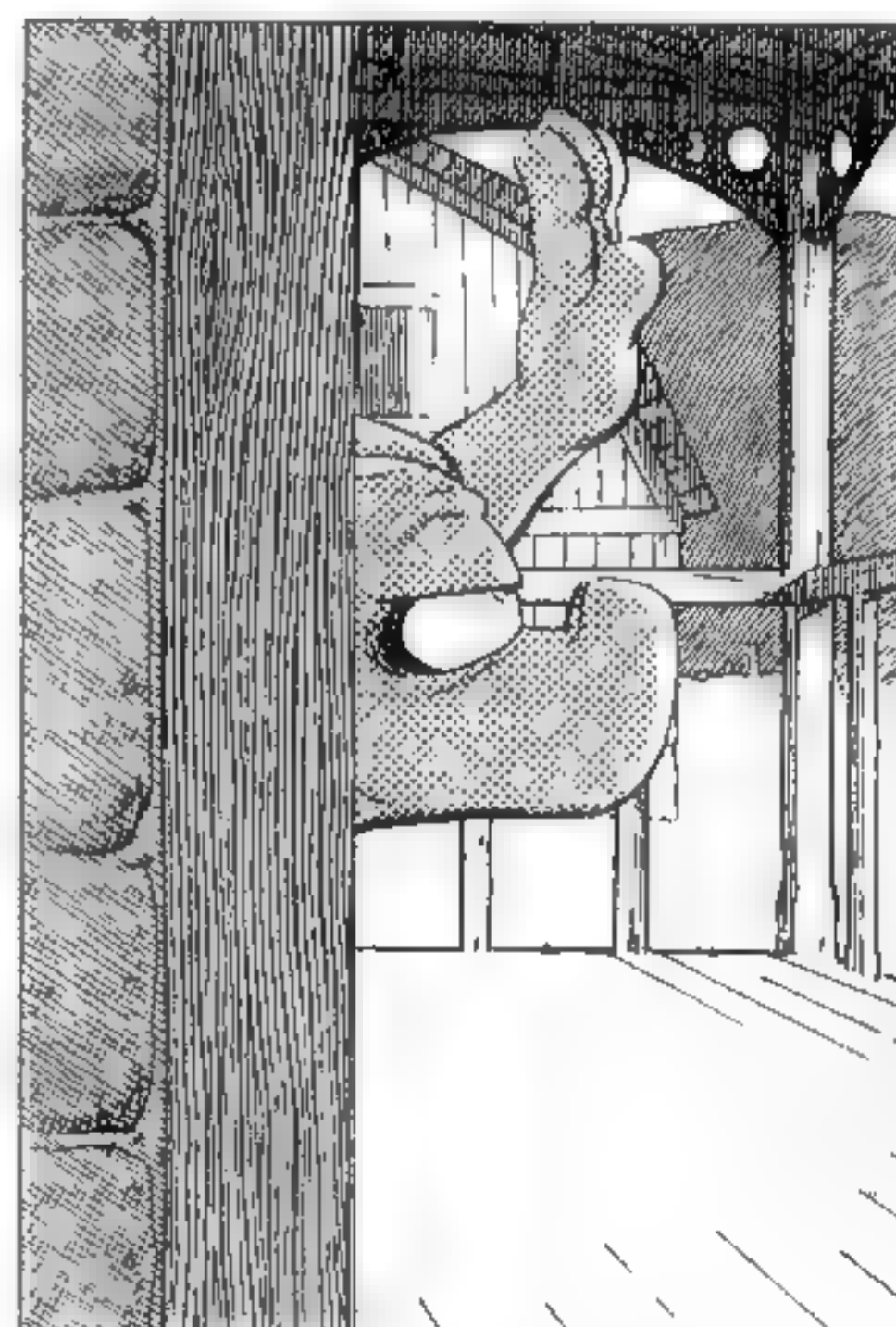
8: And Cerebbs spake
vnto them saying,
Cerebbs hast called
foorth the
King of All Demons,
who shalbe to
McSpahn like vnto
fibe diuisions
of
fierce and baliant
coloured pins
(ifsobe
that McSpahn shouldst
falter in his quest to
bringe an ende to this
Age which hast
ouerturned
all righteousness
after the maner
of the deuill, the
uiper and the scorpion).



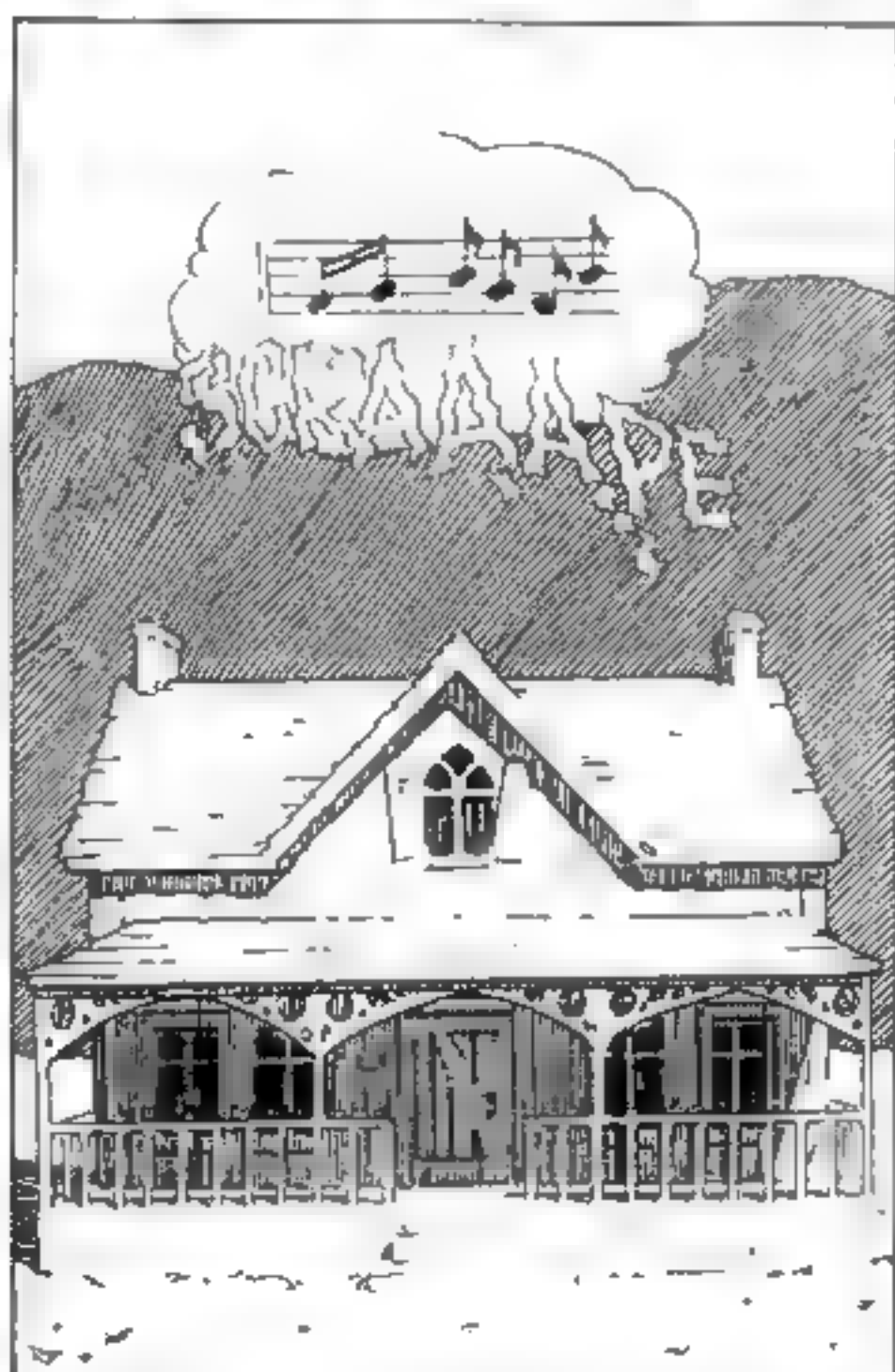
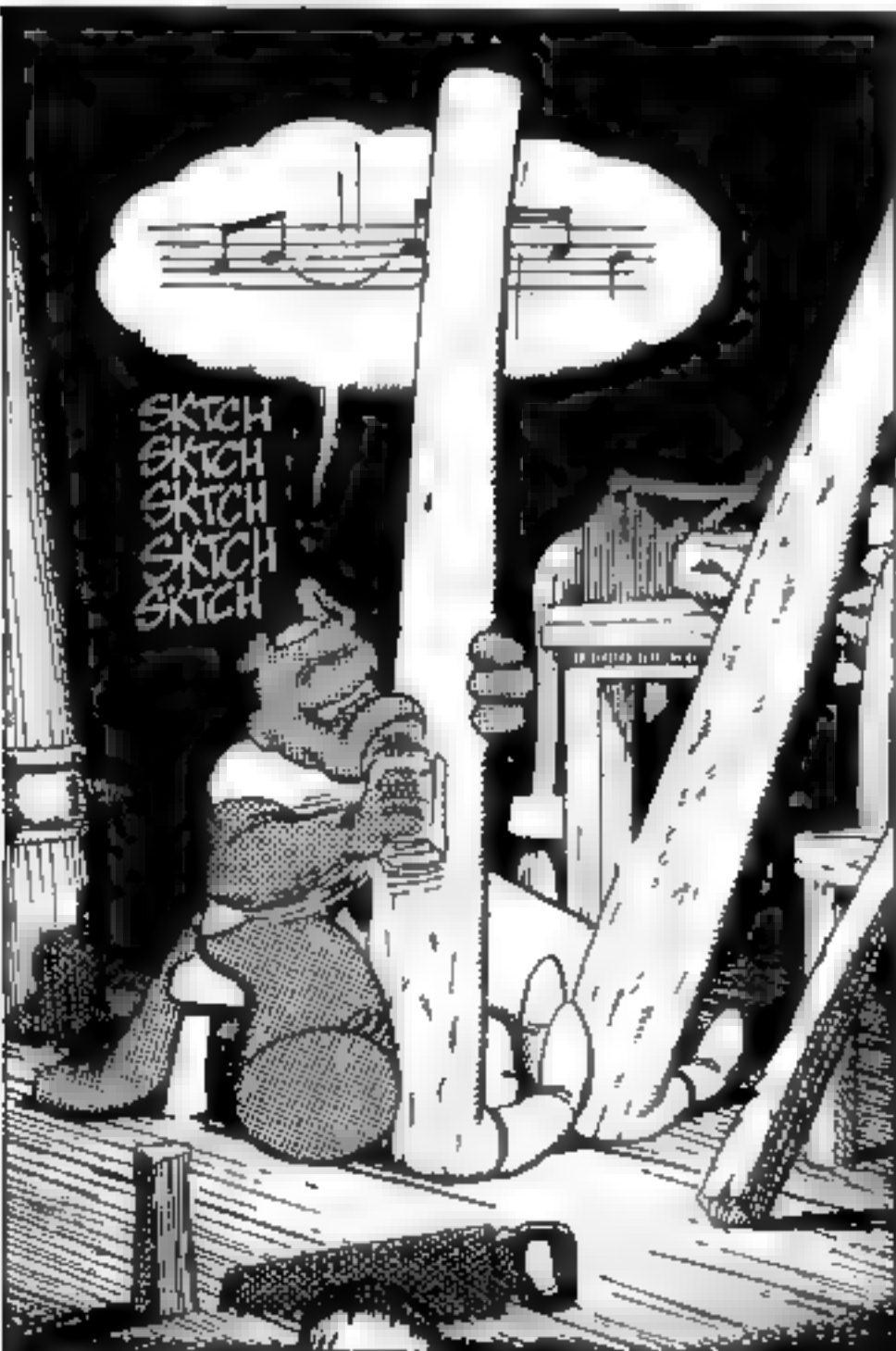
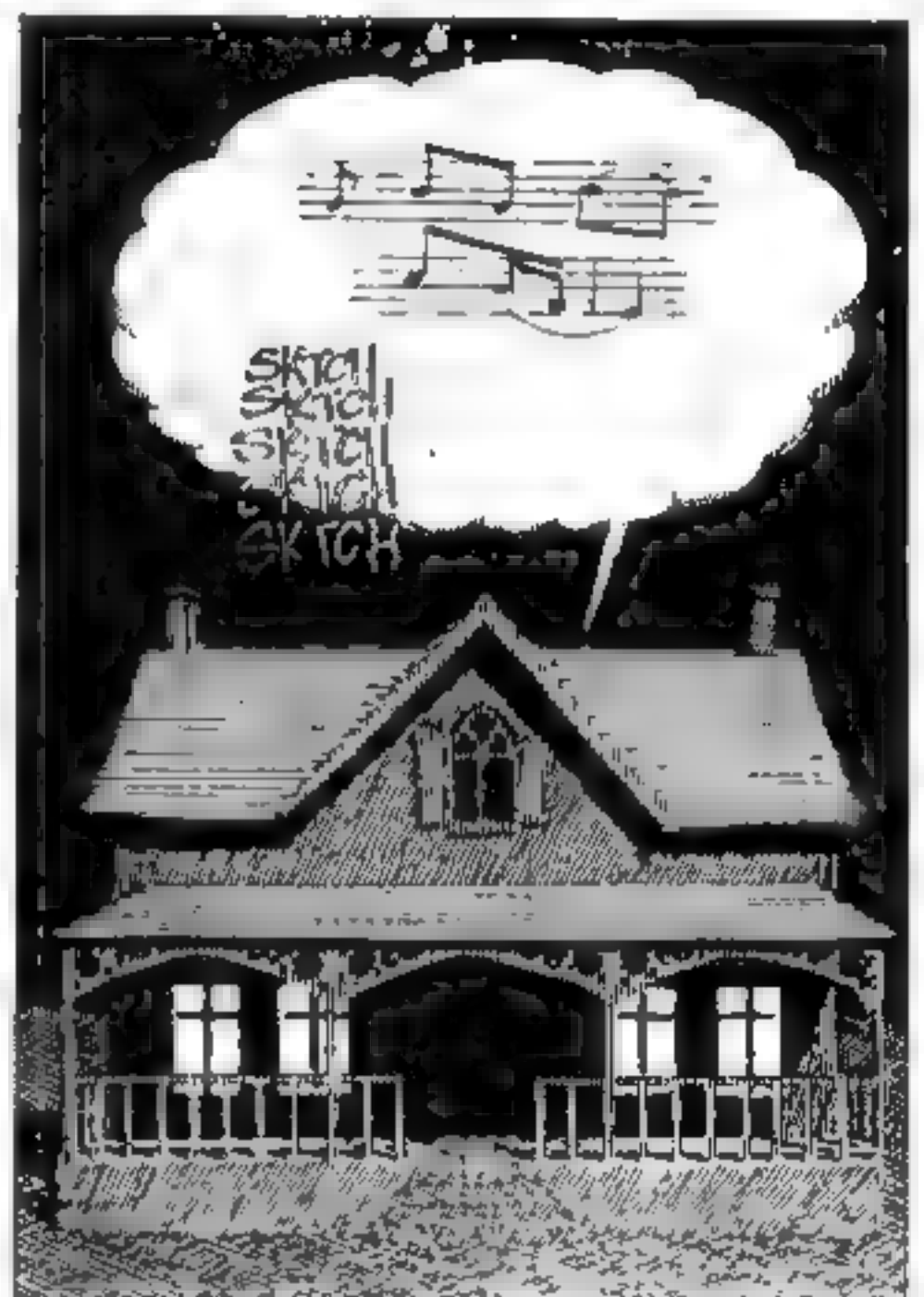
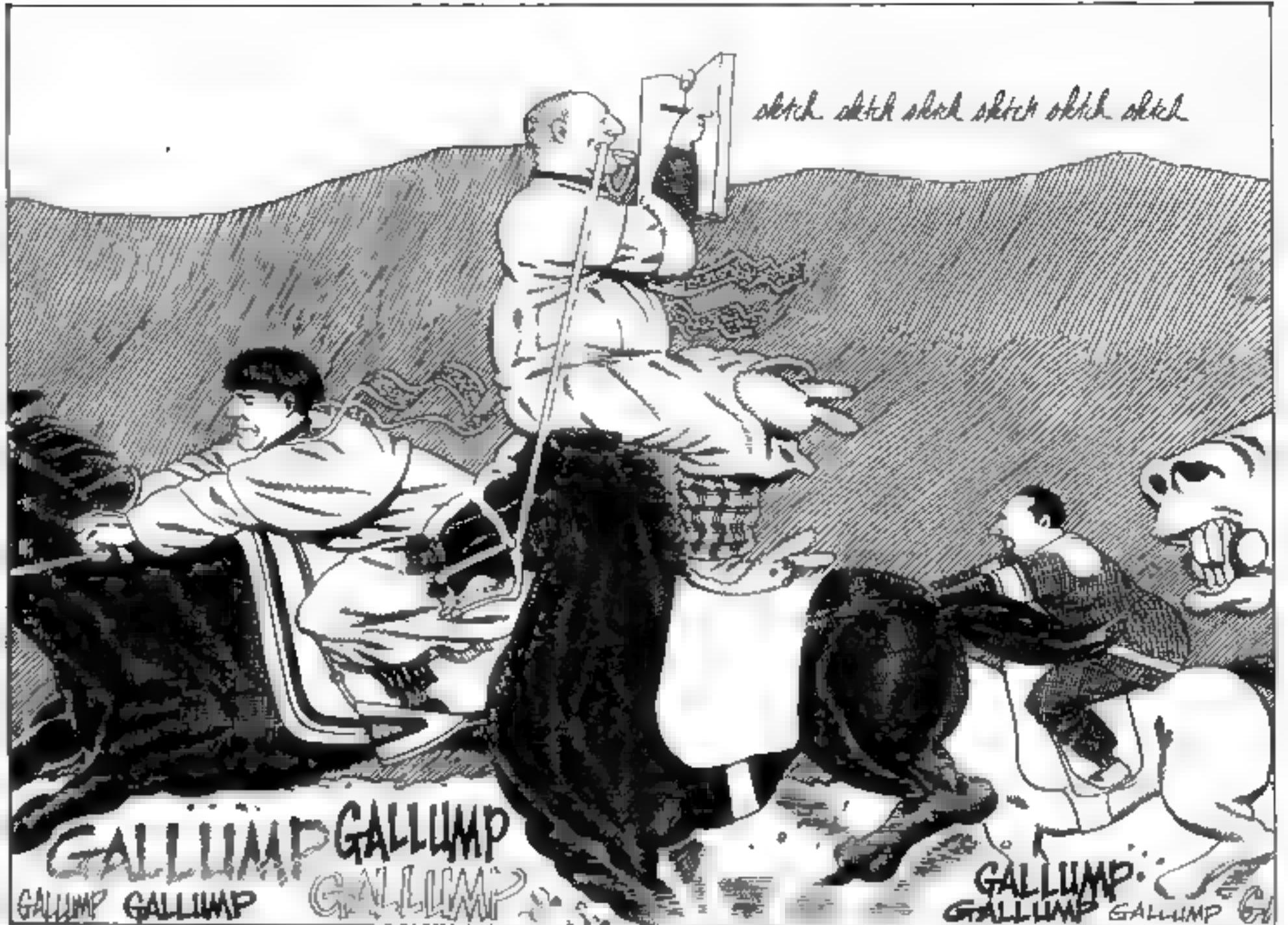
9: Then spake
"De Barge
of De Bosomes"
Jerrold
vnto Cerebus saying,
McSpahn? Falter?
(and
he didst make a
snorting noise like
vnto one of the
Three Wise Horses).



10: Still, ye can
neuer tell,
sayeth Cerebbs.
And giuing thankes
Vnto The
Three Wise Fellowes
and "De
Barge of De Bosomes"
Jerrold for their
glad tidings

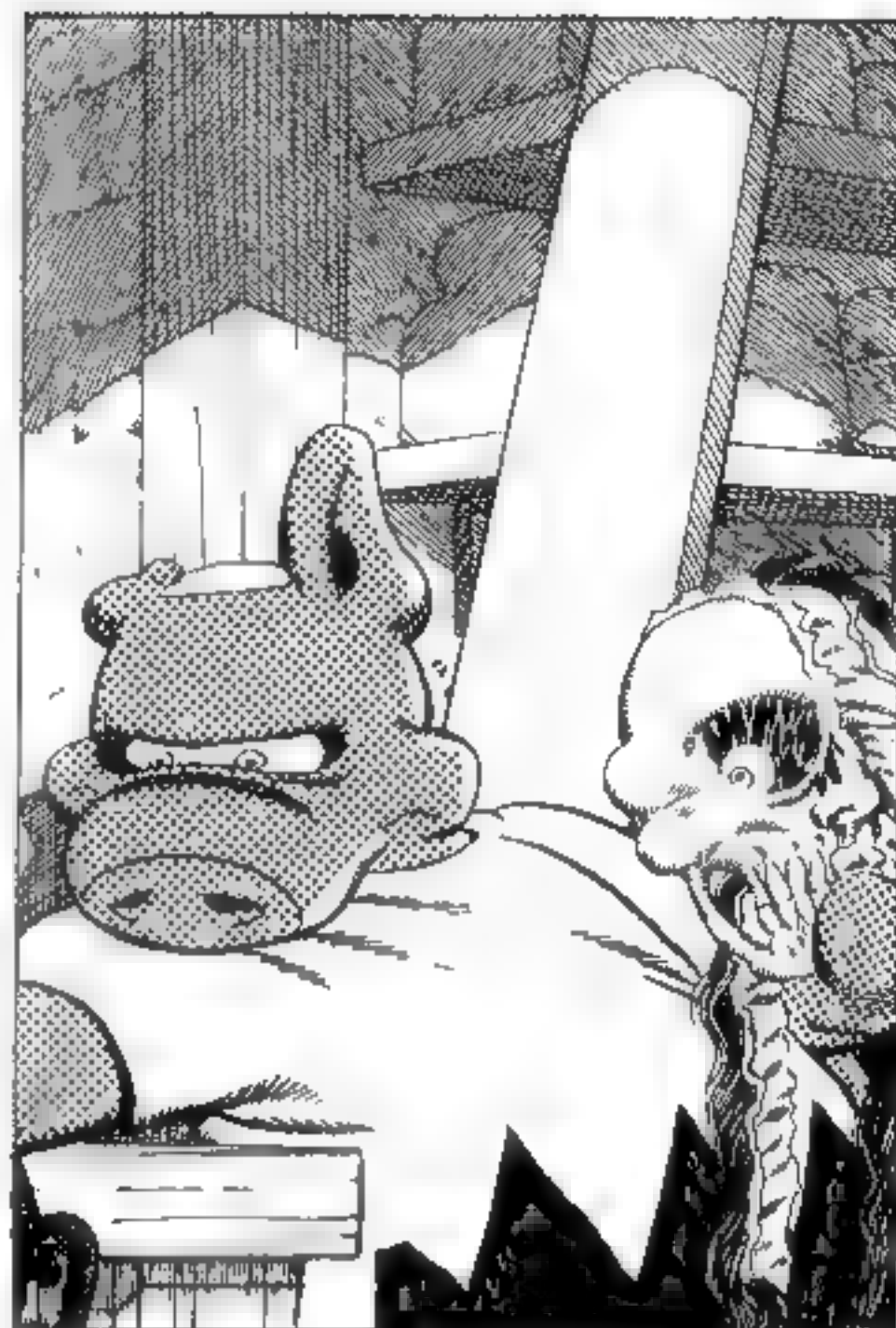


11: He bade them
hasten backe to the
side of McSpahn.





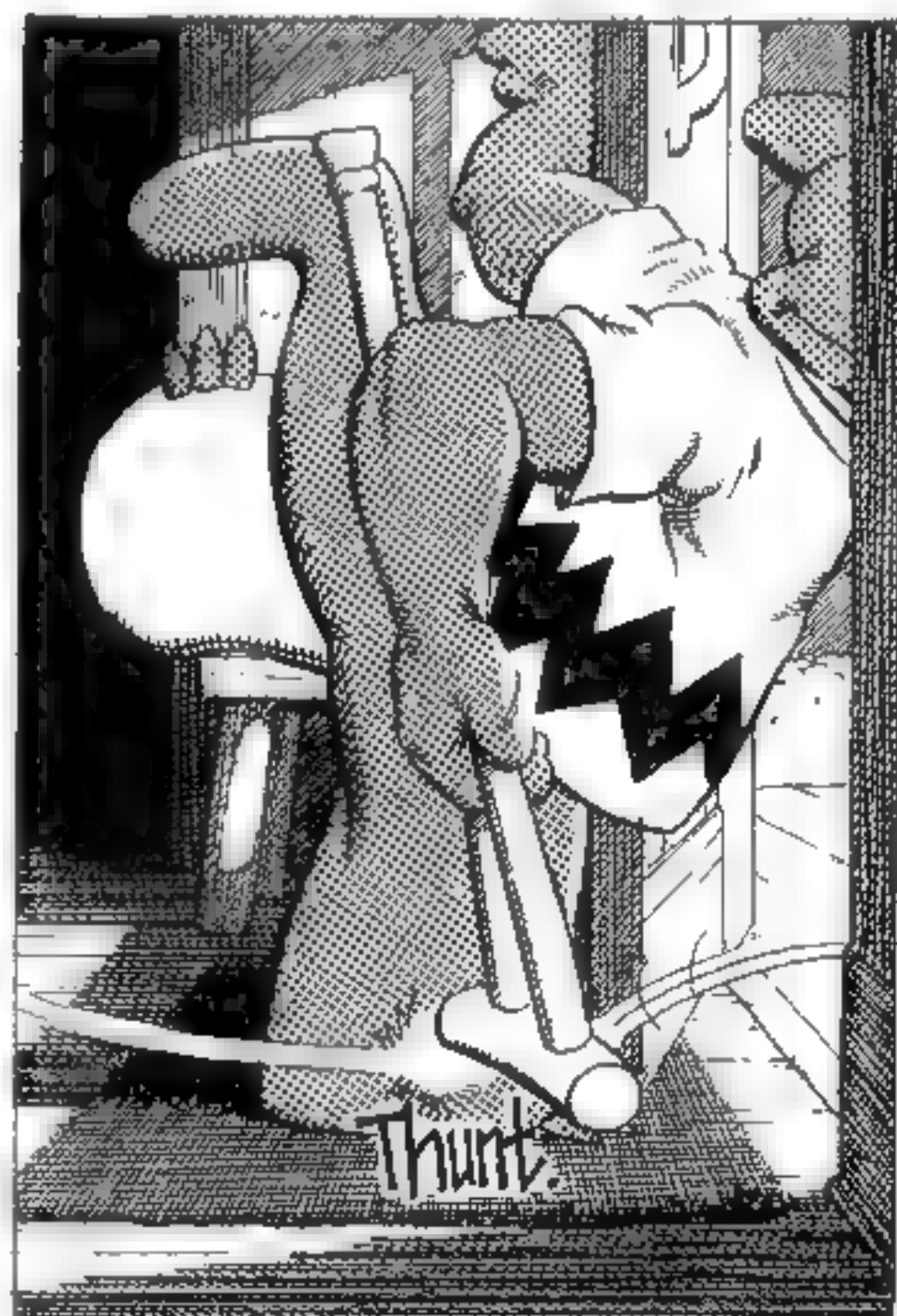
12: And the second
daie the Three
Wise Fellowes &
"De Barge of
De Bosomes"
Terrold camest unto
Cerebbs bearing
tidings of McSpahn's
victorie at
Menstrua



13: (which aforetimes
wast called
Upper Dehrsion)



14: And after that
Cerebbs hadst opened
unto them the doore
to his chambers
and as
they spake unto
Cerebbs





15: Lo, a severed heade
much torne and with
stripes of its flesh
hanging didst land at
the feet of the Three
Wise Fellowes &
of "De Barge of De Bosomes"
Ferrolld.

16: And Cerebbs didst picke up the severed head
by its haire and spake his apologies unto
the Threewise Fellowes &
"De Barge of De Bosomes"

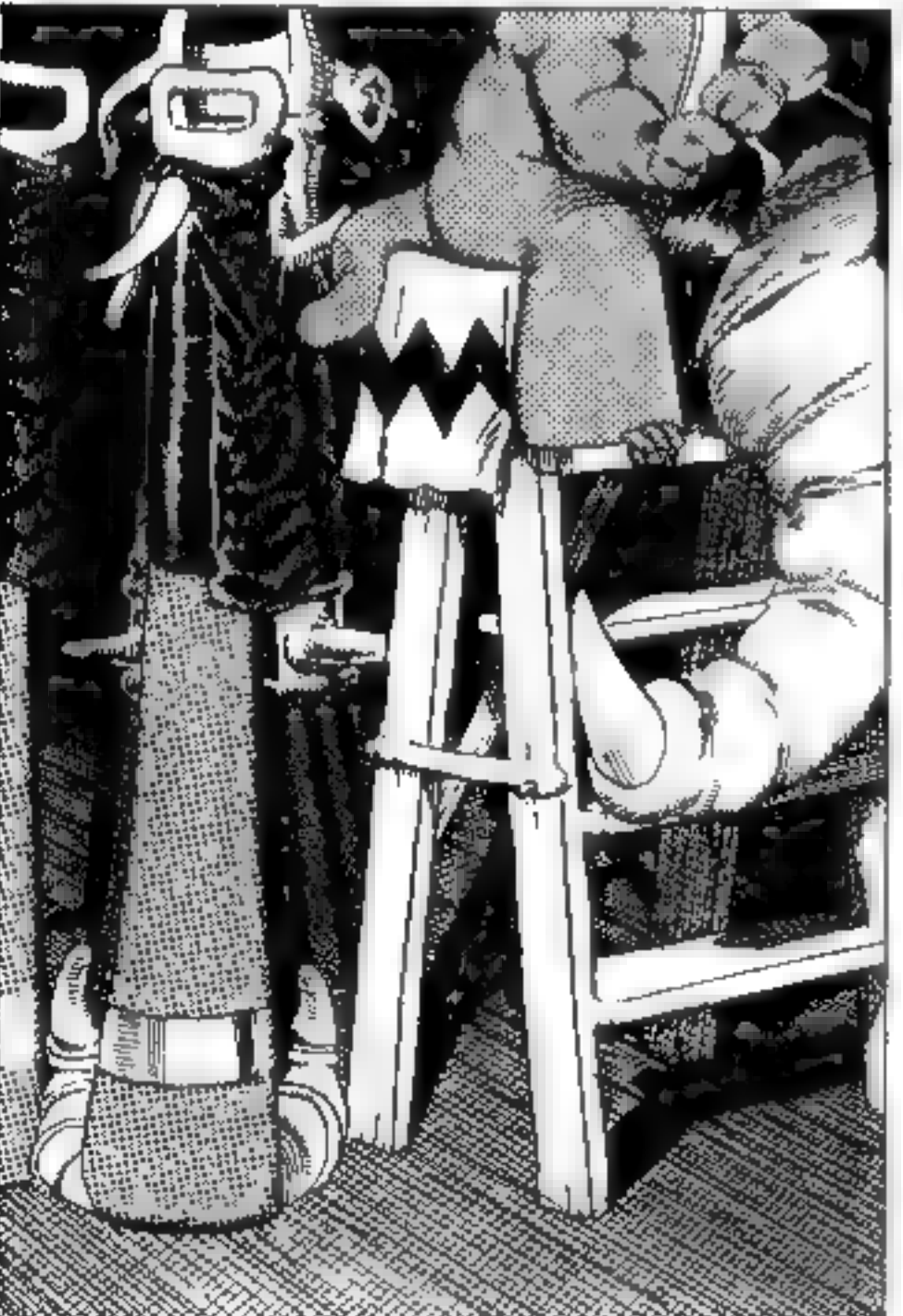
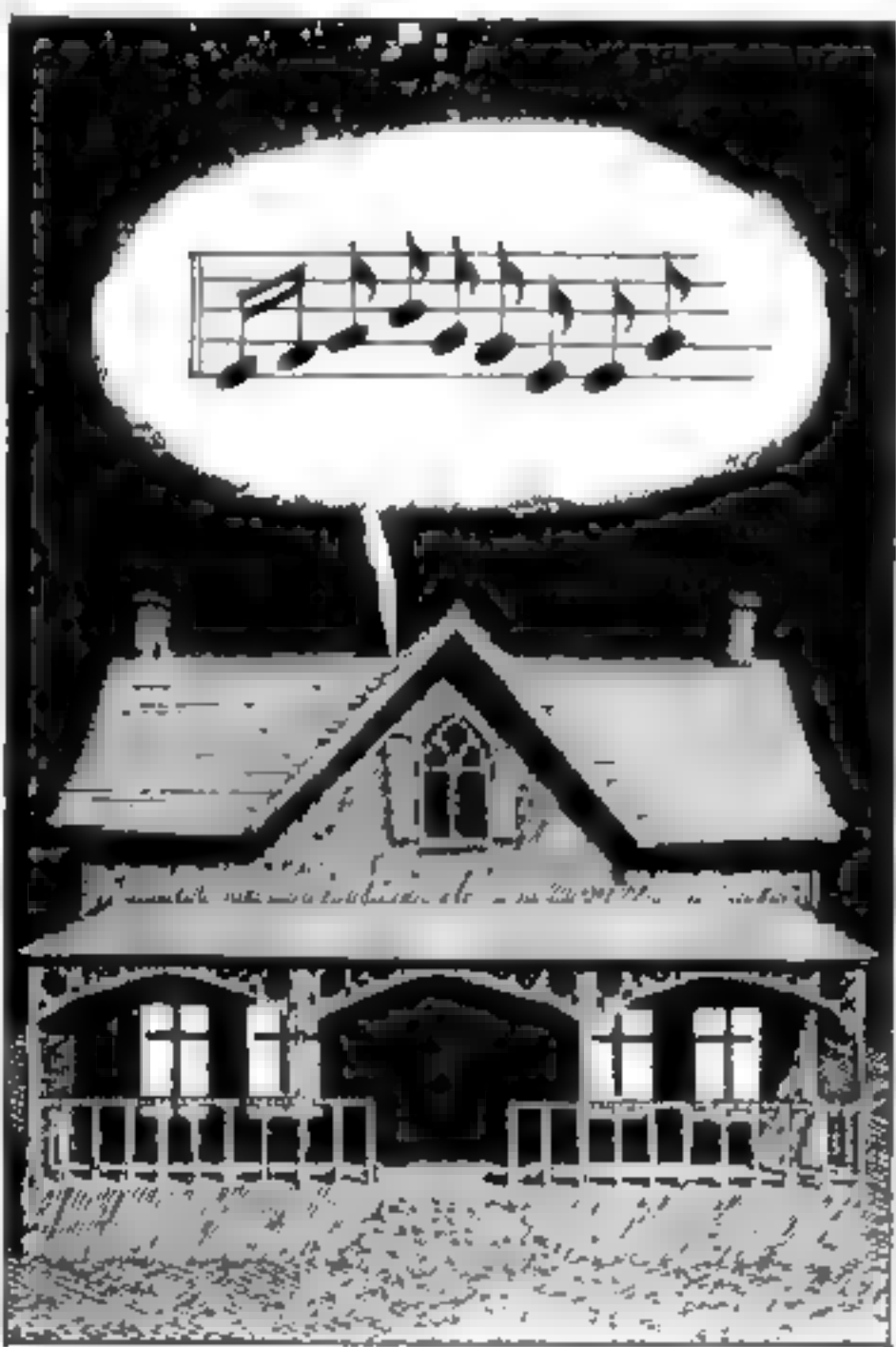
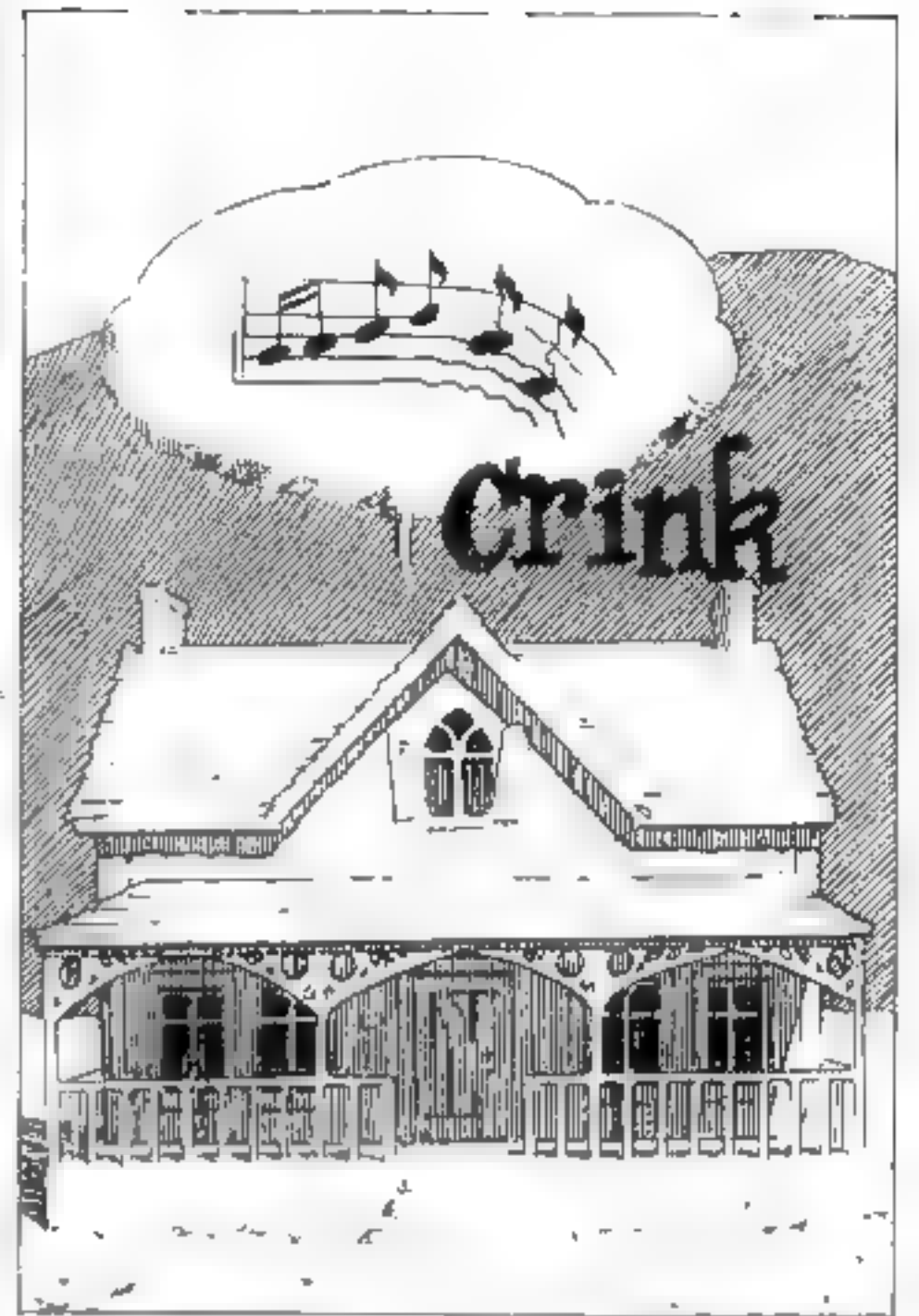
Ferrolld saying, Forgibest thou Cerebbs. As
thou seest the King of All Demons is a
a most carelesse houseguest and a sloppie eater.

Tary ye here a moment whilst Cerebbs
doth retorne unto the King of All Demons'
supper dishe his "Cirinist Crunchie".



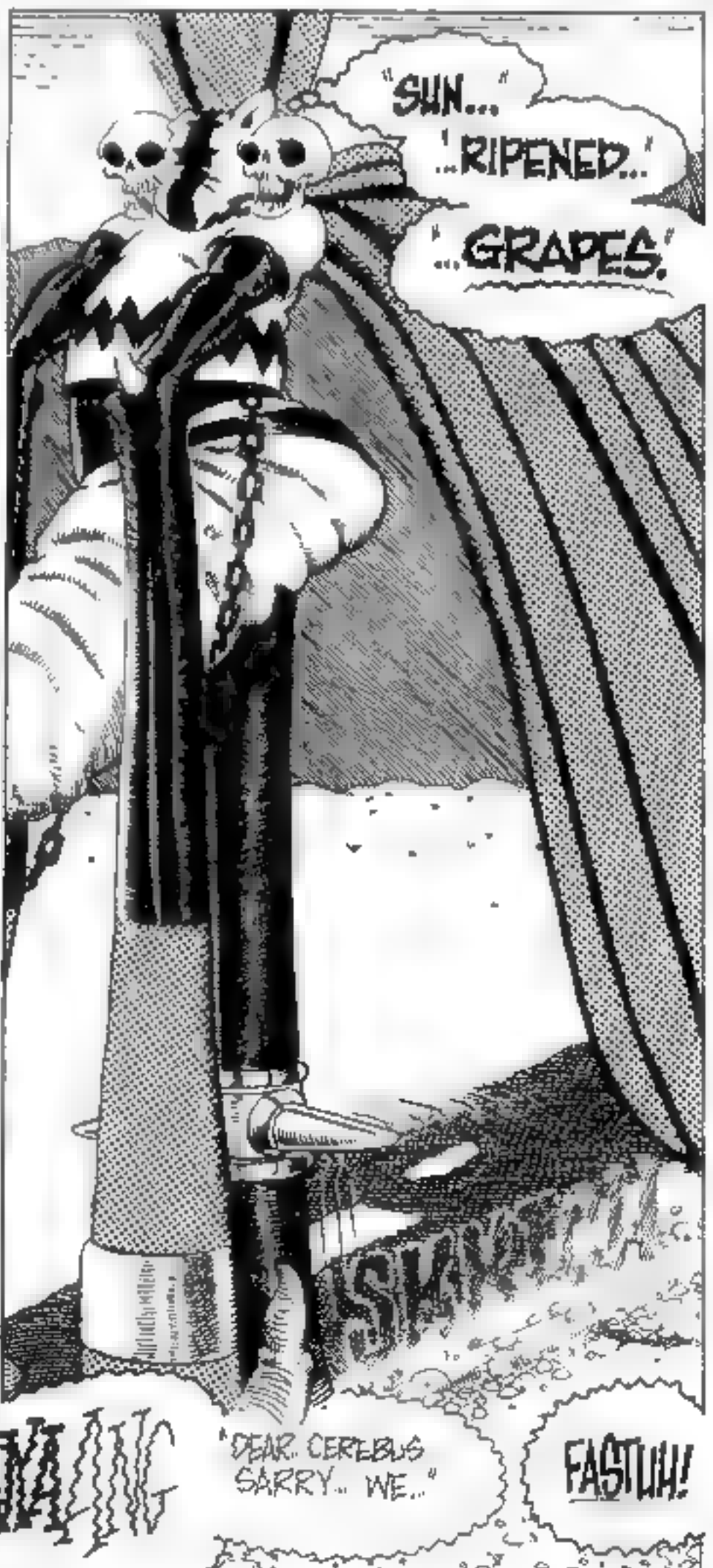
17: Howsoever the Threewise Fellowes & "De
Barge of De Bosomes" Ferrolld of a sudden
remembering a prior engagement didst
swiftly gallop away as fast as the Threewise
Horses (and the one Unwise Horse)
couldst carry them backe to
the side of McSpahn. Woop woop woop woop.





18: And the thirde daie McSpahn, the Three Wise Fellowes and all the hoste of "De Barges of De Bosomes" camest unto Cerebbs & lo, Cerebbs wast nowhere to bee found.





speaking unto
them and
saying,
I am Spore,



GAH! Y-YOU DON'T
MEAN THE REPRODUCTIVE
BODY IN CRYPTOGAMS
ANALOGOUS TO SEEDS
IN FLOWERING PLANTS
BUT CAPABLE OF
DEVELOPING
ASEXUALLY
INTO AN
INDEPENDENT
ORGANISM
OR
INDIVIDUAL?



SURE.
WHY NOT?



ye King
of all
Demons.





(WHEN DA CIRINISTS) (ALL OF A SUDDENLY-LIKE) (TOOK OFF DERE **HOBBITS**) (OR WHATEVER YOUSE CALL DEM CRAZY WOODS DEY WEAR) (AN' **BLENDED IN WIT' DA INDRIDGENOUS POISON-ELLES**)

(THUS MAKEEN **POSITIVE EYE-DENTI-FRICATION** SUHVERELY **PROBLEMOMADRIGAL**) (PER DOSE OF US **INCLIMBED TO SHOOTEN FOIST AN GAYEEN DA INQUISITION FUH LATER**)

...WE COULD SUDDENLY SEE AS HAVEEN' A SOYTAIN -- NOT- DERE-TWO-FOUR **READILY PERSGREEVED-VALEDICTORY** PARTICULARLY SEEIN' AS HOW (MUCH TO MANY OF OUR **SOOPRISES**) MANY OF US HAD **AWOKE DISMORNEEN'** WIT' MANY OF OUR **THROATS CUT.**

(PRESENT COMPANY **EXTRUDED**)

TO WRIT:

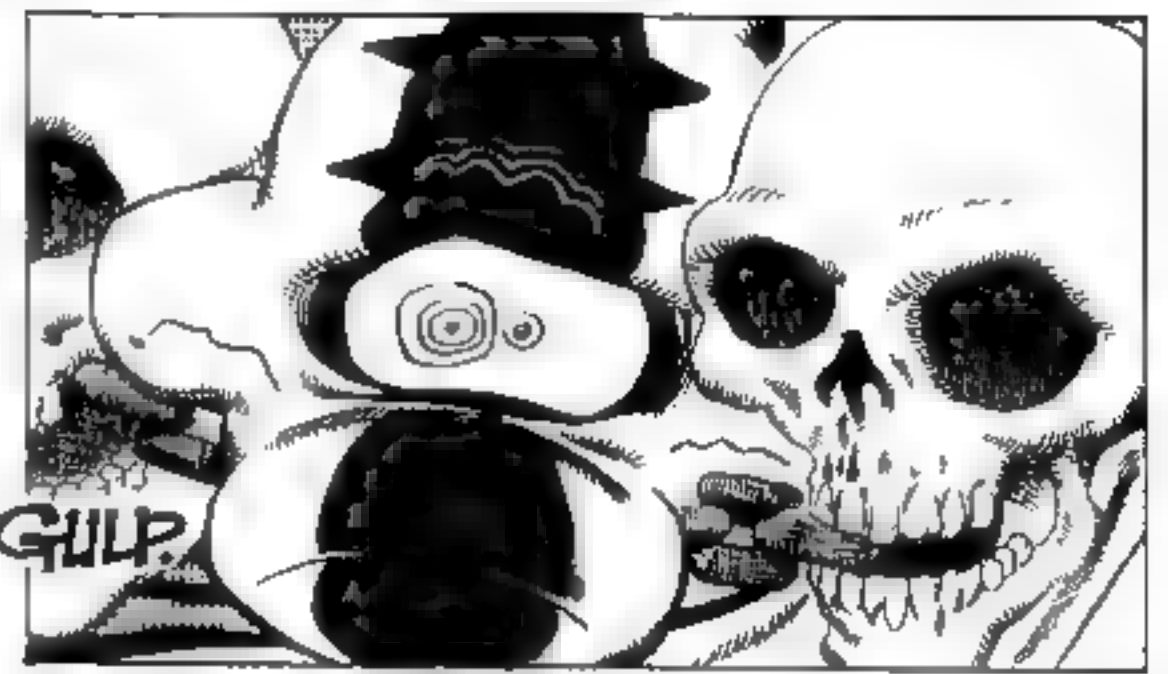
(AS I SAID DIS MORNEN TO MY LONG-TIME ASSOCIATE, "FERRY TITS" **JERROLD:**)

"DIS... **LOOKEST LOIK UNTO A JOB FOR...**"

"...DA **KING OF AWL DEMONS!**"

FLPS

TWITCH



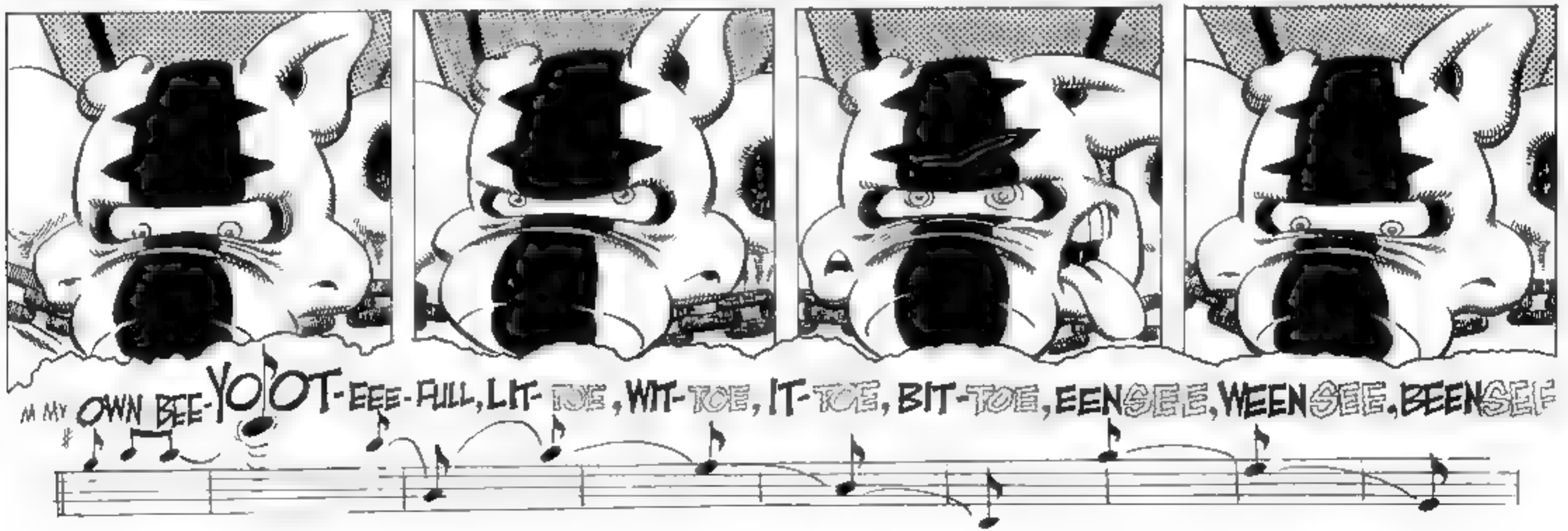
OUR **TRUST** IN YOUSE **CHOKES** YOU UP, O **SPORE**; I CAN TELL!

DO NOT BE **ASHAMED** OF YOOAH **TEARS**, O **HELLSPAWN** FOR WE 'BARGES OF YE BROOZUMS' HAVE **WEPPET** **ALTSO** WHEN AWL OF OUAH **WIFES** BRUNGET UNTO UTZ... OUAH... **LIT-TOE * ONES**

OUAH BEE **YOO-TEE-FULL** BAA-BEE **BOYCE** AN' OUAH BEE **YOOOO** TEE-FULL BBA-BAY BEE G* **GNIFF** **GOY-ILLS**

GNIFFLE LIKE MY O OWN BEE **YOOT-EEFULL** **LIT-TOE** **MA-GENT-A** **GNIFFFF**

SPIT



IN MY OWN BEE-**YOOT-EEFULL**, **LIT-TOE**, **WIT-TOE**, **IT-TOE**, **BIT-TOE**, **EENSEE**, **WEENSEE**, **BEENSEE**





20: And it came to passe
that when the hoste
of them had voted Cerebbs
absolute ruler ouer ye Sanctbarie
and ye Seate of Truth, Spore
called to him ye Wise Fellowes,
Flosher and Losher, and spake
unto them,

21: Describing vnto them ye
means of conueyance which they
were to construct for ye King
of All Demons and which wouldst
bear him vnto ye place of
battle where McSpahn had
faltered and where seuerall of
"Ye Barges of Ye Bosomes"
had suffred vnto death.

22: And when ye means of
conveyance (which wast called
ye Spore Wagon) wast finished

23: Then didst the hoste of them
return vnto Spore and didst
hearken vnto Spore when Spore
spake vnto them, saying:

24: Today thou art "Ferrie
Tits" no more; neither art thou
"Barges of Ye Bosomes".
Today and henceforth, by thy

name "Spore's Spores" onely shalt
thou bee knownen.

25: And this saying wast well
pleasing vnto the hoste of them
and there wast much shouting
and rejoicing.

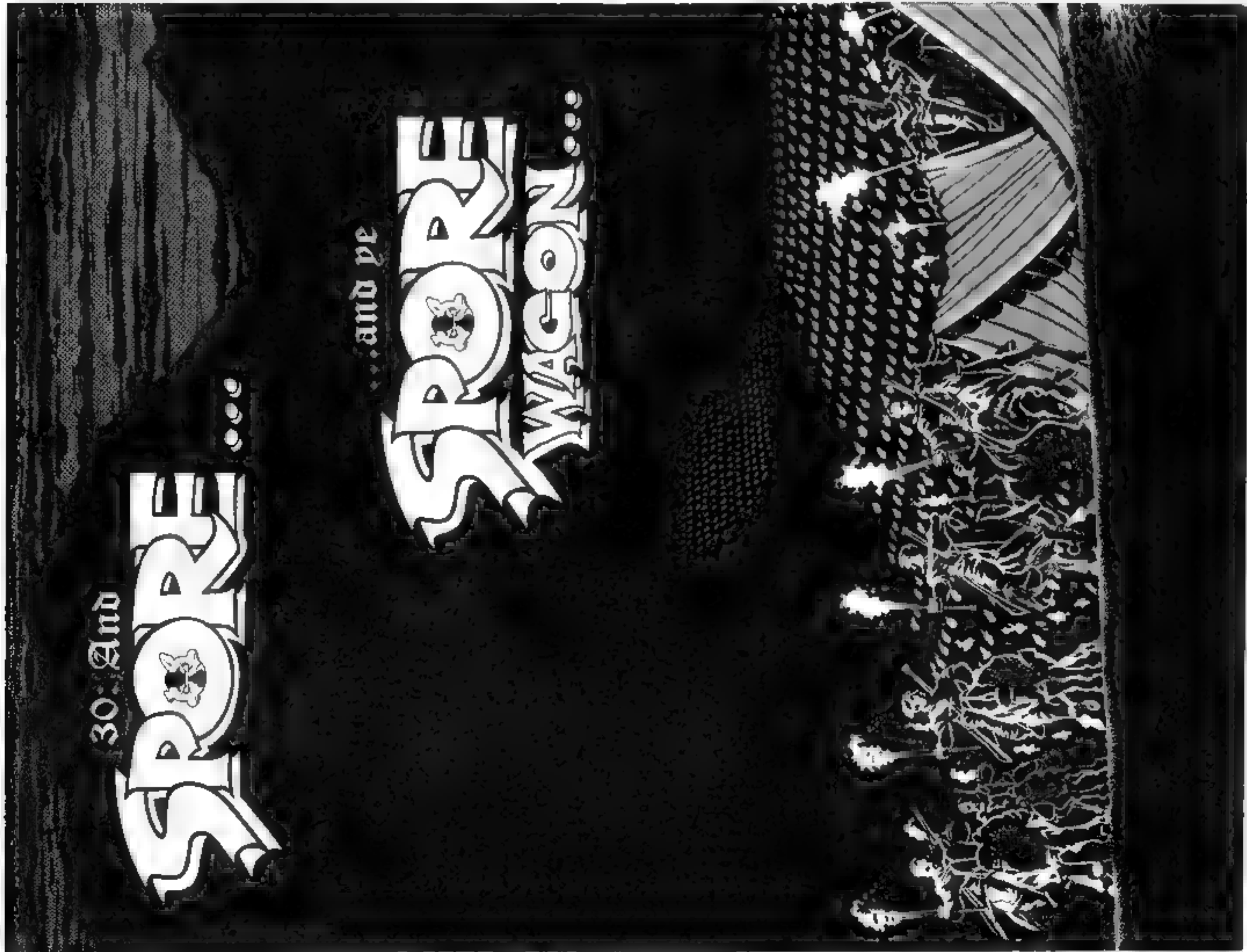
26: Until Spore didst smacketh two
of their heads together with a
noise surpassing lowde (which
didst cause their attention to bee
drawn vnto Spore and their
shouting and rejoicing to
cease). And Spore spake vnto
them saying:

27: Now doth Spore and "Spore's
Spores" goe foorth
together that we might prebail
in bringing an ende to

this age which hath oberturned al
righteousnesse after ye manner of the
deuill, the uiper and the scorpion.

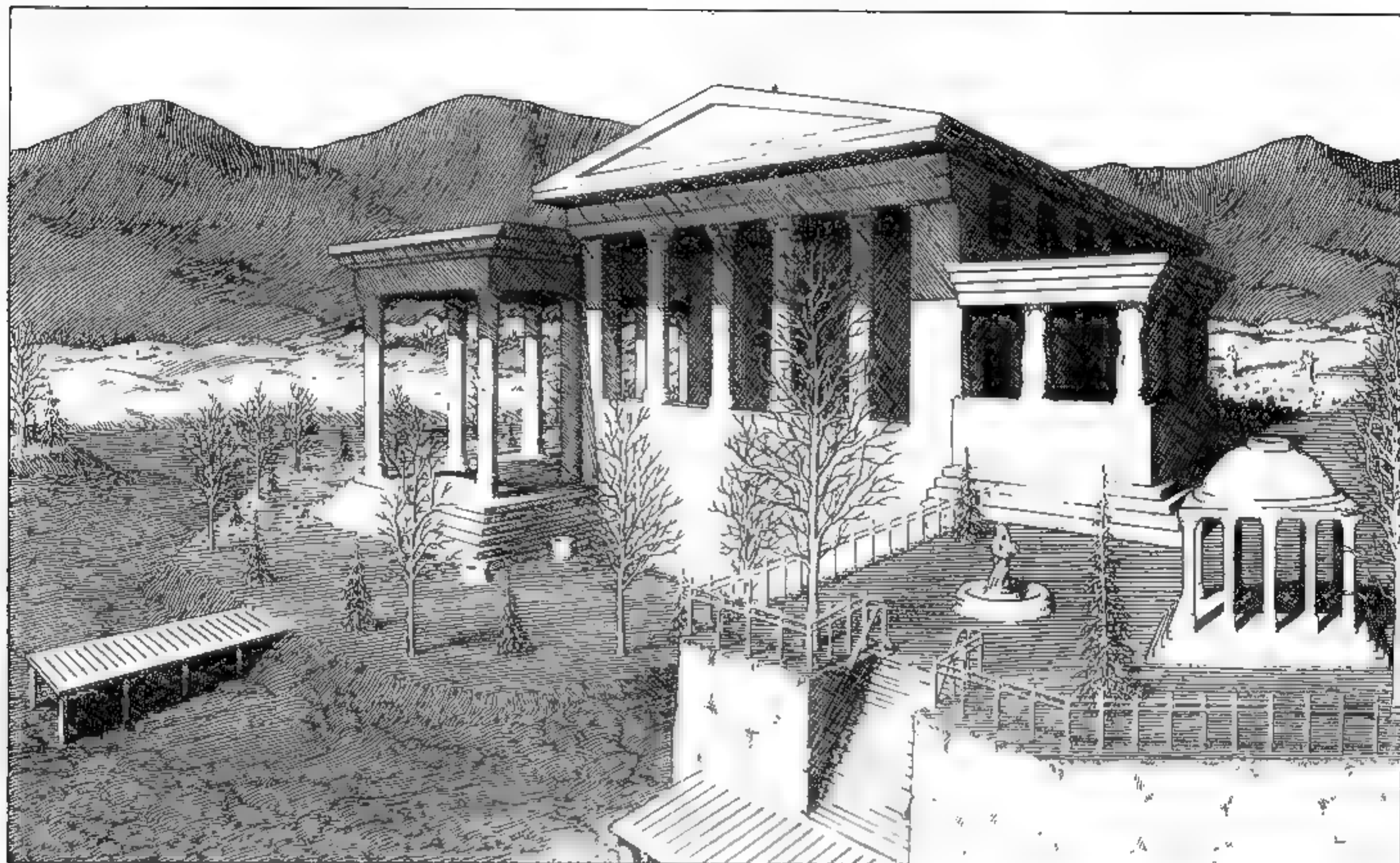
28: And seeing that the hoste of
them were silent, Spore spake
vnto them, saying: Shout and
rejoice. But overdoeth it not.

29: And they hearkened vnto
Spore, shouting and rejoicing
quietly.



...were each
sold separately.





31: And so came Spore
and ye Spore Wagon and
ye Spore's Spores vnto the
Communitie Centre which
wast nearest vnto the place
where McSpahn didst
falter.

32: And Spore spake vnto
Spore's Spotes saying,
Goe ye foorth abroad vnto
every village and hamlet
and towne which is
serued by this
Communitie Centre.

33: And tell euery man and
euery woman that Todd
"Far Lane" McSpahn who
didst slaughter ye Mothers
in their thousands hast
by the worde of Cerebbs
been supplanted by ye
King of All Demons
which is called Spore.

34: Spore who is ye goode
husband and true of ye
Queen of All Demons and
Father to ye Daughters of
All Demons which hatched
foorth from ye
Egges of All Demons
within the Sanctuarie,
as wast spoken
of aforetimes by
ye Prophet Ricke.

35: And speake furthermore
vnto them, saying
that Spore and his Lobelie Wife
and his Lobelie Daughters
haue a Lobelie Gifte
for each of ye Mothers
of this land which ye Mothers
shal receiue without coste or
obligation ifso be they come with
their sonnes and their husbands
vnto this Communitie Centre
by noone todaie.



36: And Spore's Spores
didst as Spore badest them,
so didst they; going foorth
vnto euery village &
euery hamlet & euery
towne which were
serued by the
Communitie Centre.

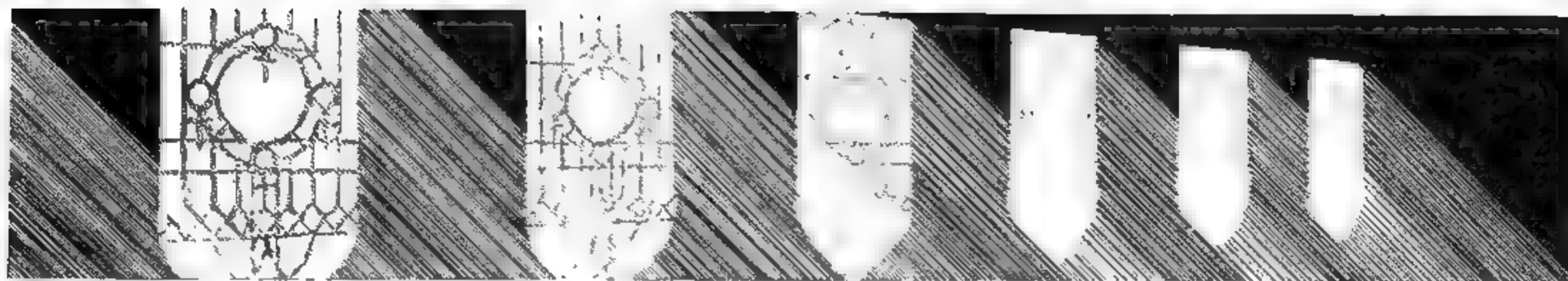
37: And Spore's Spores
didst bring foorth all
of the men & all of the
women & all of the
husbands & all of the

wiues & all of the fathers
& all of the mothers and
brought them vnto
the Communitie Centre.

38: And when all the hoste
of them were come within the
Communitie Centre

39: (And when all the babies
and children) (which Spore
badest not to come vnto him)
(were locked up in an
adjoining roome with bins
of sugar and many spoones)





40: Then Spore spake
vnto ye Spores saying,
Lock all ye doores,
Spores.

41: And when all ye doores
were locked, Spore spake
vnto ye men & ye husbands
& ye fathers from the platforme
saying

42: This daie is the King of
All Demons and his Spores
come vnto thee in the Name
of Cerebbs & of the Sanctuarie
& of the Seate of Trueth.

43: That all might be fulfilled
according to the worde of the
Prophet Ricke in bringing
an end to this Age which hath
overturnd all righteousnesse
after the manner of the deuill &
the uiper & the scorpion.

44: Here vpon this platforme
ye Spores shal bring foorth before
you, one by one, each woman
of thy villages & thy hamlets
& thy townes.

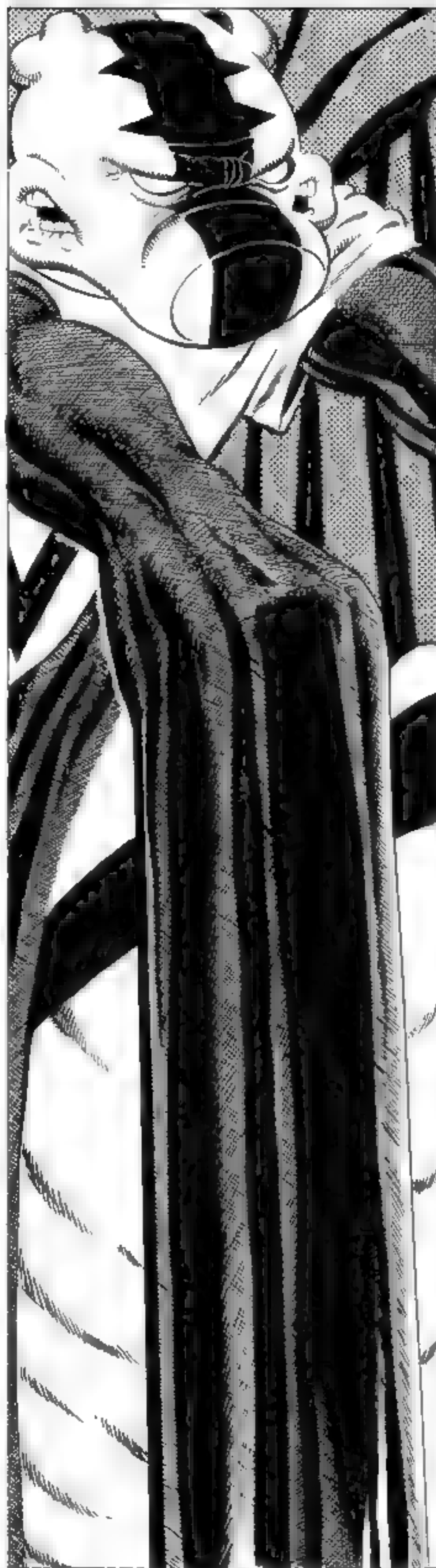


45: If iudging thou
doest iudge her to
bee an Angel
(or euen a woman
onely) thou shalt not
raise thy hande.

46: If iudging thou
doest iudge her to be
a deuill or a uiper
or a scorpion
then thou shalt raise
thy hande.

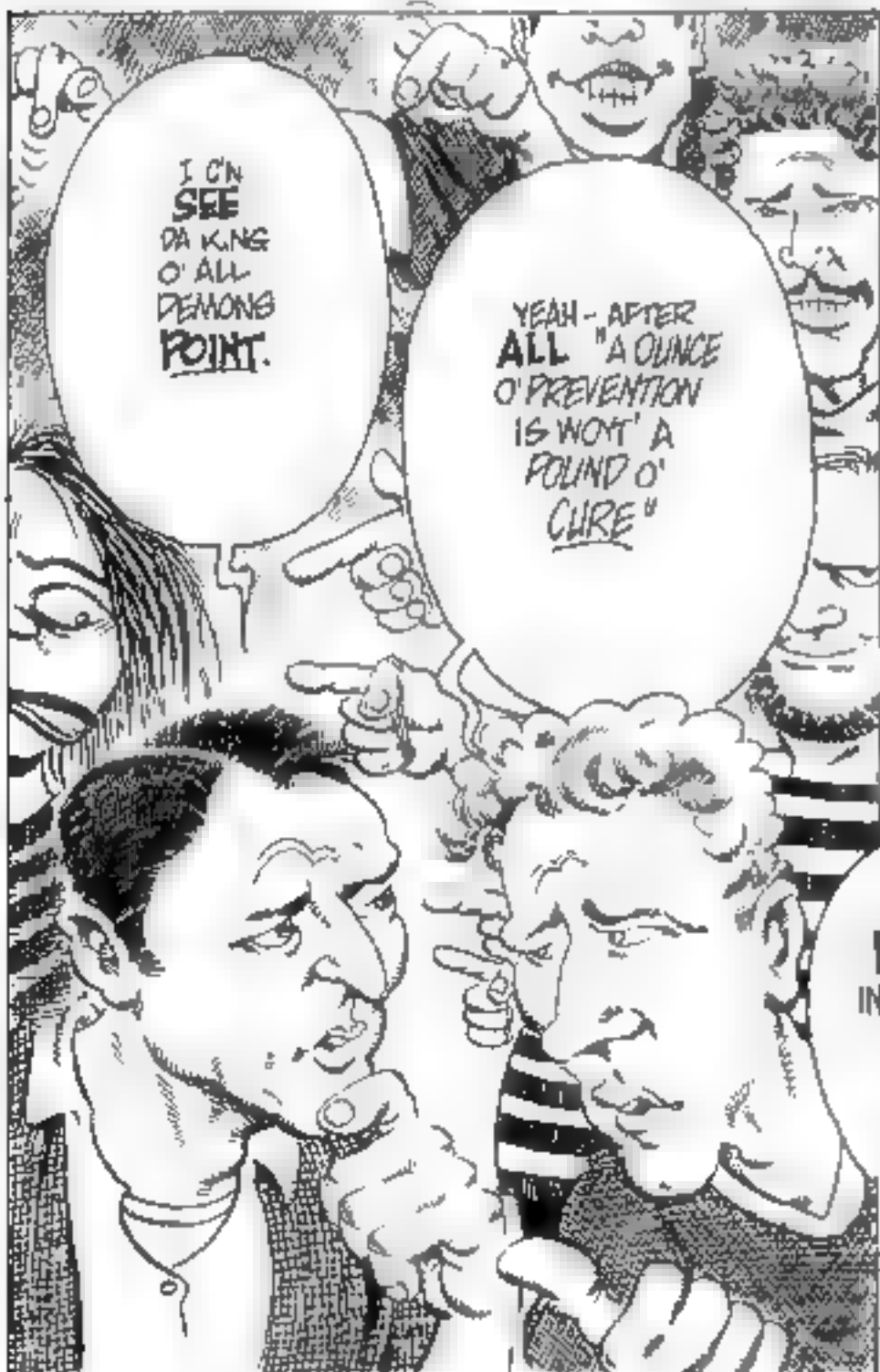
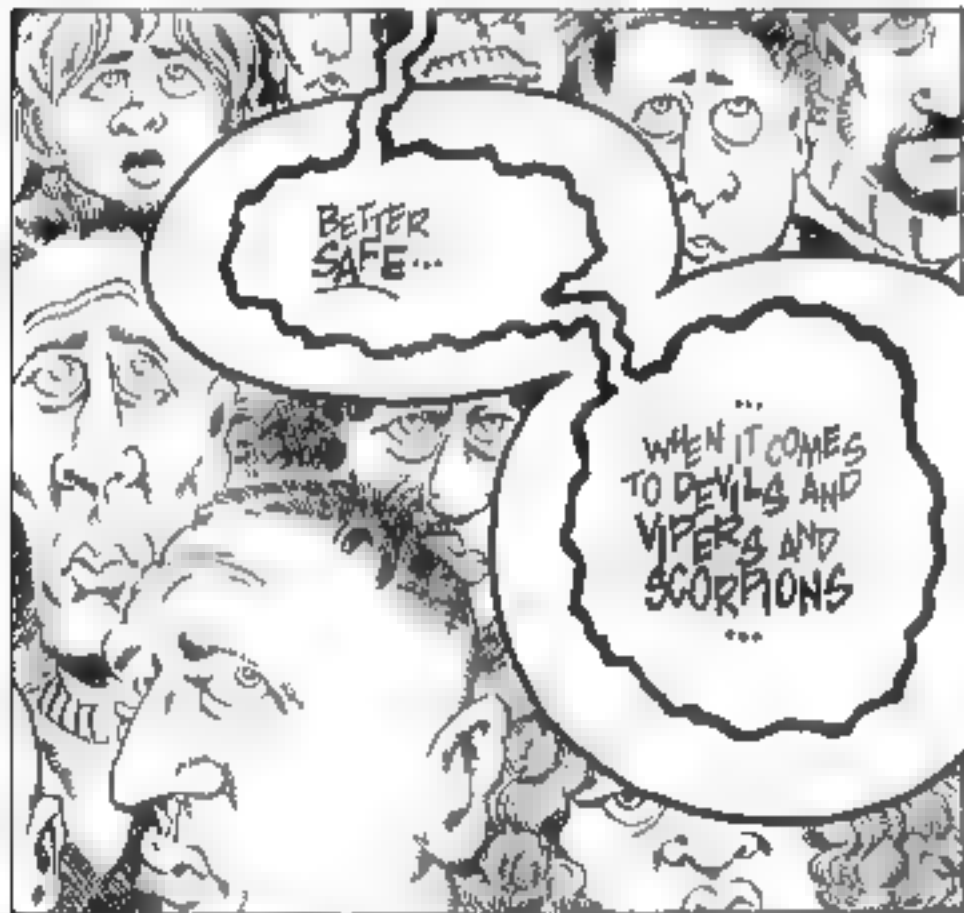
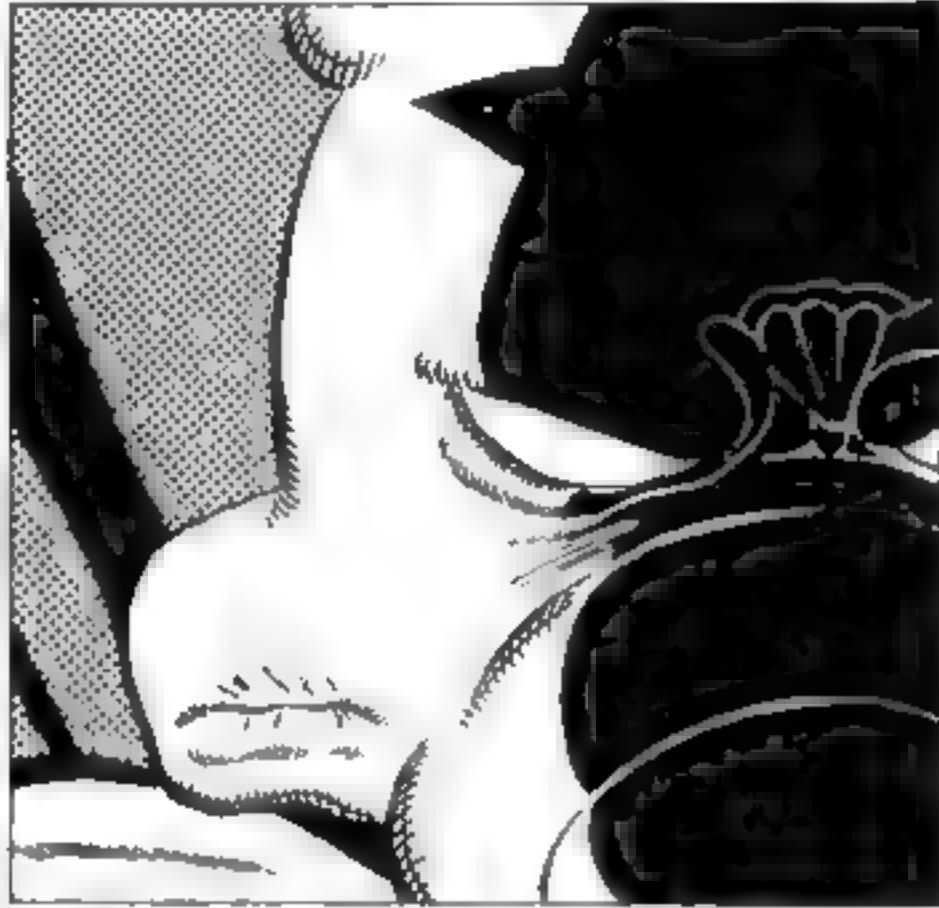
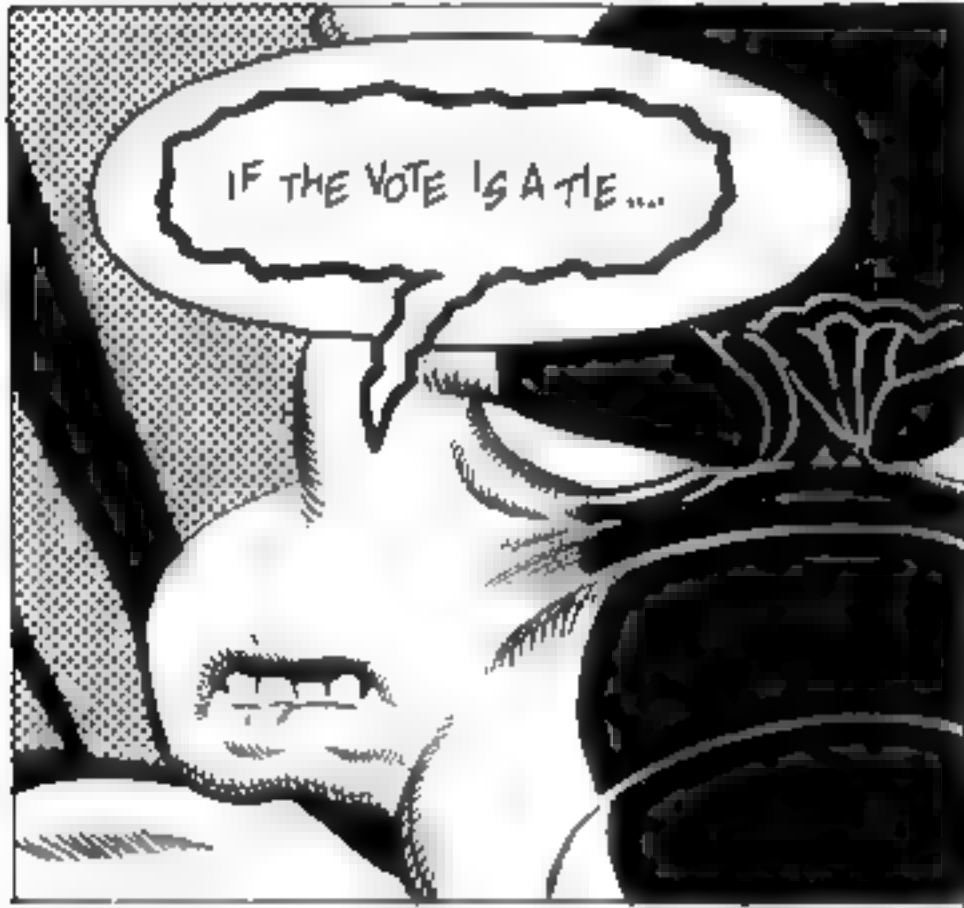
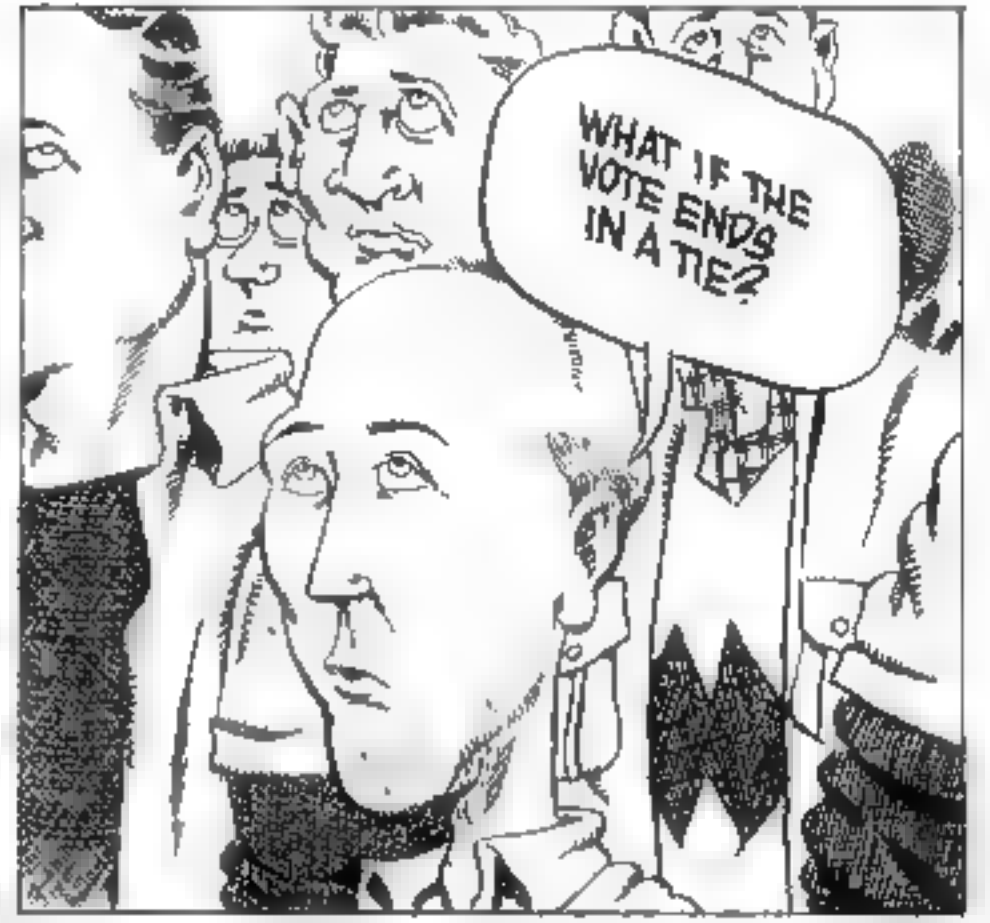
47: If the greater
number of thee
iudgest her to bee
an Angel (or euen a
woman onely) then she
shal live.

48: If the greater
number of thee
iudgest her to bee
a deuill or a uiper or
a scorpion then one of
Spore's Spores wilt
blowe her head off.



49: And this shalbe
vnto all of the
Mothers of this lande
(which are
Angels or women
onely) and vnto
the men of this lande
the Lobelie Gifte
which wast spoken
of; that
this land bee no
more vexed &
troubled by deuills
& uipers
& scorpions
hauing the aspect of
women.

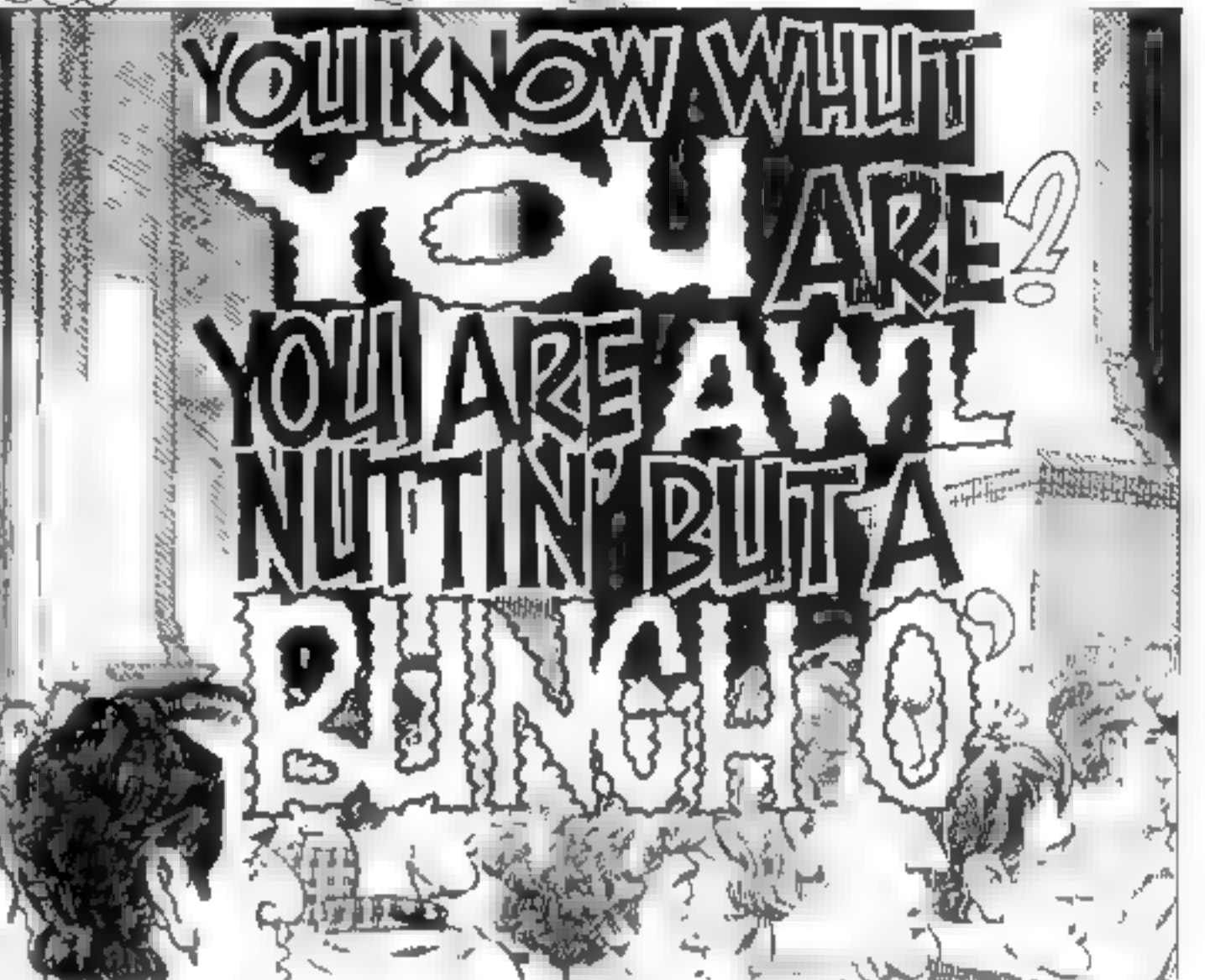
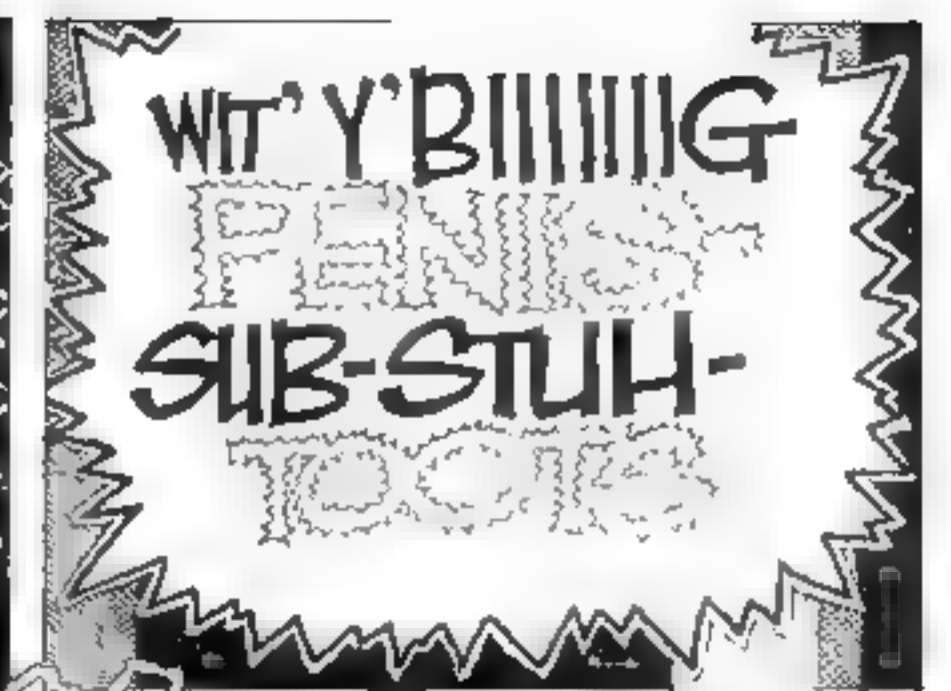




50: And so it wast done as was spoken of
by Spore unto the men of that place;

51: From the register of that Communitie Center
the women were called foorth by name and led vpon
the platforme, one by one, so that the men might
uote whether they bee Angels (or women onely)
or whether they bee deuills or uipers or scorpions
hauing the aspect of women.



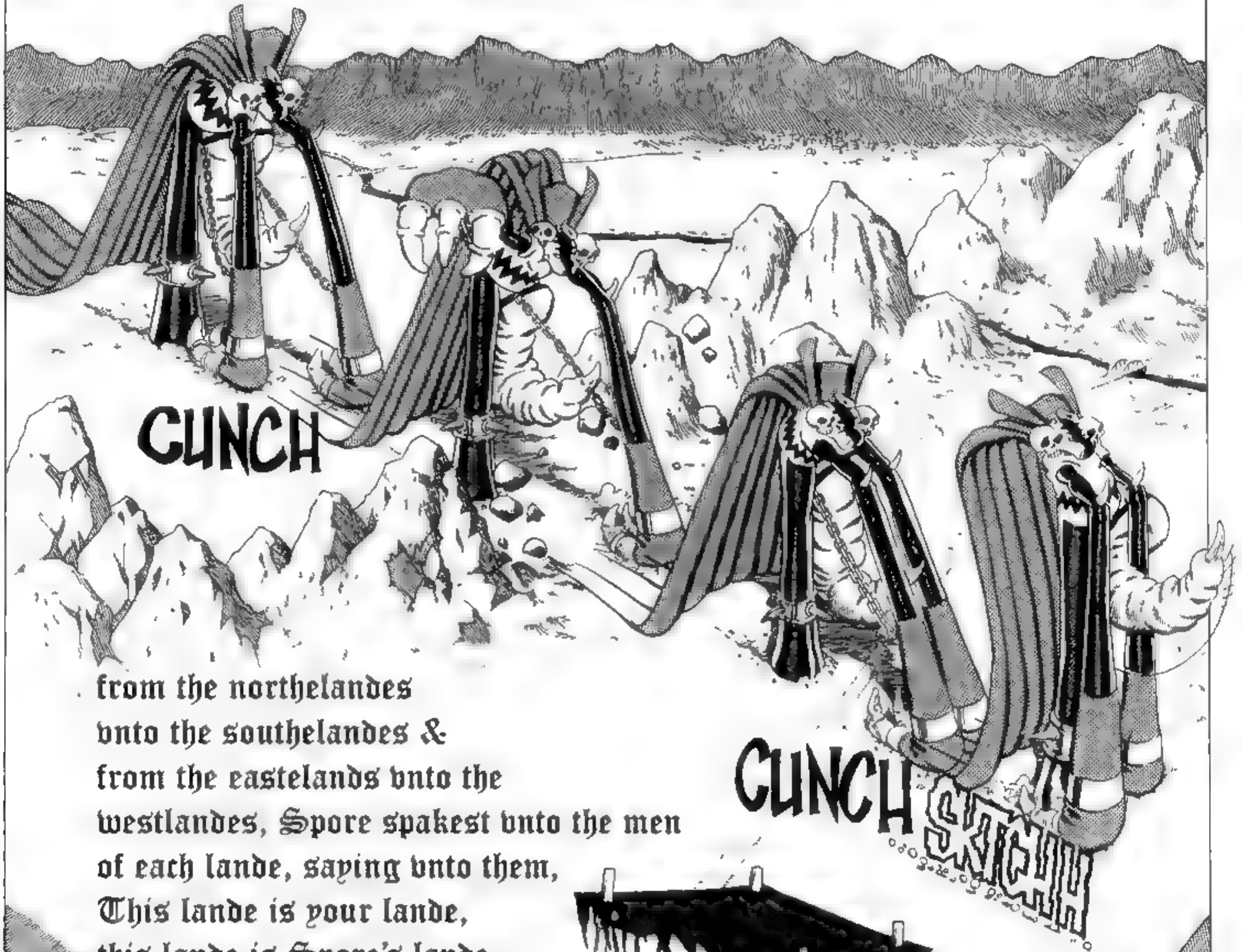


52: And when that
Communitie Center and that
lande was cleansed
of all deuills
& bipers & scorpions,
then didst Spore and ye
Spore Wagon and
ye Spore's Spores
proceede unto
an other Communitie
Center and an other lande.



53: And from thence didst
Spore and ye Spore Wagon
and ye Spore's Spores
proceede unto ye next
Communitie Center and
ye next lande, cleansing that
Communitie Center and
that lande of all deuills
& bipers & scorpions.

54: For fortie daies and fortie nights Spore and ye
Spore Wagon and ye Spore's Spores didst prebail over all
the Communitie Centers and all the landes of
Estarcion,



from the northelandes
vnto the southelandes &
from the eastelandes vnto the
westlandes, Spore spakest vnto the men
of each lande, saying vnto them,
This lande is your lande,
this lande is Spore's lande.

55: This lande
wast made





56: And it came to passe on the fortieth night that as the Three Wise Fellowes were inserting Spore into his lodgings (for it wast the habit of the Three Wise Fellowes that they wouldst insert Spore into his lodgings each night and withdrawe Spore from his lodgings each morning) Spore spake unto them saying:

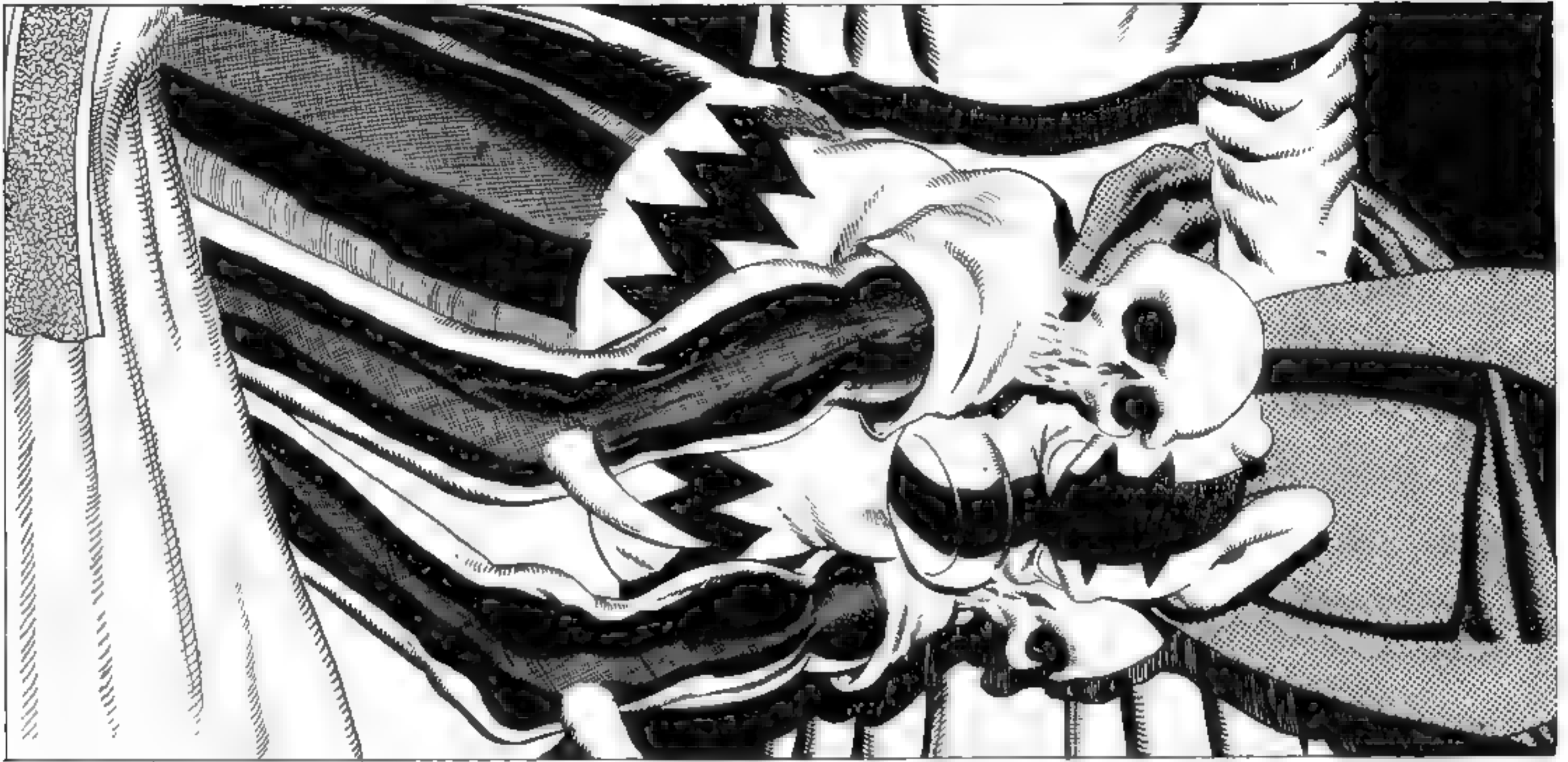


57: Come thou not unto Spore tomorrow morning for the withdrawing of him from his lodgings. Neither come thou the next daie nor the thirde daie. And the Threewise Fellowes were sorely vexed and troubled and didst inquire unto Spore as to the meaning of his wordes and Spore spake unto them saying:

58: Spores time on this earth waxes short, for each Communitie Center and each lande hast bene purged of all deuills and all uipers and all scorpions hauing the aspect of women and the age which hath ouerturned al righteousness is at an ende. And so Spore must returne unto the Pitt from whence he came that Cerebus might returne unto thee and govern ouer thee in the name of the Sanctuarie and the name of the Seate of Truth.

59: And the Threewise Fellowes wept sore at the wordes of Spore and spake unto him saying But, but, but.

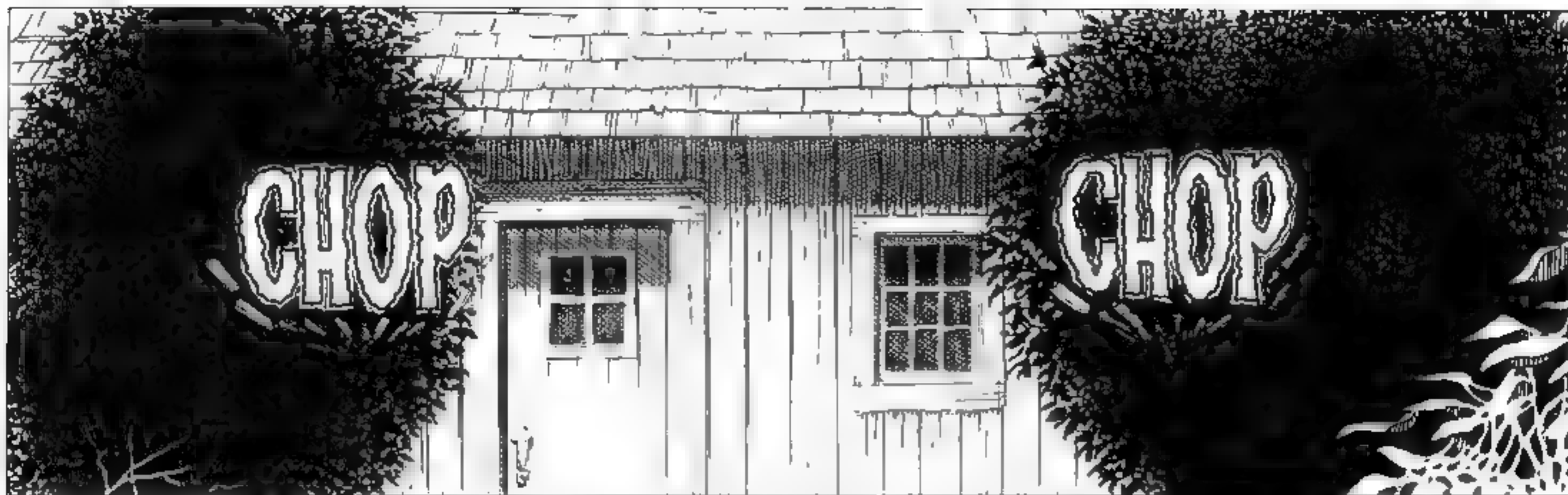




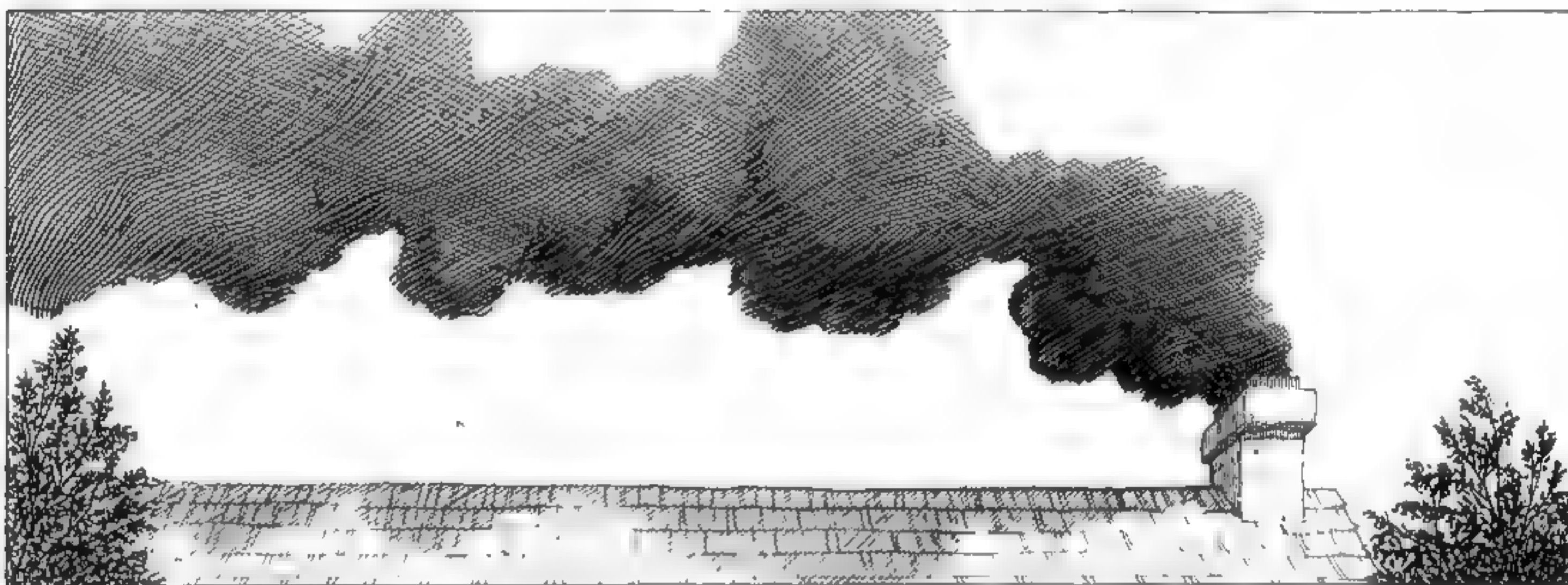
60: And Spore answered unto them saying, No buts. Once each year shalt thou become again Spore's Spores and travel from Communitie Center unto Communitie Center summoning al the men and al the women of each lande that the men might iudge each woman whether shee bee an Angel (or a woman onely) or a deuill or a uiper or a scorpion. For tho the age of unrighteousnesse bee at an ende, stil any Angel or any woman can go bad (like unto rotten fruite) and devills and uipers and scorpions can springe up in the midst of thee. Swearest thou unto Spore that thou shalt doe this in remembrance of him lest Spore come back from the Pitt and gibe unto thee the dreaded Three-Way Smack vpon thy faces.

61: And the Threewise Fellowes didst swear unto Spore and with much lament didst insert Spore into his lodgings and with heabie hearts didst they then returne unto their owne place.

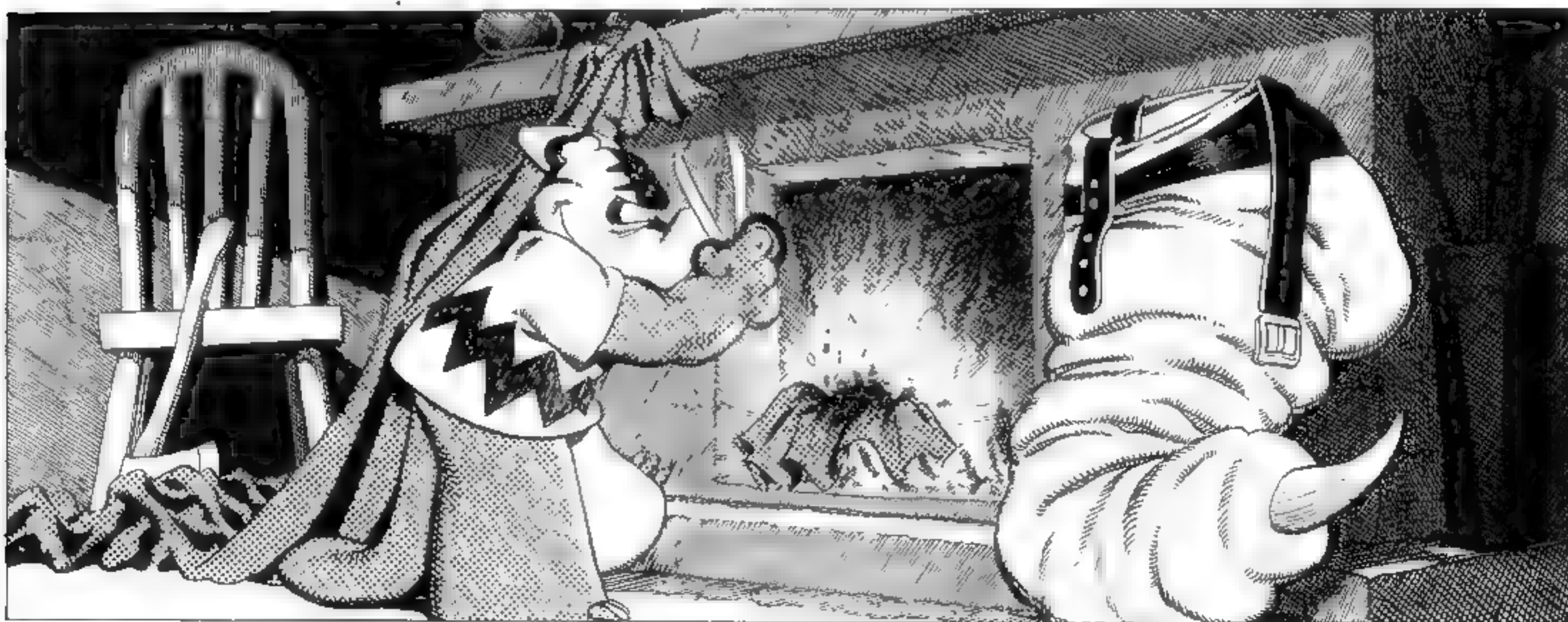


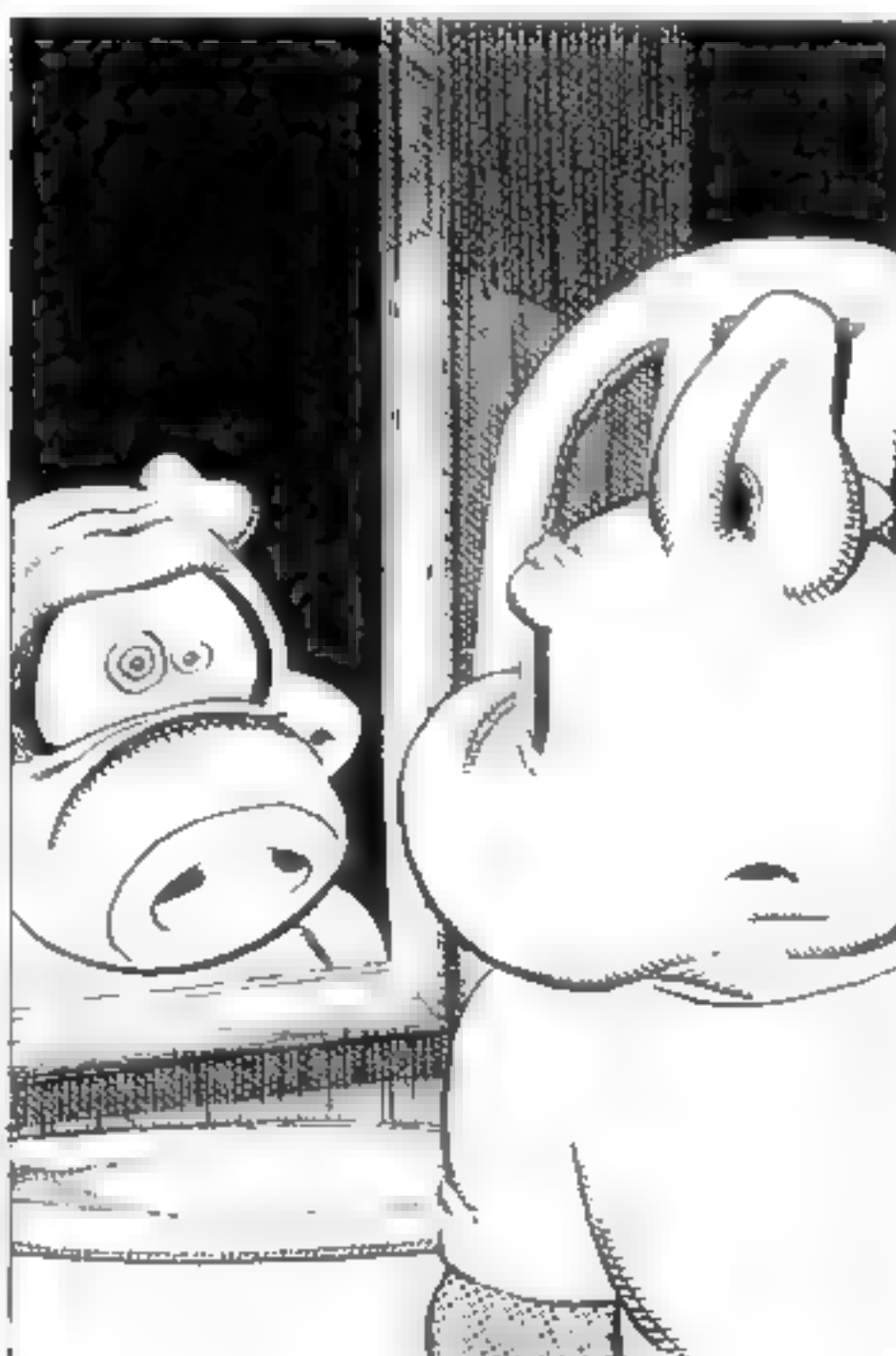
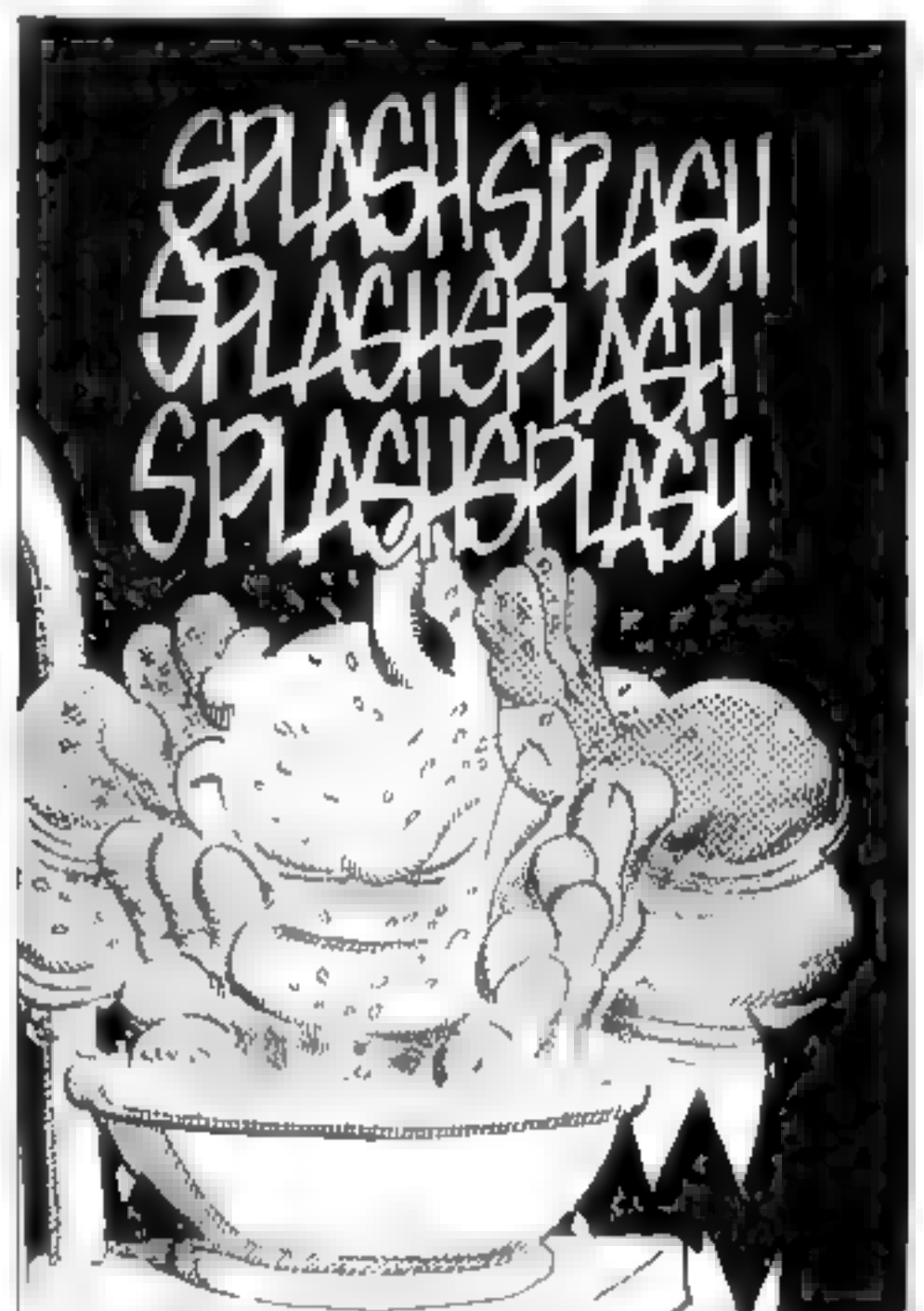
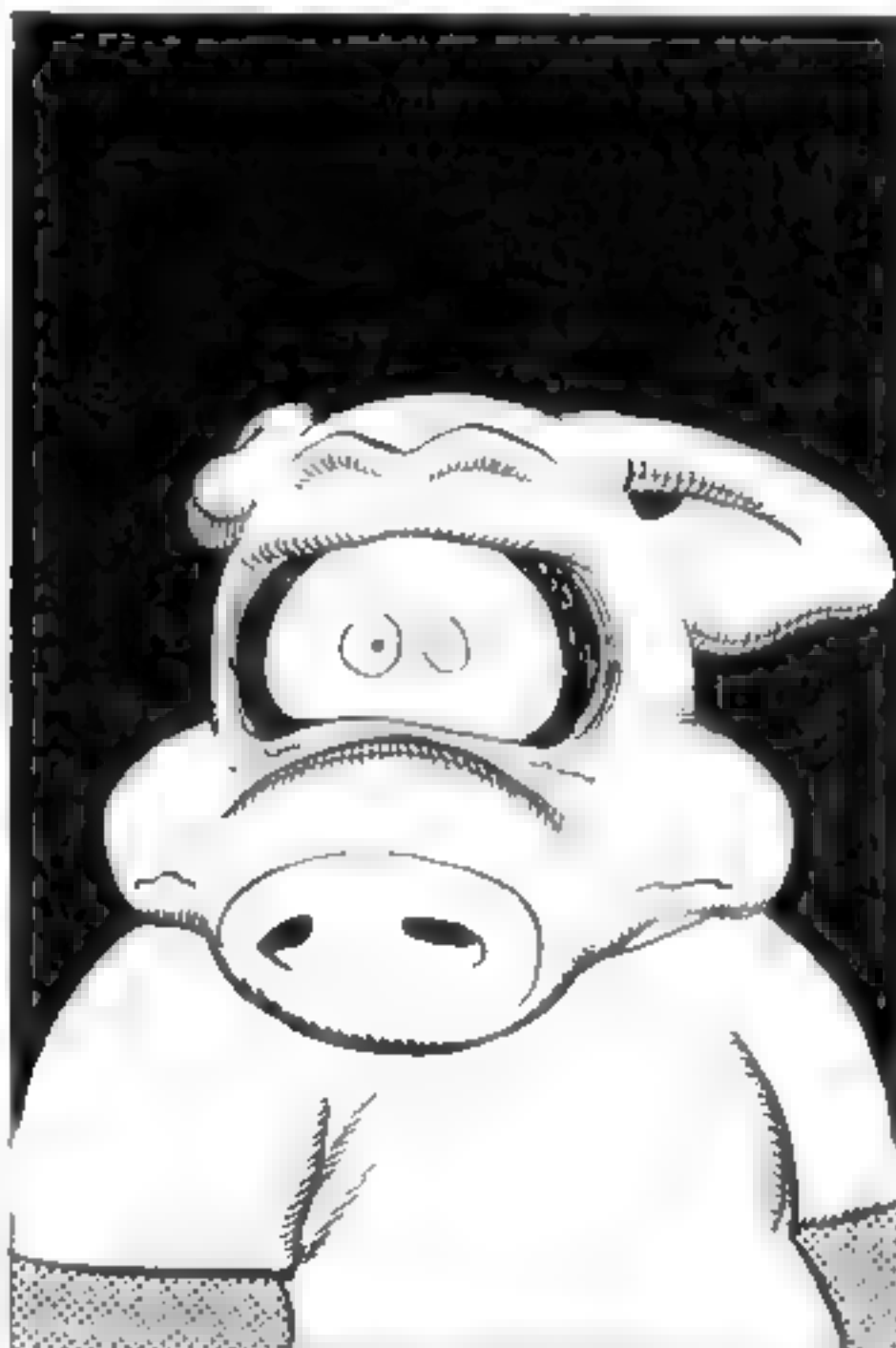


62: And ye nexte daie wast heard from the lodgings ye sounde of chopping. And the Three Wise Fellowes took counsel among themselves saying, It is because Spore doeth choppe his way back into ye Pitt.



63: And the thirde daie there wast seen from the chimney of ye lodgings billowes of thicke blacke smoke. And the Three Wise Fellowes took counsel among themselves saying, It looketh as if he hath made it.





Chapter
the
Second

THIS WAS THE FIRST ALTARPIECE THAT KOSHIE DID AFTER THE GREAT ALIGNMENT WHICH THE CEREBITES (FORMERLY KNOWN AS SPORE'S SPORES) VOTED HAD TAKEN PLACE AS SOON AS CEREBUS HAD RETURNED FROM THE PIT (CEREBUS 2:1). HEH-HEH. AS YOU CAN SEE: IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR KOSHIE'S BIMBO'S **MOPEE** DREAMS TO COME TRUE. THE MODEL'S NAME WAS **ELLIE** (SOMETHING-OR-OTHER. FRAGELICA? FRAGETTICA? SOMETHING LIKE THAT). NOW! JUST LOOK AT THE PICTURE AND ASK YOURSELF "SELF? WHAT IS THE POINT OF THIS PICTURE?" AND THE ANSWER, OF COURSE, IS THAT **ELLIE WHAT'S-HER-NAME'S AMAZING ASS** IS THE POINT OF THIS PICTURE... JUST LOOK AT THE PICTURE... TRY TO LOOK AT THE PART WHERE CEREBUS IS FLOATING ABOVE THE STEPS WITH THE BAG OVER HIS HEAD, HOLDING UP HIS CRUTCH... NOW TRY TO LOOK AT KOSHIE'S SELF-PORTRAIT, WRITING IN **YE BOOKEE OF CEREBUS**... WHAT HAPPENS? YOUR EYE IS DRAWN DOWN, DOWN, DOWN... (RESTING... BRIEFLY... ON THE HAIR OF "THE ANGEL ASTONIED AT THE PROMISE OF A HOUSE"... DRIFTING SLOOOOWLY ALONG THE CURVE OF THE BACK OF "THE ANGEL ASTONIED AT THE PROMISE OF A HOUSE"... UNTIL BAM!... YOUR EYE HITS **ELLIE WHAT'S-HER-NAME'S AMAZING ASS**. AT WHICH POINT YOU ASK YOURSELF, "SELF? WHY IS CEREBUS THE ONLY ONE IN THE PICTURE WITH CLOTHES ON?" AND THEN YOU REALIZE THE ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTION IS: "WHO CARES? LOOK AT THAT AMAZING ASS!"

NYUCK NYUCK NYUCK **PRK? AHEN?**

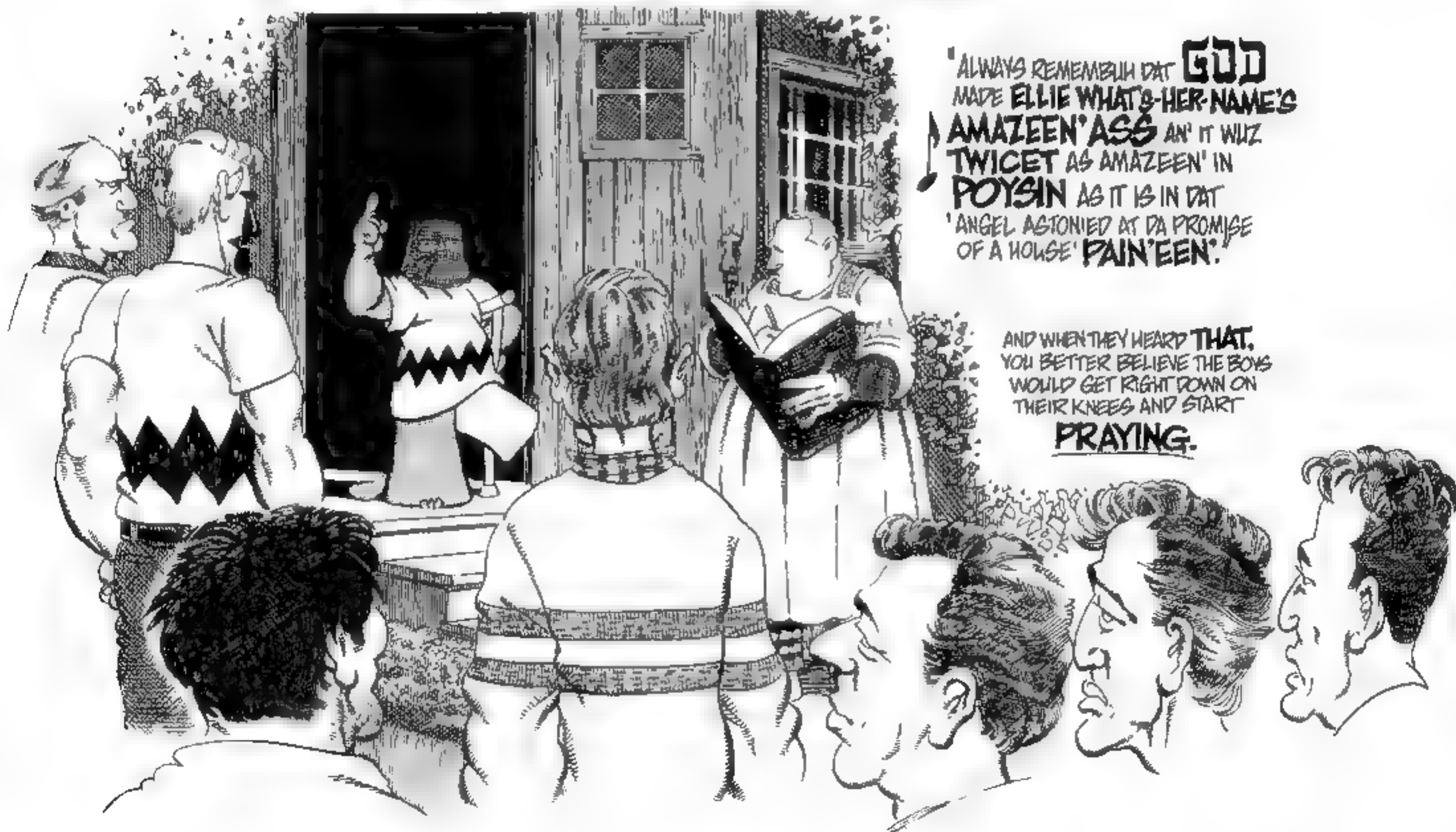
THE ACTUAL ANSWER? WELL, YOU JUST HAVE TO LOOK AT THE WAY THE 'ANGEL' FIGURE AND THE 'KOSHIE' FIGURE ARE POSED... JUST LOOK AT WHERE THE 'ANGEL'S' HANDS ARE HOLDING ONTO 'KOSHIE'S' LEG... NOW, PICTURE SPENDING EIGHT TO TEN WEEKS LIKE THAT... ALL DAY STARING AT **ELLIE WHAT'S-HER-NAME'S AMAZING ASS** IN A FULL-LENGTH MIRROR. KNOWING HOW FAST KOSHIE COULD PAINT, THE ACTUAL PAINTING PROBABLY TOOK EIGHT TO TEN DAYS. AS FOR THE REST OF THE EIGHT TO TEN WEEKS? WELL-- YOU FIGURE IT OUT.

WOOPWOOPWOOPWOOP **PRK? AHEN?**

MOSHIE WOULD'VE MURDERED HIM IF HE EVER FOUND OUT... BUT HE NEVER DID. ANY TIME THE SENTRIES SPOTTED MOSHIE COMING UP TWO-MILE ROAD TO KOSHIE'S STRONGHOLD THEY'D SIGNAL UP THE HILL AND-- BY THE TIME MOSHIE GOT THERE-- ELLIE AND EVERYBODY ELSE WOULD HAVE THEIR CLOTHES ON, ALL THE LIQUOR WOULD'VE BEEN LOADED ONTO THE DUMBWATER ("NOT ME," KOSHIE'D ALWAYS SAY, "DE UDDAH DUMBWATER!") (NYUCK NYUCK NYUCK) LOWERED INTO THE BASEMENT AND-- WHEN MOSHIE WOULD WANDER IN-- EVERYBODY'D BE SITTING AROUND, SIPPING THEIR SASSY-FRASSY TEA AND WATCHING KOSHIE PAINTING A BUNCH OF CHRYSANTHEMUMMUMMUMS "WHY, MOSHIE! WHUT A UNEXPECTED SUH-PROIZE!" (IF MOSHIE EVER WONDERED WHY KOSHIE WAS STILL PAINTING THE SAME CHRYSANTHEMUMMUMMUMS EVERY TIME HE CAME FOR A VISIT, HE NEVER SAID ANYTHING.)

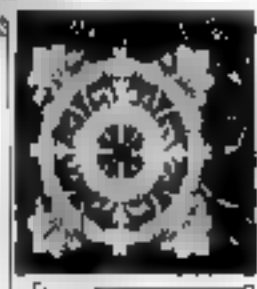
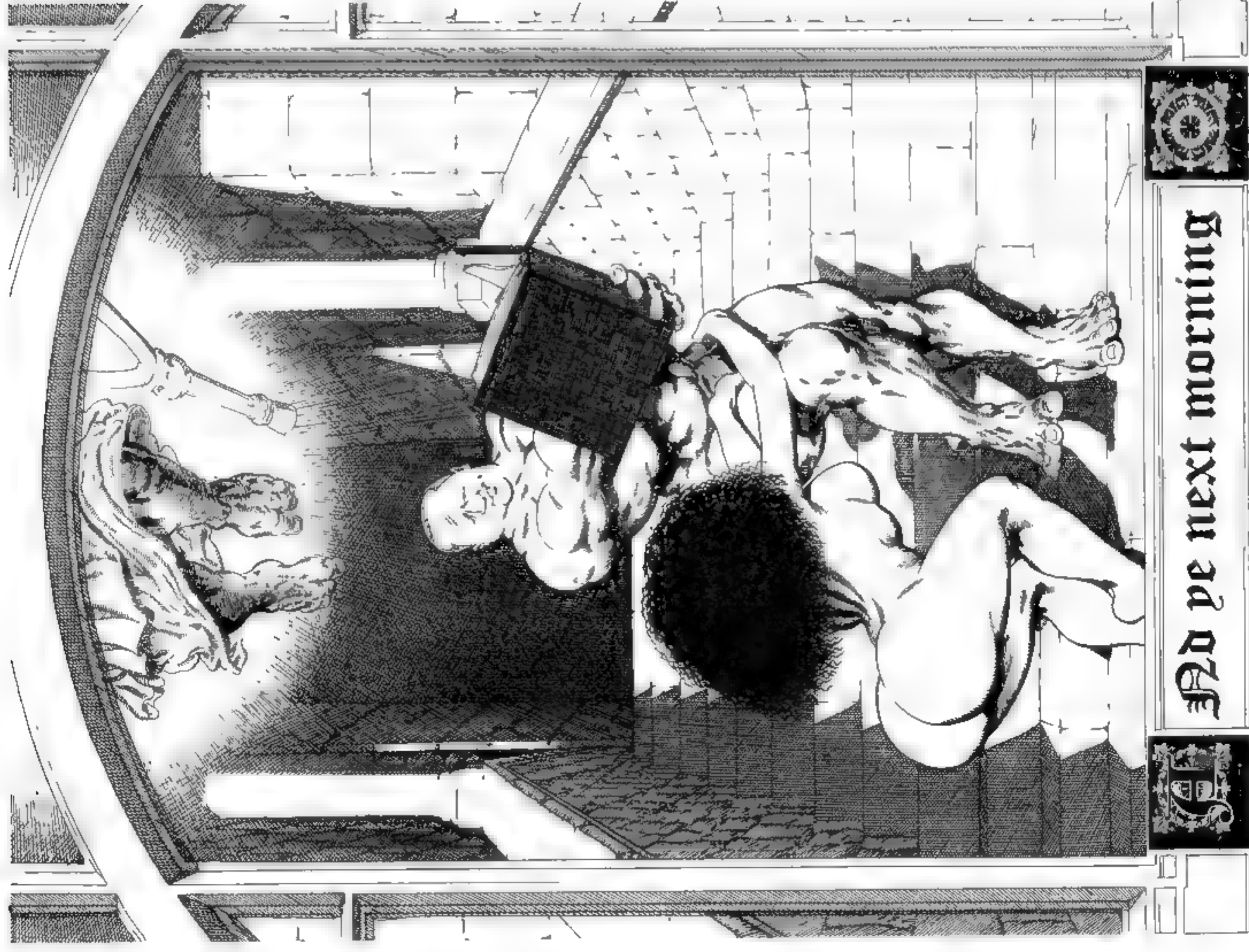
SAME WITH THE SANCTUARIES. ANYTIME THEY SAW MOSHIE COMING, THEY'D PULL A CORD AND SOME NICE TAPESTRY... WITH EVERYONE FULLY DRESSED... WOULD ROLL DOWN AND COVER ELLIE WHAT'S-HER-NAME'S AMAZING ASS (OR WHOEVER ELSE'S AMAZING WHATEVER) UNTIL MOSHIE LEFT... AND THEN THEY'D ROLL IT BACK UP AGAIN.

DOES IT MATTER THAT CEREBUS WASN'T FLOATING ABOVE THE STEPS? THAT KOSHIE DIDN'T LOOK REMOTELY LIKE THAT? THAT THERE WEREN'T ANY WOMEN OUT FRONT OF THE LODGINGS THAT MORNING? ...NAH... AS KOSHIE USED TO TELL THE FELLAS



"ALWAYS REMEMBER DAT **GOD** MADE **ELLIE WHAT'S-HER-NAME'S AMAZEEN' ASS** AN' IT WUZ TWICET AS AMAZEEN' IN POYSIN AS IT IS IN DAT 'ANGEL ASTONIED AT DA PROMISE OF A HOUSE' PAIN'EEN'.

AND WHEN THEY HEARD THAT, YOU BETTER BELIEVE THE BOYS WOULD GET RIGHT DOWN ON THEIR KNEES AND START **PRAYING.**



And ye next morning



Cerebus came forth
unto ye Cerebites,
speaking unto them &
saying, Now hast
spore returned unto ye
Pitt and Cerebus hast
returned unto thee
from ye Pitt
that hee might
govern ober thee in
wisdom and in trueth,
in the name of
ye Sanctbarie &
the name of ye
Seate of Trueth.
2: Now the
hoste of thee shal
fulfil the worde
of ye Drophet Rike
which wast spoken unto
thee aforetimes in ye
matter of ye building up
of ye houses and ye
stronge holdes and
ye Sanctbaries:
build ye up houses
for thine Angels &
for thy women. Build
ye up stronge holdes
for thy selues. And
build pee up
Sanctbaries
wherein those
whose faith is
Greatest shal recite
ye worde of Rike &
ye worde of Cerebus
date & night in the
eares of al men whose
spirit doeth stirre

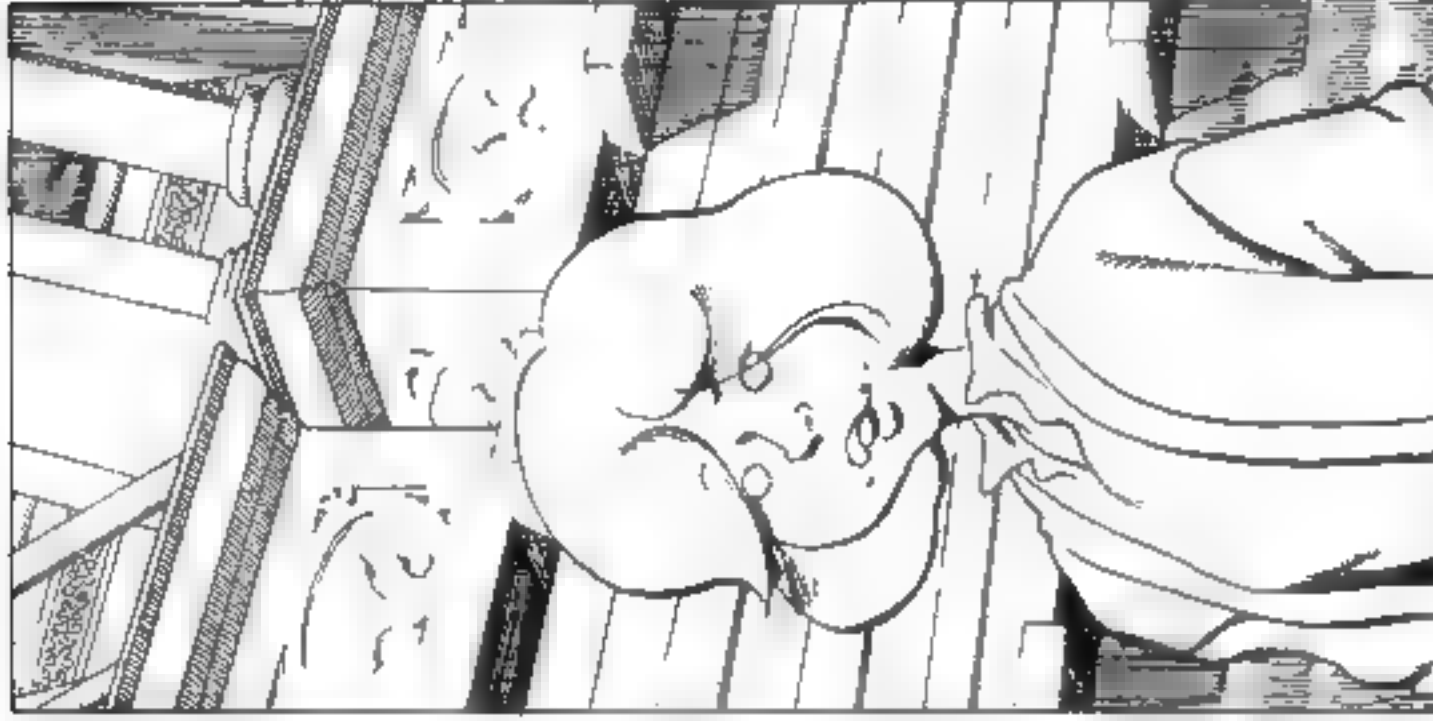
them up to come
unto the Sanctbarie
& to listen.
3: First thou shalt
build up the Greatest of
Houses unto those
(whome thou doest
agree) art the Greatest
among thine Angels:
houses with
manie baie windowes
& breakfast nooks
& cathedral ceilings
& sky lightes &
ye sunken living
room with ye
large fireplace & ye
panoramic floore to
ye ceiling
picture windowes
& ye dressing
room & ye banitie table
with ye make-up mirror
and ye Closets
of De Walking In &
De Walking Out & ye
built-in shoe racks
(manie, manie built-
in shoe racks)
& ye wine cellar
with ye bottles of
ye drie white wine
(manie, manie bottles
of ye drie white wine)
and ye
large vegetable crisper
& ye huge kitchen
(ye huge, huge
kitchen) with ye
large spice racke on

ye walle with manie
matching adorable little
hande-blowne glasse
bottles of ye spices &
ye matching adorable
hande-carued
liddes & with ye
huge stoue
built in unto ye
islande for ye
chopping of ye
vegetables & with
ye butchers blocke
alongside for ye
chopping of ye meat
& before it seueral
fine carued stooles
where the
Angels best girl
friends might sit
and sippe ye white
wine whilst the
Angel doest trie out
her new recipe
& ye Pantrie of De
Walking In and De
Walking Out with
matching hand-carued
bins of inlaid woode
for ye flour & ye
sugar & ye oates
& ye tea bagges &
ye loose tea & ye fresh
roasted almonds & ye
fresh roasted cashewes
& ye white rhocolate
& ye darke rhocolate
& ye screened-in sunne
porche and ye vaulted
ceilinged conserbatorie

& ye sewing roome with ye cedar chests full of fine bolts of ye fine clothe in natural fabrics in manie colours & diuerse patterns & ye cozy chaire with ye cozy foote stoole & ye drapes in ye same exact fabric & ye manie guest roomes with ye fine furniture and ye separate entrances for the Angels manie friends & manie relatives and ye Special guest roomes with ye separate bathe for the Angels favourite friends and the Angels favourite relatives & ye huge master bedroome (ye huge, huge master bedroome) with his- and-her bathroomes & in ye "her" bathroome ye sunken marble tubbe with ye golde fittings and ye adorable dolphin sculpture at ye one ende and ye bidet and ye water closet with ye frosted stained glasse windowe & ye separate heating

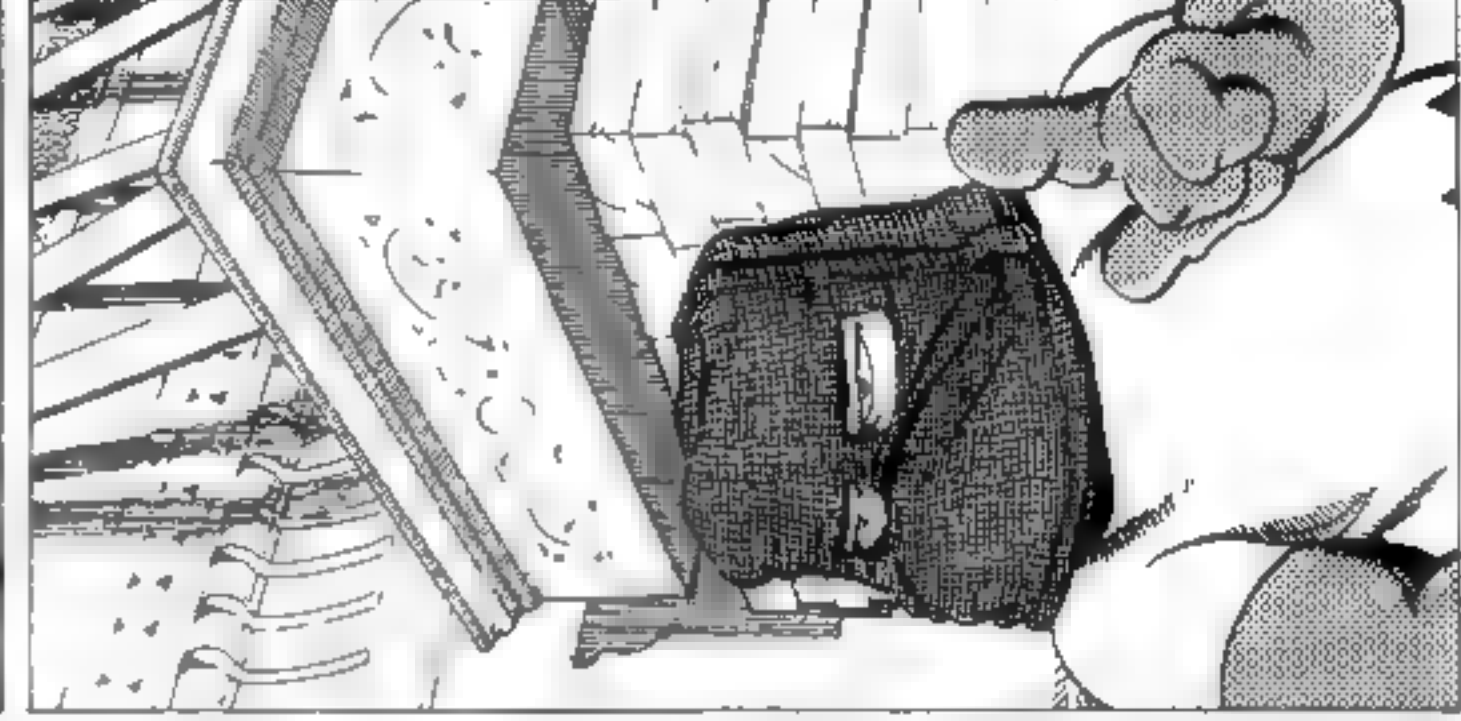
system and ye cedar-lined sauna (which shall sleepe twelue) and ye indooore poole for ye swimming with his-and-her change roomes (ye "her" change roome in white marble) & ye extensive rear gardens with manie flowers and shadie trees & ye rough-hewn fittet stone walkwaies with ye adorable litle trolle statues & ye gazebo and ye gueste cottages like unto the Angels house (howsobeit much, much smatter) where the Angels friends & relatives (whome the Angel doest loue dearly, really she doest; but who causet the Angel's head to throbbe & her stomache to ache) can be sequestered at a great remoue from ye main house where they wilt (really) bee much happier anyway and bee free to come and goe as they doe please and where the Angel (though she louest them dearly, really she doest)

might not see quite so much of them.
4: And Cerebus said unto the Cerebites, It shall come to pass that while thou art still in the processe of building ye first fewe of ye Greatest Houses for ye Greatest of the Angels that ye Spirite of God shal come upon thy women who art now women onely & lo, those who art women onely shal become Angels.
5: And the Cerebites didst inquire of Cerebus asking him, Speakest thou unto us in uerities? Those of our women (who art now women onely) might yet become Angels ifso be that wee buidest unto the Greatest of our Angels houses such as thou hast described?
6: And Cerebus spake unto them saying, As surely as summer doeth followe springtime, it will bee so.



7: And it came to passe that when all the hoste of the Cerebites had voted for their Greatest Angel & they didst assemble all of the materials which they didst require for the raising up of a Great House such as Cerebus had described unto them,

8: And when they had come forth with all the women who didst desire to become Angels and with those



Angels who wert not the Greatest, 9: Cerebus spake unto them saying, thy Greatest Angel standest here before thee and she desirest to speak unto thee concerning the Great House which thou art about to build for her.
9: And then the one who had bene noted the Greatest Angel spake unto the men of that place, saying unto them: 10: It is very nice of all of thee, but really I needeth a litle house onely for I

intend to marrie whensobe that the man I shal loue
doeth find me. And whensobe he hath found me & hath
married mee, I will liue in his house & wilt
haue no need of a house of mine owne.

11: Aswell I desire not a house which is larger than
I might clean & care for euery whit myself, for
I am not a seruant & I desire not that any
bee a seruant vnto me.

12: I desire to serue onely: my
husband and my selfe and my children.

13: And the saying of the Angel (which was called
Marcie) was well-pleasing to all the men.

14: And Cerebus spake vnto the men, saying, Hearken
vnto the Angel which is called Marcie, for an Angel
or a woman doeth desire a house which she can clean
and care for euery whit herself.

15: It is onely a deuill or a uiper or a scorpion which desirest a
house greater than that, as it is onely a deuill or a uiper or a
scorpion which doeth desire seruants.

16: And the men hearkened vnto the worde of Cerebbs and the
worde of Marcie the Angel and began to build
manie, manie louelie small houses from the huge pile of stufte
which hadst been intended for the building of Marcie the Angels
house onely. And, lo, the Spirit of God came upon
all the Angels (which were not the Greatest)
and upon all the women (who didst desire to become
Angels) and suddenly they (euery one of them!) didst (onely!) desire
louelie small houses for themselves.



- 17: But before the men couldst begin
to build manie louelie small houses
Cerebus spake vnto them saying, Build ye
up stronge holdes for thyselfes aswell.
Verily, each Cerebite shalt haue a stronge
holde for himselfe like vnto a house
(howsobeit for a man onely).
- 18: And if thou takest a wife vnto thyselfe
and (being an Angel) shee doeth agree to
liue with thee in thy stronge holde & to
serue thee and herselfe and thy
children;
- 19: Or if after thou art wed
shee choosest to remaine in her
house & thou choosest to remaine in thy
stronge holde & both of thee choosest
to haue sleepe ouers
onely;
- 20: Or if shee choosest to serue herselfe & thy
children in her house & thou choosest to serue
thyselfe onely in thy stronge holde;
- 21: Or if shee choosest to serue herselfe onely
in her house & thou choosest to serue thyselfe
& thy children in thy stronge holde;
- 22: Then thou art a Cerebite & thou shalt
uote on those matters which doth concerne what is
and what is not to bee done & thou shalt
become once a year one of Spore's Spores
for ye cleansing of ye lande.
- 23: Howsoeuer if thou choosest to
leaue thy stronge holde and
thou choosest to moue
into the house of a woman or an Angel then
thou art no more a Cerebite but thou art
a husband onely & like as the women haue
no uote and become not one of Spore's
Spores so too shall ye not haue a uote
& so too shall ye not become one of
Spore's Spores.
- 24: To bee a Cerebite



thy wife hast onely to
stand before all the people of thy lande
& before thee and declare, The
place in which we liue is
my husband's stronge holde & not
my house.

25: If thy wife doeth declare that the place
where thou doest liue is both stronge holde
& house or doeth declare that it is neither
stronge holde nor house or if shee doeth declare
it a house onely then thou art not a Cerebite
but thou art a husband onely & thou shalt
haue no uote & thou shalt not become
one of Spore's Spores for ye
cleansing of ye lande.

26: Howsoever if thou shalt come to
thy senses and leaue the house of
the woman in the which thou hast
bene liuing or if thou diuorce thy wife who
declarest the place in which
thou liuest to be neither house
nor stronge holde or both house
& stronge holde or her house or a house
onely and if thou then returnest
vnto thy stronge holde either alone or
with a woman or an Angel who
doeth declare before thee
& before all the people of thy lande
that the place where thou
doeth liue with her is thy stronge
holde;

27: Then thou shalt bee once more a
Cerebite and thou shalt haue a uote
& thou shalt become one of Spore's
Spores for ye cleansing of ye
lande.

28: And no harme shal come to those who
are women & husbands onely. They
shal be treated as if they were women or
Angels hauing ye same rights





in al things except that they haue
no uote & they become not
Spore's Spores for the cleansing
of the lande.

29: The Cerebite who
shalt harme any woman or any
Angel or any husbände shalt haue his
head blowne off.

30: And these sayings of Cerebbs were
well pleasing unto all the Cerebites & the
Angels & the women & the husbands.

31: And the Cerebites didst commence to
build up the lobelie small houses &
the stronge holdes & the Sanctvaries.

32: And when there wast any
disagreement amongst the,
Cerebites concerning any
matter in the building up of the
lobelie small houses & the stronge holdes
& the Sanctuaries, they didst take counsel
among themselves and didst uote as to
what was to bee done and what was not
to be done.

33: And those Angels & those women & those
husbands who were childlesse didst
assist the Cerebites in al things
in the building up of the lobelie
small houses & the stronge holdes &
the Sanctvaries.

34: Howsoever the Angels & the women &
the husbands who brought foorth
children didst not assist
the Cerebites in the building
and didst performe no labour or taske
of any kinde: saue onely
the rearing of their children until the
daie when their children were growen.

35: And, lo, there was in all those daies and all those nights in al the landes. Peace unto Cerebbs and unto the Three Wise Fellowes and unto all Angels & all women & all husbands.

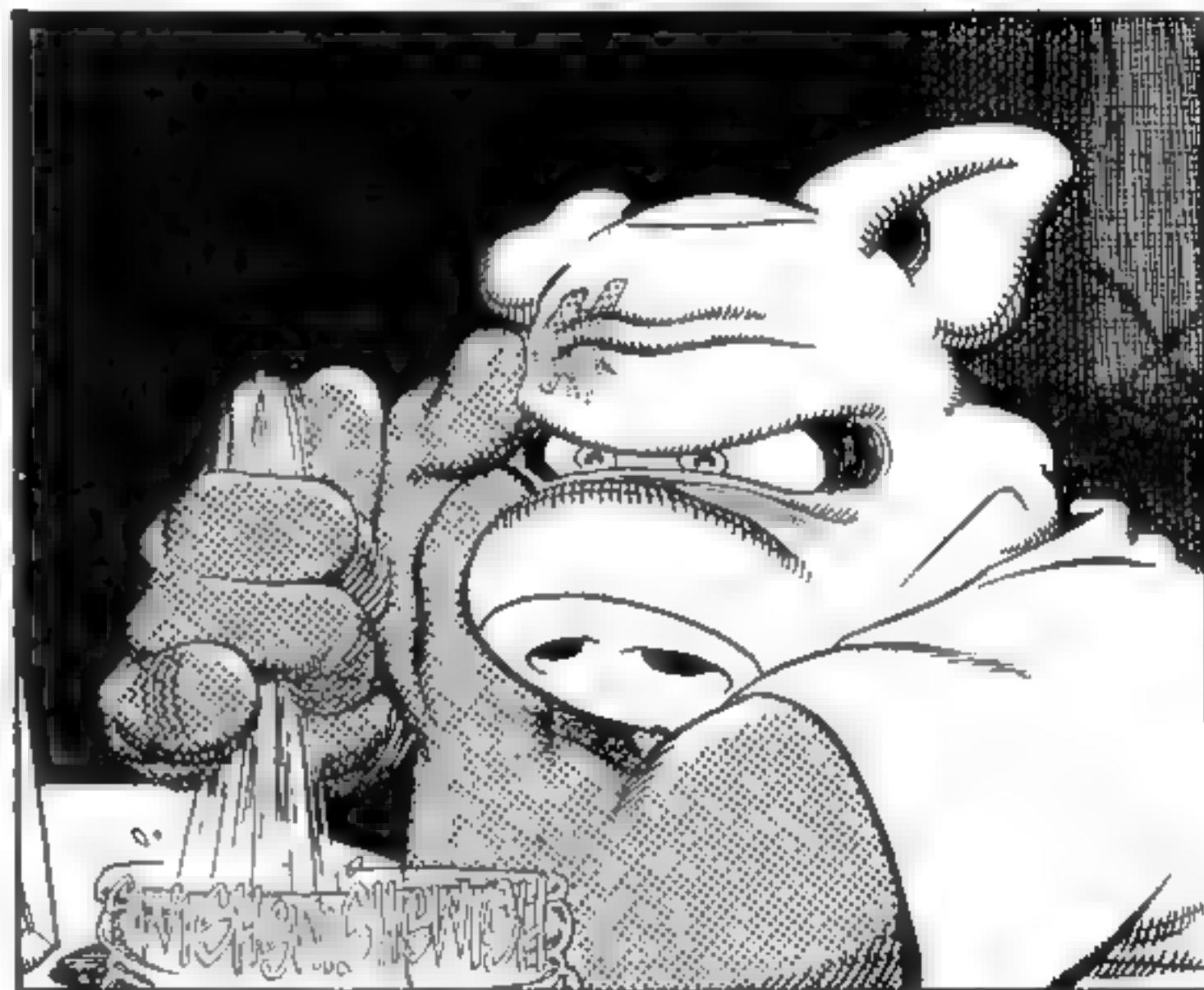
AND IT **WAS** TRUE--WHETHER YOU BELIEVE IT OR **NOT**--THERE **WAS** "PEACE IN ALL THE LANDS." OF COURSE **CEREBUS** (HAVING BEEN PRIME MINISTER) WAS MORE SURPRISED AT THAT THAN **ANYBODY**.

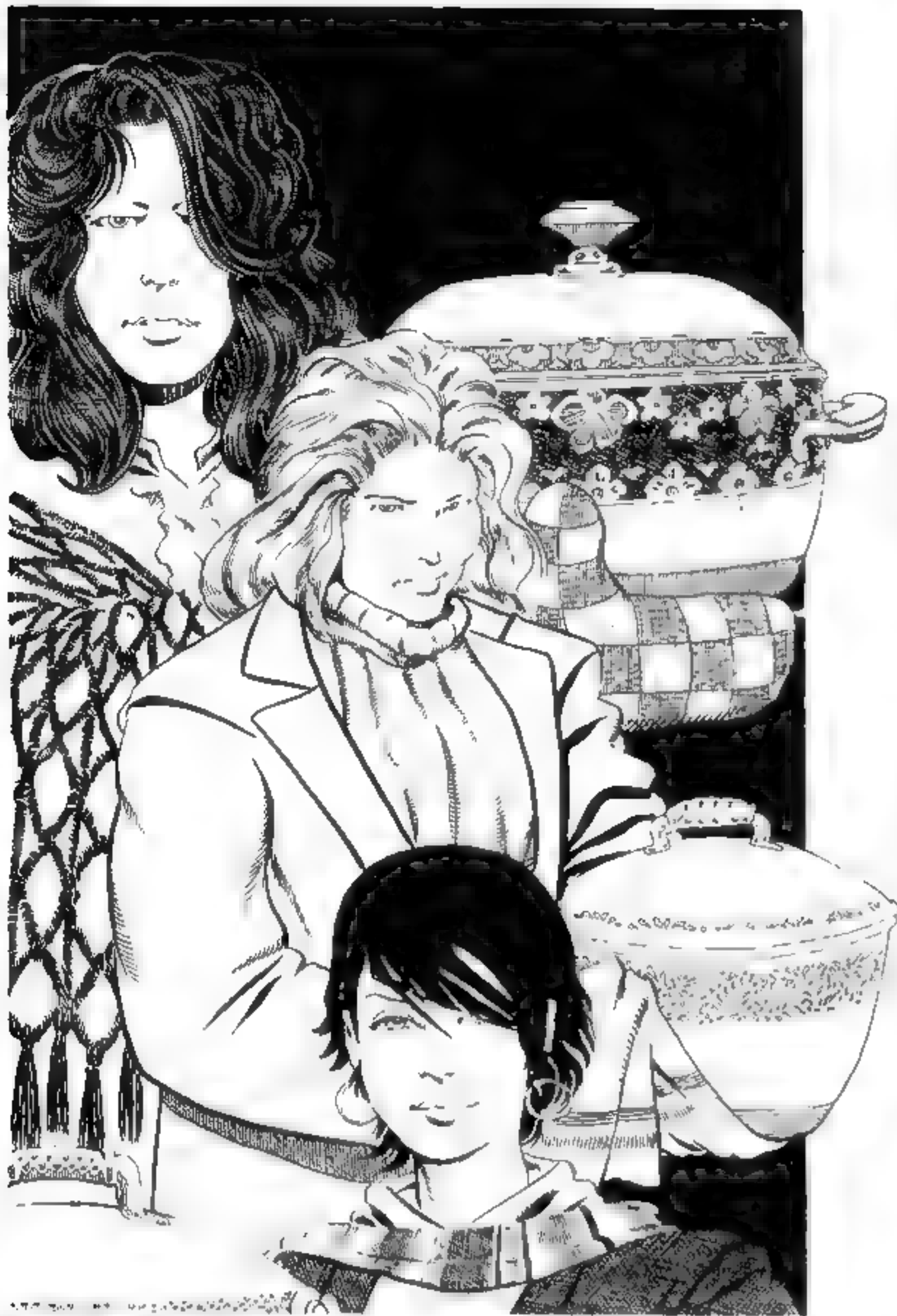
KOSHIE AND CEREBUS HEADED BACK TO THE SANCTUARY WHERE KOSHIE SET UP HIS STUDIO AND STRONGHOLD IN THE OLD GARDENER'S RESIDENCE OUT BACK OF THE SANCTUARY AT THE TOP OF TWO-MILE ROAD

AND **CEREBUS**?-- WELL-- CEREBUS TOOK OVER MOSHIE AND LOSHIE'S ROOMS BEHIND THE **TABLEAUX OF THE SANCTUARIES** (RICK 3:49). JUST TEMPORARILY, CEREBUS THOUGHT, WHILE MOSHIE AND LOSHIE WERE GETTING THE LOVELY SMALL HOUSES AND THE STRONGHOLDS AND THE SANCTUARIES UP AND RUNNING (OF COURSE IT TURNED OUT TO BE PERMANENT) (CEREBUS WILL SHOW YOU THE ROOMS IN A LITTLE WHILE -- YOU CAN SEE KOSHIE'S OLD STRONGHOLD AND MOST OF TWO-MILE ROAD FROM THERE) (AND THE FORGE OF THE REFINEMENT AND THE FURNACE OF THE ETERNAL FIRE) (RICK 3:55) (KEEP CEREBUS' ROOMS AS WARM AS TOAST YEAR ROUND) (WHAT WAS CEREBUS JUST SAYING?) (OH RIGHT!)

KOSHIE STARTED PAINTING HIS "ANGEL ASTONIED AT THE PROMISE OF A HOUSE" ALTARPIECE AND CEREBUS (REALLY) JUST **SAT** IN HERE **WAITING** FOR SOMEONE TO COME ALONG AND **SCREW EVERYTHING UP**.

THE WEIRD THING **WAS**: FOR THE **LONGEST** TIME **NO ONE** CAME ALONG (WELL, HEH-HEH EXCEPT FOR ALL THE "**JOANNES**")





SEE--RIGHT AWAY AFTER THE "LOVELY SMALL HOUSES" ANNOUNCEMENT, THE ANGELS AND WOMEN STARTED COOKING FOR THE CEREBITES AND BRINGING THE FOOD TO THE CONSTRUCTION SITES (WHICH--ON THE ONE HAND-- WAS VERY NICE OF THEM AND--ON THE OTHER HAND-- WAS PRETTY CLEVER OF THEM) (BECAUSE IT MEANT THAT THE GUYS DIDN'T GO INTO THE PUBS AND TAVERNS FOR LUNCH) (AND WIND UP STAYING FOR DINNER AND BREAKFAST) (NMUK NMUK NMUK) SO A LOT OF LOVELY SMALL HOUSES GOT BUILT IN A HURRY AND, OF COURSE, FROM WHAT CEREBUS HEARD, THERE WAS QUITE A BIT OF FORNICATION GOING ON IN THE BUSHES AROUND THE CONSTRUCTION SITES FOR BASICALLY THE SAME REASON SO

BETWEEN THE HOME COOKING AND THE -- HEH-HEH-- "HOME COOKING" THE CONSTRUCTION SITES WERE DEFINITELY THE PLACE TO BE..... AND, OF COURSE, THE THE ANGELS AND THE WOMEN MADE SURE THAT THE FASTEST WORKERS GOT THE "FRESHEST" PIECE OF "PIE" (IF YOU CATCH CEREBUS' DRIFT)

WELL, ANGELS AND WOMEN BEING ANGELS AND WOMEN, THEY EVIDENTLY DECIDED THAT CEREBUS SHOULD GET SOME... "HOME COOKING"... AS WELL PROBABLY (THEY THOUGHT) SO HE WOULDN'T CHANGE HIS MIND ABOUT THE "LOVELY SMALL HOUSES". SO, THE FIRST OF MANY JOANNES SHOWED UP AT THE SANCTUARY DOOR WITH ONE KIND OF HOME-COOKING IN HER HANDS AND THE OTHER KIND OF "HOME COOKING" IN HER EYES. CEREBUS (HEH-HEH) CEREBUS DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY FORTUNATELY, A VOICE IN HIS HEAD SAID "SAY THANK YOU FOR THE FOOD-- AND MAY GOD BE PLEASED TO BLESS THEE WITH THE LOVELY SMALL HOUSE OF THY DREAMS!"

IT WORKED LIKE A CHARM.

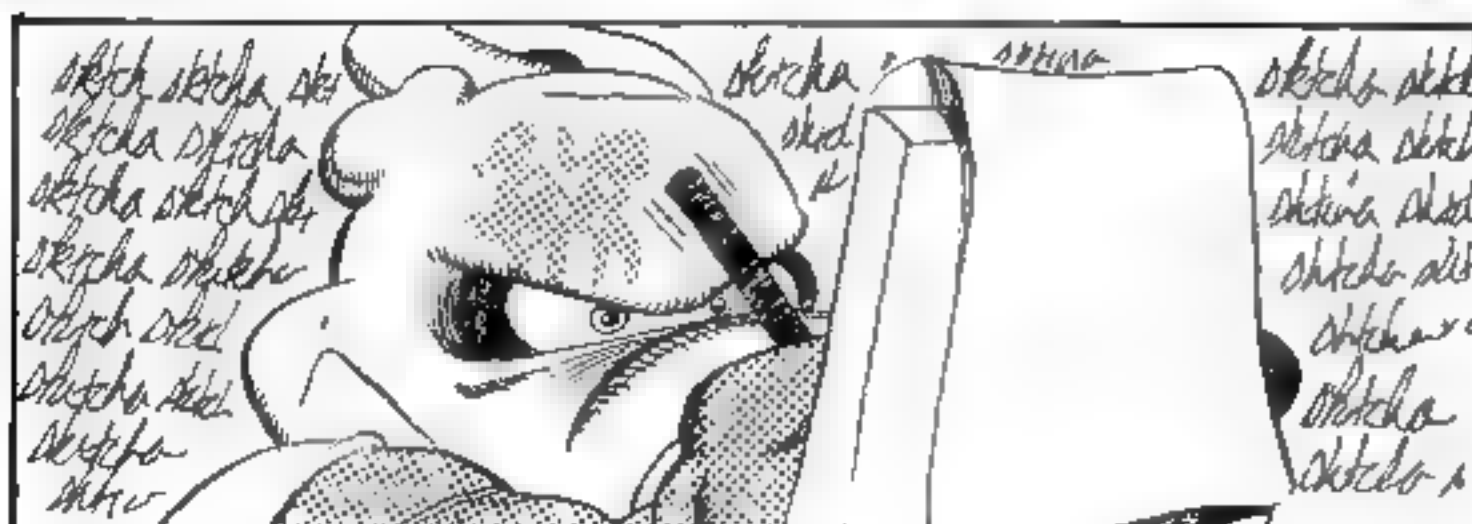
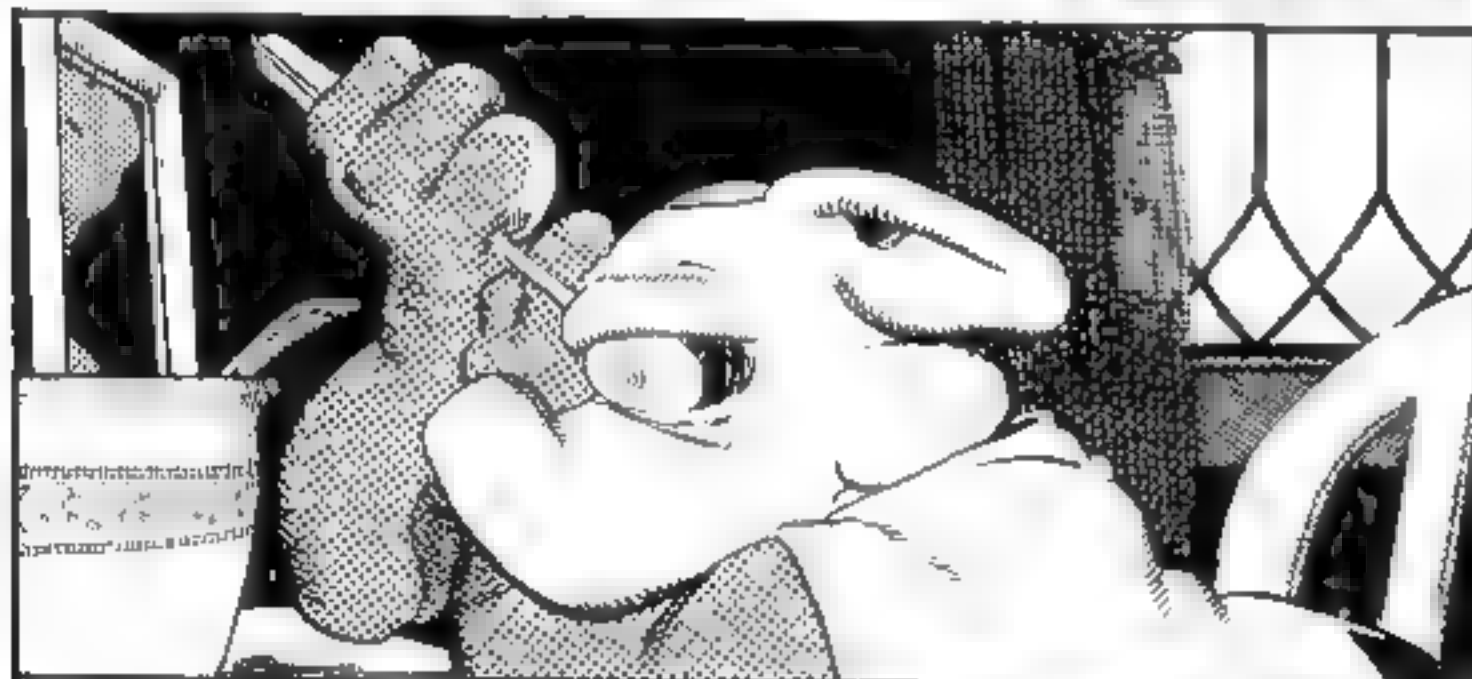
HER "HOME COOKING" LOOK DISAPPEARED AND WAS (IN- STANTLY!) REPLACED BY HER "I'M GETTING A LOVELY SMALL HOUSE!" LOOK AND OFF SHE WOULD GO, HAPPY AS CLAM, WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A "THANK YOU" OR A "GOOD NIGHT" HEHHEHHEH! THERE MUST'VE BEEN TWO DOZEN JOANNES AND IT GOT RID OF EVERY ONE OF 'EM! HEH-HEH! JUST LIKE THAT! BUT...

FINALLY?

FINALLY, IT GOT SO QUIET (AFTER GETTING RID OF A DIFFERENT JOANNE EVERY NIGHT) THAT CEREBUS JUST CRACKED--PARALYZED BY THE THOUGHT THAT SINISTER BANDS OF BUREAUCRATS WERE CLOSING IN ON CEREBUS WITH MINUTE BOOKS AND... AND AGENDUMS AND AND POSITION PAPERS AND... AND INTERIM BUDGET SHORTFALL ANALYSES! (SERIOUSLY! IT WAS SUCH A MASSIVE PRIME MINISTERIAL FLASHBACK, CEREBUS THOUGHT HE WAS HAVING A STROKE)

REALIZING THAT "FOREARMED IS FORE- SKINNED" (OR HOWEVER THAT PHRASE GOES) CEREBUS DECIDED TO "HEAD THEM OFF AT THE PASS" BY INITIATING HIS OWN SERIOUSLY STUPID PIECE OF LEGISLATION FIRST THAT THEY WOULD ALL HAVE TO DEBATE AND ANNOTATE AND AMEND AND REWORK AND MODIFY AND CODIFY AND... AND...

WELL... IN A NUTSHELL, THAT'S HOW WE ENDED UP WITH THE SERIOUSLY STUPID CALENDAR WE'VE GOT--THE 6/66 CALENDAR WITH FOUR 91-DAY MONTHS (WINTER MONTH, SPRING- MONTH, SUMMER MONTH AND STEVE) AND SIXTY-SIX SIX-DAY WEEKS (ONES DAY TWO- DAY, THREES DAY, FOURS DAY, FIVES DAY SIX DAY)



CEREBUS TELLS THE NINE (OR SO) CEREBITES HANGING AROUND OUTSIDE THAT HE HAS THIS MAJOR ANNOUNCEMENT TO MAKE THE NEXT DAY AND FOR THEM TO TELL ALL THE OTHER CEREBITES. SO, THE NEXT DAY, WHO SHOWS UP? THE SAME NINE GUYS — WHO PROCEED TO VOTE.. **NINE-TO-ZERO**.. IN FAVOUR OF WINTER-MONTH, SPRINGMONTH, SUMMERMONTH AND STEVE. SO CEREBUS SAYS TO THEM (HE SAYS) "AREN'T YOU EVEN A **LITTLE** CONCERNED THAT **FOUR** NINETY-ONE DAY MONTHS ADD UP TO **THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FOUR** DAYS... AND **SIXTY-SIX SIX** DAY WEEKS ADDS UP TO **THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX** DAYS?" NINE HANDS GO UP: YES. NINE-TO-ZERO, THEY RATED THEMSELVES AS "**CONCERNED**" OR "**VERY CONCERNED**" THAT THE **FOUR-MONTH** CALENDAR AND THE **6/66** CALENDAR ADDED UP TWO DIFFERENT WAYS....

...AND THEN THEY JUST **STARED**.. AT CEREBUS UNTIL CEREBUS SAID: "ACTUALLY, 'STEVE' HAS **NINETY-TWO** DAYS AND THE **FIRST** DAY OF 'WINTERMONTH' TAKES PLACE BEFORE THE **FIRST ONES** DAY AND IT'S CALLED **QUARTERDAY** BECAUSE IT'S ONLY **SIX HOURS** LONG." SOMEONE ASKED WHAT THE **92ND** OF STEVE WAS CALLED. AND CEREBUS SAID, "IT'S CALLED '**LITTLE STEVE**'. AND," HE ADDED, "IT IS BETWEEN THE DAWN OF 'LITTLE STEVE' AND THE CLOSE OF 'QUARTERDAY' THAT YE SHALL GO FORTH AS **SPORE'S SPORES** FOR YE CLEANSING OF YE LAND."

NINE HANDS GO UP... AND THE **FOUR-MONTH 6/66 CALENDAR** IS OFFICIALLY ADOPTED ON:

THREESDAY,
THE **39TH** OF
STEVE,
THE **YEAR ONE** B.O.C.*
(* BECAUSE OF CEREBUS)

"SO, OKAY," (CEREBUS ADMITS TO HIMSELF THE NEXT DAY WHEN SOMEONE DROPS OFF HIS PERSONAL COPY OF THE FOUR-PAGE "YEAR ONE" CALENDAR) "SO MAYBE THIS **ISN'T** GOING TO BE LIKE BEING THE PRIME MINISTER."

LISTEN. CEREBUS HAD TO **PISS LIKE A PANROVIAN RACEHORSE** FOR THE LAST HOUR (HEH-HEH--PARDON CEREBUS' BEDLUGGISH AGAIN), BUT HE WAS WAITING UNTIL THE PART WHERE THE "WRITER-DOWNER-OF-EVERYTHING-WHAT-AIN'T-SCRIPTURE" WISE FELLOW SHOWS UP, SINCE YOU CAN READ THAT PART FOR YOURSELF. CAN CEREBUS BRING YOU ANYTHING ON HIS WAY BACK?.....NO?....OKAY.

HERE YOU GO. BACK IN A FEW MINUTES

Foursday, 40th of Steve, Year One

Cerebus: (answering the door) Yes?

Me: Hi. I'm the "writer-downer-of-everything-what-isn't scripture" Wise Fellow.

Cerebus: (no answer)

Me: You know. Of the "Legion of Substitute Wise Fellows"?

Cerebus: (no answer)

Me: The, uh, Nine Substitute Wise Fellows that Koshie and Loshie and Mosher delegated to agree with everything you say while they're busy painting altar pieces, installing indoor plumbing and building the Lovely Small Houses and the Strongholds and the Sanctuaries? We just voted on the new calendar?

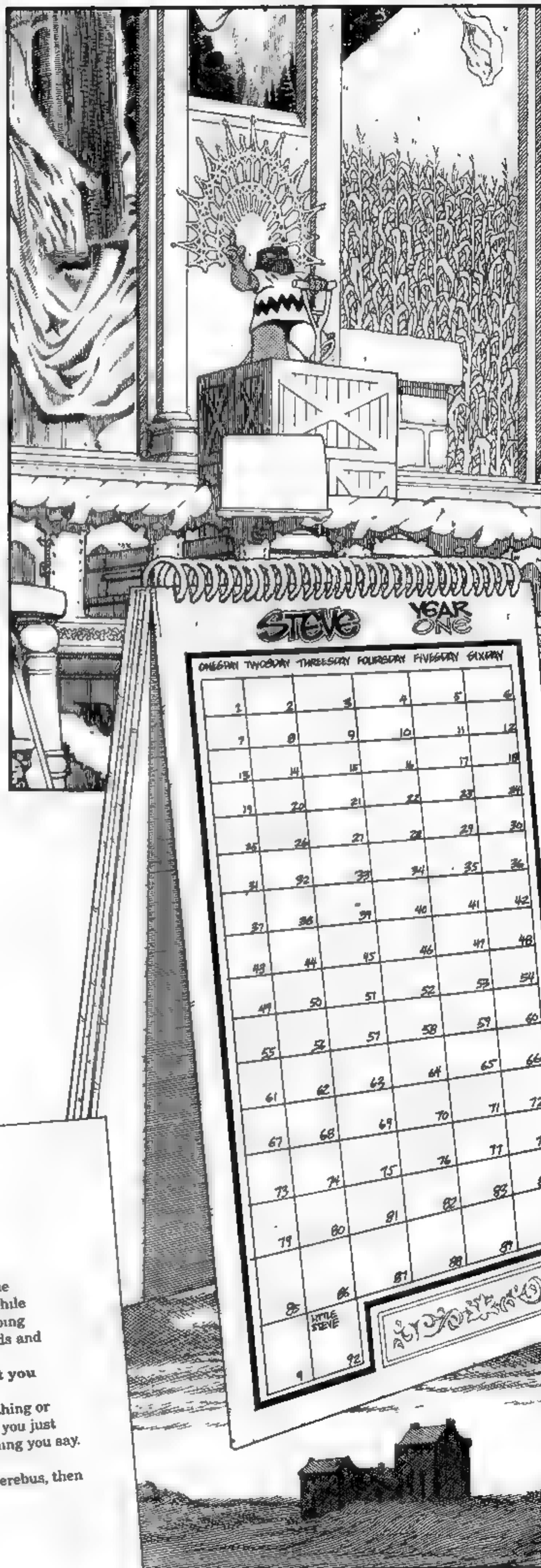
Cerebus: Oh. Is that who you guys are? Cerebus thought you were just, you know, hanging around.

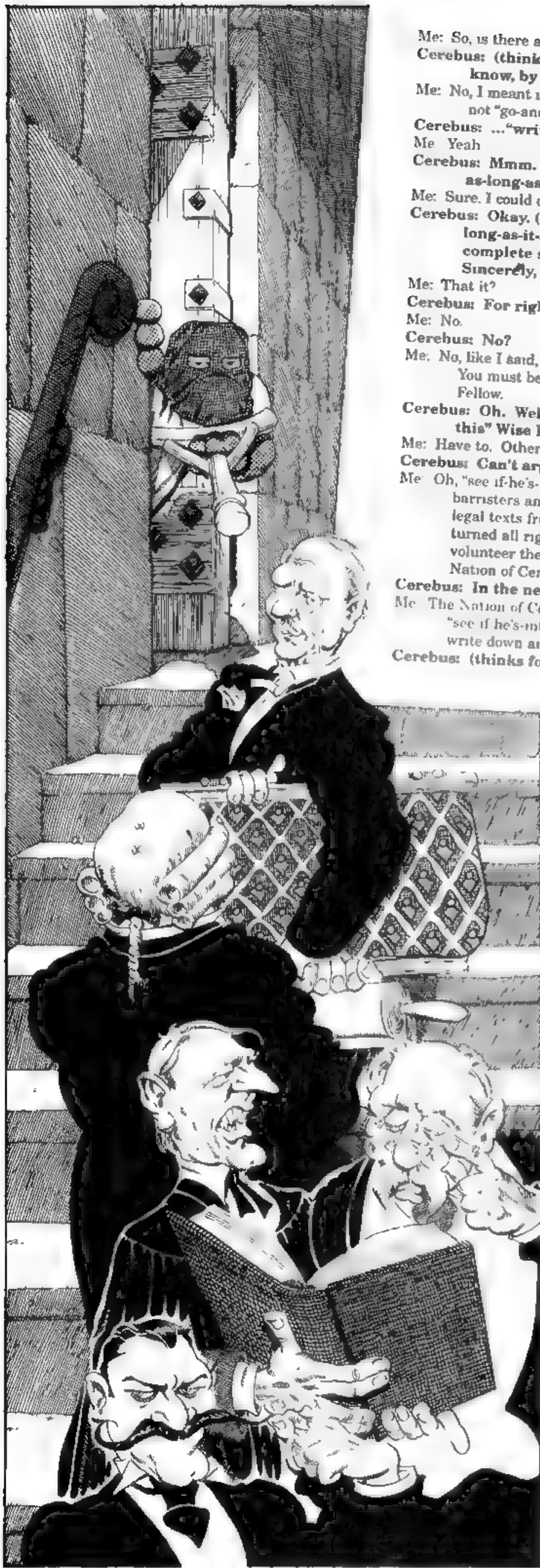
Me: Well, yeah, we are. But, basically just until you need something or you want to bring in some kind of non-scriptural rule or you just need a bunch of guys to agree unanimously with something you say.

Cerebus: Oh.

Me: Except, as I say, with Scripture. If it goes in the Book of Cerebus, then I'm supposed to go and get Koshie to write it down.

Cerebus: Oh.





Me: So, is there anything you want?

Cerebus: (thinks) Aye. Cerebus wants a complete set of Rabbi. You know, by Garth Inniscent?

Me: No, I meant is there anything you want me to write down. I'm not "go-and-get-whatever-he-wants-as-long-as-it-ain't-loaded" Wise Fellow, I'm Cerebus: ... "writer-downer-of-everything-what-isn't-scripture" Wise Fellow.

Me: Yeah

Cerebus: Mmm. Could you write a note to "go-and-get-whatever-he-wants-as-long-as-it-ain't-loaded" Wise Fellow?

Me: Sure. I could do that.

Cerebus: Okay. (clears throat) "Dear 'go-and-get-whatever-he-wants-as-long-as-it-ain't-loaded' Wise Fellow: Please go and get Cerebus a complete set of Garth Inniscent's Rabbi. Thank you. Yours Sincerely, Cerebus."

Me: That it?

Cerebus: For right now, aye. So you'll see that he gets it?

Me: No.

Cerebus: No?

Me: No, like I said, I'm "writer-downer-of-everything-what-isn't scripture" Wise Fellow. You must be thinking of "see-that-fill-in-the-blank-Wise-Fellow-gets-this" Wise Fellow.

Cerebus: Oh. Well, can you see that "see-that-fill-in-the-blank-Wise-Fellow-gets-this" Wise Fellow gets it?

Me: Have to. Otherwise I'll get fired, won't I?

Cerebus: Can't argue with that. Er. Who are all these guys with you?

Me: Oh, "see if-he's-interested-in-this" Wise Fellow sent them up. They're lawyers and barristers and solicitors. Evidently they managed to pass down all of the ancient legal texts from generation to generation through the whole "Age which hath over-turned all righteousness" preserving them and hiding them. And they've come to volunteer their services in helping to re-institute a Justice System in the New Nation of Cerebus.

Cerebus: In the new...what?

Me: The Nation of Cerebus. That was the first any of us heard of it, either. That's why "see if he's-interested-in-this" Wise Fellow figured he'd send them up and get me to write down anything you might have to say to them

Cerebus: (thinks for a long time) Better get Koshie.

1: And there came vnto Cerebbs & vnto ye Sanctuarie & vnto ye Seate of Trueth, ye Lawyers & ye Barristers & ye Solicitors speaking vnto Cerebbs, and saying vnto him:

2: We bee Ye Custodians of Ye Lawes of Aforetimes.

Hearken vnto us that al might bee well in the lande.

3: And Cerebbs, remembering ye Lawyers & ye Barristers & ye Solicitors from aforetimes, spake vnto them saying, verily, upon the Fiftieth of Stebe thou shalt returne unto Cerebbs, thou and all those who bee Lawyers & Barristers & Solicitors or whoeso desirest to bee so.

4: Come ye hence on that daie vnto
 ye Sanctuarie & vnto ye Seate of
 Trueth & Cerebbs wilt inquire
 of thee of al that doeth pertaine vnto
 thy wisdom & thine vnderstanding
 of the Lawes of Aforetimes & then
 wilt Cerebbs iudge which one
 of the hoste of thee shalbe
 The Fairest of Them All
 & Cerebbs wilt promote that one
 vnto great honour and he shal
 counsel Cerebbs in all which
 doeth pertaine vnto De Lawe &
 verily that one shall bee closer
 vnto Cerebbs than Cerebbses
 righte testicle.

5: And these sayings of Cerebbs
 were well pleasing vnto al the
 hoste of them and, lo,
 they didst retorne vnto Cerebbs
 vpon the Fiftieth of Stebe
 according vnto the
 worde which Cerebbs didst
 speake vnto them.

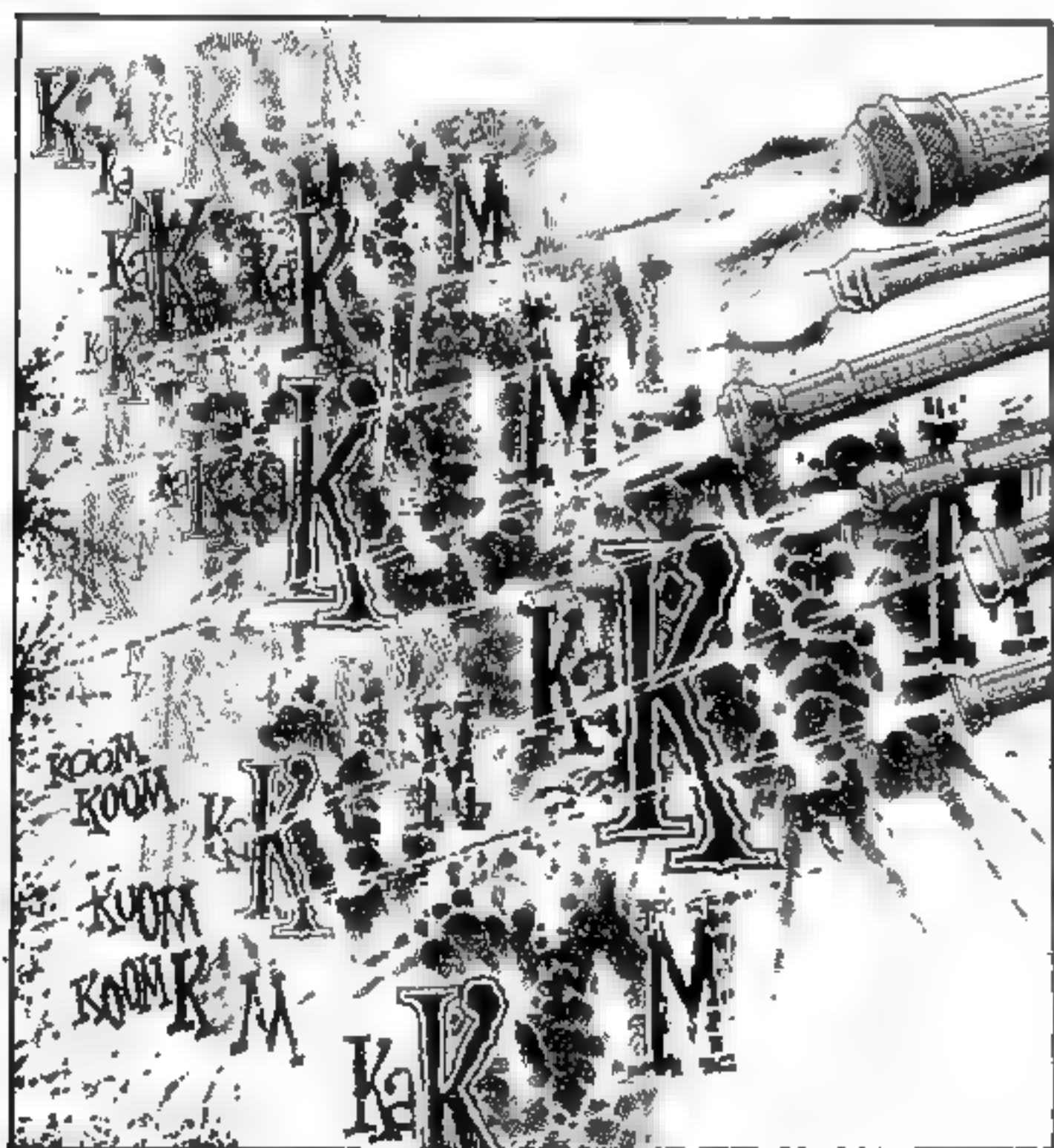


6: And when al the hoste of them
 were assembled within ye
 Sanctuarie, then didst Cerebbs say,
 Now. And ye Legion of Substitute
 Spore's Spores came foorth
 from their place of concealment
 and didst blowe off all ye heads of
 ye Lawyers & ye Barristers & ye
 Solicitors and all those who didst
 desire to bee like vnto them.

7: And when al of ye heads of ye
 Lawyers & ye Barristers & ye
 Solicitors had bene blowne off
 Cerebbs didst climbe vpon ye
 pile of them and didst speake
 vnto ye Legion of ye Substitute
 Spores Spores, saying:

8: Blessed art those
 who doeth murder cleanly
 for they doeth picke up ye tab
 both for themselves and for
 ye uictimes.

9: Blessed art the murder
 uictimes for they are no longer
 aggrauated: neither are



they aggrauating. They are
neither annoying nor are
they annoyed, whilst the
liuing getteth in
peoples faces.

10: Blessed art All
Dead People for euen
iust breathing for seuenty
years is a colossal pain in
ye butt, though the liuing
knoweth it not.

11: Blessed art the
stupid for they alwaies
getteth a free ride.

The doubly stupid art
doubly blessed for they
are alwaies a problem
for others and neuer
for themselues.

12: Whether thou art a murderer
or a murder uictim, whether
thou art dead or whether thou
art merely stupid, it maketh
no difference vnto Cerebbs:
onely bee ye neither a deuill
nor a uiper, neither a scorpion
nor a Lawyer, neither a
Barrister nor a Solicitor.

13: If thine aduersarie is in
the way of thee and thou doest
desire to kill him or her then
doe so. It maketh no difference
vnto Cerebbs.

14: If thou doest desire to kill
him or her and thou hast not
the guttes to do it thyself;
then come thee together vnto
Cerebbs and Cerebbs wil iudge
the cause betweene the two of thee &
whomsoeuer Cerebbs findeth

to be the more annoying
Cerebbs will
smite with an iron barre
until he or she is dead.

15: And ifsobeit that Cerebbs
findeth the two of thee to bee
equally annoying, then Cerebbs
will smite both of thee with an
iron barre until the two of thee
shalbe dead. Amen.



[illegible][illegible]

"I WANT TO GET WHAT I WANT. HE WANTS AS LONG AS HE
AIN'T SAYIN' WE TALKIN' 'BOUT IT. I'M TALKIN'
EVEN THOUGH HE TALKIN' THAT WAY WHEN CEMENT
STARTED PREACHIN' EVERY DAY. MEN HEN 'PLEASE'
IF THIS IS A DREAM, DON'T LET GO. NO
WAKE UP!"

MARTINUS KOPPEL FIRM IS CURRENTLY ACCEPTING
APPLICATIONS FOR A NEW RESEARCHER IN WORKERS' &
EMPLOYMENT OF THIS FIRM IN THE AREA OF
CONSTRUCTION SITE MANAGEMENT. INTERESTED
PARTIES SHOULD CONTACT A LOT OF TIME WITH US.

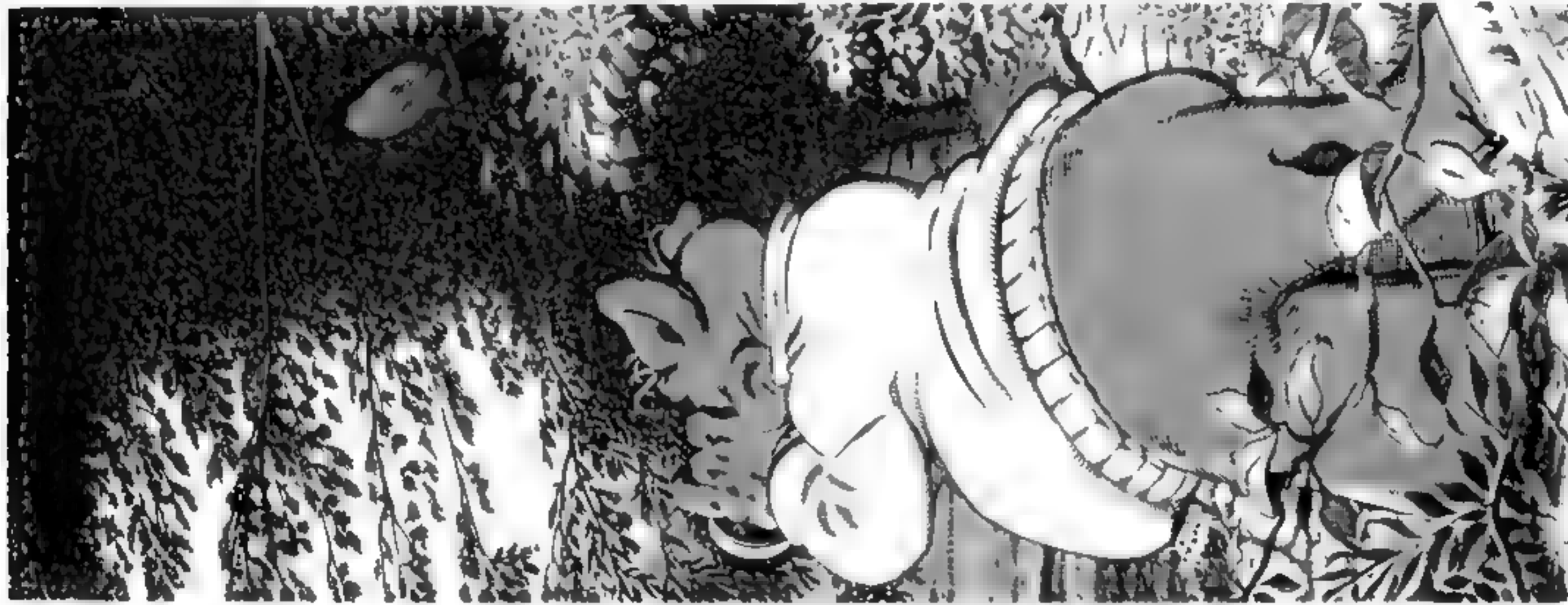
[illegible]

BIRD-WATCHING!

HOW COULD SOMEONE FORGET BAKER? REMINDING 2 NEAR-ISH
THAT WAS SECOND PLACE BRENNIN? REMINDING 100 PERCENT
BACK IN THE YEARS OUT THERE... GROWING MAN... 2

"SEE IF ANY INTERESTED IN THIS" "WELL FOLLOW ONE
 DAY IF THE GUY WHO ACTUALLY WAVE AT
 "SINGULARS" WITH THE FROM FIRST EVER!
 MANY DO GET INTO TUNE TO THEM LIKE A HORN
 "CLICK TO WATER" IN IDEA BUT NOT LITERALLY-
 YEARS ON END "TAKES MAN WHOSE HE WAS TO
 WOULD BEHOLD THE E CEMENTS STRAIN TO
 THE FOREMOST ACROSS IN THE SOUTH

GET BACK THEN.

[illegible]

(2) 2010年11月1日起实施的《中华人民共和国企业所得税法》规定，企业发生的公益性捐赠支出，在年度利润总额12%以内的部分，准予在计算应纳税所得额时扣除。

RIGHT! BIRD WATCHING! CERBERUS JUST COULDN'T GET ENOUGH OF IT (NEVER MACH CARED) THAT THE SPOT WAS CALLED BIRL DON'T TELL ME, AS CERBERUS LIKED TO SAY, CERBERUS IS A BIRD-WATCHER, NOT A BIRD NAME-FRONTIER!" IT WAS THE WINGED MORE THAN ANYTHING...THEY LOOKED JUST LIKE THE ANGELS OF WINGING IN KONGHE'S PRINTINGS, WHICH - MEAN - WHICH ONLY MAKE SENSE, YOU KNOW.....SOME OF THEM HAD KONGHE WAS PRINTING FROM, HE ALWAYS HAD PRINTS IN HIS GYMNASIUM IN ANGEL BUT IT JUST WENT THE SAME. THEIR WINGS WERE LOOKED THE SAME IN A CASE AS THEY WERE OUTDOORS AGAINST THE SKY AND THE TREES AND

OF COURSE, WE'VE GOT TO START WITH THE FUNDAMENTALS: WE'VE GOT TO GO TO THE SOURCE AND ANALYZE THE INDUSTRY. THERE'S SOME RESEARCH GOING ON HERE THAT'S ABOUT THAT, BUT IT'S JUST A WALK DOWN TWO-MILE ROAD¹—ESPECIALLY IN THE SPRING—MONTH RIGHT AROUND THE FORTIETH TO THE FORTY-SIXTH.

BUT WHY MUST WE BE CLIPPING THAT ANGLE DEPENDENT
 - AS TO WHAT YOU WANT TO GO TO THE SOUTH
 AS WE'RE FOLLOWING, USED TO BE

OF COURSE CERTAINS NEVER STAYED DOWN THERE
COULD HAVE JUST GONE TO A NICE TAVERN
AND TAKEN OVER THE BATTLE-SCARS. AFRICANMENT
FOR THE NIGHT. THE WAY THAT CERTAINS AND 14
AND OTHER FAMOUS PEOPLE DO

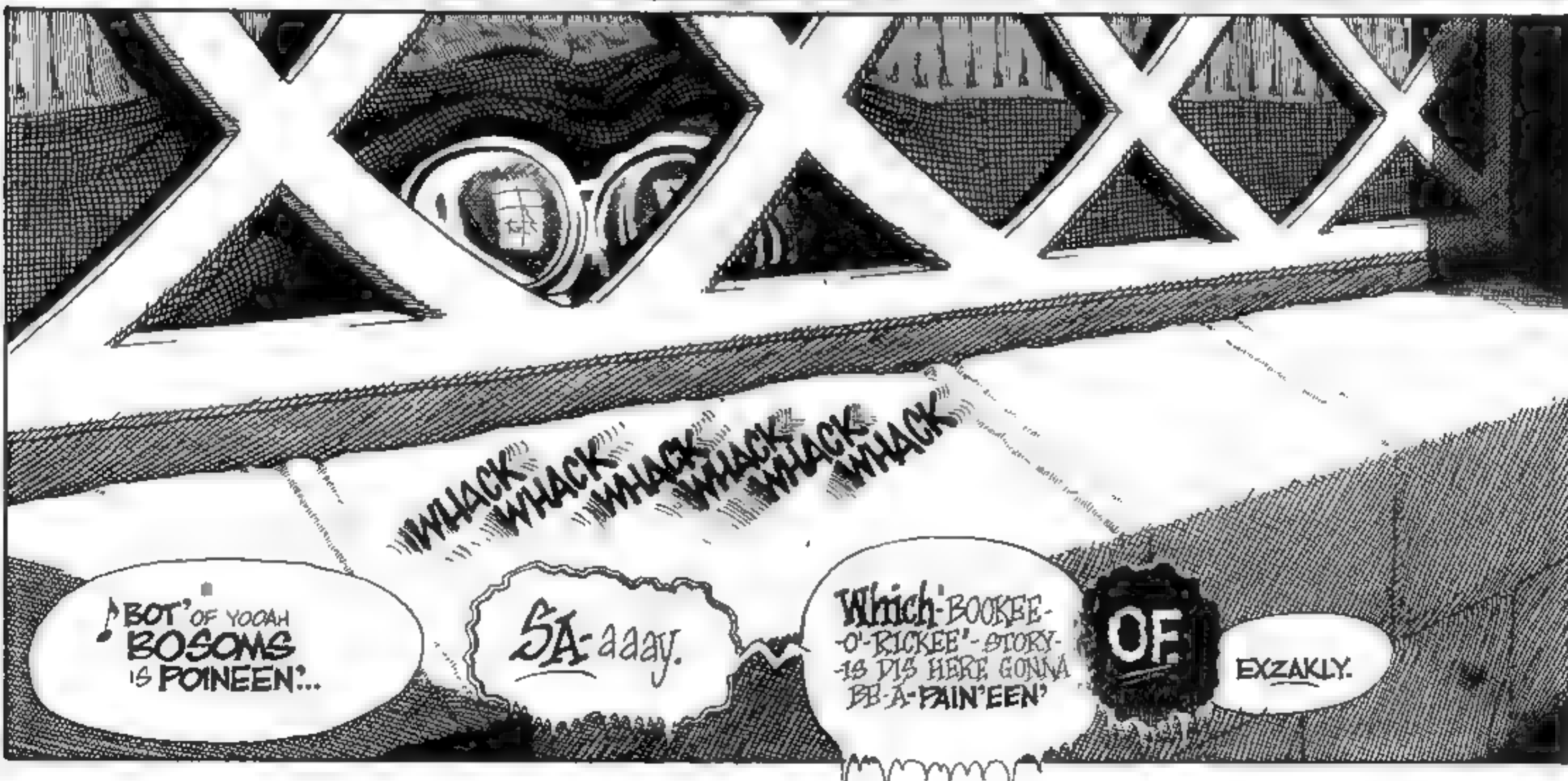
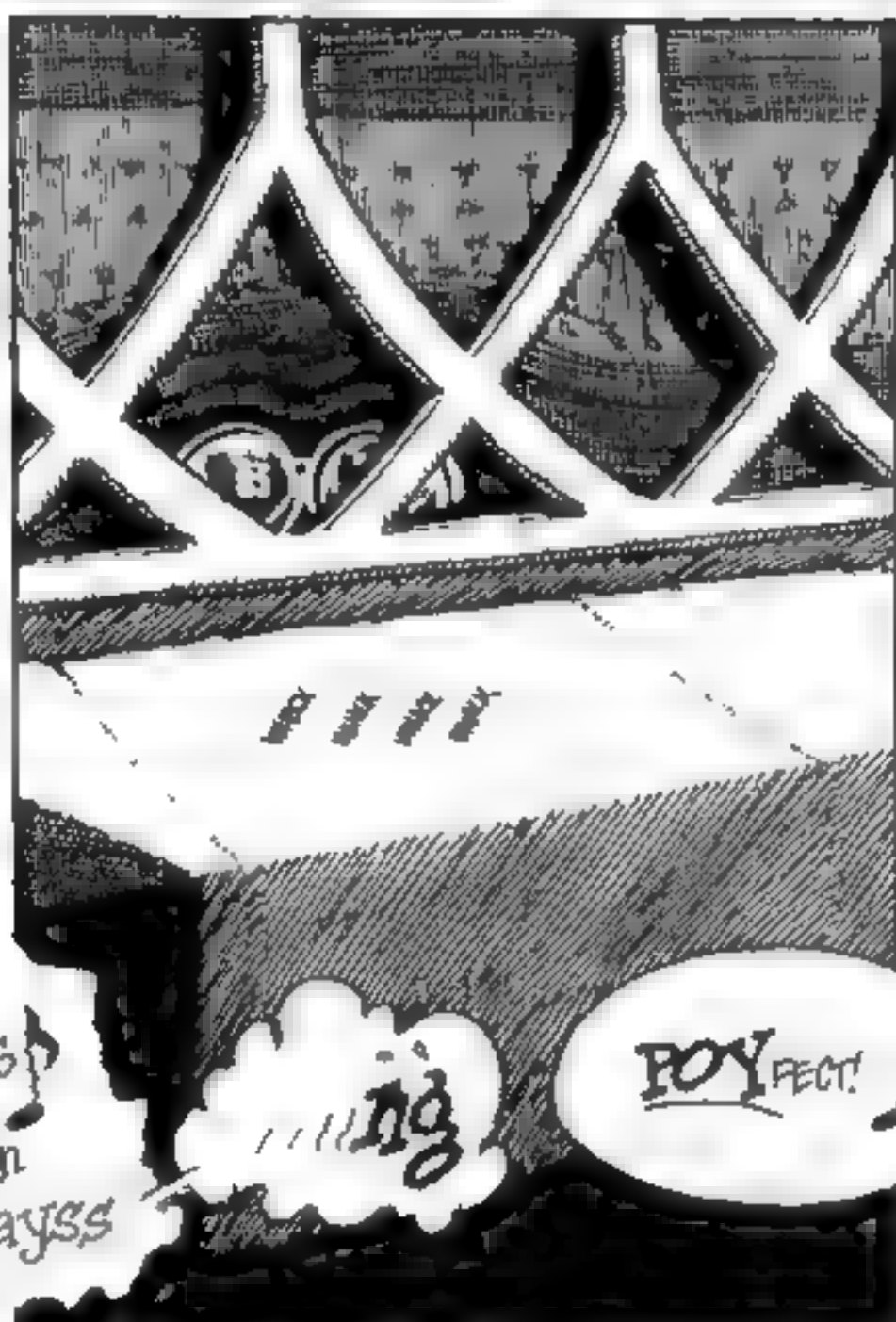
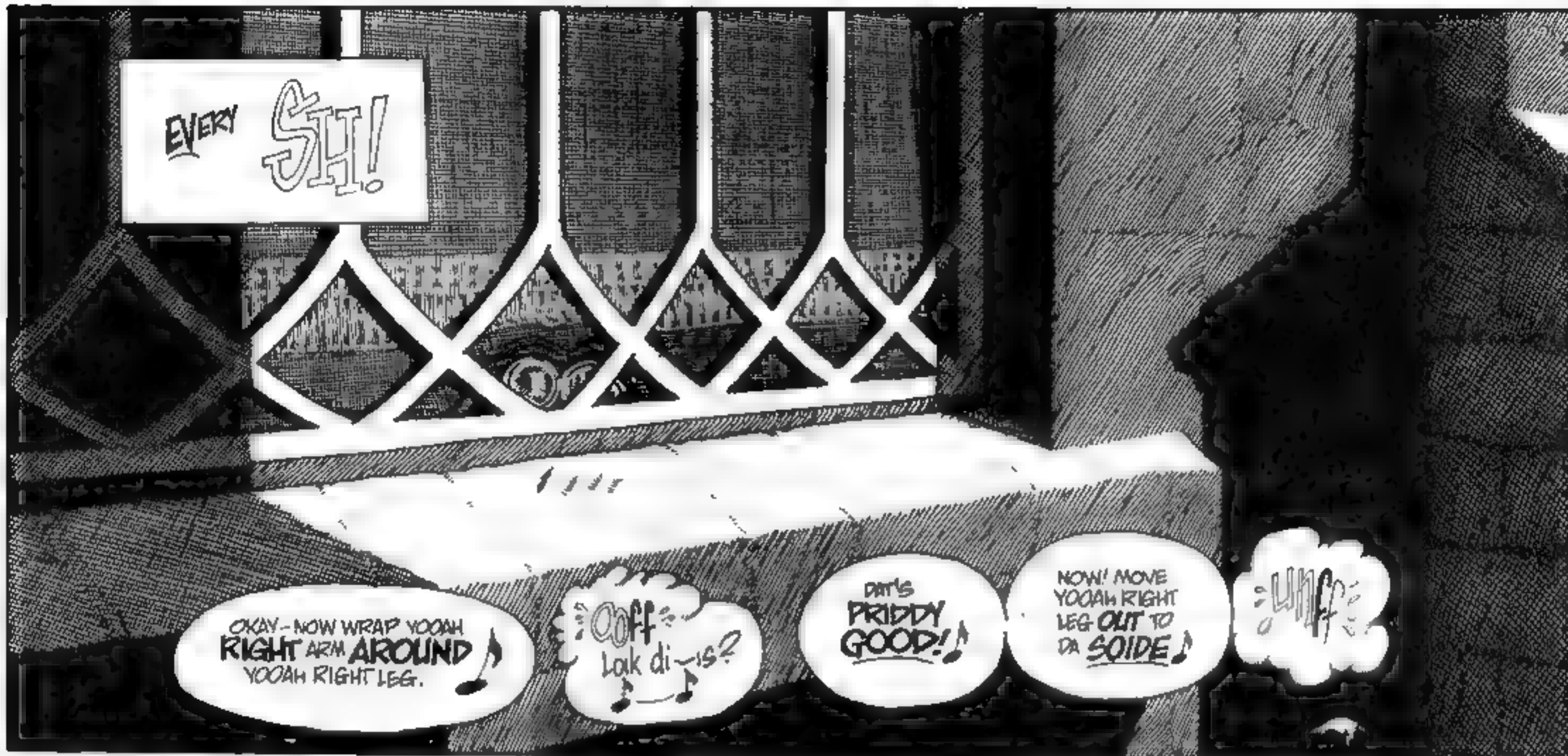
OUT...FOR SOME REASON...WHEN...CEREBELLUM
ALWAYS WANTED TO HEAD BACK TO THE

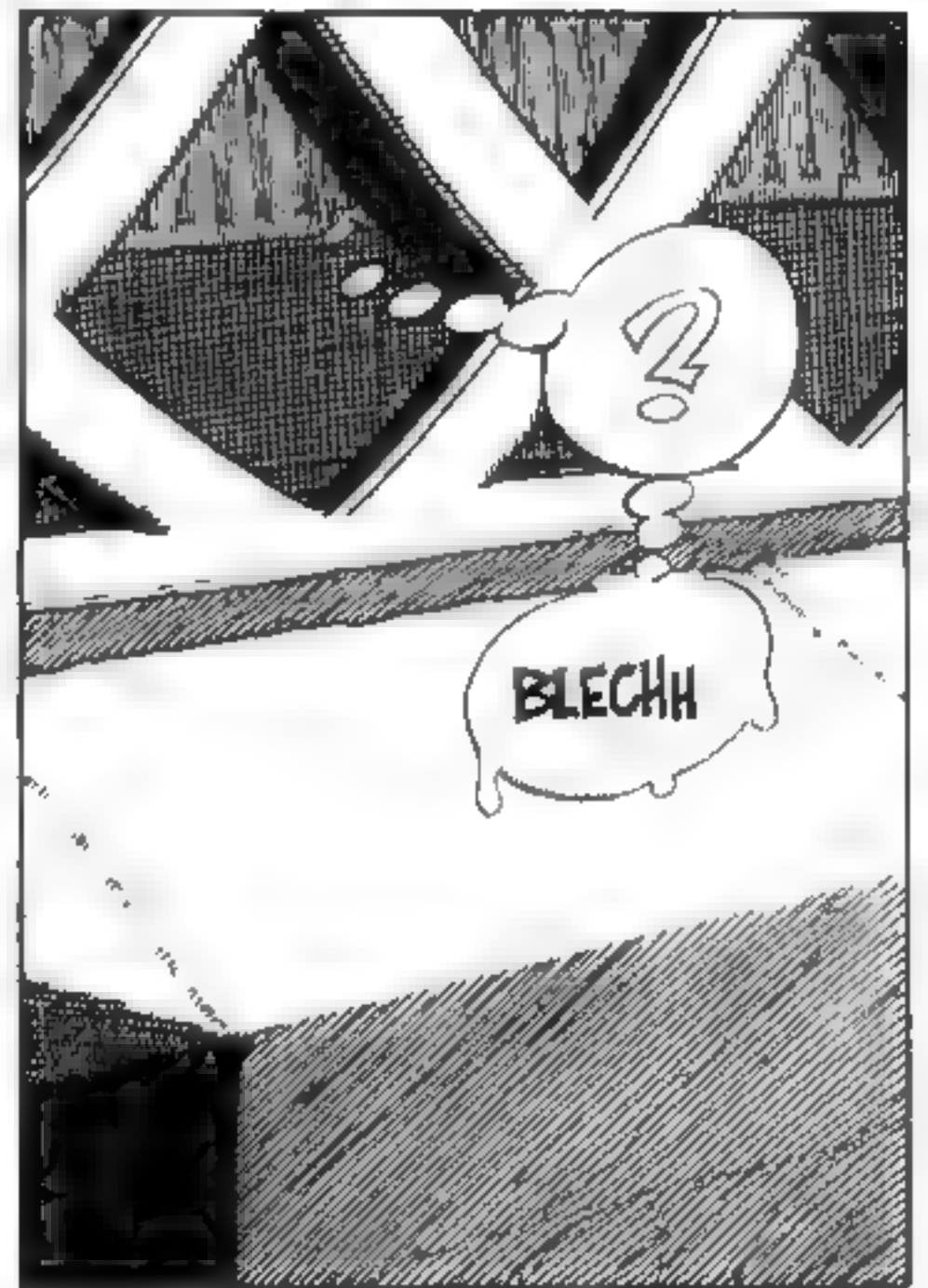
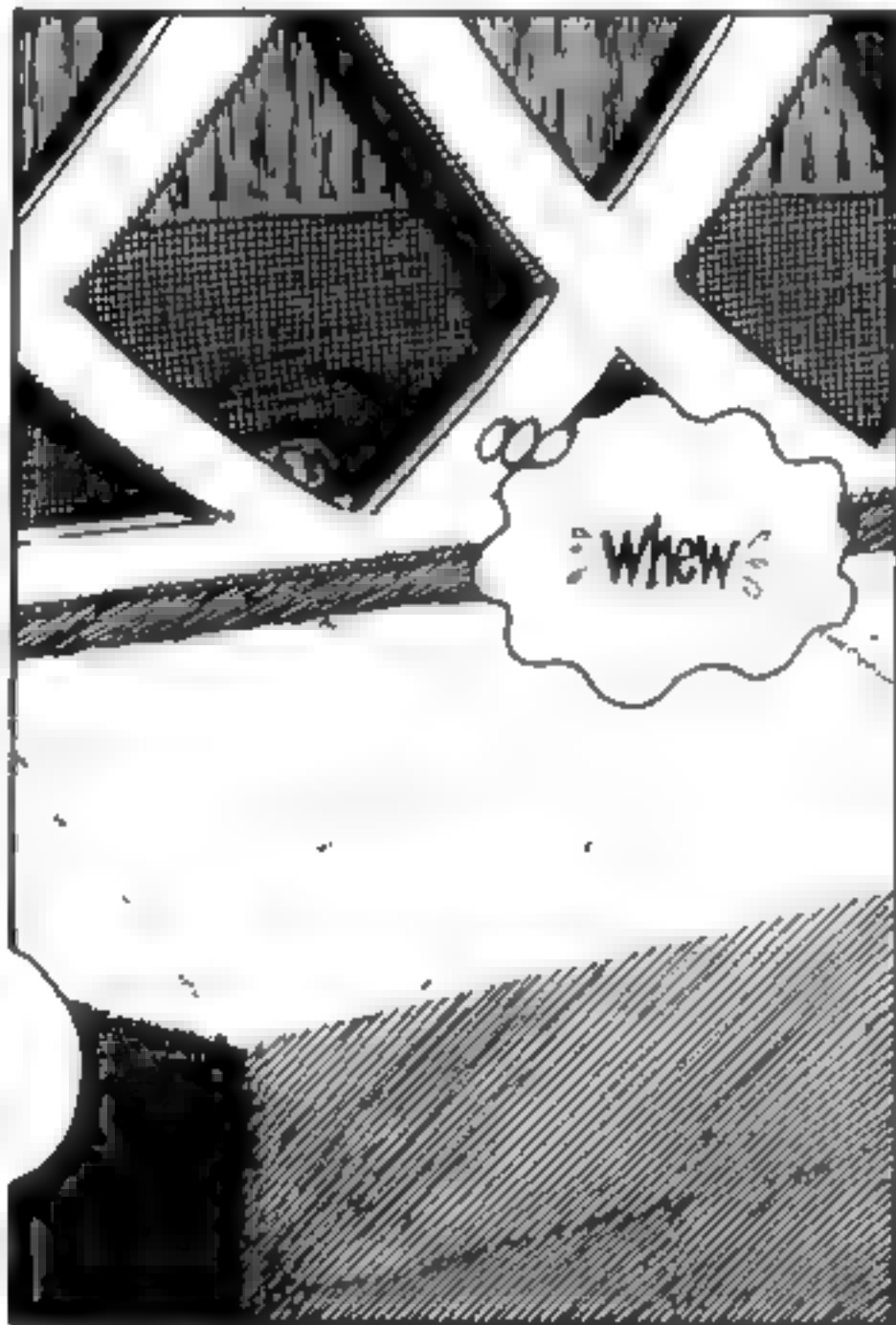
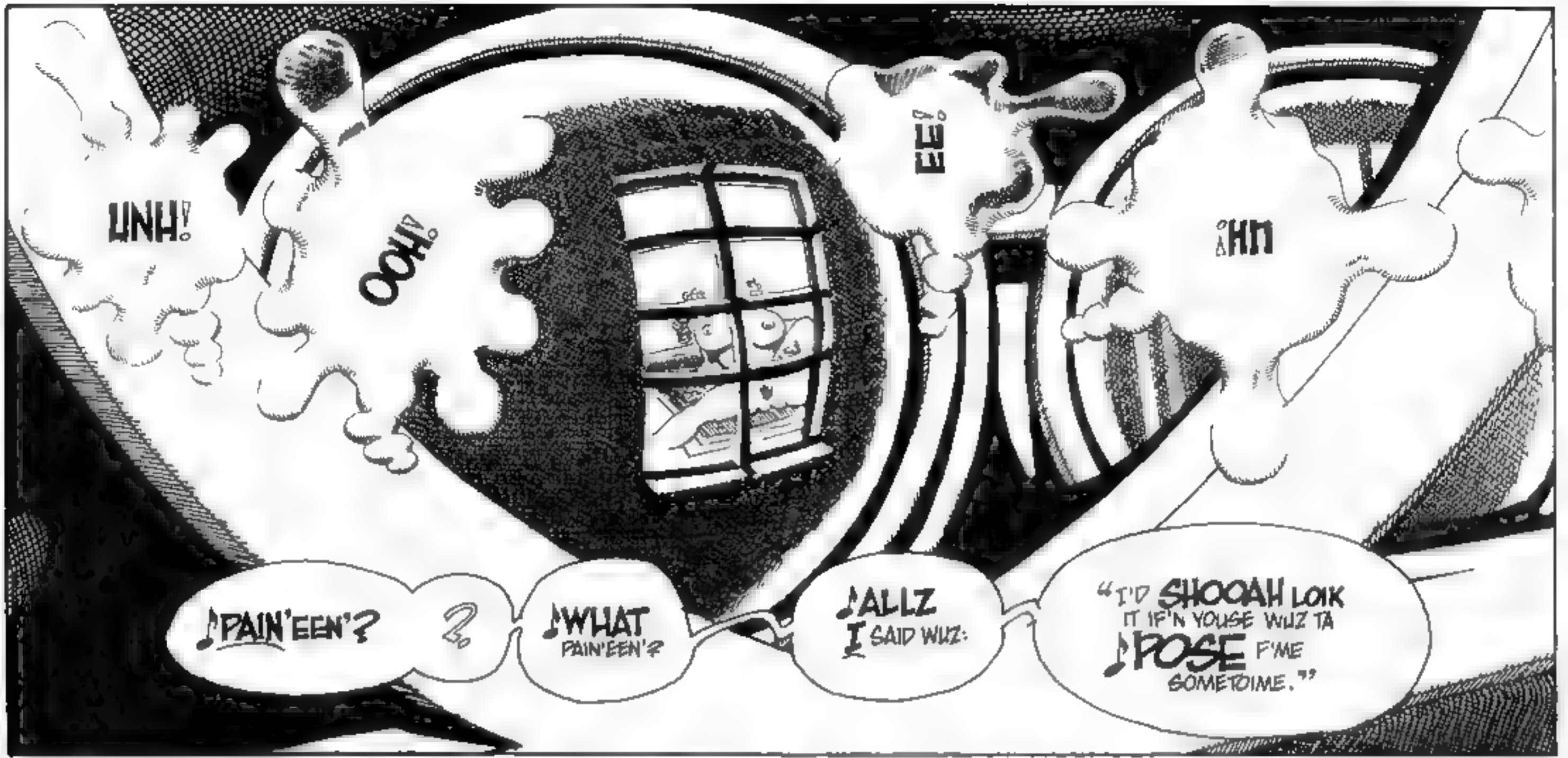
SOME
ONE

ONE
HAD TO
EVER

अ

1HS





SORRY MEN, CERBERUS WAS DRY-DREAMING-
THESE FOR A MINUTE... SO... AYE THAT WAS
ABOUT IT. WATCHING MOSHE GUILTING MOSHES,
RE READING "RUBEN" PRONING... BIRD-WATCHING
THE PING AND WHEGS AND MONTHS AND YEARS JUST
FLEW BY.

IN FACT, THE NEXT (UNKNOWN) EVENT WAGANT
UNTIL THE "10:13 CRISIS" IN THE YEAR
TWELVE

WHICH STARTED WITH THE ARRIVAL OF A LETTER FROM
THE GLASH-NATION ANOTHER DOMINION OF NORTHERN
ISASHURIA, ADDRESSED TO "CERBERUS" OF THE
SANCTUARY AND OF THE GREAT OF TRUTH... AND TO
THE THREE WISE FELLOWS. "DEAREST GENTS,"
IT BEGAN. "IT IS WITH SINCEREST REGRET THAT WE REQUEST
YOUR ASSISTANCE IN A MATTER OF GREAT IMPORTANCE. YOU
ARE A LEADER, AND YOUR INTEREST IN BEHAVING TOWARDS YOU
FURTHER SUGGEST TO YOU THAT AN UNINTENDED RESULT
OF THIS MIGHT BE A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF UNPLEASANTNESS FOR WHICH
WE (IN NO UNDERSTANDING) APOLOGIZE IN ADVANCE. WE EARNESTLY
IMPLORE YOU TO CONSIDER (AT YOUR CONVENIENCE) THAT IT
WAS THE GOVERNMENT OF NORTHERN ISASHURIA WHICH WAS THE
FIRST OF AN INDEPENDENT GLASH-NATION OR ECONOMY
TO VOTE FOR OFFICIAL RECOGNITION OF THE LEGITIMACY OF
YOUR CLAIM TO BE OF THE SANCTUARY AND OF THE GREAT OF TRUTH."

(CERBERUS WAS AMAZED. HE HAD NO IDEA THAT
THERE WERE ANY INDEPENDENT NATIONS.
LET ALONE THAT THEY VOTED ON THINGS.)

NOTING THAT THIS COMMUNICATION FINDS YOU IN GOOD
HEALTH, WE AGAIN EXPRESS TO YOU OUR SINCEREST
APPROPRIATES FOR WHAT COULD WELL BE AN ILL-
ADVISED AND IMPETUOUS UNDERTAKING ON
OUR PART TO WHICH WE BELIEVE (PERHAPS MIS-
TAKEFULLY) YOU HAVE LEFT US NO ALTERNATIVE. (IT
CONCLUDED) "VERY SINCERELY YOURS, ETC. ETC."

(GOOD HEALTH? A "WU-SORDED AND
IMPETUOUS" FOR NORTHERN
ISASHURIANS THAT WAS THE SAME
AS FROWNING AT THE MOUTH.)

WHEN WORD CAME THAT LITERALLY DOZENS OF NORTHERN
ISASHURIANS HAD BEEN SLIGHTED MARCHING IN THE
DIRECTION OF THE SANCTUARY, CERBERUS ORDERED
MOSHE, MOSHE AND MOSHE TO EMPLOY UP THE THREE WISE
MOSHES SO WE COULD RIDE OUT AND "HEAD 'EM OFF
AT THE PASS." "WORTHUP? WOOP? WOOP?"

NOT THAT THERE WAS ANY PHYSICAL DANGER. THE
NORTHERN ISASHURIANS HAD OUTLINED GUNS, HUNTING
LOGGERS, KNIVES, FORKS, "NEEDLE-LEAN SHARP" STAPLES
(AS WELL AS "STAPLING TO CHILDREN AVOIDING ANGER PLAYS
IN A TONE OF VOICE TENDING TO IMITATE A STAPLE OF ALLEGORY")
IN THE YEAR FOUR (JUST ONE OF MANY LITTLE KNOWN FACTS
CERBERUS LEARNED FROM READING A COPY OF
THE NOT-REALLY-REVISED-DO-MUCH-AS-
FURTHER CLARIFIED LITTLE-KNOWN FACTS
ABOUT NORTHERN ISASHURIA GUIDE (ON-
NO-AT-ALL-the-Pleasure-Was-Entirely-Our-
Own-We-Assure-You) WHICH "SEE IF HE'S INTERESTED
IN THIS" WISE FELLOW REQUESTED UP FROM SOMEWHERE
FOR CERBERUS TO READ ON THE TRIP NORTH.)

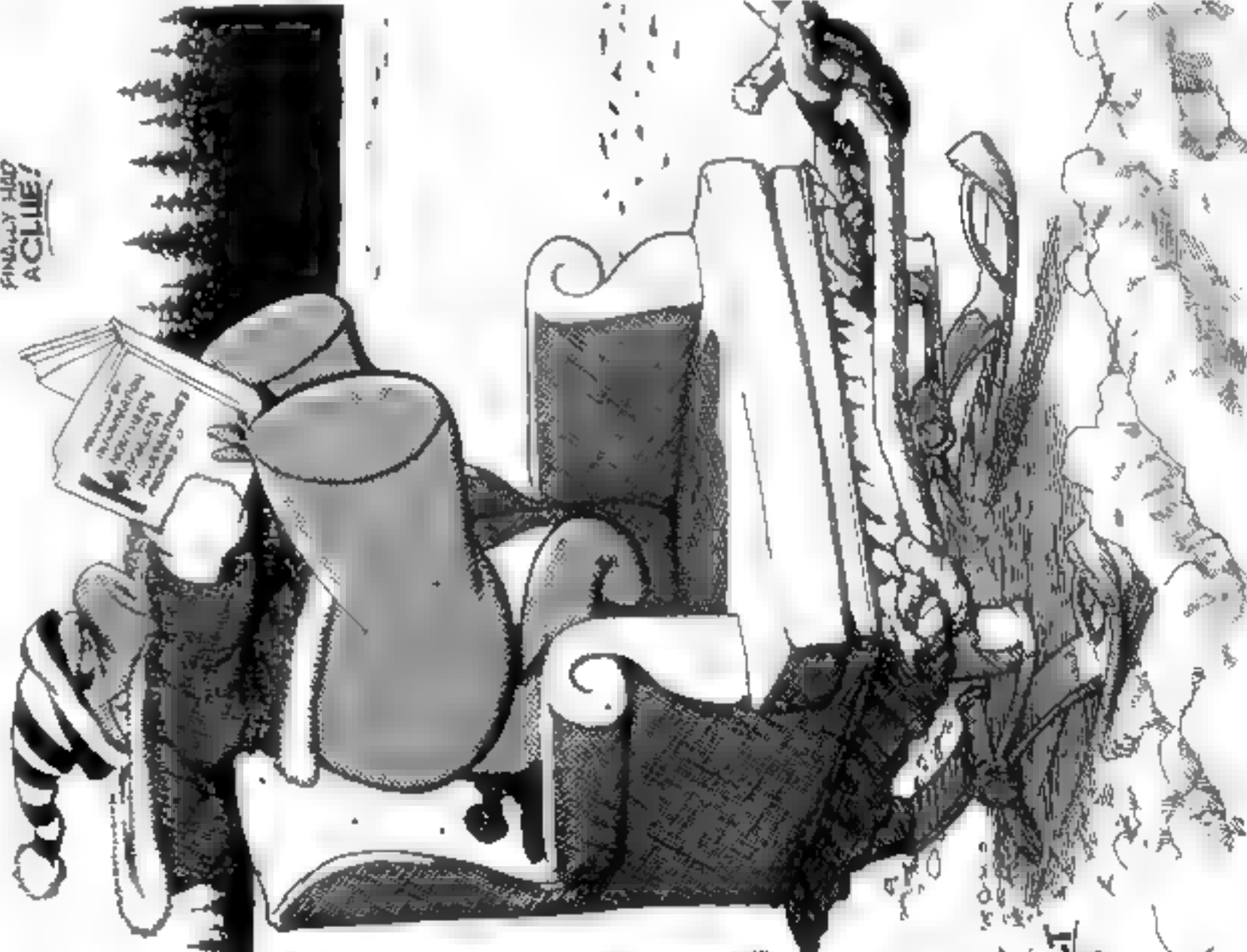
NAY, THE BIGGEST CONCERN (AS ALWAYS) IN DEALING WITH THE
NORTHERN ISASHURIANS WAS ALWAYS WAS JUST FARTING
OUT WHAT (IN THE HECK) THEY WERE SO
DARNED UPSET ABOUT. THIS TIME THEY WERE SO
QUIET AND POLITE USUALLY THAT WHENEVER THEY DID
GET UPSET YOU COULD BE SURE OF ONLY ONE
THING: SOMEONE ELSE PRESERVES THE NORTHERN
ISASHURIANS WAS TO BLAME AND SOMEONE COLLAPSED
AT BEING GIVEN ONE IN EIGHTH. JUST COLLAPSED
UNDER THE SHEER WEIGHT OF COLLECTIVE GUILT
WHICH RESULTED FROM KNOWING THAT SOMEONE
SOMEWHERE HAD DONE SOME THING TO
UPSET THE NORTHERN ISASHURIANS

WE ACTUALLY ENDED UP HAVING TO CAMP ON THE WESTERN PLAINS
FOR THE BETTER PART OF THREE WEEKS. JUST BECAUSE CERBERUS
MADE THE MISTAKE OF INVITING THE NORTHERN ISASHURIANS TO
THE SANCTUARY (TO DISCUSS WHATEVER IT WAS THAT THEY WERE SO
UPSET ABOUT) INSTEAD OF LETTING THEM MARCH ON THE SANCTUARY
AND THEN LETTING THEM IN WHEN THEY GOT THERE. "OH NO, WE
COULDN'T POSSIBLY NOMINATING WE'D JUST BE PUTTING YOU
OUT" THANK YOU ALL THE SAME. BUT ALL THINGS CONSIDERED
IT'S PROBABLY FOR THE BEST IF WE JUST TURN RIGHT
AROUND AND GO HOME AND STOP BEING SUCH A BOTHER. WE'D JUST
BE KEEPING YOU FROM SOMETHING IMPORTANT. THANK YOU, MARCH.

THREE WEEKS LATER HAVING SIGNED THE "BILATERAL ASSURANCE
FACT" SPECIFYING THAT WE HAD PLenty OF ROOM AND THAT IT WAS
REALLY CROSS-OUR-HEARTS-AND MORE TO THE NO TOLERABLE AT ALL
AND WE'D ONLY BE "PUT OUT" IF THEY DIDN'T COME AND WANTING
FINALLY GOTTEN THEM TO THE SANCTUARY, MOSHE OVERHEARD
ONE OF THEM SAY TO ANOTHER ONE OF THEM, "COULD YOU THINK
THEY'RE JUST PRETENDING NOT TO KNOW THAT THIS IS ABOUT
KICK TO 15?" AND MOSHE (OF COURSE) SAYS, "KICK TO 15-5"
WHAT ABOUT KICK TO 15-2?

SO THE GUY TURNS BEET RED FROM EMBARRASSMENT
AND HURRIES HIMSELF THROUGH THE NEAREST WINDOW,
PLUNGING ON OR EVEN GIDDIES TO HIS DEATH ON THE
COURTYARD FLAGSTONE'S BELOW

A TRAGEDY FOR
SURE, BUT AT
LEAST THE
FAMILY HAD
A CLUE!



SO THEN ALL OF OUR GUNS WERE RIDING OVER OUR COPIES
OF THE LITTLE-KNOWN FACTS ABOUT NORTHERN
ISASHURIA GUIDE, AND READING (AND RE-READING AND
RE-RE-READING) KICK TO 15, TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT
THE PROBLEM WAS.

... FINALLY, ABOUT A WEEK LATER, CERBERUS
FIGURED IT OUT. SO HE GATHERED ALL OF THE NORTHERN ISASHURIANS
TOGETHER AND SAID TO THEM

"IT'S BECAUSE KICK PUT FIVE-BAR-GATE
THIRD-AFTER FOOD AND DRINK, FIGHT IT."

FIVE OF THEM RAN TO THE NEAREST WINDOW AND LEAPT TO
THEIR DEATHS. SIX OF THEM HAD HEART ATTACKS AND
JUMP UP AND DIED RIGHT THERE ON THE SPOT. AND THE
REST OF 'EM JUST MADE THESE HORRIBLE WHEEZING
AND RATTLING NOISES (TRYING NOT TO CRY) SO THAT TOLD
CERBERUS THAT HE HAD PRETTY MUCH HIT THE NAIL ON THE HEAD.

"WELL, SORRY GUNS," (CERBERUS SAID), "IT'S SCRIPTURE!
BECAUSE IT LIVES AS A BUNCH OF NORTHERN ISASHURIANS' (ACTUALLY
WHEN THEY ALL STARTED LOOKING REALLY HURT) "EVEN THOUGH
NORTHERN ISASHURIANS ARE SUPER-NICE PEOPLE!"
(WHEN THAT MADE THEM LOOK A LOT LESS HURT, CERBERUS) (CREWEN-
BEING THE "LITTLE UNKNOWN HING TO PLANTER NORTHERN ISASHURIANS"
CHAPTER) (NOTED) "WORLD-CLASS SUPER-NICE
PEOPLE."



CERBERUS SAID, "WE READ THE FOOTNOTE UNDER THE
"WORLD CLASS" REFERENCE: "MARCHING, REFERRING
TO A NORTHERN ISASHURIAN AS 'WORLD CLASS' CAUSES
THE CITIZENS OF THAT GLASH-NATION TO BOND WITH
THE SPOONER OF THAT REFERENCE IMMEDIATELY AND
PERMANENTLY. DO NOT USE THE TERM 'WORLD CLASS'
UNLESS YOU ARE PREPARED TO ENTER INTO AN
IRREVERSIBLE COMMITMENT RELATIONSHIP WITH HIM,
HERE OR THERE."

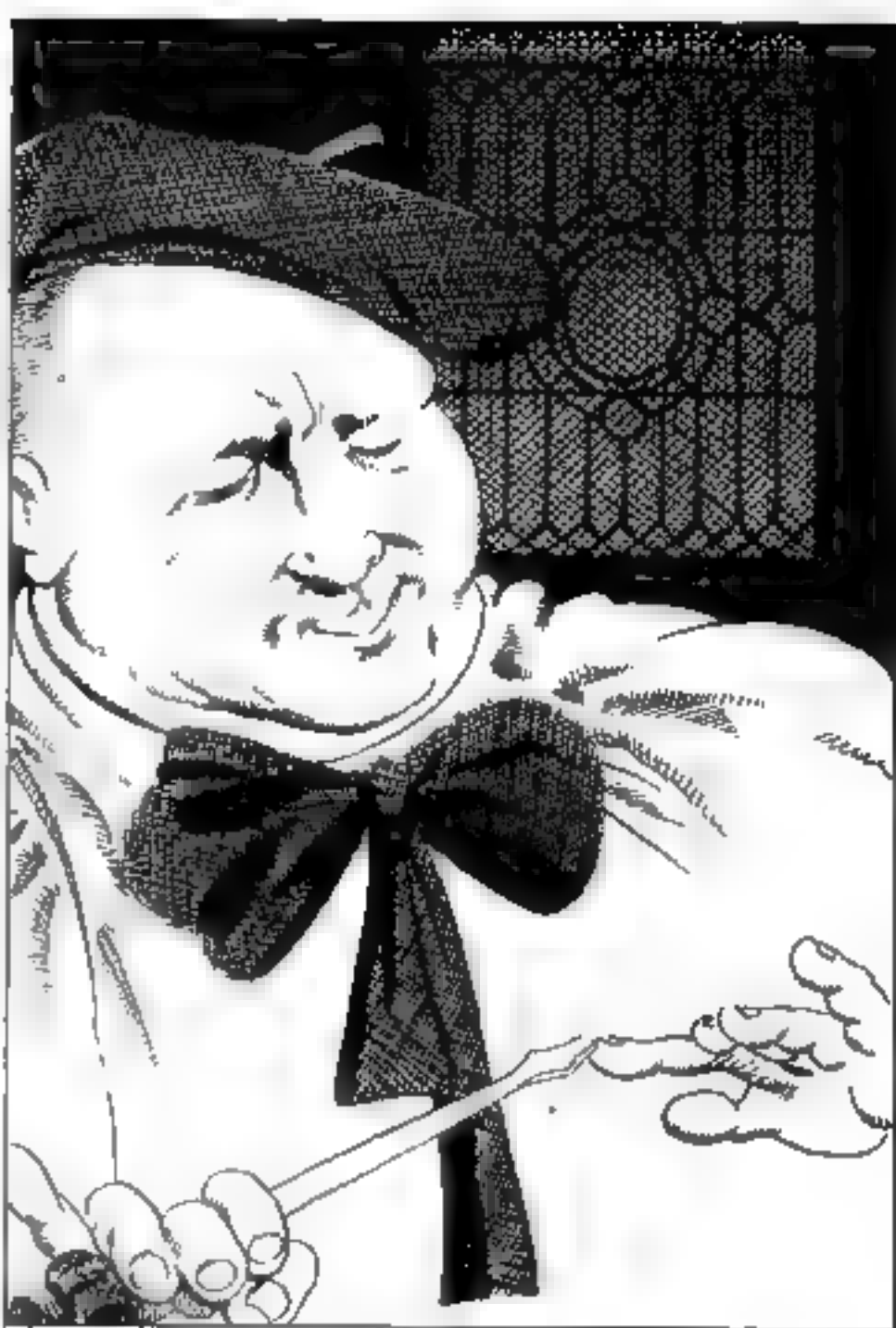
SURE ENOUGH, SIX MONTHS LATER, NOT ONE
OF THE NORTHERN ISASHURIANS HAD GROWN
THE SLIGHTEST INTENTION OF LEAVING THE
SANCTUARY (INCLUDING THE PRIME MINISTER
AND MOST OF HIS CABINET).

FINALLY, CERBERUS HAD TO GET SOMEONE TO PRINT A
BIG PICTURE OF A BUNCH OF THEM... EACH WEARING
HIS FAVORITE FIVE-BAR-GATE PLAYERS
SHIRT.





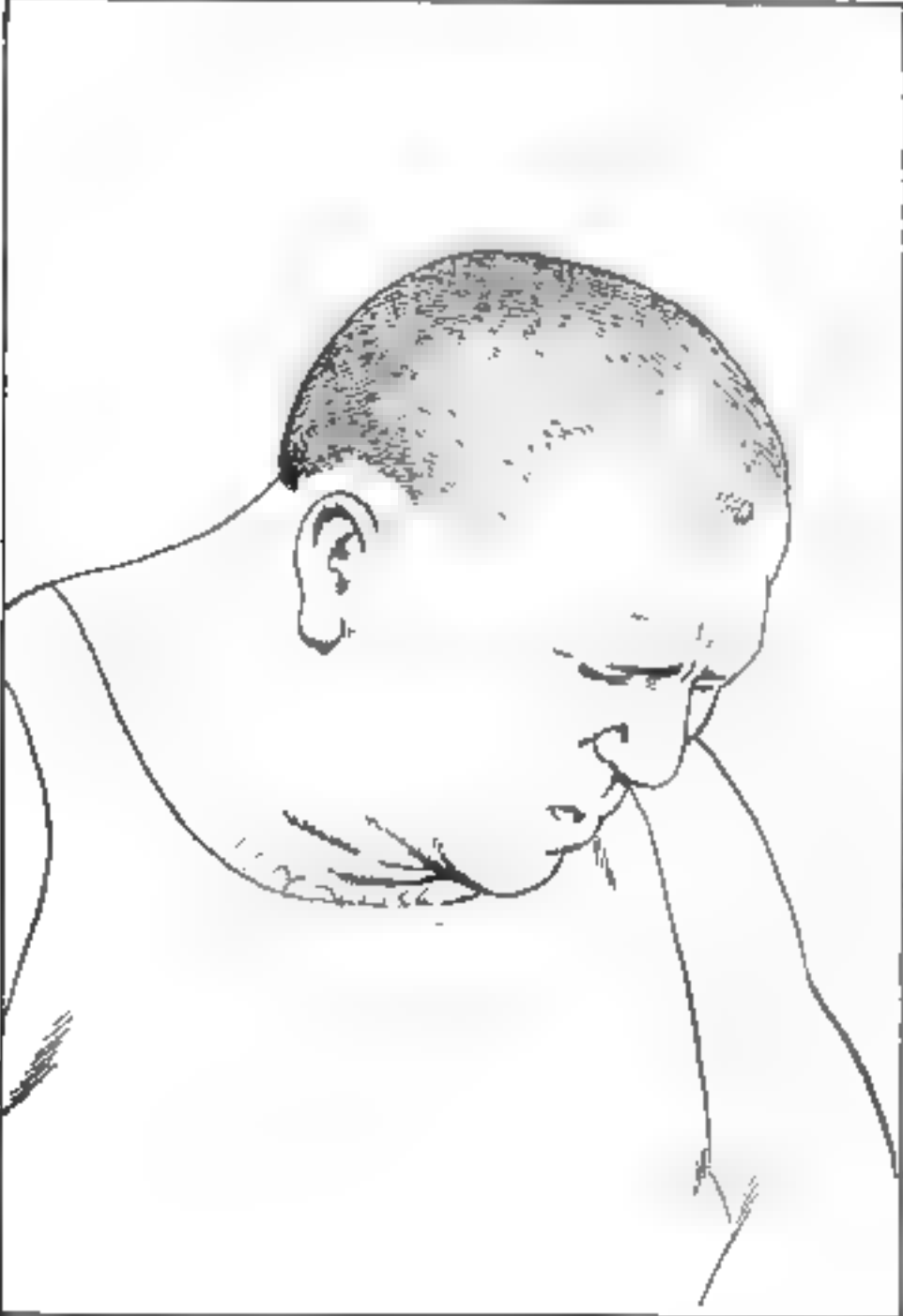
THE NEXT EVENT...?
AFTER THE
"10 13 CRISIS"....?



THAT WOULD BE THE
FIFTY-NINTH OF
SPRING MONTH IN
THE YEAR EIGHTEEN



THAT
WAS THE
DAY...



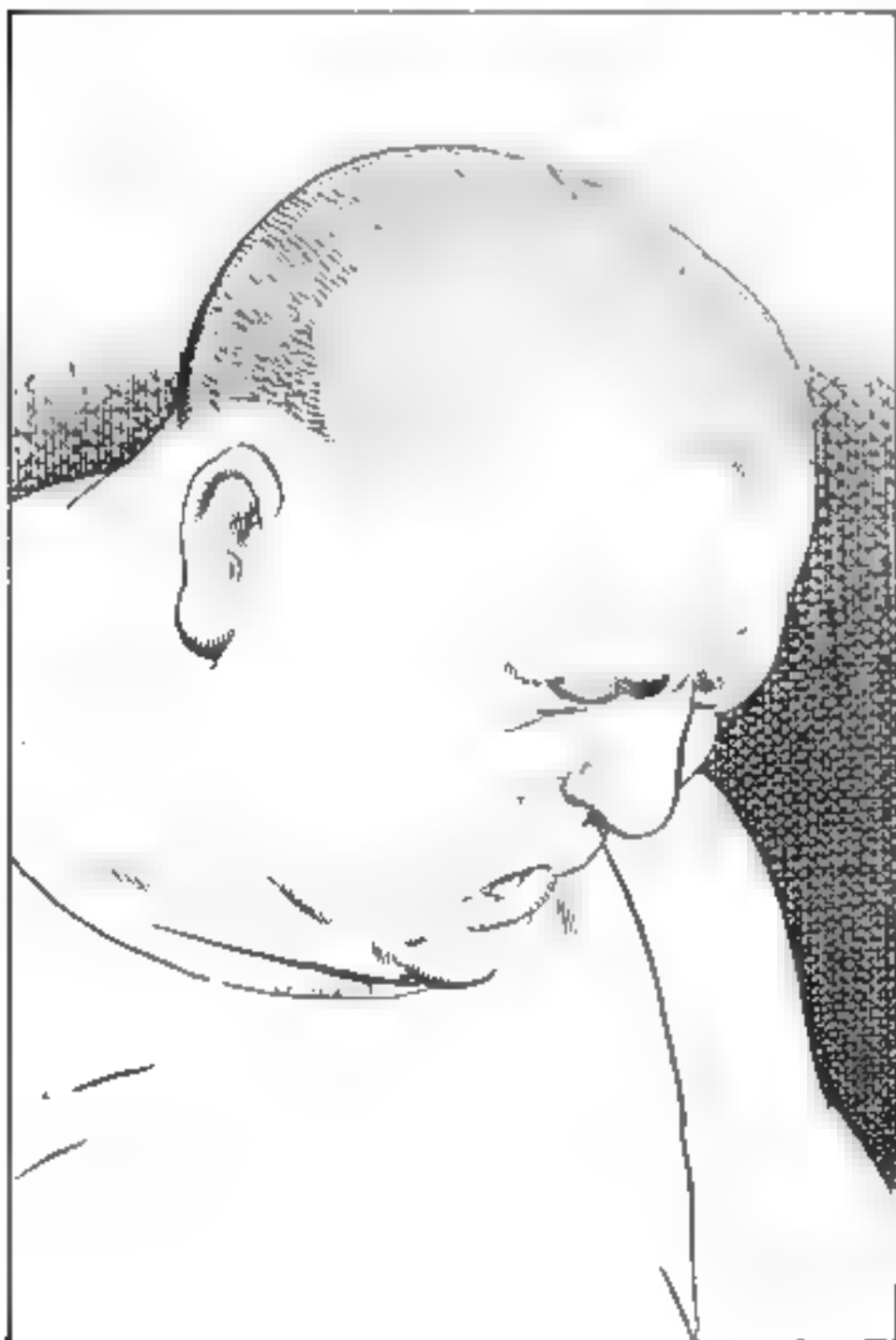
KOSHIE
HAD HIS
STROKE

IT WAS MOSHIE
WHO TOLD
CEREBUS

"BABE WAS
SITTING IN A
CHAIR.."

(THAT WAS THE ONLY
TIME CEREBUS HEARD
MOSHIE USE THE
NICKNAME HE HAD
FOR JEROME WHEN
THEY WERE BOYS)

"HIS MOUTH
BECAME DISTORTED
--AND WHEN HE GOT
UP FROM THE
CHAIR.."



"...HE FELL TO
HIS KNEES..."



(IT WAS ALSO THE
ONLY TIME CEREBUS
HEARD MOSHIE NOT
USE THE "BOOK OF
RICK" LANGUAGE)

CEREBUS WAS
SURPRISED WHEN
JEROME'S HAIR
STARTED GROWING
BACK IN.



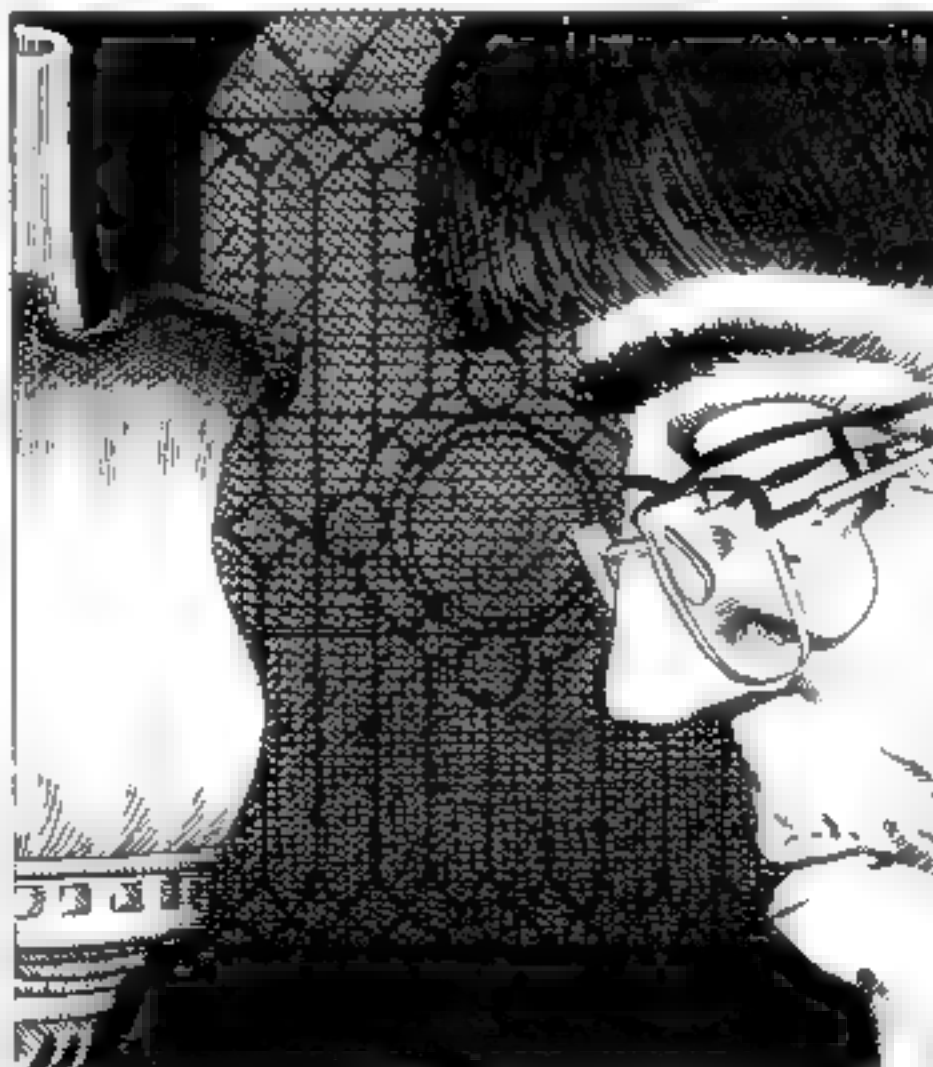
(CEREBUS HADN'T
KNOWN THAT HE
HAD BEEN SHAVING
IT OFF ALL ALONG)

AND EVEN MORE
SURPRISED WHEN
JEROME GOT MARRIED
... FOR THE FOURTH
TIME!

(CEREBUS HADN'T
KNOWN THAT HE
HAD BEEN MARRIED
EVEN ONCE)

HIS WIFE'S
NAME WAS
VALERIE.
(LATER)

IN THE
YEAR
EIGHTEEN)



MOSHIE
SENT HIM
A LETTER

"DEAR BRO.
BABE" (IT
READ)



"I TRUST YOU
ARE FEELING
BETTER AT THIS
WRITING."

"IT MIGHT ENCOURAGE
YOU AND- IN A WAY-
DELIGHT YOU TO KNOW
THAT BROTHER SHEM
WAS AGREEABLE TO
STEP INTO YOUR BOOTS."



("DELIGHT
YOU" ? THOUGHT
CEREBUS.)



"UNTIL SUCH TIME
AS YOU ARE WELL
ENOUGH TO RETURN
TO THE TRIO."

"IT MAY FURTHER DELIGHT
YOU TO KNOW THAT I HAVE
MADE ARRANGEMENTS WITH
SHEM AND LOGHIE SO THAT,
DURING YOUR ILLNESS YOU
WILL RECEIVE 150 CROWNS A
WEEK TO ASSIST YOU "

" FOR A
TIME "

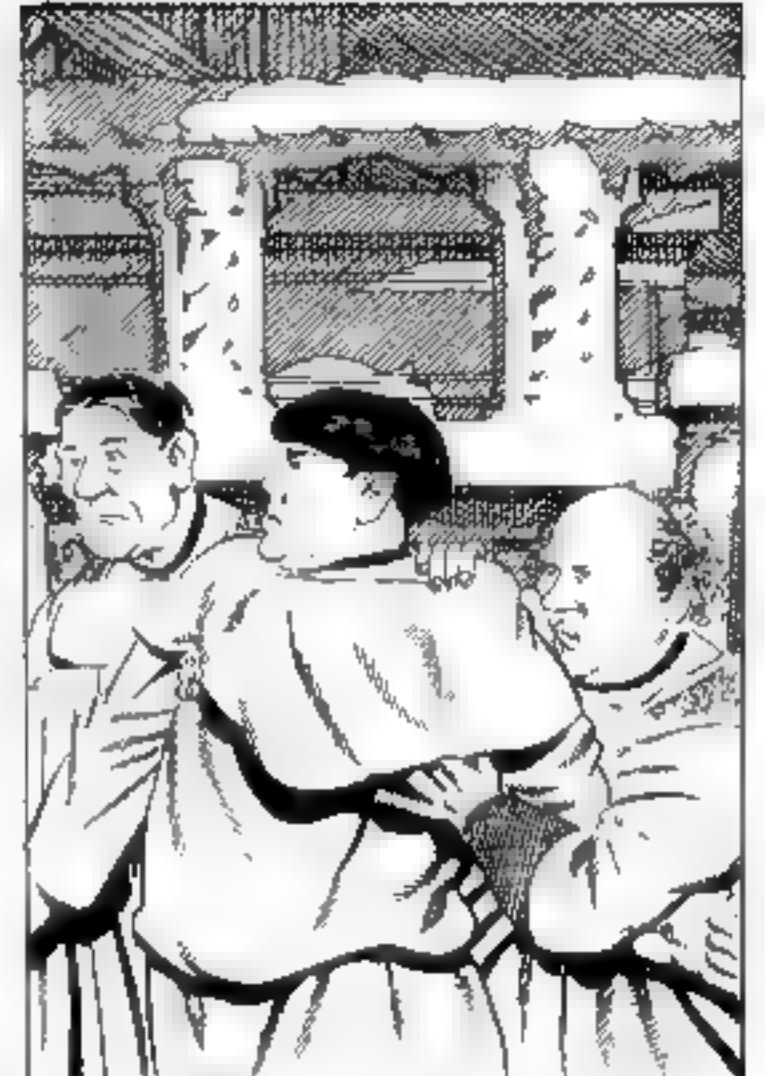


" TOWARDS THE EXTRAORDINARY
MEDICAL EXPENSES THAT
YOU HAVE AND ARE STILL
INCURRING "

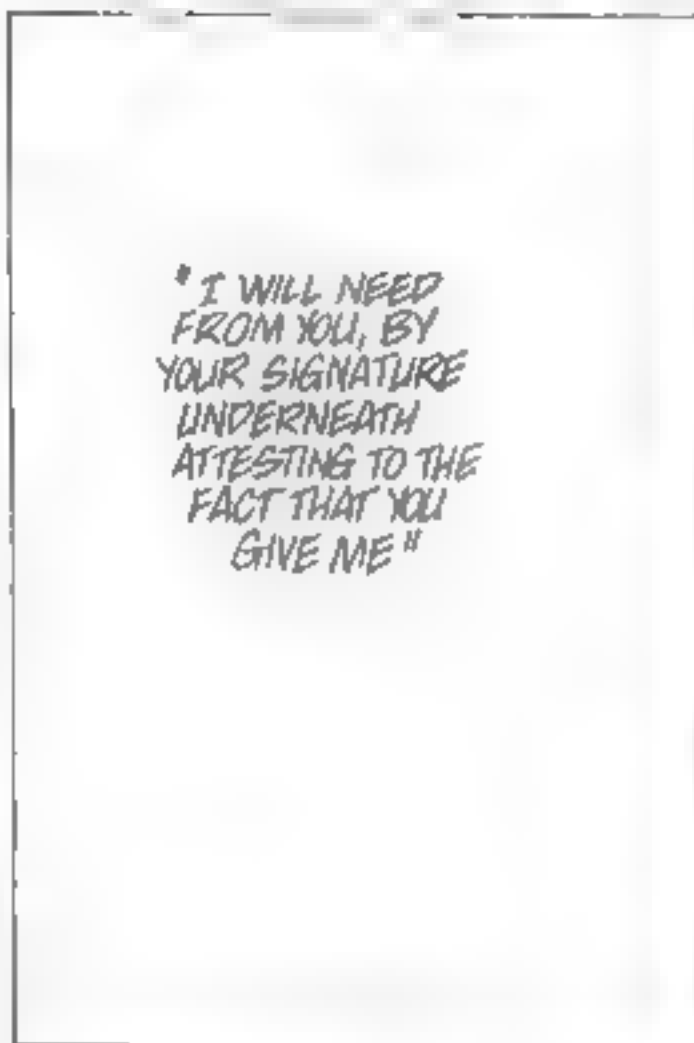
"AND
FURTHER"



"IN VIEW OF THE
FACT THAT SHEAM
IS NOW OPERATING
WITH US IN YOUR
PLACE"



"I WILL NEED
FROM YOU, BY
YOUR SIGNATURE
UNDERNEATH
ATTESTING TO THE
FACT THAT YOU
GIVE ME"



"AS
OWNER OF THE
THREE
WISE
FELLOWS"



"THE PERPETUAL
RIGHTS TO USE
PICTURES OF YOUR
FACE FOR ALL
FUTURE
ADVERTISING,
COMMERCIAL
TIE-INS,
MERCHANDISING"



"AND ANY
OTHER WAY
NEEDED AND
THE RIGHT TO
ASSIGN THESE
RIGHTS TO OTHERS
IF AND WHEN
THE NEED MAY
ARISE."



"LOSHIE AND I
MISS YOU VERY
MUCH AND
WE ARE HOPING
AND PRAYING"



"TO HAVE
YOU BACK
WITH US
SOON NOW."

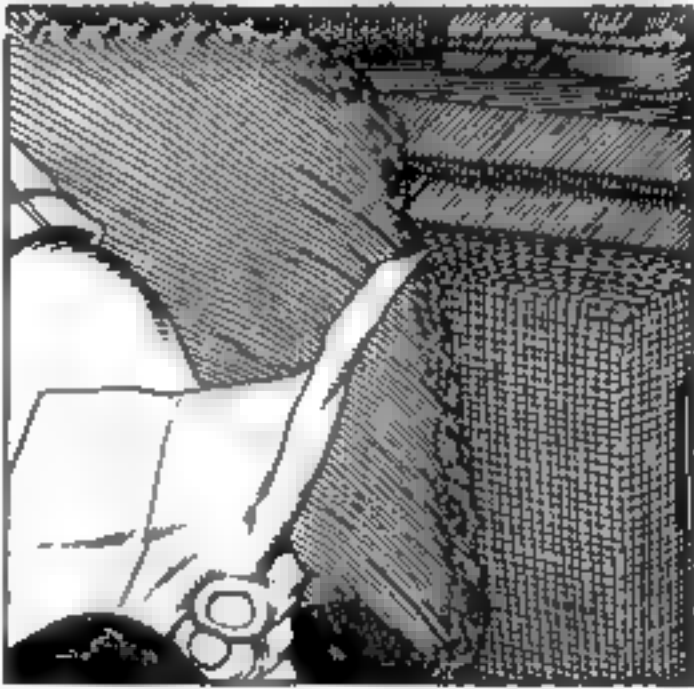
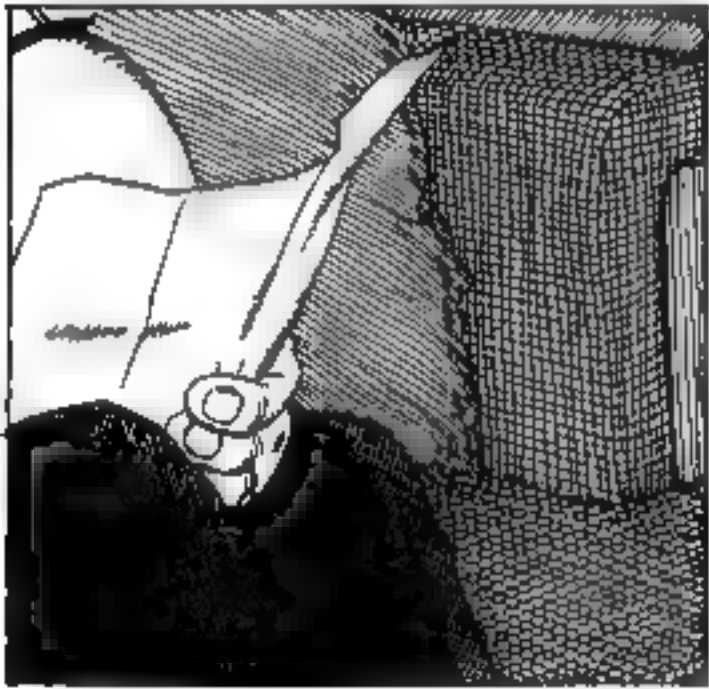


"BABE, PLEASE SIGN
YOUR NAME TO THE
BOTTOM, SIGNIFYING
YOUR ACCEPTANCE
OF MY USING YOUR
FACE FOR THE
PURPOSES I HAVE
STATED ABOVE."



"HOPE YOU WILL
SOON BE WELL
ENOUGH SO THAT
WE CAN BE
TOGETHER
AGAIN."

"YOUR
LOVING
BROTHER,
MOSHER."

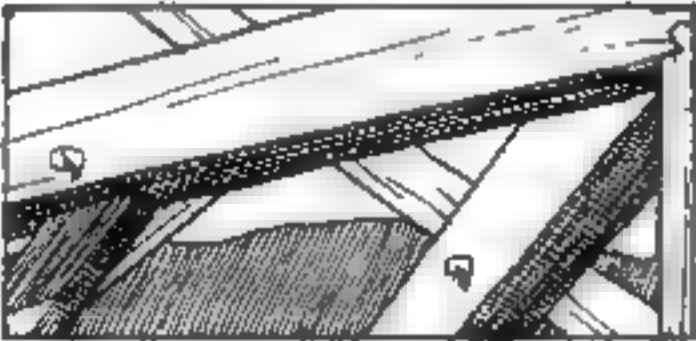
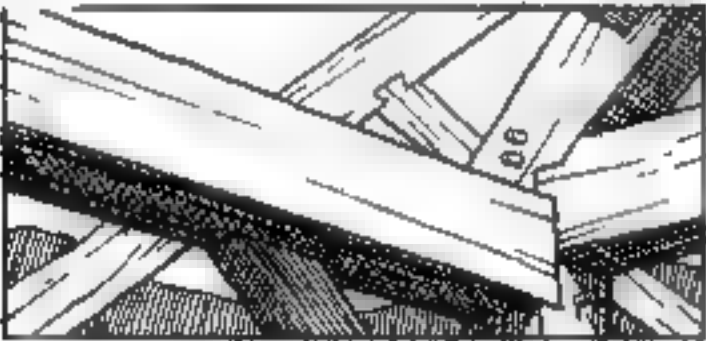


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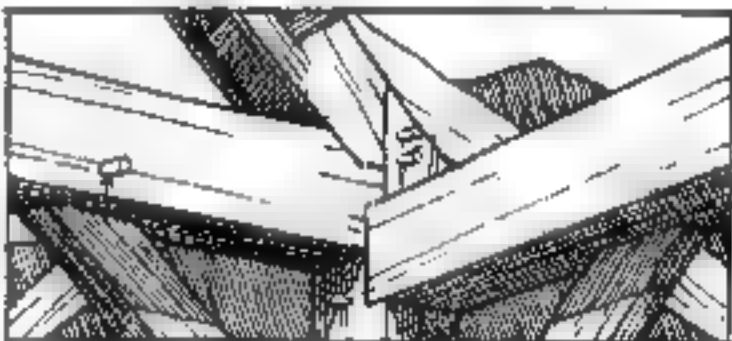
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Gerry Howard



THAT

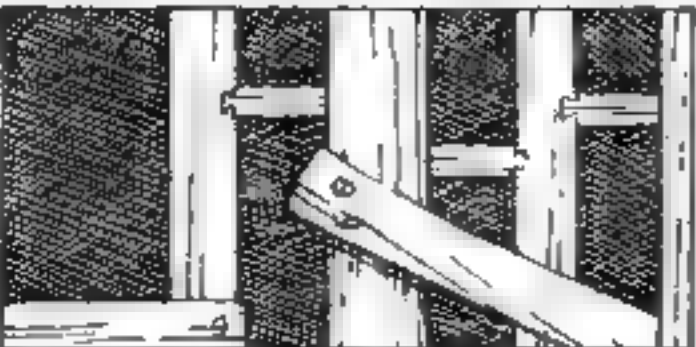


THAT WAS WHEN
CEREBUS

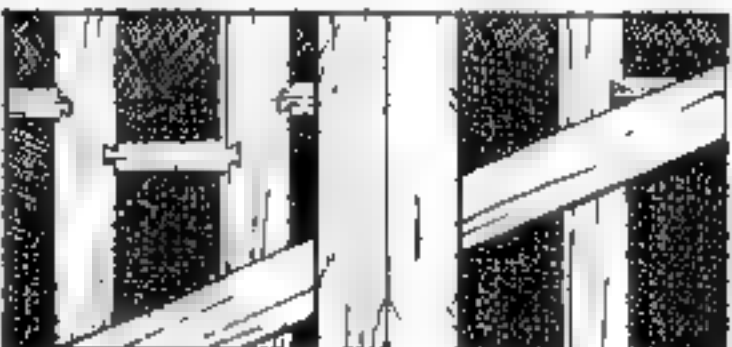
STOPPED

GOING TO
WATCH

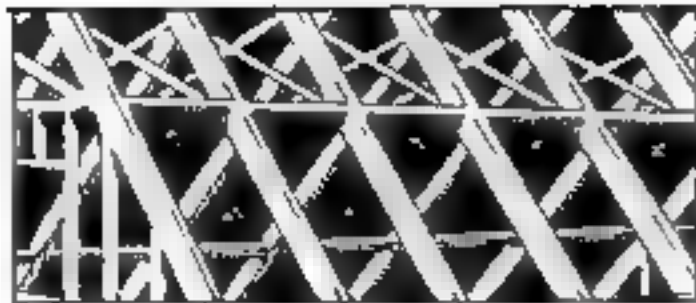
MOSHE



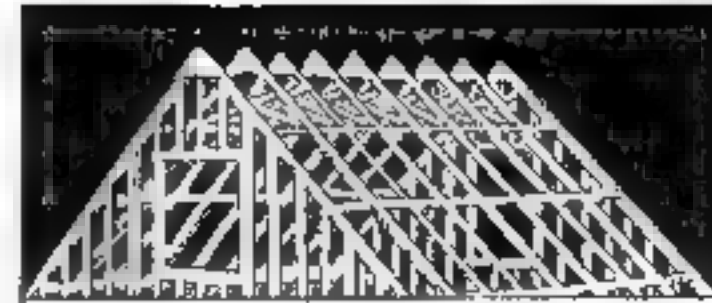
BUILDING
HOUSES.



BY THE
YEAR TWENTY



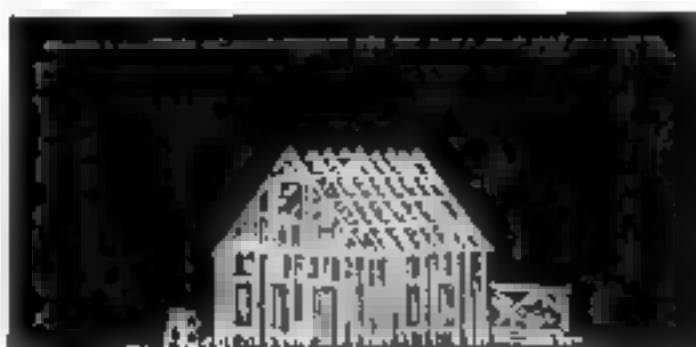
THE
PAYMENTS
HAD DWINDLED



"I FELT AT
THAT TIME "

(MOSHIE
SAID)

"THAT I COULDN'T AFFORD
TO MAKE SUCH WEEKLY
PAYMENTS."



"SHEM STOPPED
SOONER THAN
I DID."



"AND SO
DID LOSHIE"

SHEM
QUICKLY
FIT IN...

EVEN THOUGH
HE HAD BEEN
AWAY FOR
FIFTEEN
YEARS.

(SHEM HAD BEEN
THE ORIGINAL
THIRD WISE
FELLOW--BEFORE
KOSHE.)



(CEREBUS
HADN'T
KNOWN
THAT.)

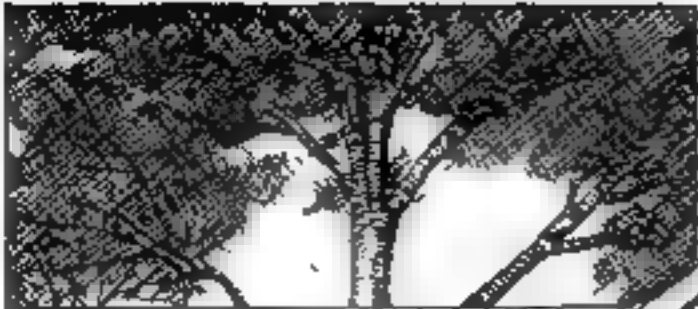


JEROME AND
VALERIE HAD
A BABY
GIRL.



THEY
NAMED
JANIE

AFTER JANIE
WAS BORN



KOSHIE HAD
SEVERAL MORE
STROKES

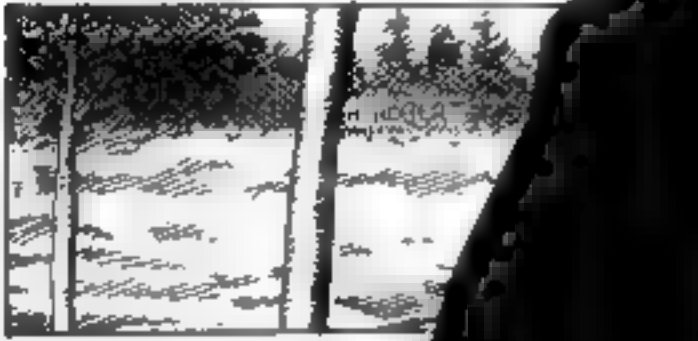
ONCE, HE
TOLD VALERIE



"I HOPE JANIE
-- IN LIFE --"

"DOES WHAT MAKES
HER HAPPY--"

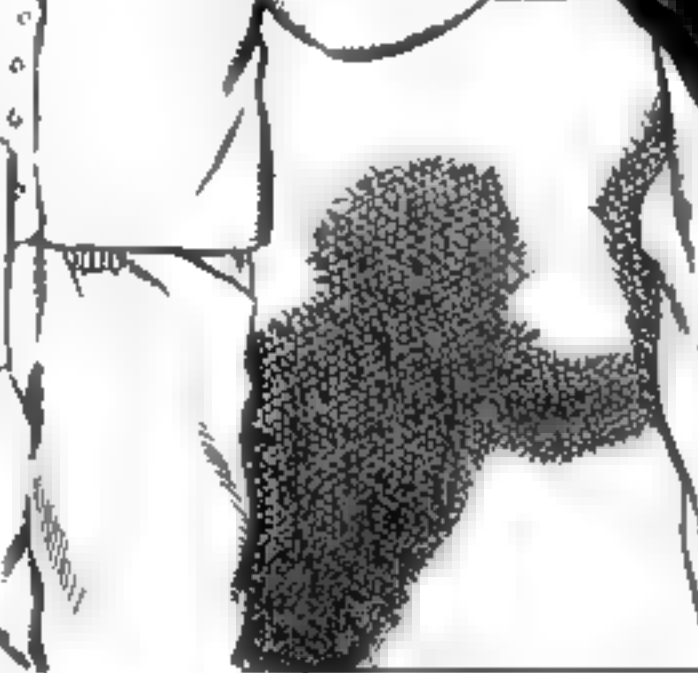
"BECAUSE
I'VE FOUND"



"WHAT
MAKES
ME
HAPPY"



"AND THAT'S
THE MOST
IMPORTANT
THING IN
THE WORLD"



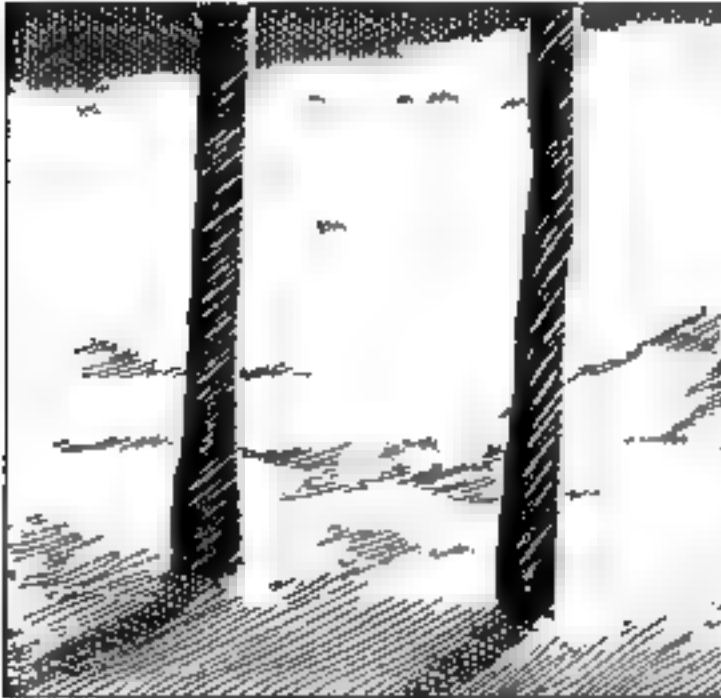
"TO DO
WHAT
MAKES
YOU
HAPPY."



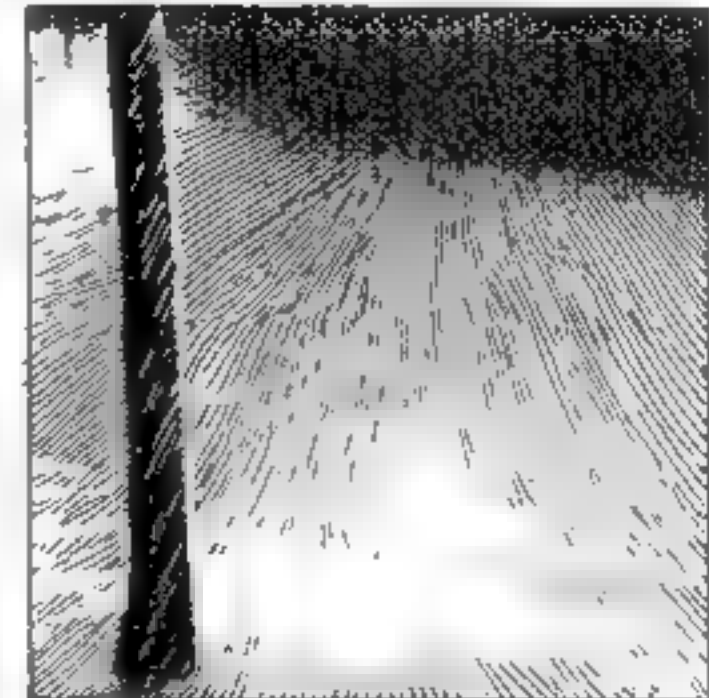
VALERIE TOLD
CEREBUS THAT
STORY THE THIRTIETH
OF WINTER MONTH
IN THE YEAR
TWENTY-FOUR



THE DAY OF
KOSHIE --
JEROME'S --
FUNERAL



THEN



THE SIXTIETH
OF STEVE
IN THE YEAR
TWENTY-SEVEN.



SHEM
DIED.



ON THE EIGHTIETH
OF STEVE, MOSHIE
SENT LOSHIE A
LETTER.

"IT IS HEREBY UNDERSTOOD AND AGREED BETWEEN US THAT I AM TO HAVE THE SOLE AND FINAL SAY IN THE SELECTION OF ANY NEW PARTNER THAT MIGHT BE ASKED TO JOIN WITH US AS A 'THIRD WISE FELLOW' IN THE COMBINATION KNOWN AS 'THE THREE WISE FELLOWS'. THIS IS, IN NO WAY, ANY REFLECTION ON YOUR PROFESSIONAL KNOWLEDGE OF TALENT VALUES, BUT MERELY REITERATION OF CLAUSES OF AN AGREEMENT DRAWN BETWEEN US IN THE YEAR SIX (THIS WAS THE FIRST CEREBUS HEARD ABOUT THAT) AND WHICH IS STILL IN FORCE, WHICH EXPRESSES THE FACT THAT I AM THE SOLE OWNER OF THE NAME 'THE THREE WISE FELLOWS' AND THE MANAGER OF THE ACT AND DO ALL BUSINESS AND SIGN ALL CONTRACTS FOR 'THE THREE WISE FELLOWS' WHICH, AS YOU KNOW, HAS WORKED SO AMICABLY AND SO SUCCESSFULLY OVER THESE MANY YEARS.
"IT IS FURTHER ACKNOWLEDGED THAT YOU RELY, AS IN THE PAST, ON MY GOOD BUSINESS JUDGEMENT TO FINALIZE ALL DEALS PERTAINING TO 'THE THREE WISE FELLOWS'. THIS DOES NOT IN ANY WAY MEAN THAT I WILL NOT CONSULT WITH YOU ON ALL MAJOR PROBLEMS THAT ARISE. YOUR SIGNATURE UNDER MINE WILL SIGNIFY YOUR AGREEMENT AND ACCEPTANCE OF THE ABOVE."

LOSHIE
NEVER
SIGNED
IT.

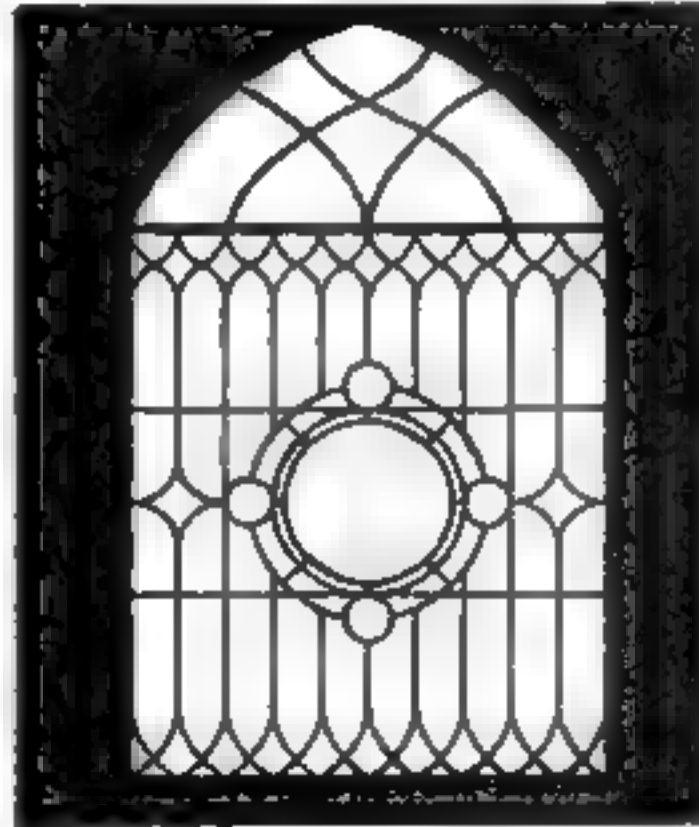
THE LEGION OF
SUBSTITUTE WISE
FELLOWS VOTED
FIVE-TO-FOUR TO
MAKE ONE OF THEIR
OWN -- JOE
SCHLIMMER -- THE
NEW "THIRD
WISE FELLOW"



CEREBUS
ENDORSED
THE VOTE.

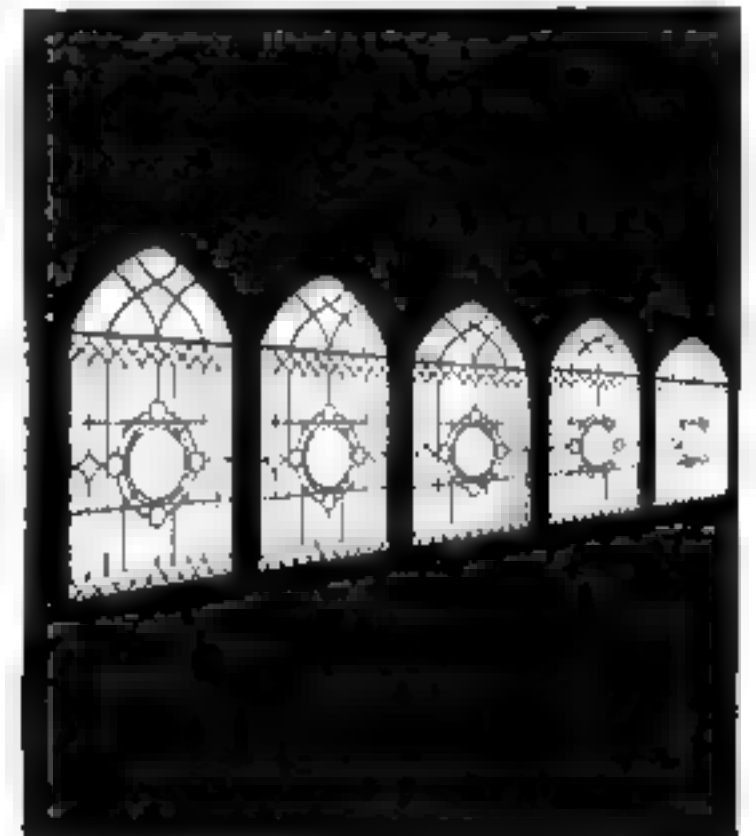
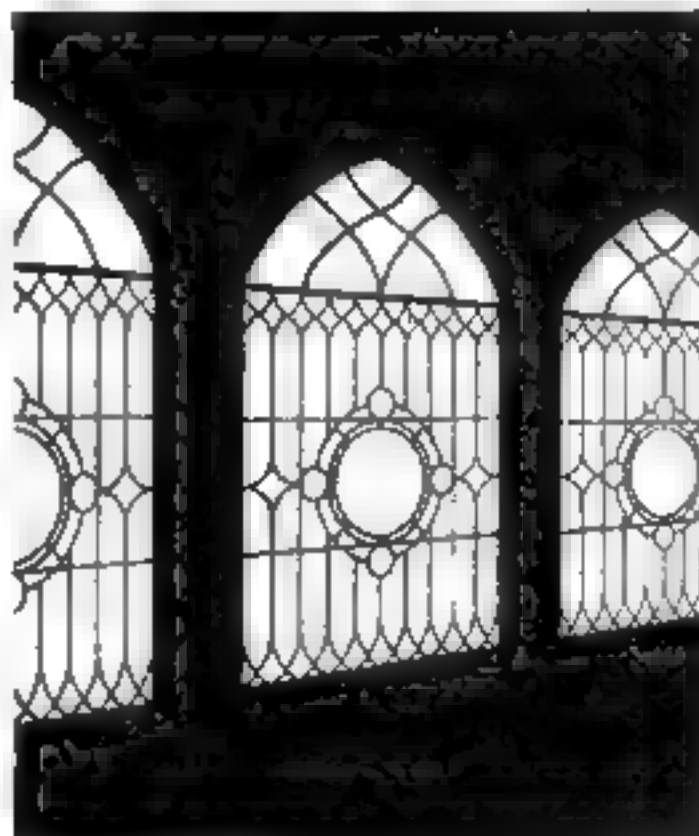
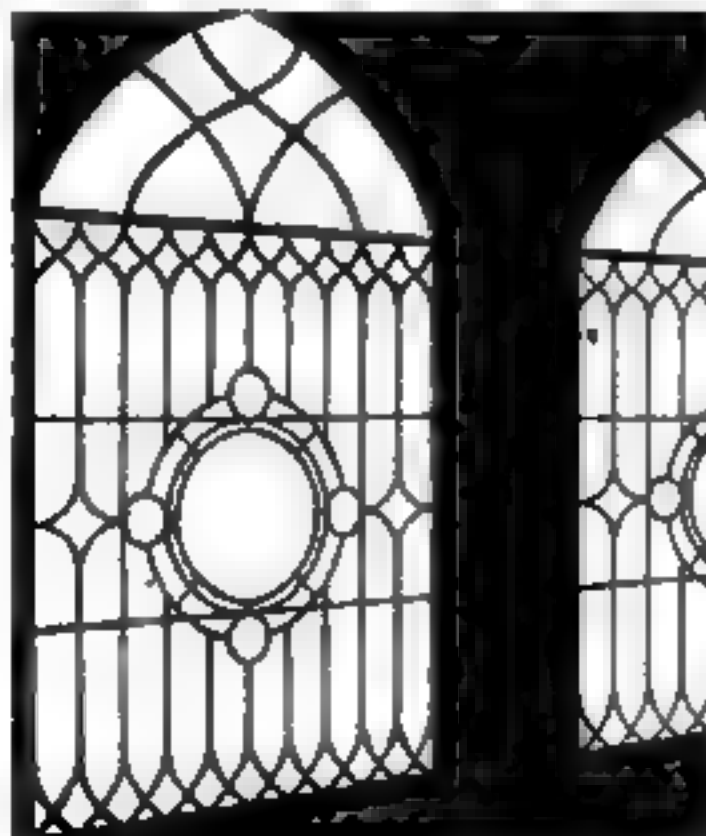


BASICALLY?
JUST TO PISS
MOSHER
OFF.



OF COURSE THERE
WAS NO REAL NEED
FOR THE THREE
WISE FELLOWS
BY THEN

CEREBUS HAD
NINE SUBSTITUTE
WISE FELLOWS
TO TAKE CARE
OF EVERYTHING



THAT DIDNT
STOP MOSHIE
OF COURSE

WHEN
SCHLIMMER
LEFT



HE BROUGHT
IN "KOSHIE
JOE"



SERIOUSLY
"KOSHIE
JOE"



IN THE YEAR
THIRTY-NINE
LOSHIE'S WIFE
MABEL DIED



AND IN THE YEAR
FORTY-ONE, LOSHIE
HAD HIS STROKE
AND RETIRED.



THEN HE HAD
A SECOND
STROKE IN
FORTY-SIX

AND-TWO MONTHS
LATER-A MASSIVE
STROKE THAT PUT
HIM IN A COMA

TWO
WEEKS
LATER, LOSHIE
DIED

TWENTY-SIXTH OF
WINTERMONTH
IN FORTY-SEVEN



MOSHIE IMMEDIATELY
STARTED LOOKING FOR
A REPLACEMENT

NYUCK! NYUCK!
NYUCK!

HEH HEH HEH NAY
THAT'S NOT TRUE.
... WELL ... HEH ...
NOT
ENTIRELY
TRUE, ANYWAY.



WORD GOT AROUND
THAT MOSHIE HAD
LUNG CANCER,
SO SOMEONE
SUGGESTED

WE SHOULD
HAVE A TRIBUTE
TO THE "LAST
OF THE ORIGINAL
WISE FELLOWS"

MOSHIE DIDN'T TRAVEL WELL BY THEN, SO IT WAS DECIDED TO HOLD THE EVENT AT THE CLOSEST SANCTUARY TO HIS STRONG-HOLD



(WHICH-COINCIDENTALLY-TURNED OUT TO BE THE SANCTUARY THAT HOUSED KOSHIE'S "ANGEL ASTONIED AT THE PROMISE OF A HOUSE" ALTARPIECE)

(AT LEAST, IT DID UNTIL CEREBUS HAD THEM BRING IT HERE NYUCK NYUCK NYUCK)



SEVERAL HUNDRED PEOPLE SHOWED UP. THE ANGELS MADE A TON OF FOOD, BALLOONS, THE WHOLE BIT. WHEN MOSHIE CAME IN

EVERYONE STARTED APPLAUDING LIKE CRAZY!

BUT HE WAS MOVING SO SLOW... BY THE TIME THEY GOT HIM TO THE FRONT?



THE APPLAUSE HAD STOPPED

AND... WORSE THAN THAT? MOSHIE JUST

STOOD THERE

LOOKING LOST.... SLOWLY....

SLOWLY... MOSHIE TURNED

AND LOOKED UP AT THE WALL... TO HIS LEFT...

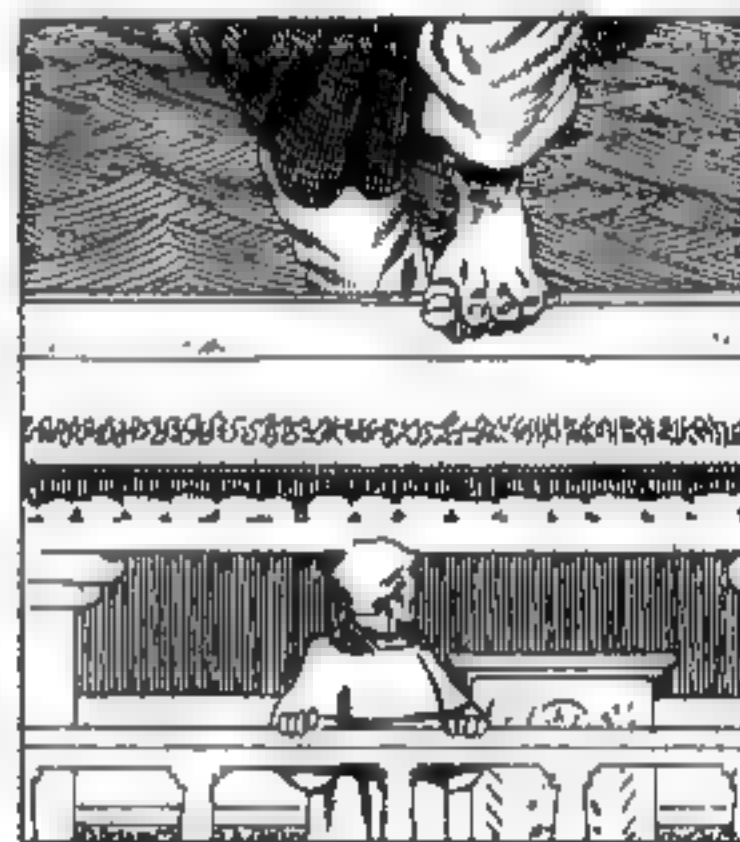
THEN.... SLOWLY



...SLOWLY... MOSHIE TURNED

AND LOOKED UP AT THE WALL

BEHIND HIM.



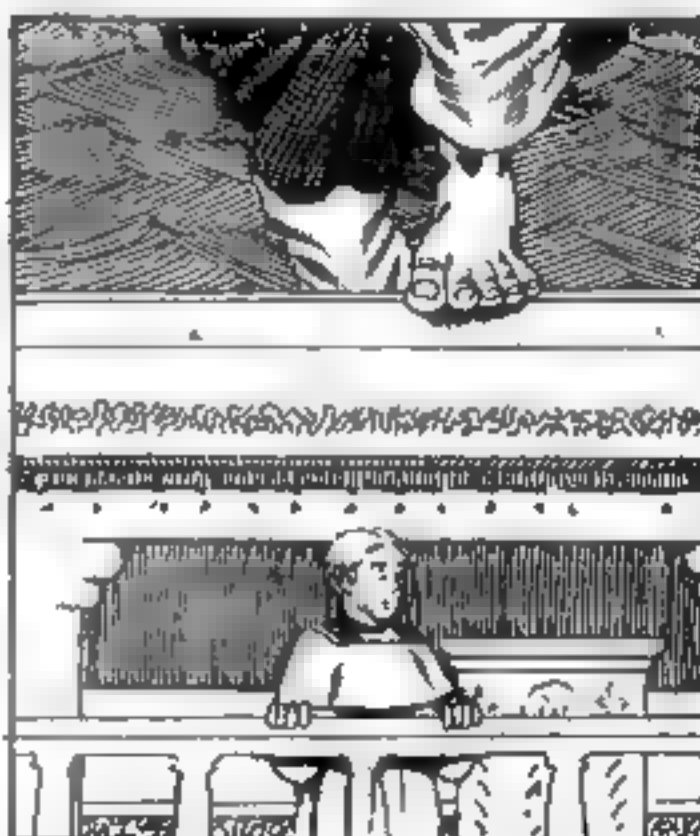
EVERYONE'S THINKING THE SAME THING -- "HE'S SENILE! POOR MOSHIE! HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW WHERE HE IS."

CEREBUS WAS SQUIRMING IN HIS SEAT, TRYING TO FIGURE THE LEAST EMBARRASSING WAY TO GET MOSHIE DOWN FROM THE BOXES OF UNFINISHED WOOD

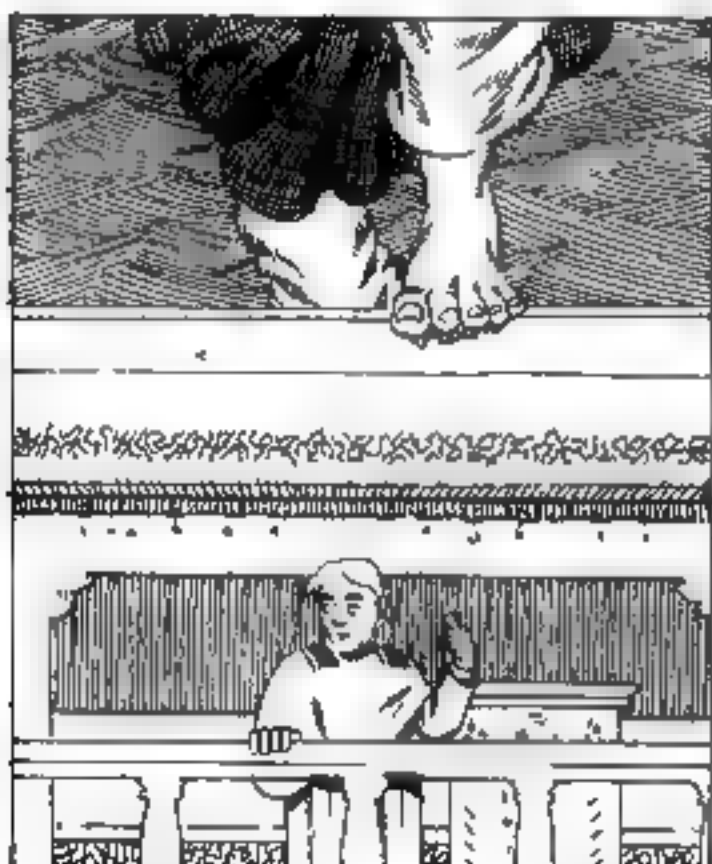
CEREBUS WAS JUST ABOUT TO GO UP HIMSELF

WHEN MOSHIE TURNS SLOWLY BACK AROUND

AND SAYS



"I WAS JUST WONDERING."

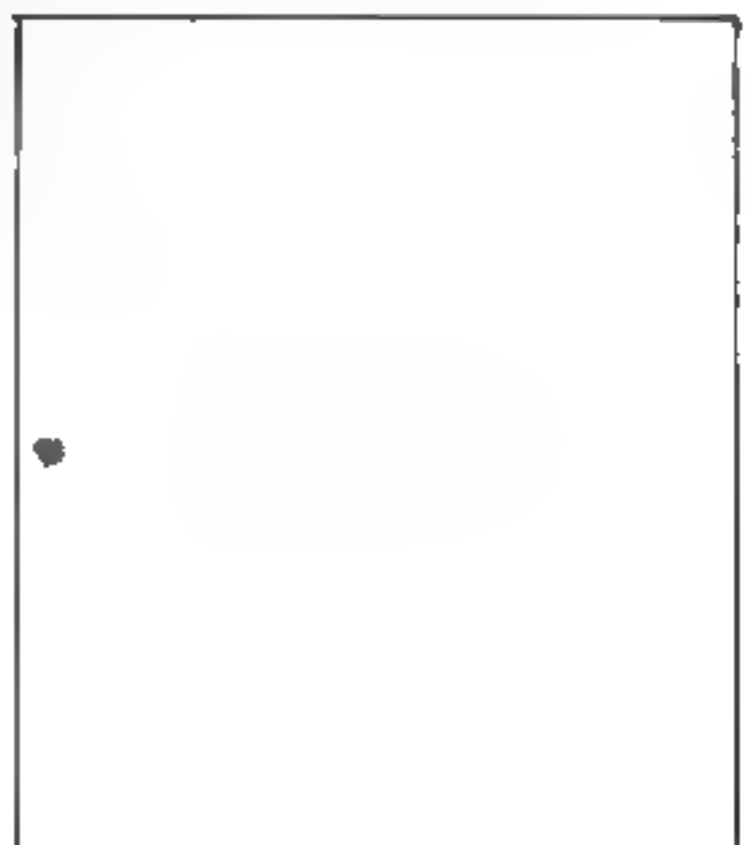
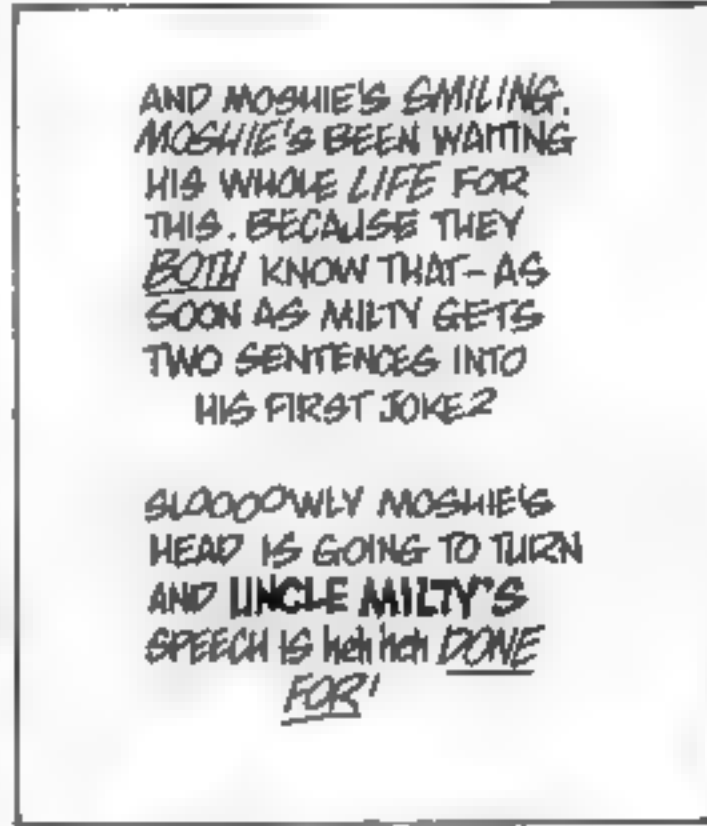
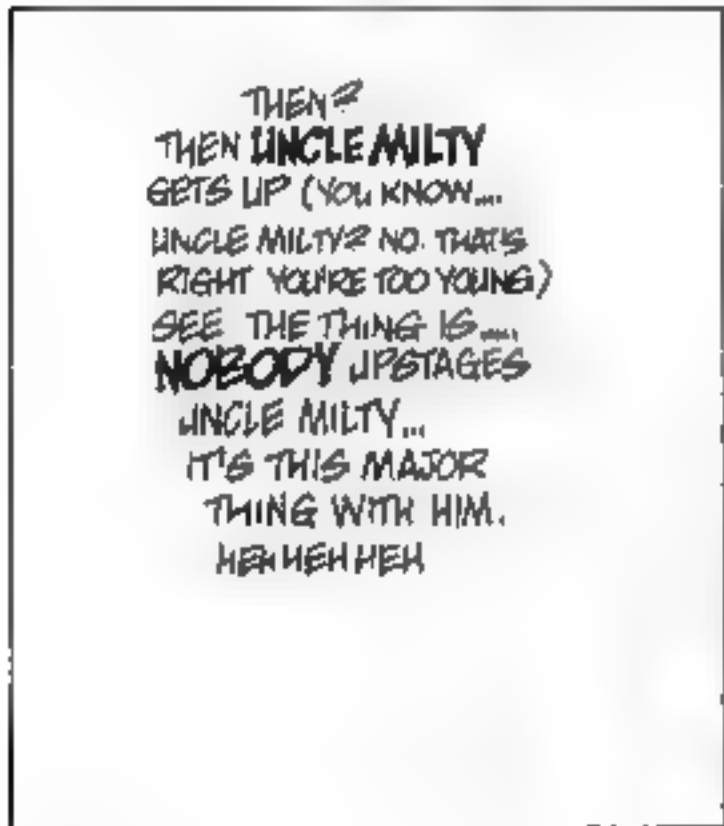
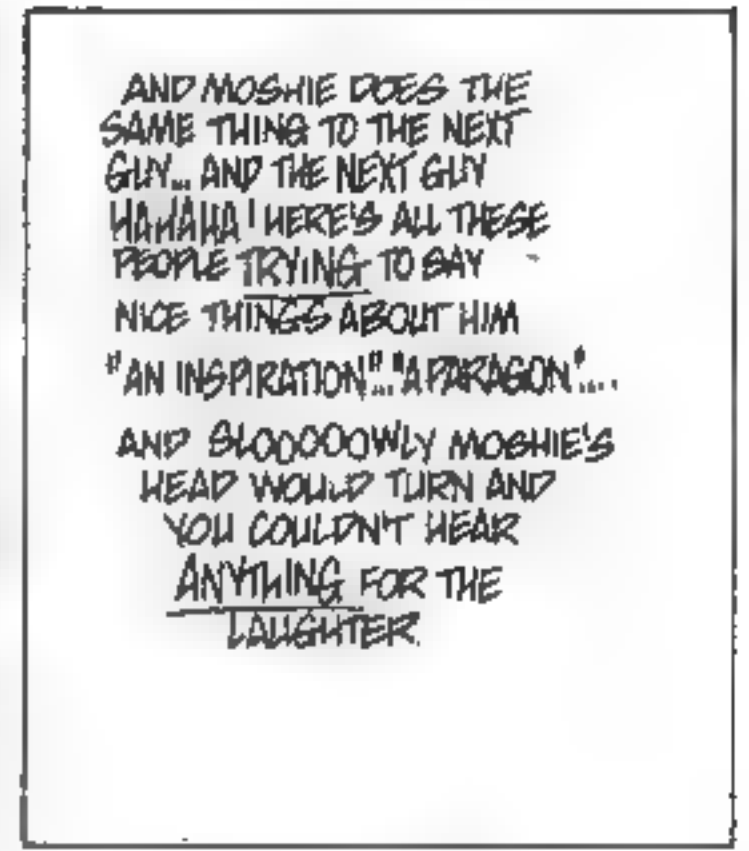
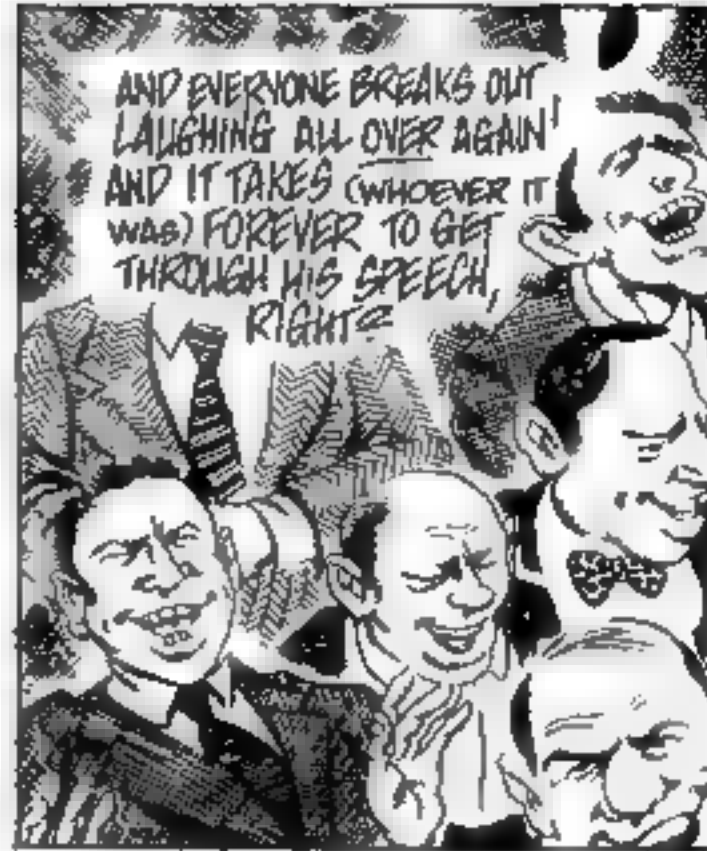


"... WHICH ONE OF THESE LOUZY TAPESTRIES IS ELLIE WHAT'S-ER-NAME'S AMAZING ASS HIDING BEHIND? "

LAUGH?!! CEREBUS HAS NEVER LAUGHED SO HARD! CEREBUS HAS NEVER HEARD PEOPLE LAUGH THAT HARD!! "TIL OUR SIDES ACHED!!

ROLL UP THE TAPESTRY!! (CEREBUS WAS SIGNALLING) ROLL UP THE TAPESTRY!!

(FINALLY SOMEONE SAW CEREBUS SIGNALLING AND ROLLED UP THE TAPESTRY)



THIS IS GOING TO SOUND STRANGE, BUT IT WAS ONLY AFTER MOSHIE DIED THAT CEREBUS REALIZED HE DIDN'T HAVE ANY FRIENDS. NOT THAT MOSHIE HAD BEEN A FRIEND. (AFTER HE HAD SENT THOSE LETTERS TO MOSHIE AND LOUISE? CEREBUS COULD HARDLY STAND THE SIGHT OF HIM.) BUT AFTER HE DIED CEREBUS REALIZED THAT HE COULDN'T HAVE TOLD YOU THE NAME OF A SINGLE ONE OF THE "LEGION OF SUBSTITUTITE WISE FELLOWS."

(WHEN CEREBUS STILL CAN'T)

AND THEN CEREBUS TRIED TO REMEMBER THE LAST TIME HE HAD KNOWN ANYONE'S NAME. THE FIRST SANCTUARY? MARTY, BEAR, PRINCE NICK, ALC, RICHARD GEORGE, WARREN STARKY, NICK SWATCHER. IT WAS STRANGE TO SEE ANYONE WHOSE NAME CEREBUS DIDN'T KNOW. BUT THEN CEREBUS SPENT THIRTY YEARS IN NORTHERN IGHMURIA IN DOZENS OF TAVERNS. - AND HE COULDN'T TELL YOU A SINGLE NAME OF A SINGLE PERSON HE MET - APART FROM PAUL "COFFEE" ANAN. ("THE OWNER OF MEEBEE'S HIGH MEN - IF YOU WANT TO CALL THAT "REMEMBERING SOMEONE'S NAME".)

566

IT'S NOT THAT PEOPLE DIDN'T LIKE CEREBUS MOST OF THE TIME. WHEN CEREBUS WENT TO WATCH A HOUSE BEING BUILT? SOMEONE WOULD COME OVER AND STRIKE UP A CONVERSATION. AND WHEN THEY LEFT? THEY'D SAY "IT WAS NICE TALKING WITH YOU." IN A WAY THAT CEREBUS COULD TELL THAT THEY REALLY MEANT IT. BUT THE THING WAS, CEREBUS WAS NEVER THE ONE TO STRIKE UP THE CONVERSATION... AND FOR THE LIFE OF HIM, CEREBUS WON WH. CEREBUS COULD NEVER FIGURE OUT WHAT (SOMEONE) HAD BEEN SO TURNED "NICE" ABOUT TALKING WITH HIM.

NOW? NOW CEREBUS IS AT AN AGE WHERE IT DOESN'T MATTER HOW YOU GET OLD AND YOU FINALLY LEARN THIS IS JUST HOW I AM... IT'S NO BIG TOWNIES.

BUT RIGHT AFTER MOSHIE DIED IT TURNED CEREBUS INTO THIS TERRIBLE PUNK!
BLEAK? ON! WEARING ON MISHGOGGS
FOR A WHILE THERE

FINALLY? CEREBUS THOUGHT TO HIMSELF "BLEAK?" (ONE THOUGHT) "THE LAST TIME CEREBUS WAS TRULY HAPPY WAS WHEN HE WAS TENDING SHEEP. SO CEREBUS SENT "GO AND GET WHATEVER HE WANTS AS LONG AS IT'S AN". LOADED" WISE FELLOW TO PICK OUT A NICE AGGAGEMENT OF RAMS AND EWES AND LAMBS AND GOT "LION THIS. ROCK I-WILL BUILD. WHATEVER HE WANTS" WISE FELLOW TO BUILD A NICE SHEEPFOLD (AT THAT POINT, THE AREA AROUND THE SANCTUARY WAS GROWING STUNTED LITTLE TUFTS OF GRASS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DROUGHT. PERFECT FOR SHEEP? GROWING "IT TO CEREBUS") (A SIGN FROM

GOOI

A SIGN FROM **GOOI**? HAH! SOMEHOW IN THE LAST (OR NEXT TWO) NINETY YEARS (OR SO) ALL OF THE SHEEP HAD GONE STUPID! OUT OF THE BATCH THAT "GO AND GET WHATEVER HE WANTS AS LONG AS IT AIN'T LOADED" WISE FELLOW PICKED OUT? NOT A SINGLE ONE COULD HOLD UP HIS OR HER SIDE OF THE CONVERSATION. DIDN'T MATTER WHAT CEREBUS SAID TO ANY ONE OF 'EM. THEY'D JUST "STARE". AT CEREBUS. AND THEN LOOK AROUND FOR THIS DOPEY LITTLE ROUND HEADED KID WHO ALWAYS SEEMED TO BE SOMEWHERE NEARBY DIDN'T MATTER WHERE THE DOPEY LITTLE ROUND HEADED KID WAS. THEY WOULD JUST MAKE A BEE-LINE RIGHT FOR HIM. AND THE DOPEY LITTLE ROUND HEADED KID WOULD HAVE THE NERVE TO MAKE THINGS UP ABOUT THE SHEEP? HMB. "PAG-PEN IS JUST HERE BECAUSE HE THINKS IT'S HIS FAULT THAT THEY'RE ALL SHEEP. HE'S CONVINCED THAT IF HE HAD BEEN NICER WHEN HE WAS GROWING UP THEY WOULD'VE ALL TURNED OUT TO BE HORSES OR EAGLES OR SOMETHING. - AND THAT'S WHY PAG-PEN JUST CRAPPED ON CEREBUS' FOOT?" FINALLY? THIS WENT ON FOR YEARS. - EACH NEW GENERATION OF SHEEP STILL PIVOTED THAN THE LAST. FINALLY CEREBUS MADE A DEAL WITH THE DOPEY LITTLE ROUND HEADED KID. IF HE WOULD JUST TAKE ALL THE SHEEP AT LEAST TWENTY MILES AWAY HE COULD HAVE THEM. SO? THAT'S WHAT HE DID ON THE DAY THEY ALL LEFT? EVERY ONE OF THEM PASSED BY CEREBUS WITHOUT SAYING A WORD. - EXCEPT "PAG-PEN" ON THE WAY BY. HE STOPPED IN FRONT OF CEREBUS AND SAID "ACTUALLY I CRAPPED ON YOUR FOOT BECAUSE I THOUGHT YOU DESERVED IT."

SO THAT (NEEDLESS TO SAY) WAS IT AS FAR AS CEREBUS AND SHEEP WERE CONCERNED



SO? IT WAS 'BACK TO HARBOR'.

SO? IT WAS "BACK TO RABBI."
THIS TIME CEREBRIS
SET AN IMPOSSIBLE GOAL
FOR HIMSELF TO
ACQUIRE A COPY OF EACH
AND EVERY ONE OF THE
ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY
"ISSUES" OF RABBI.

(INCLUDING "ISSUES" SEVENTY
AND ONE OR TWO NEITHER
OF WHICH CEREBUS HAD
EVER EVEN SEEN LET
ALONE OWNED)

AND TO WIN HIS COLLECTION TO
ONLY COPIES THAT WERE
IN PERFECT "MINK"
CONDITION

(CEREALS HAD NO IDEA WHETHER A "MAGNETIC" CONDITION SET OF ANY KIND EXISTED! BUT ONE THING CEREBUS DID KNOW -- THE RE WAS NO CORNER OF ESTABLISHMENT TOO REMOTE OR VIRTUALLY INACCESSIBLE FOR EVEN PLAY-OUT DANGEROUS.

- WHERE CEREALIA WAS UNWILLING
TO SEND HIS LEGION OF
QUESTING RABBI COLLECTORS
IN SEARCH OF 'MINK'
CONDITION "ISLES")

IN THE YEAR FIFTY FIVE COPIES
OF "ISSUES" SIX, NINE AND
TWO TURNED UP IN
"MINK."

"IN THE YEAR FIFTY SIX
SHEETS ONE THREE AND
FOUR"

IN THE YEAR FIFTY SEVEN
"16-SUES" FIVE, ELEVEN
AND FOURTEEN.

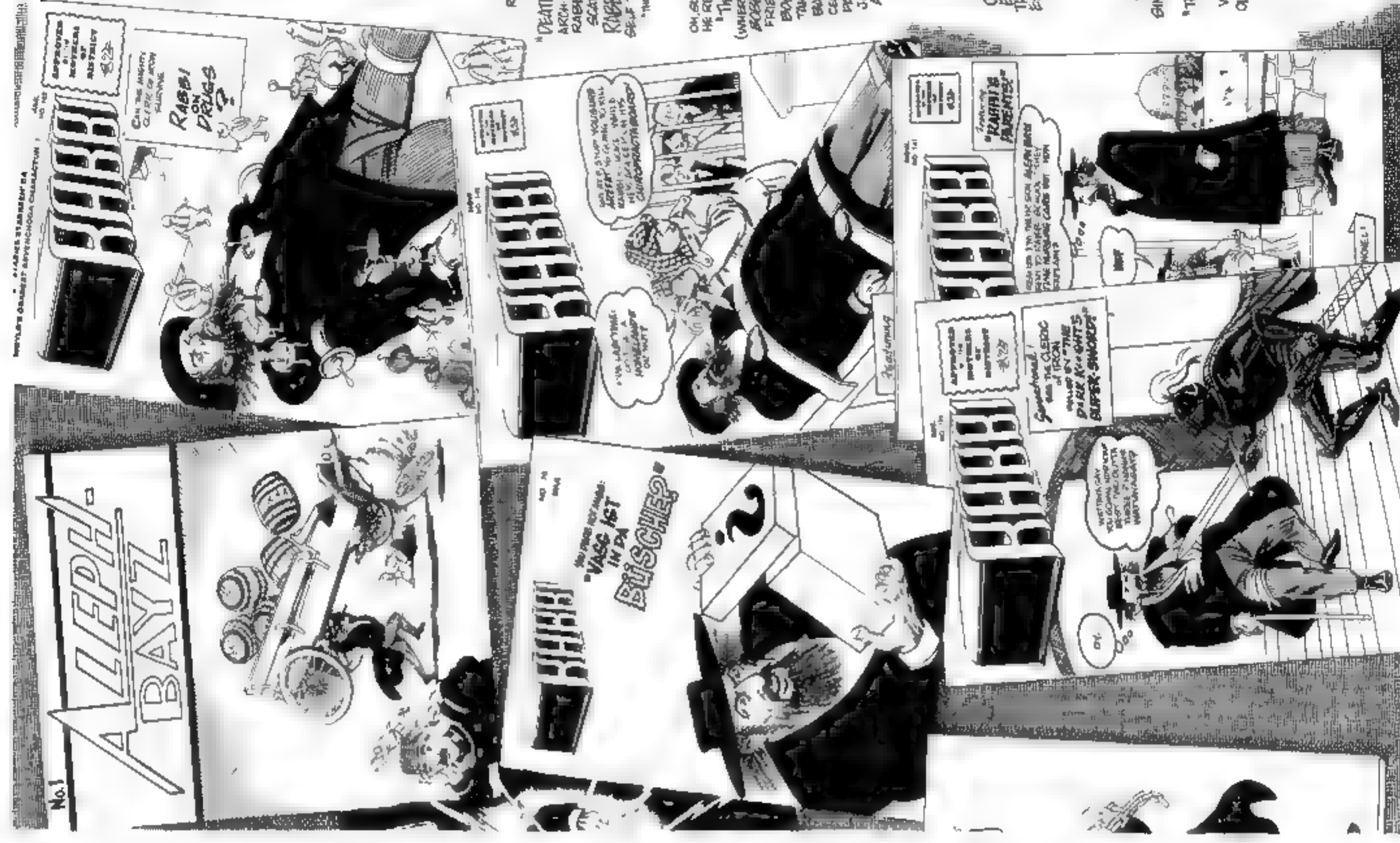
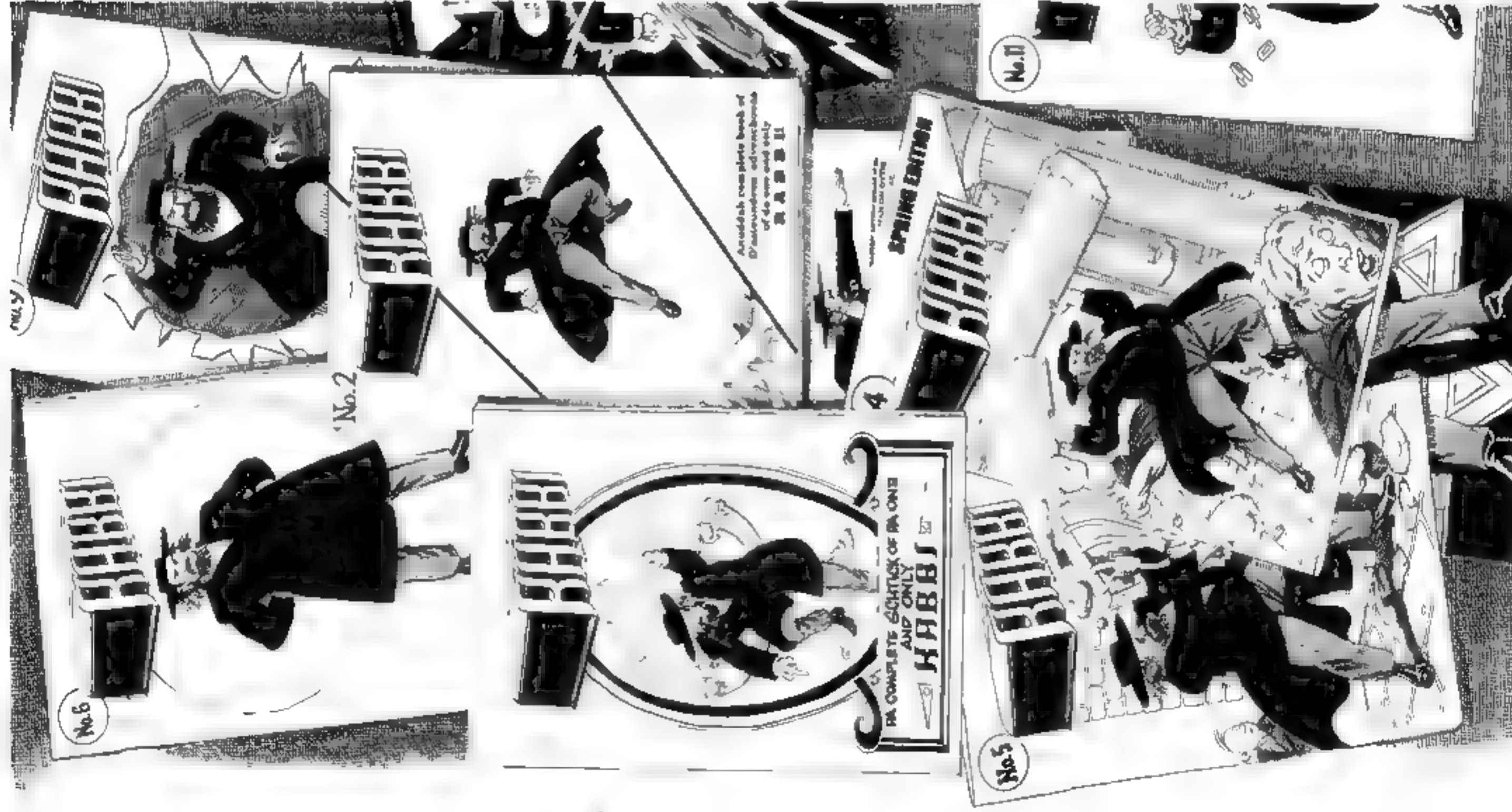
THEN IN THE YEAR FIFTY-
EIGHT ONE OF THE LEGION
OF SUBSTITUTE BARBER
COLLECTORS (A FELLOW
BY THE NAME OF

CHUCK CHURCH)
UNCOLLECTED THE JEANNOY
EDGAR ROZANSKI
KILOMETRE-HIGH-
COLLECTION: EVERY

BABY
IN PRETEEN
MOMMY CONDITION!
(FULL COVER GLOVES, BABY'S
AIDS WHITE INTERIOR PAGES)
IN THE ISOLATED LOSE CITY OF
SQUISHY VEGETARIAN
HIGH JIP (THUS THE NAME) IN THE
KOTA MOUNTAINS

WHEN CEREBRUS FIRST SAW THE
EGGAR ROZANZK, K. OMETRE WITH
COLLATION, CEREBRUS HAD A
CONTINUOUS "ISSUE" OF HIS OWN
WHICH ALMOST REDUCED "ISSUE"
FORTY ONE TO A "LESSER GRADE"
OWING TO (AKRON) (MORTUARY
DAMAGE FORTUNATELY CEREBRUS
WAS MISSED)

6:50 PM ENJOY THE VIEW



LEARN
SING
LINE THEM

"ISSUE" ONE ON TWO
TURNED OUT TO BE THIS
REALLY LAME STORY.
"RABBI ON DRUGS"
AND "ISSUE" SEVENTY
WAS LIKE THE WORST
RABBI EVER. "VAGS"
LET IN ON "ISSUE 2"

(CEREALS HAD CONVINCED HIMSELF THAT ALL OF THE QUESTIONS HE HAD ABOUT RAEBEN WOULD BE ANSWERED IN THOSE TWO "ISSUES" BECAUSE THOSE WERE THE ONLY TWO CEREALS HAD NEVER READ)

AND ALPHABET NUMBER
ONE THAT BATH INNISCENT
HAD DONE WHEN HE WAS NINE,
TWO-WE WAS NO HELP
EITHER)

BY THE TIME CEREALUS HAD
RE READ TO "ISSUE" ONE-FORTY
NINE THE LEGENDARY

¹⁴ DEATH OF RABBIT! "I SEE" WOODS RABBIT
ARCH FOR WOODS HERE! CHOP
RABBIT UP INTO TWELVE PIECES AND
SCATTERS THE PIECES ALL AROUND
RABBIT AND CEREBUS ROUND HIM-
SELF THINKING THE UNTHINKABLE
¹⁵ THIS IS REALLY KIND OF ENTERTAINING

OM, SURE GEREBUS STILL CARED WHEN HE RE READ "ISLES" ONE FIFTY
"THE FUNERAL OF DAZZLE"

(WHERE RABBIT'S YOUNGER BROTHER
BOBBY LOSEN AND RABBIT'S GIRL-
FRIEND LONG BOWMAN AND RABBIT'S
BOSS FREDDY MACMANNED EACH
TAKE FOUR PIECES OF RABBIT
BACK TO HIS SHETEL OF SOUTHER
PARTS ALWAYS CRIES AT THAT
MOMENT ONLY THIS TIME CHEERFUL
JUST FELT KIND OF "EMPTY"
AFTER JUST SAYING THERE
"BEHOLDENED BY HIS
"PRE-TEN THINK"
RABBIT "NEEDS"

AND THEN 'SUDDENLY'
CEREBUS REALIZED 'HEY!
CEREBUS WAS NOW READ
EVERY ISSUE OF RABBIT'
THAT MEANT CEREBUS WAS
ESTABLISHED AS GREATEST
LIVING RABBIT
EXPERT!

AND IMMEDIATELY! CEREBELLUM
THREW HIMSELF INTO THE
SINGLE GREATEST RESEARCH
PROJECT OF ALL TIME!

*THE COMPLETE NOT ONLY WITH
PROJECT OF ALL TIME!
NO-JOT MISSING-BUT
WITH-NO TITLE SO-MUCH AS
OUT-OF-PLACE BLUNDER'S GUIDE-
TO-THE ONE AND ONLY
PARADISE!

2000

THE LEGION OF SUBSTITUTE RABBI COLLECTORS - WHO HAD BEEN "UNDER-EMPLOYED" (TO PUT IT MILDLY) SINCE THE DISCOVERY OF THE EDGAR ROZANSKI KILOMETRE-HIGH-COLLECTION- FOUND NEW LIFE AND A HIGHER PURPOSE AS THE LEGION OF SUBSTITUTE RABBI RESISTANCE!

FIRST CEREBUS HAD THEM GO THROUGH ALL ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY "ISSUES" AND WRITE DOWN ALL OF RABBI'S AMAZING POWERS (SIX HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN AS IT TURNS OUT) (THAT'S AN AVERAGE OF MORE THAN FOUR AMAZING POWERS PER ISSUE) AND THEN CEREBUS HAD THEM GO THROUGH AND WRITE DOWN EVERY APPEARANCE OF EVERY ONE OF RABBI'S AMAZING POWERS, STARTING WITH THE FIRST... OR "ORIGIN" APPEARANCE. SEE? HERE'S A SAMPLE ENTRY RIGHT HERE:

Power No 29: Dextrorotatory Breath

Origin Appearance: RABBI No. 8
 "(Unleavened) Bread, (Bitter) Herbs, (Bloody) Abattoir"]

First mentioned page 3 paragraph 2

First used, page 3 paragraph 3

Description: allows Rabbi to cause the plane of polarization of light to rotate to the right by blowing on it

First used against: The Muddy Mage

Becomes Levorotatory Breath in

RABBI No. 42 (See, 'Power No. 166

Levorotatory Breath" below)

Subsequent Appearances: RABBI No. 22

(page 9 paragraph 4) RABBI No. 40

(page 11 paragraph 2-page 13 paragraph 1)

References Only: RABBI No. 42

(page 3 paragraph 5 "Great F Stop"

My D B has changed direction!")

RABBI No. 56 (page 8 paragraph 2

Chuckle, This Levorotatory Breath

is even more effective than my

D B ever was!")

BY THE TIME THEY WERE FINISHED? THE EDGAR ROZANSKI KILOMETRE HIGH COLLECTION WAS IN ABSOLUTE SHREDS. BUT CEREBUS HAD REALIZED EARLY ON, THAT THAT WAS THE SACRIFICE CEREBUS WOULD HAVE TO MAKE IN ORDER TO GIVE UNTO THE WORLD THE ONE, DEFINITIVE. GUIDE TO RABBI.

THE DEFINITIVE GUIDE TO HIS PARENTS (TWO), THE DEFINITIVE GUIDE TO HIS BROTHERS (ONE), THE DEFINITIVE GUIDE TO HIS GIRLFRIENDS (ONE) THE DEFINITIVE GUIDE TO HIS BOSSES (ONE)

AND THE DEFINITIVE GUIDE TO ALL

HIS ARCH-FOES, ALL

HIS ARCH-VILLAINS, ALL HIS

ARCH-RIVALS, ALL HIS EVIL

TWINS (MINIATURE), HIS EVIL

TWINS (GIANT SIZE), HIS EVIL

TURTLE VERSIONS,

ETCETERA ETCETERA, ETCETERA

(NINE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-EIGHT)

BY THE MIDDLE OF STEVE IN THE

YEAR SIXTY-SIX, CEREBUS'

DREAM WAS BECOMING A

REALITY. THE FIRST PAGE

PROOFS OF THE FIRST VOLUME

OF THE PROPOSED SIXTEEN

VOLUME SERIES ROLLED OFF

THE PRESSES... AT THE

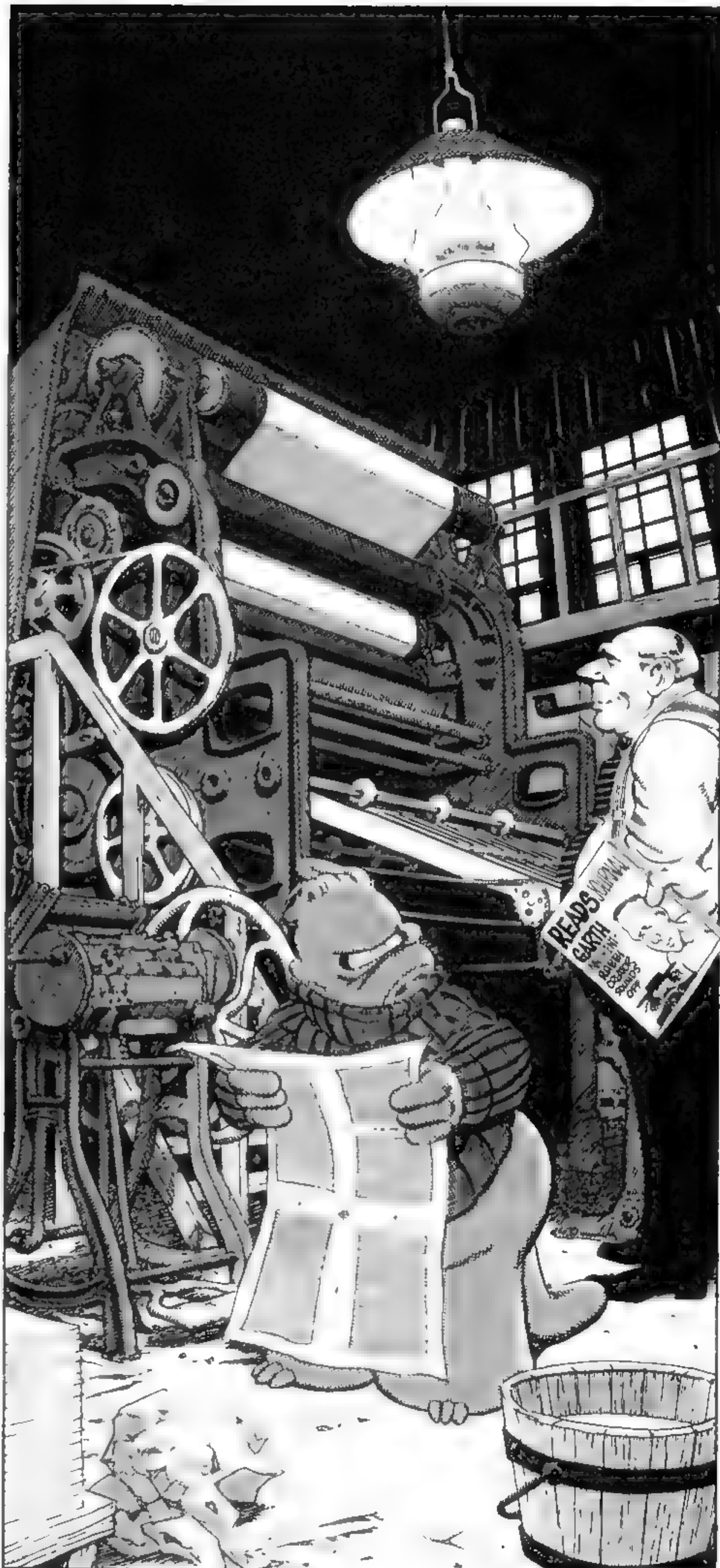
SAME TIME SOMEONE GAVE

CEREBUS A TWENTY-

YEAR-OLD COPY OF

SOMETHING CALLED

THE **READS JOURNAL**



Neil [McFarlane] told me that he had the same experience with *Morpheus* around that time. A sudden enormous interest from the Cirinists with much better accommodations, community centre, rather than tavern, signing tours. Along with a certain disproportionate interest in the stories themselves.

GROWTH: And you believe that this was related to *Cerebus* starting to read your work.

INNISCENT: Well, that was Neil's theory, or at least an idea that he put forward one night when we were having dinner. The Cirinists, after all, had known where *Cerebus* was the whole time, everything about him. You know, What he was reading and stuff like that. And, presumably they knew it was only a matter of time before all of the "Book of Rick" idiots found him as well. And they were hoping that we might prove to be...

GROWTH: ...a good influence? [they both laugh].

INNISCENT: I know. Neil and me. Shows how desperate the Cirinists must've been at that time.

GROWTH: Did this cause a problem for you creatively? The Cirinists pressuring you to...

INNISCENT: No. Not really. As I say, I only created Rabbi in the first place because my son was getting to that age where boys get really fond of blood-soaked, grisly, gory entertainment. You remember.

GROWTH: Mm. No.

INNISCENT: The pulling-the-wings-off-flies age?

GROWTH: Oh, well (laughs) I still enjoy doing that. Let me switch gears, here for just a moment and ask you: don't you think that Jamie DeCarlo is unquestionably the most brilliant creator working in the field today?

INNISCENT: Uhh...

GROWTH: I realize when I ask that question that most people find it impossible to choose between Jamie, Gilbert, Jimmy Ware and Dan Zwiggoff when it comes to deciding which one on any given day is possessed of the greater sheer mind-bogglingly, white-hot incandescent creative brilliance, relatively speaking.

INNISCENT: Well. Uhh...

GROWTH: [laughs] I see that you're no exception. I'll let you "off the hook" by getting back to our discussion of your own egregious cookie-cutter entertainment-product-food.

INNISCENT: Shouldn't "food" be in quotation marks?

GROWTH: Don't worry, our proforeaders will catch it. So, really, Rabbi was just a way for you to make a lot of money from creating sick, lurid entertainment for your own kid?

INNISCENT: Well, no. For one thing there wasn't any money at that time.

GROWTH: I see. So, publishing it yourself turned out to be not such a hot idea. You see now that you would have benefited from having a courageous, independent and heroic publisher as your champion and defender in the marketplace instead of choosing, as you did, to virtually starve to death for reasons of wilful pig-headedness.

INNISCENT: No. I mean, currency didn't exist. This was during the Cirinist years.

GROWTH: I see. Right, right.

INNISCENT: One of my other motivations was to ridicule organized religion, to ridicule the whole idea of belief in a Supreme Deity, or in deities of any kind.

GROWTH: Which brings us back to your unreasonable opposition to publishers.

INNISCENT: Not if I choose to ignore you, it doesn't. In one of those instances of creative serendipity, the same day that I got the idea for this project, I ran across a copy of a religious text called the Torah. Have you heard of it?

GROWTH: Probably.

INNISCENT: How do you mean, "probably"?

GROWTH: I'm a publisher... have an encyclopedic knowledge of esoterica.

INNISCENT: You mean, "esoterica".

GROWTH: All of those things.

INNISCENT: I've never had to do one of these things single-handedly before. Why don't I just talk for a while and you can get your typesetter to insert a "GROWTH: Right, right" every couple of paragraphs. You won't even have to be here. You can go and get a coffee or something.

GROWTH: Right, right.

INNISCENT: So, I ran across a copy of this book called the Torah, which was the primary religious text of a very obscure sect called the Jews. As happens with these sorts of situations, once I had chosen to go ahead with the project, the Jews and the Torah started turning up everywhere that I looked. A colleague would send me a letter and mention, just by-the-by, that he was reading something called the Books of Moshe, not to be confused with Mosher, the Wise Fellow.

GROWTH: Right, right.

INNISCENT: Later in the day, I would find out that "the Books of Moshe" was another term for the Torah, as is "the Pentateuch", "penta" meaning five: there are "Five Books of Moshe". Well, it was a dream come true for someone, like myself, who was actively trying to discredit religion and religious faith. In fact, most of the third and fourth books of the Torah are made up of these genuinely grisly mutilations and sacrificial burnings of helpless cattle. Sheep, goats, rams, lambs. I mean, lambs! What sort of a psychopathological nut-case would ask someone to dismember a lamb? I mean, you've seen a lamb, right?

GROWTH: Right, right.

INNISCENT: But, that's just what this Jewish "god" tells his people to do, according to the Torah. They "redeem" themselves by mutilating and burning lambs, heart-breakingly helpless, woolly, little snow white... words fail me. My biggest concern, as I was pulling things out of the Torah and plunking them down on the page was (laughs) "Don't shoot the messenger". I used to carry my copy of the Torah around with me, I was so afraid that someone would steal it and I'd have nothing to show the Cirinists if they decided that I had gone insane. Like "Fist of Tabernacles", the

fiftieth issue, especially. That's actually based on a Jewish feast called "The Feast of Tabernacles" Where they decapitate literally seventy-one bullocks, fifteen rams, a hundred and five... a hundred and five... male lambs and spill virtual oceans of blood all over the floor of their religious sanctuary.

Well, Rabbi turned out to be a really successful experiment given what I set out to do. It gave my son exactly the complete immersion in blood and gore that he needed at that age and it turned him off of the idea of religion...any religion...for all time.

GROWTH: Okay, I'm back. I wanted to follow up on something you said a little earlier in the interview.

INNISCENT: What's that?

GROWTH: When you said, "Uhh," I got the impression that you were picturing Jaime's earlier work like "Heartbreak Stew" and I was wondering if you consider yourself to be one of those Los Bros. DeCarlo fans who is mentally land-locked in the year Five or if you recognize that Jaime and Gilbert's best work is the work they're doing today. Or does that bring us again to comparing levels of incandescent bril-

"...Jaime and Gilbert's best work is the work they're doing today..."

Facing page: A somewhat less-egregious-than-usual illustration from Rabbi #97



Right: Fat, balding and stupid. *Cerebus* twenty years from now?

ROWTH: [laughs] Our fearless leader.
INNISCENT: [laughs] Yes, exactly. Our
earless leader. So, I said to him, "You mean,
it's the only thing he reads for *entertainment*"
And he shakes his head. "No, Rabbi is the only
thing he reads, *period*"

GROWTH: [loud, raucous laughter]
INNISCENT: [laughs] Careful, Gary.
[laughs] With this one, it is possible to start
laughing, go completely "round the bend" and
not be able to stop even when they show up to
haul you off to, you know, wherever. I've seen
it.

GROWTH: [laughing] Oh, God. Oh, God.
[After a few minutes they manage to compose
themselves, the stenographer as well, who
misses the first few sentences of the discussion
as it resumes]

INNISCENT: ...dwarfs the absolute authority
of any Emperor or Pontiff, Western or Eastern,
Lord Julius, Lord Julius' Council of Heirs
before that was dissolved. And the only thing
he reads is a juvenile religious pulp fiction
satire tailored to the sensibilities and tastes. of
a thirteen-year-old boy. Actually, I think Kyle
had *outgrown* Rabbi by the time he was
thirteen [laughs] And that isn't the worst of it.

GROWTH: [laughs] It isn't?
INNISCENT: No, it isn't. You know the
thing I dreaded most of all? The one thought
that haunted my every waking moment?

[pauses] What if he wants to meet me?
[laughs]

GROWTH: [new gales of laughter]
[again, the stenographer, as well, who misses
the next couple of sentences]
INNISCENT: What if he wants to, you know,
have dinner? And sends some . goons over
to get me?

GROWTH: [laughing] [high-pitched
strangled voice] My ribs are starting to
ache.

INNISCENT: [laughs] It gets worse. After a
year or so, when he hadn't contacted me, I
realized how *strange* that was. He had been
reading *Rabbi* for oh, God, what would it
have been, at that point? Eight years? Ten

[high-pitched strangled voice]

nd yet!... He
v about Rabbi's

ow do you

TWITCH

SHUDDER

CLENCH

SHUDDER

INNISCENT: Name a favourite author of
yours..

GROWTH: You mean, like *Jaime De...*
INNISCENT: No no. Someone you don't
publish yourself.

GROWTH: Oh, uh. *William S. Joyce, Fran
Kafka* ...

INNISCENT: Joyce. Joyce is a good one.
Let's say for some reason you've gone on an
absolute William S. Joyce [laughs] binge. That
experience that we've all had. You know,
picking up something at random out of your
library and re-reading a few pages and finding
it just mesmerizing. And suddenly you're re-
reading everything Joyce ever wrote and
appreciating it at a completely new level.

GROWTH: Actually, that just happened to
me a while ago with *F. Stop Kennedy*.

INNISCENT: Kennedy. Another good
example. Someone you appreciate at one level
when you're twenty and a completely different
level when you're forty. So, you're in the
midst of this binge and you have the level of
power and absolute authority that Cerebus has.
What are you going to do?

GROWTH: [laughs] Send some goons out to
find *F. Stop Kennedy* and drag him over to my
place for dinner.

INNISCENT: [laughs] Exactly! Now.
Let's leave aside the fact that people with
political power are usually textbook cases of
arrested emotional development insofar as what
little need they have for emotional support they
prefer to receive in the form of mass adoration
from strangers. In Freudian terms, a political
leader is an infantile personality, driven purely
by his core of ego that is virtually unchanged
from when he was a baby. A mentally
unhealthy state of affairs that was, I saw,
dramatically worse in Cerebus. My fear, that he
would take a sudden interest in me, was really
my fear of the pathological levels of
displacement he was exhibiting. Do you know
Fraud, at all?

GROWTH: Probably.

INNISCENT: [laughs] Oh, I forgot! You're a
publisher. Well, for the sake of your readers
who aren't publishers let me oversimplify by
saying that displacement is the transfer of a
subject's emotional attachment from the
original object of whatever has caused his
serious mental problems to another object in a
way unrecognized by the subject in order to
avoid addressing the primary conflict. As
distinct from transference, whereby the
subject's emotional attachment is transferred,
usually to the therapist, but in a way recognized
by the subject which is non-evasive of reality.
And again, the latter resembles

imprinting.

GROWTH: [laughs] You mean, Cerebus
thought you were his mother?

INNISCENT: [laughs] No, that was certainly
what I was afraid of. The whole anacletic
syndromes which would be the inevitable result
of the displacement Cerebus was enacting, that
is, the neurotic reduction into narrower and
narrower parameters of those elements of
reality he was willing to accept. But, the whole
point was that I didn't enter into it in any way.
In fact, Garth Inniscient was just another reality
he had turned his back on in his gradual descent
into psychosis. The anacletic syndromes was
there, but it wasn't directed at me, it was
directed at Rabbi.

GROWTH: [laughs] You mean, Cerebus
thought the one hundred and fifty issues of
Rabbi were his mother?

INNISCENT: [laughs] No, as I told you it's
worse than that. Cerebus thought that Rabbi,
the fictional character, was his mother.
[They both laugh uproariously, the
stenographer as well, causing another gap in
the transcription]

...mother, father, primary narcissistic event,
sole object of his ego libido, narcissistic libido
and his object libido. That's why I kept giving
and his object libido. That's why I kept giving
the one hand, all indications were that Cerebus'
entire psychic apparatus was breaking down,
his schizophrenia was acute or soon would be.
On the other hand, by feeding his psychoses,
reinforcing his infantile wish tendencies, I
really thought that if anyone could get rid of the
Cerinists, he could.

GROWTH: And he did.

INNISCENT: And he did. Which left me
with only one problem: I could get Cerebus to
get rid of the *Cerinists*, but how was I going to
get rid of Cerebus when the time came?

GROWTH: And?

INNISCENT: I decided to do this interview
and leave strict instructions that a copy of it is
to be given to him after my death.

GROWTH: You think it will work?

INNISCENT: I'm sure it will. The moment
he reads all this, every one of the myriad
interrelated complexes I've implanted within
him will spontaneously implode and leave him
drooling human vegetable

Left: A drooling human
vegetable. But why not
now when we can all
enjoy it?

GROWTH: Wow.

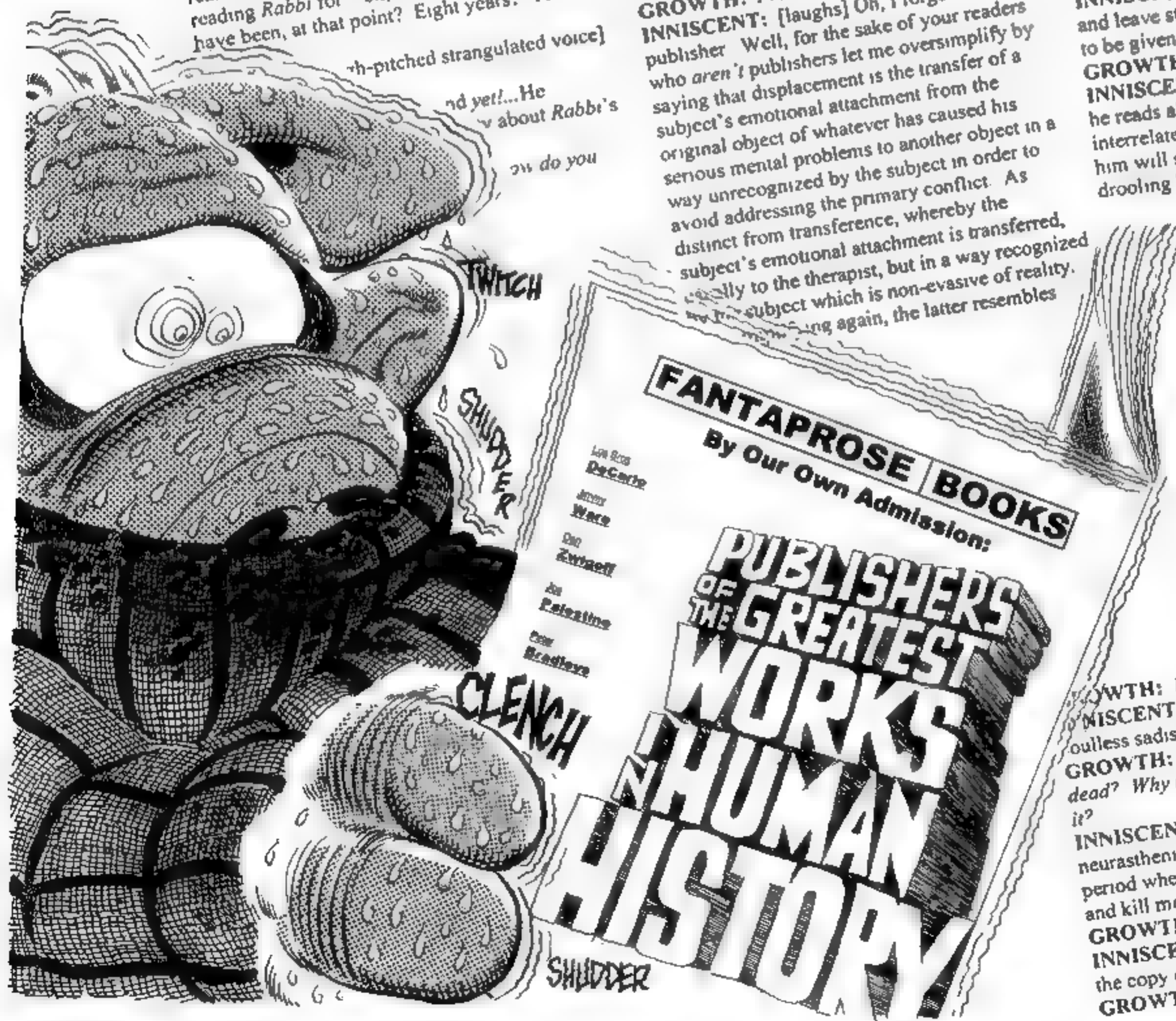
INNISCENT: [laughs] I knew that the sheer
oullless sadism of it would appeal to you.
GROWTH: I'll say! But why after you're
dead? Why not now when we could all enjoy
it?

INNISCENT: No, there's apt be a
neurasthenic abreaction during the latency
period when he would want to hunt me down
and kill me in a horrible fashion.

GROWTH: Spoilsport.

INNISCENT: So Can I get a discount on
the copy of the *Reads Journal* I'm leaving

GROWTH: No. ☐



NOW! CEREBUS HAS HEARD THE SAME BILLY STORIES THAT YOU HAVE -- NOW AFTER CEREBUS READ THE TWENTY-YEAR OLD INTERVIEW WITH GARTH INNISCENT THAT CEREBUS JUST **CRACKED UP!** ...WANDERING AROUND THE SANCTUARY... IN HIS BATHROBE... FOR DAYS ON END... EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE ...POINTING AT NOTHING... AND GOING:

Darrrrr! PRET-TY-
-FLOW-ERS

(AND)

Darrrrr! PRET-TY-
-SUN-SETS

(HEH HEH IT'S JUST... CRAZY...
HOW THESE THINGS GET
BLOWN WAY OUT OF
PROPORTION!)

IN FACT, READING THE INTERVIEW HAD (REALLY) JUST FURTHER SOLIDIFIED CEREBUS' FAITH -- CAUSING CEREBUS TO EMBARK UPON AN EXTENDED PERIOD OF INWARD EXAMINATION AND PRAYERFUL MEDITATION IN ORDER TO... MORE FULLY APPRECIATE THE MIRACLE... BY WHICH

GOD HAD INSPIRED A COMPLETE UNBELIEVER LIKE GARTH INNISCENT TO CREATE **HABBI** AND (THEREBY) TO INSPIRE CEREBUS' OWN FAITH!

SURE: CEREBUS SPENT A LOT OF TIME IN HIS PYJAMAS, HIS BATHROBE AND HIS BUNNY SLIPPERS, DRINKING CUP AFTER CUP OF HOT CHOCOLATE (JUST AS HE HAD WHEN HE WAS FOUR YEARS OLD). REGRESSION? **HAHAHA!** ON THE CONTRARY! WHAT CLEARER SIGN COULD CEREBUS HAVE GIVEN TO THE FAITHFUL THAT CEREBUS WAS COMPLETELY COMFORTABLE WITH HIS NEW INSIGHTS? AND WITH THE FACT THAT THOSE NEW INSIGHTS SIGNALED A **SUNSET**...

(A PRETTY SUNSET) (IF YOU WILL)

FOR CEREBUS' IMMATURE FAITH AND A FLOWERING...

(A PRETTY FLOWERING) (IF YOU WILL)

OF CEREBUS' NEW AND MORE MATURE FAITH WHICH (CEREBUS' SUBCONSCIOUS MIND MUST HAVE REALIZED!) WAS WAITING FOR CEREBUS JUST AROUND THE NEXT CORNER (IF YOU WILL)

Darrrrr!
PRET-TY
SUN-SETS

Darrrrr!
PRET-TY
FLOW-ERS

SCUFFSCUFFYSCUFFSCUFFSCUFFSCUFF

ONE THING WAS FOR SURE— BY **SUNSET** ON THE SEVENTY-NINTH OF STEVE IN THE YEAR SIXTY-EIGHT, CEREBUS— HAVING **COMPLETED** HIS RIGOROUS PROGRAM OF **INTROSPECTION** AND **PRAYERFUL** MEDITATION -- WAS BY THEN PERFECTLY AND **SERENELY** PREPARED FOR THE **REVELATION** HE WAS ABOUT TO RECENE

KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK **KIK
KIK**

DARRR!
PRET-TY
FLOW-
ERS



SARRY TO **BODDA**
YOUSSE, YOOAH CEREBUS-
NESS -- BUT DERE IS A
FELLA OUT HERE WHAT IS
MOST POYSISTENT
ABOUT SHOWEEN' YOUSSE
A **BOOK**.

DARRR!

**PRET-TY
SUN-SETS**

I TOLT HIM DAT I WILZ
REEEASONABLY **SOYT'N**
DAT DAT WOULD BE
YOOAH ANSWER.
SARRY AGAIN F!

(WHAT)

(LOOK, I GUARANTEE YOUSSE
ALLZ HE IS GONNA SAY IS:
"DARRR PRET-TY FLOW-AHZ"
AN'

"DARRR.
PRET-TY
SUN-BETS")

(HOLD
YOOAH
WATH.)

(OKAY
OKAY)

SARRY
AGAIN **AGAIN**, YOOAH
CEREBUSNESS, BUT
HE IS **MOST INSTANT**
DAT I **ADD**:

HOWZAT
GO AGAIN,
PALZ

RIGHT

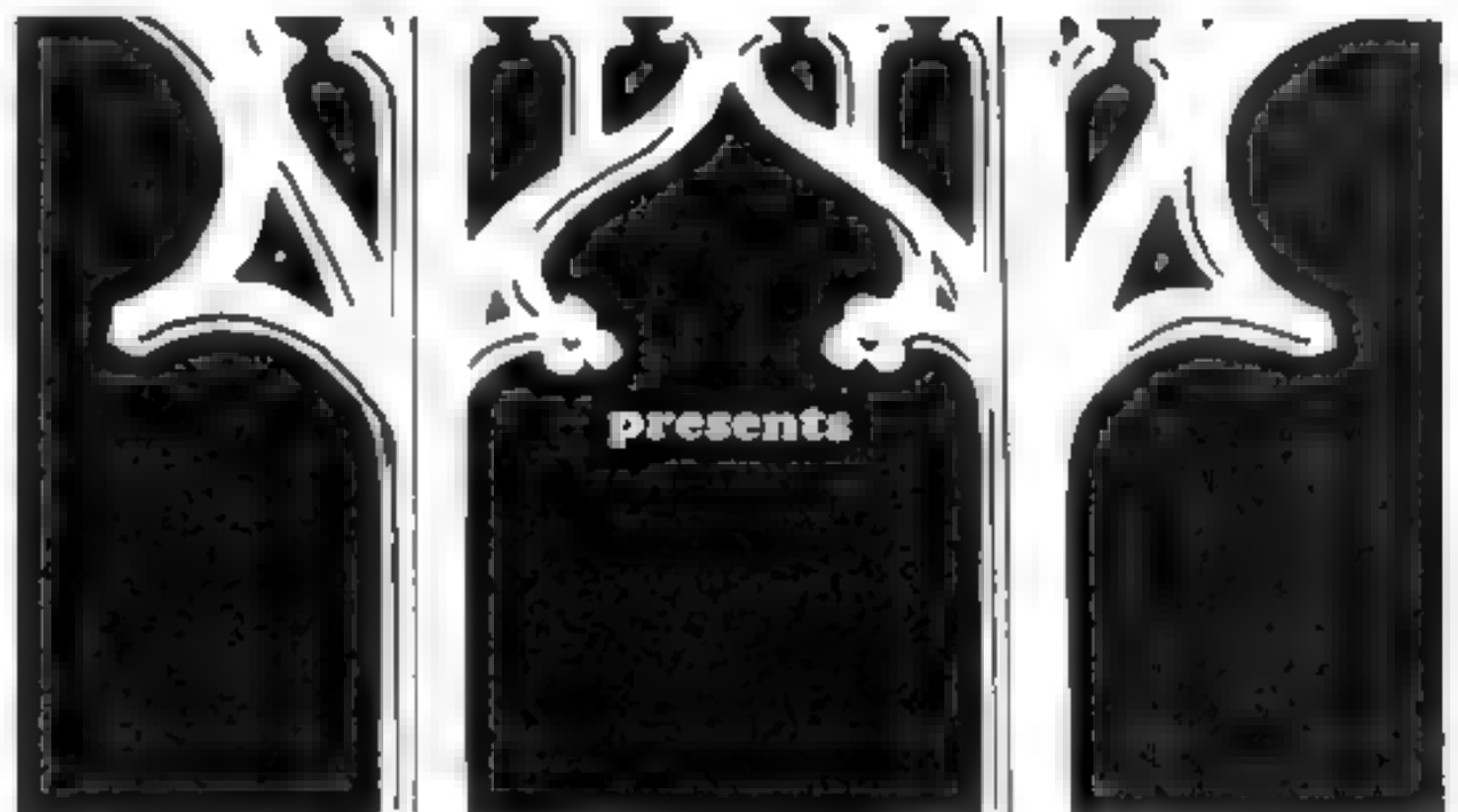
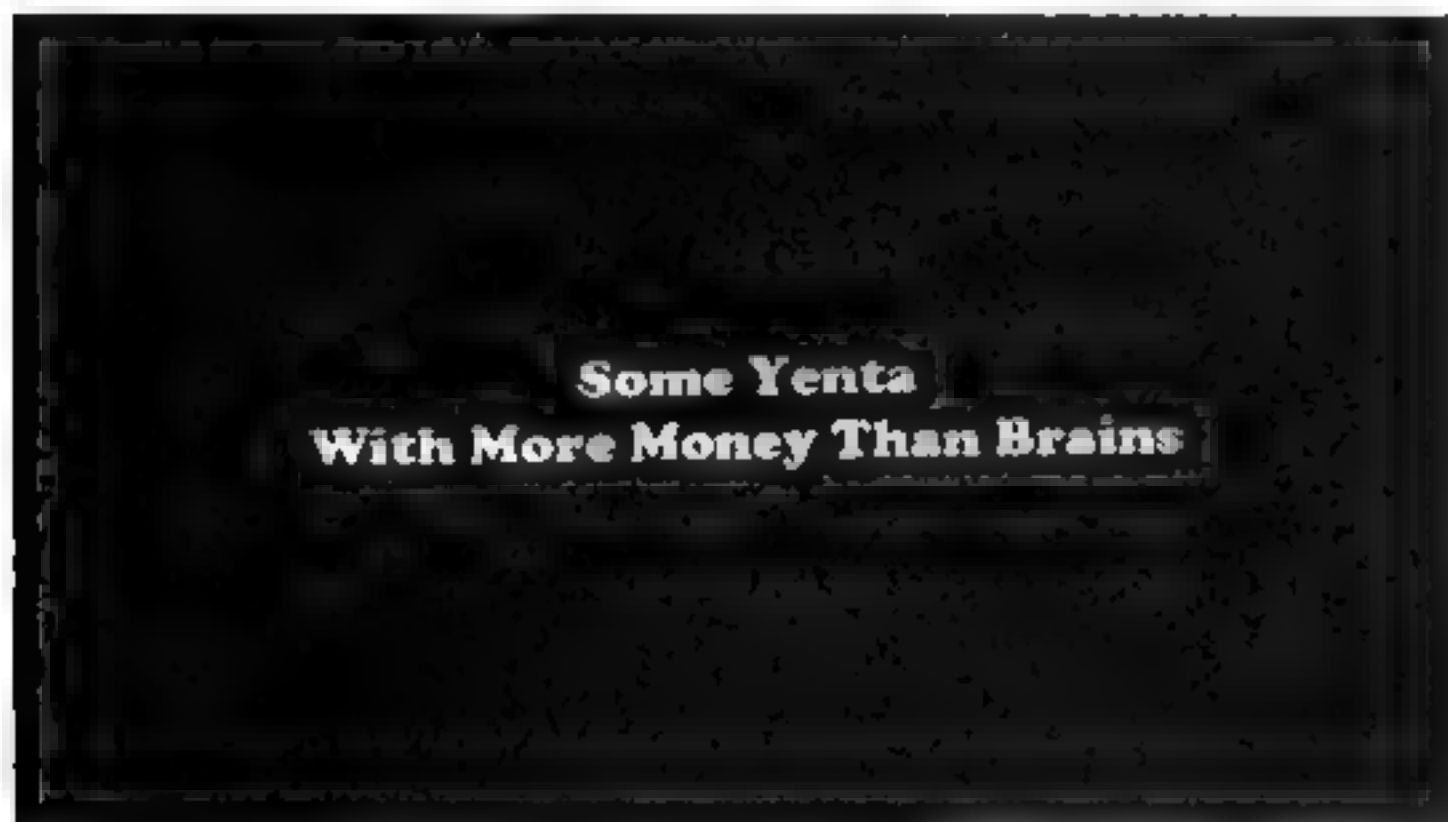
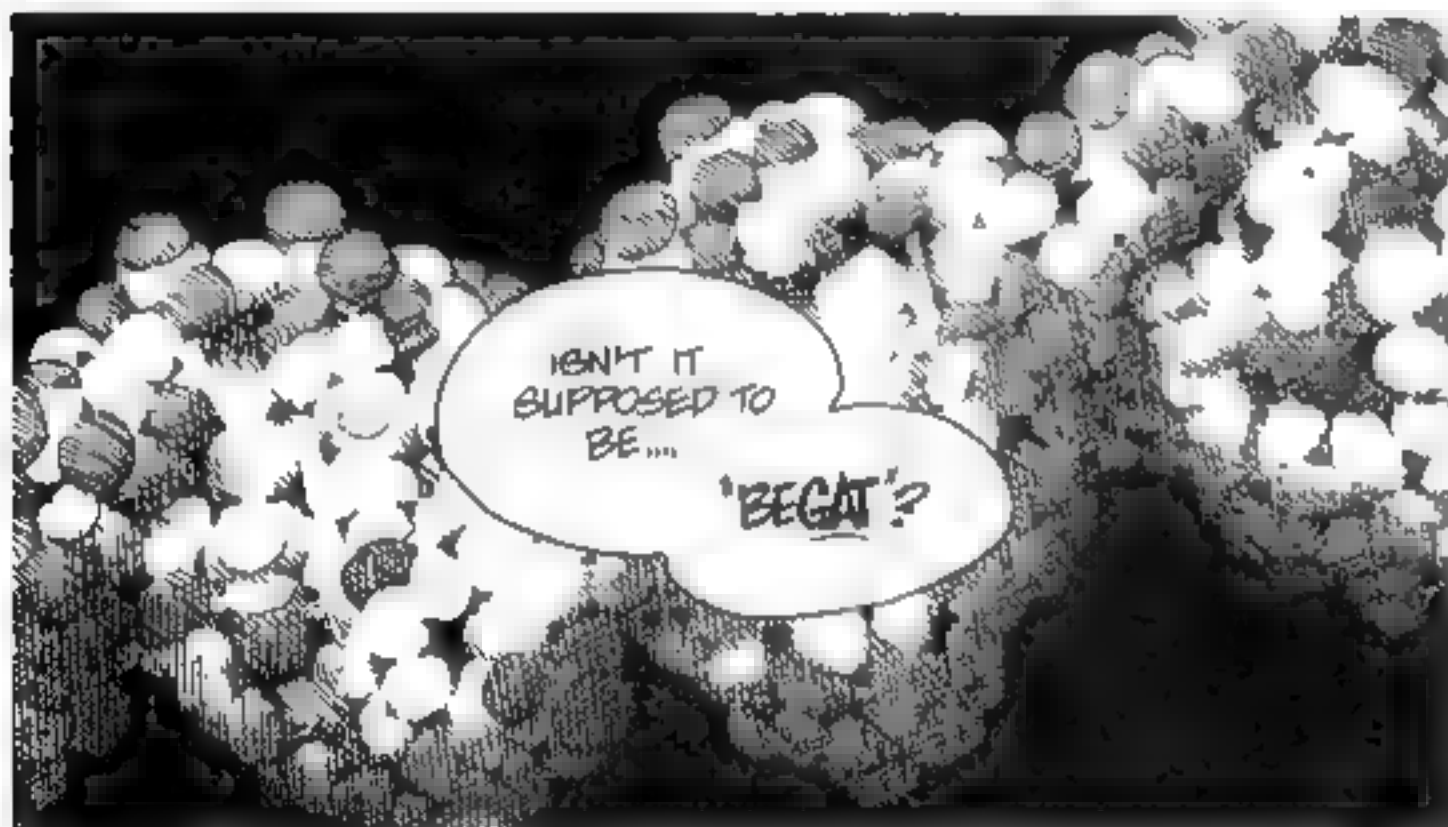
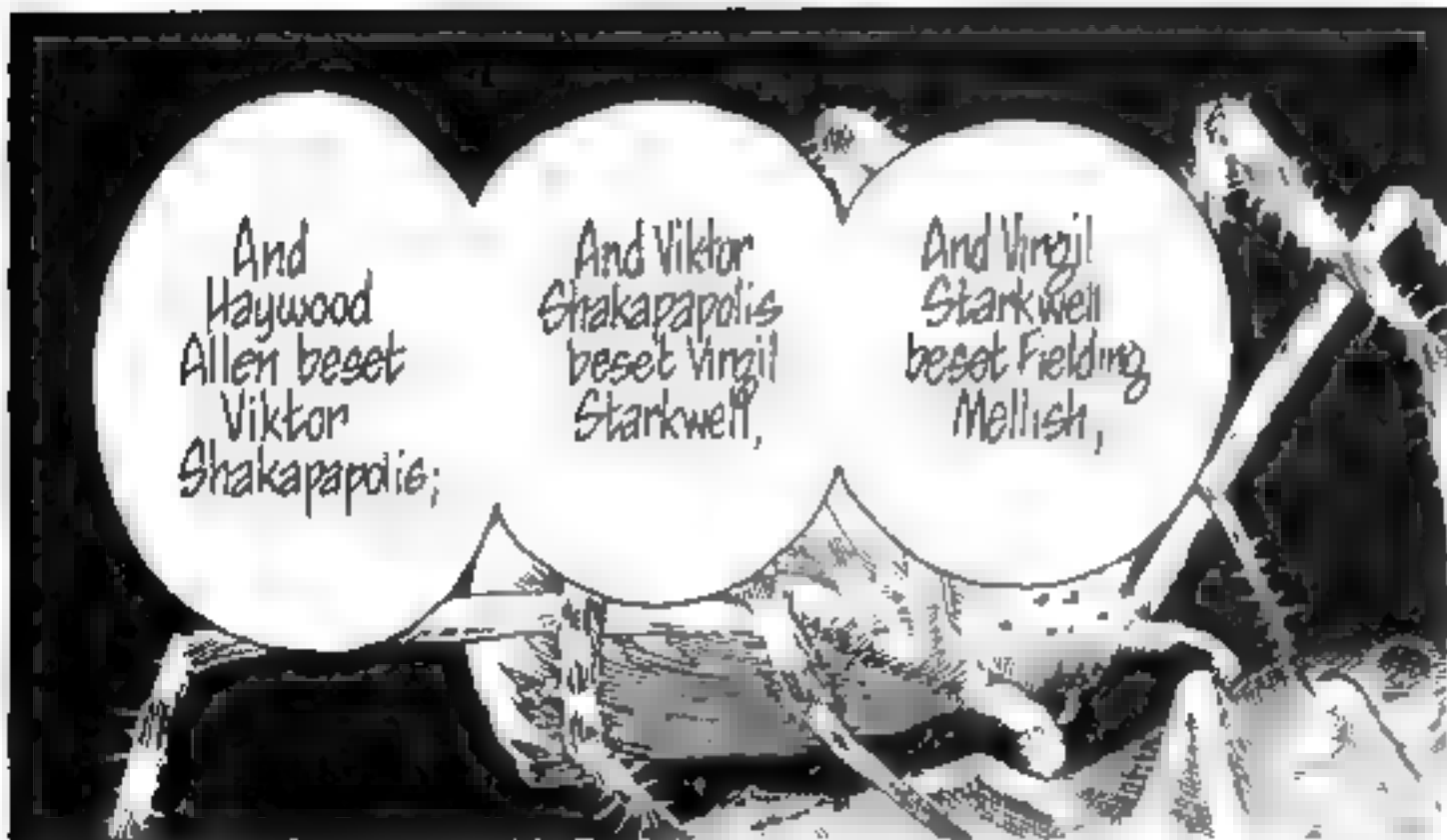
DARRR!

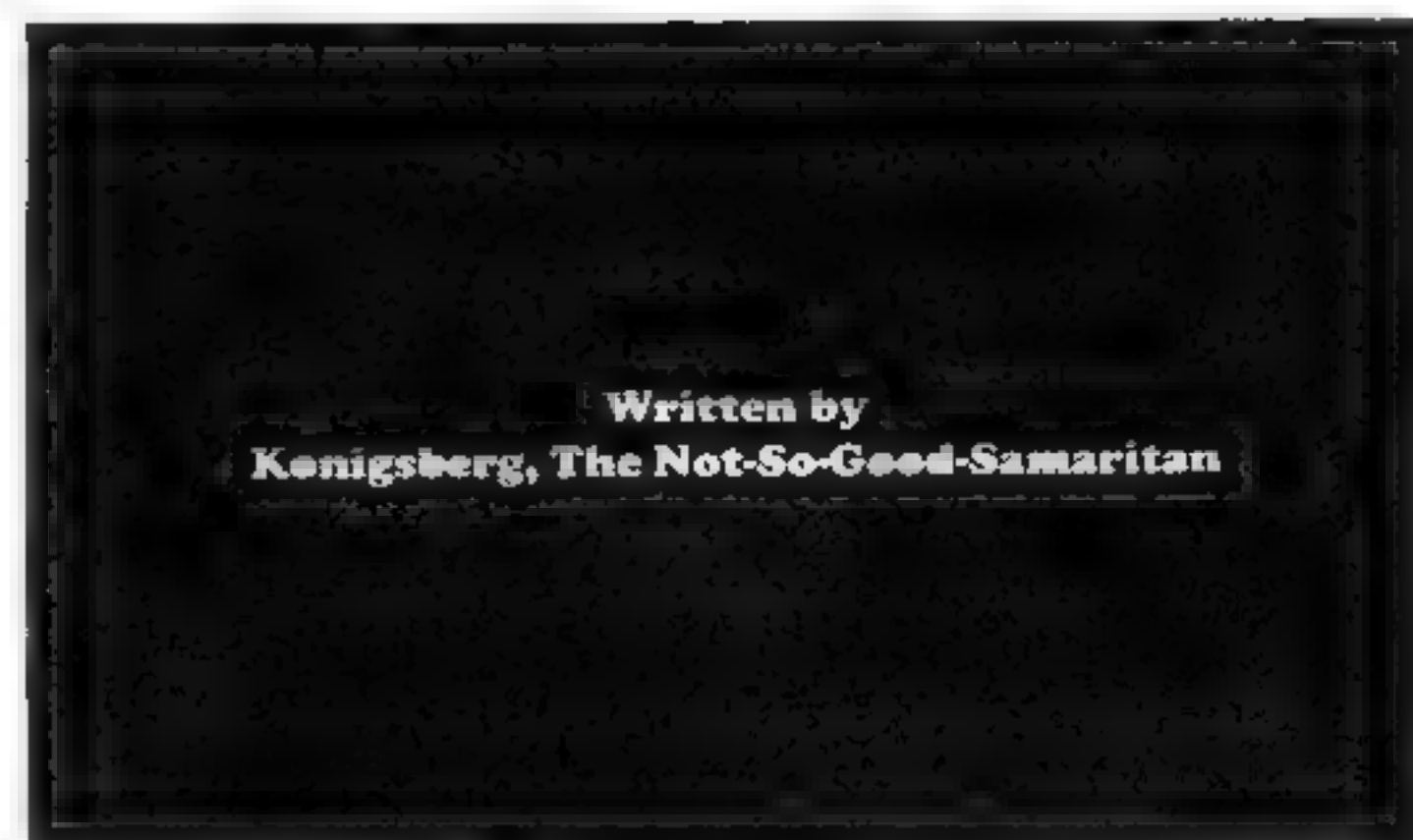
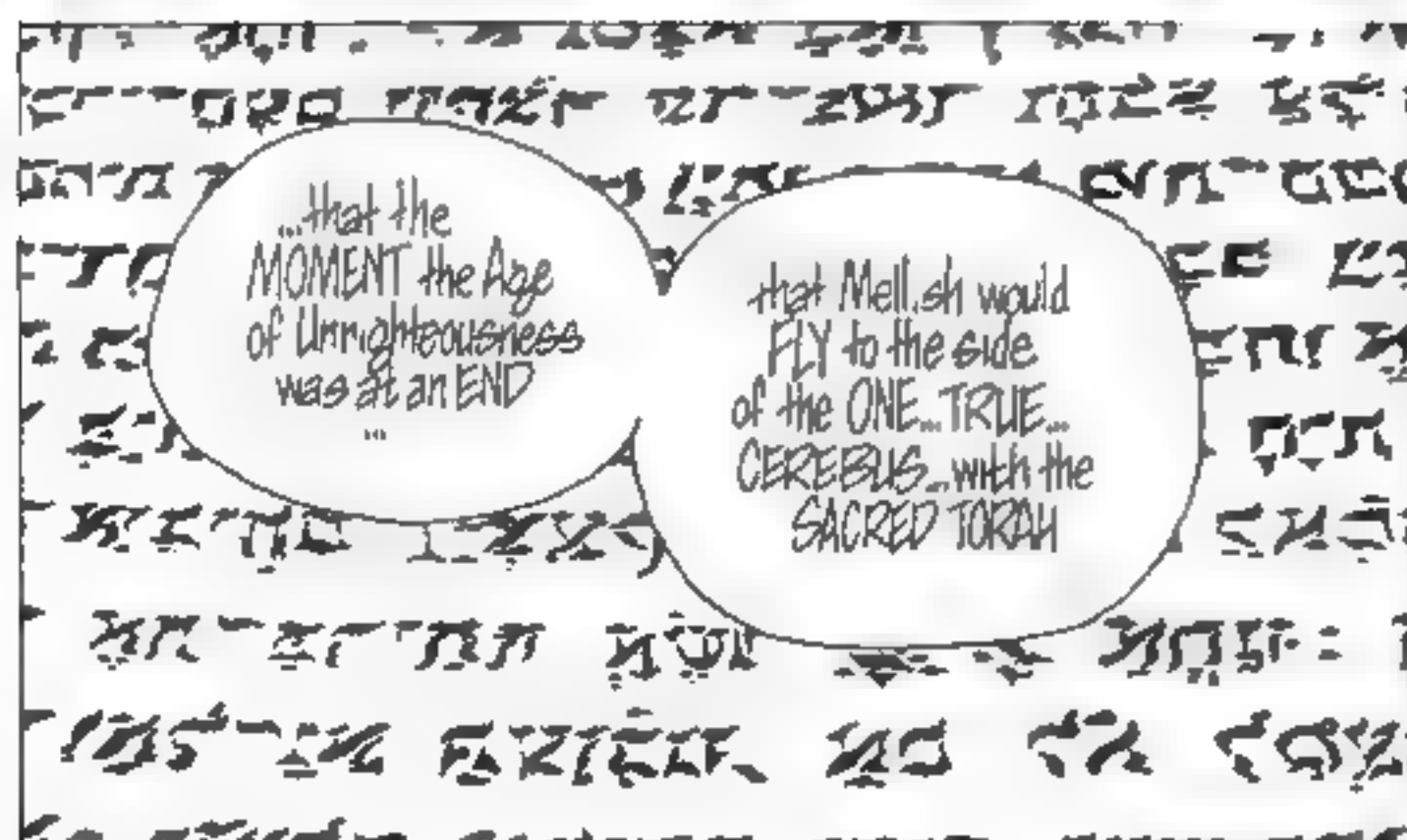
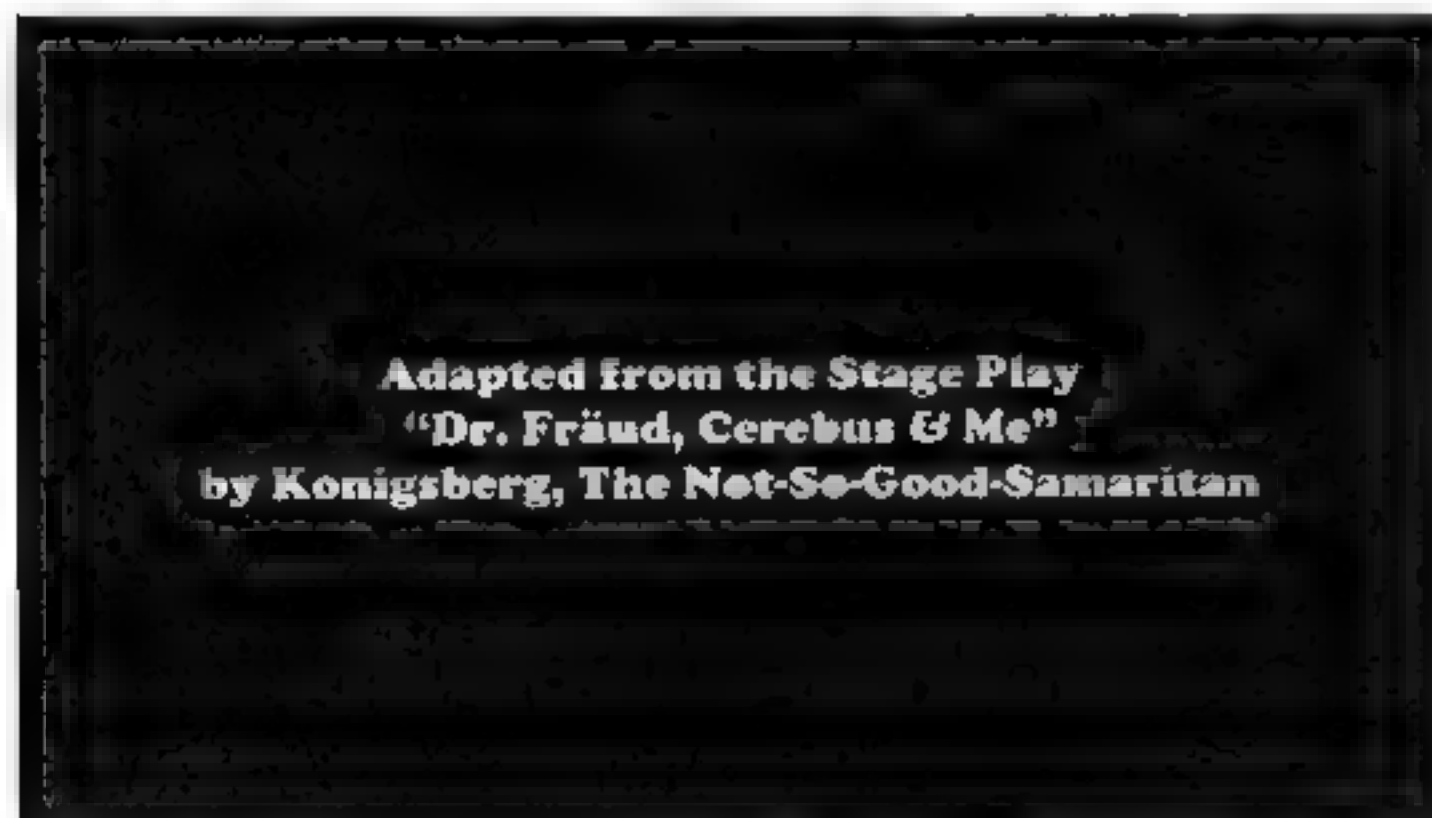


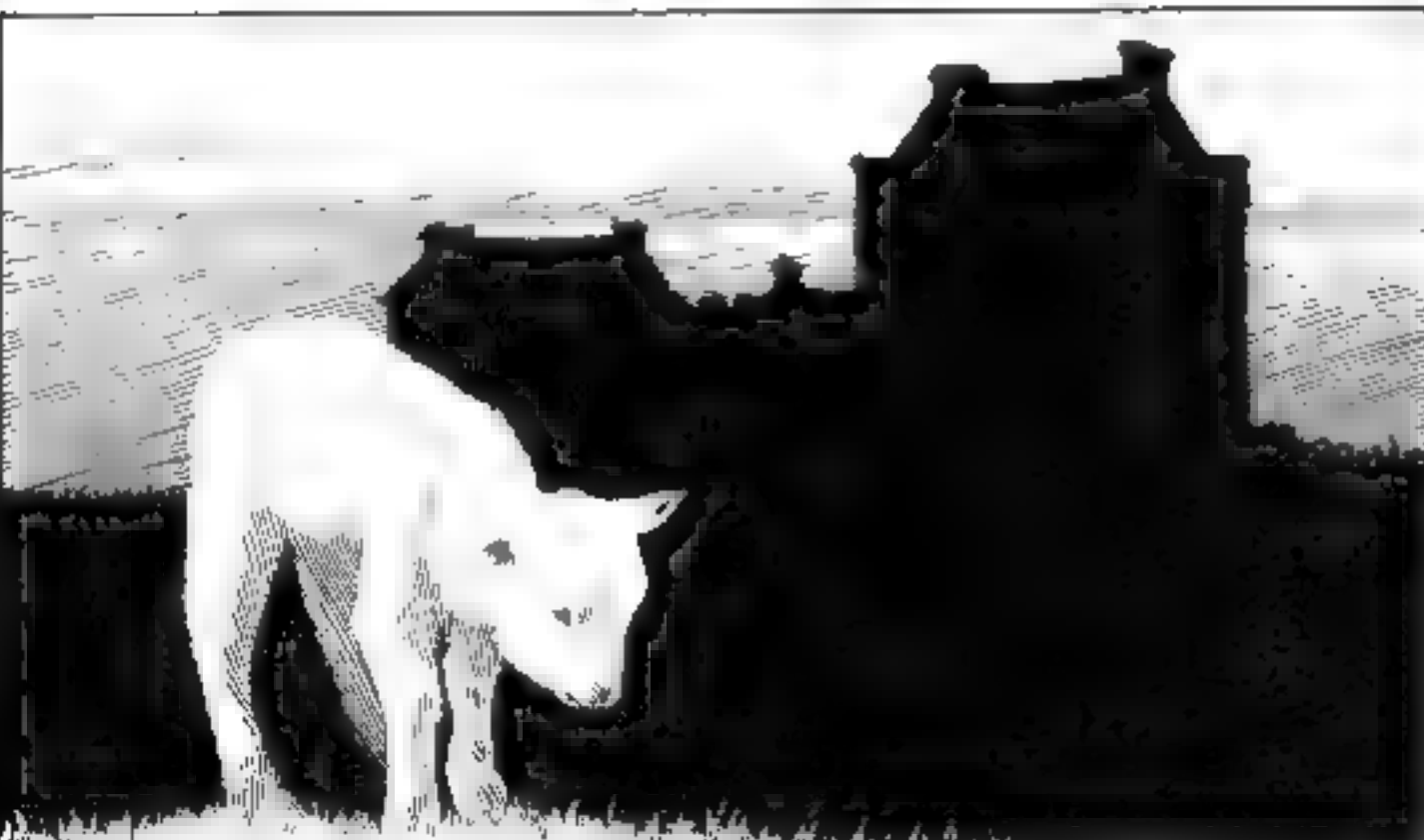
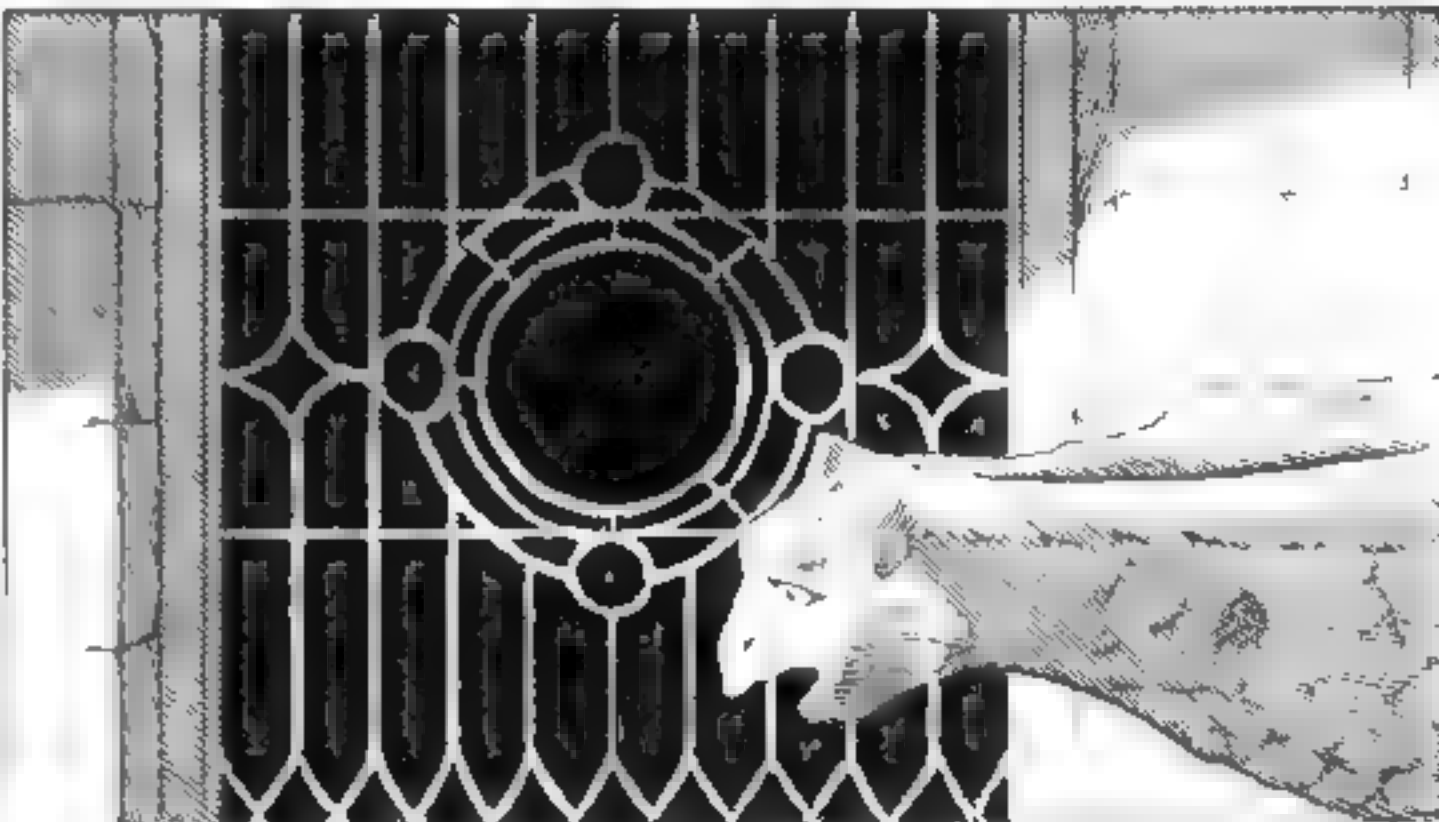
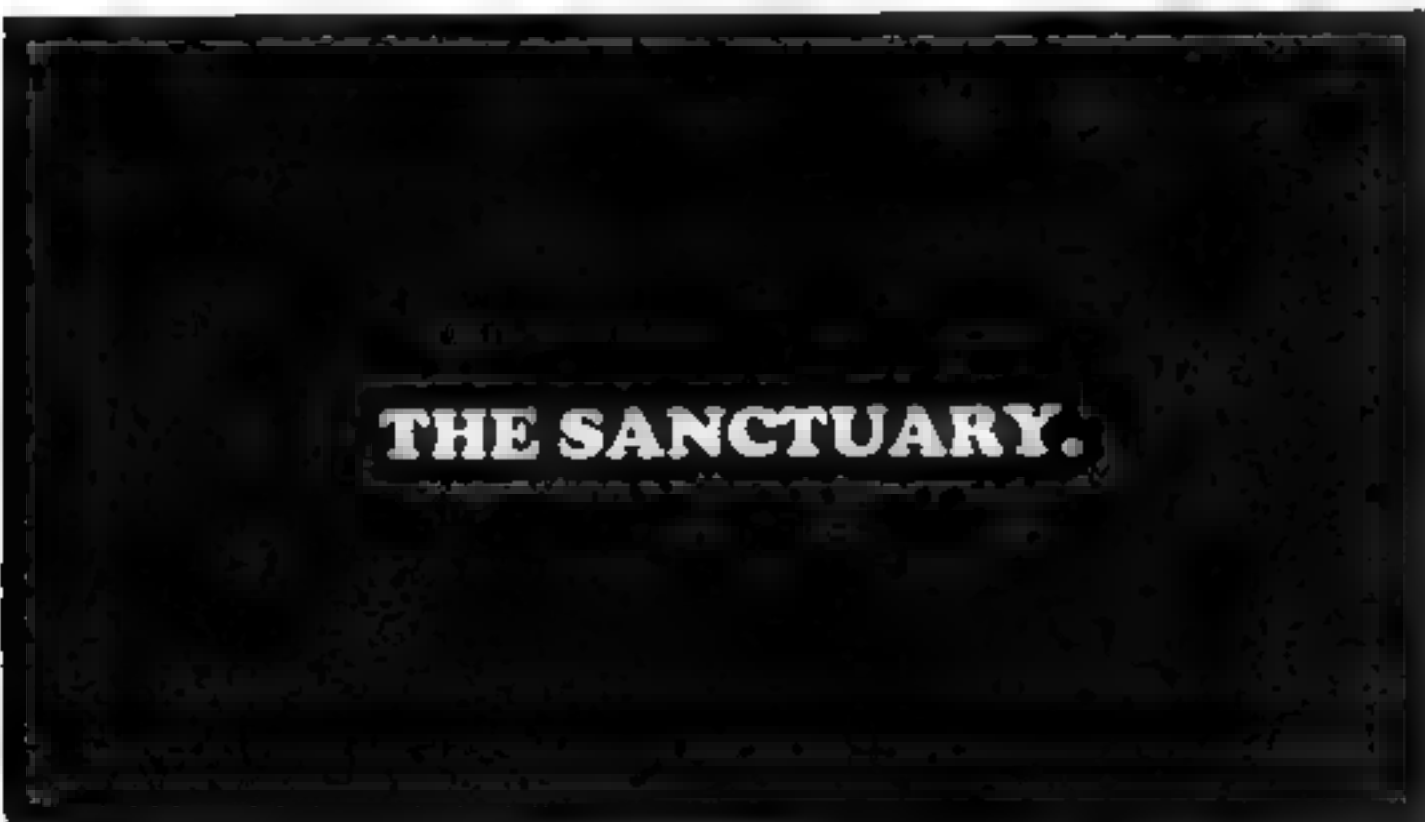
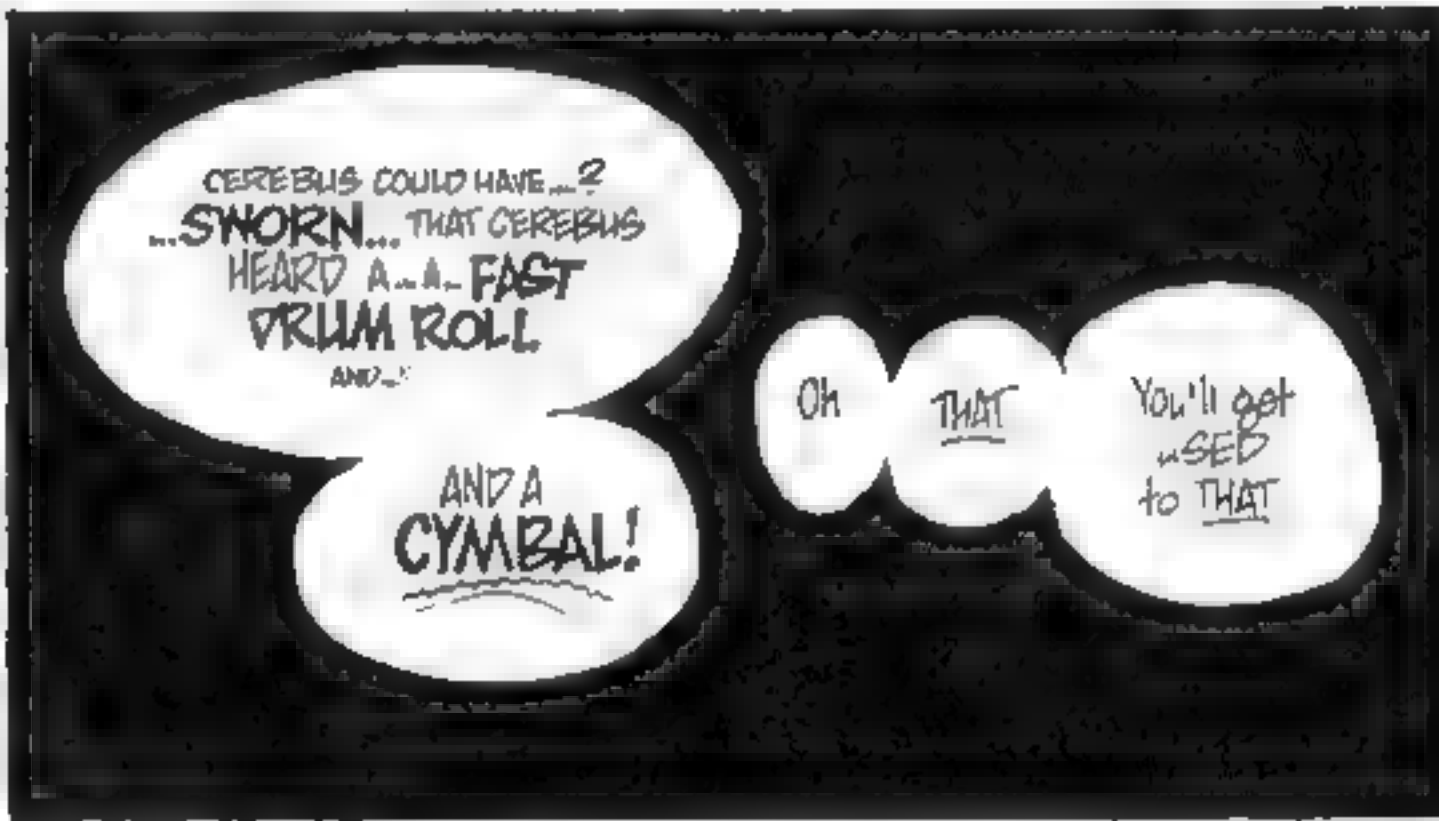
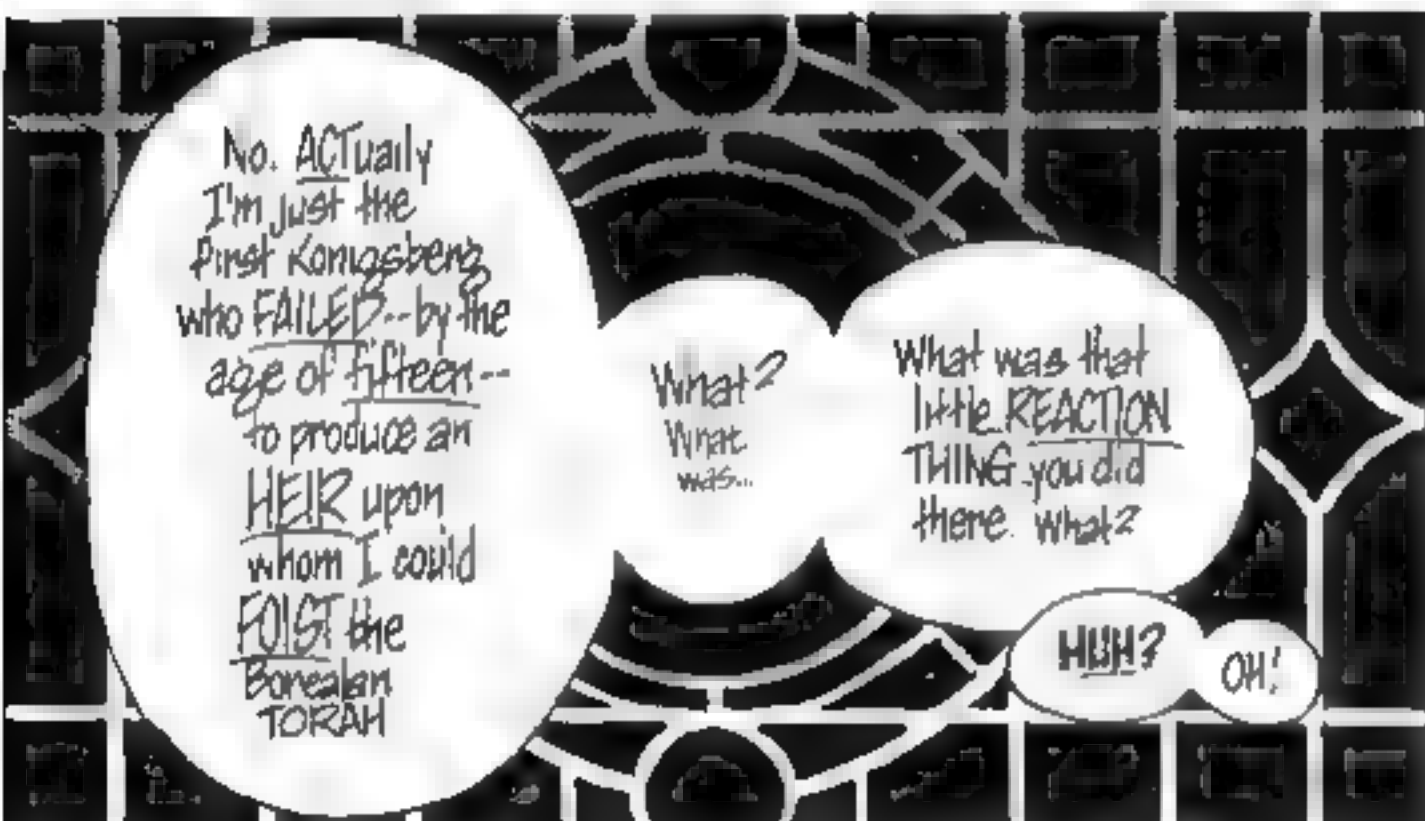
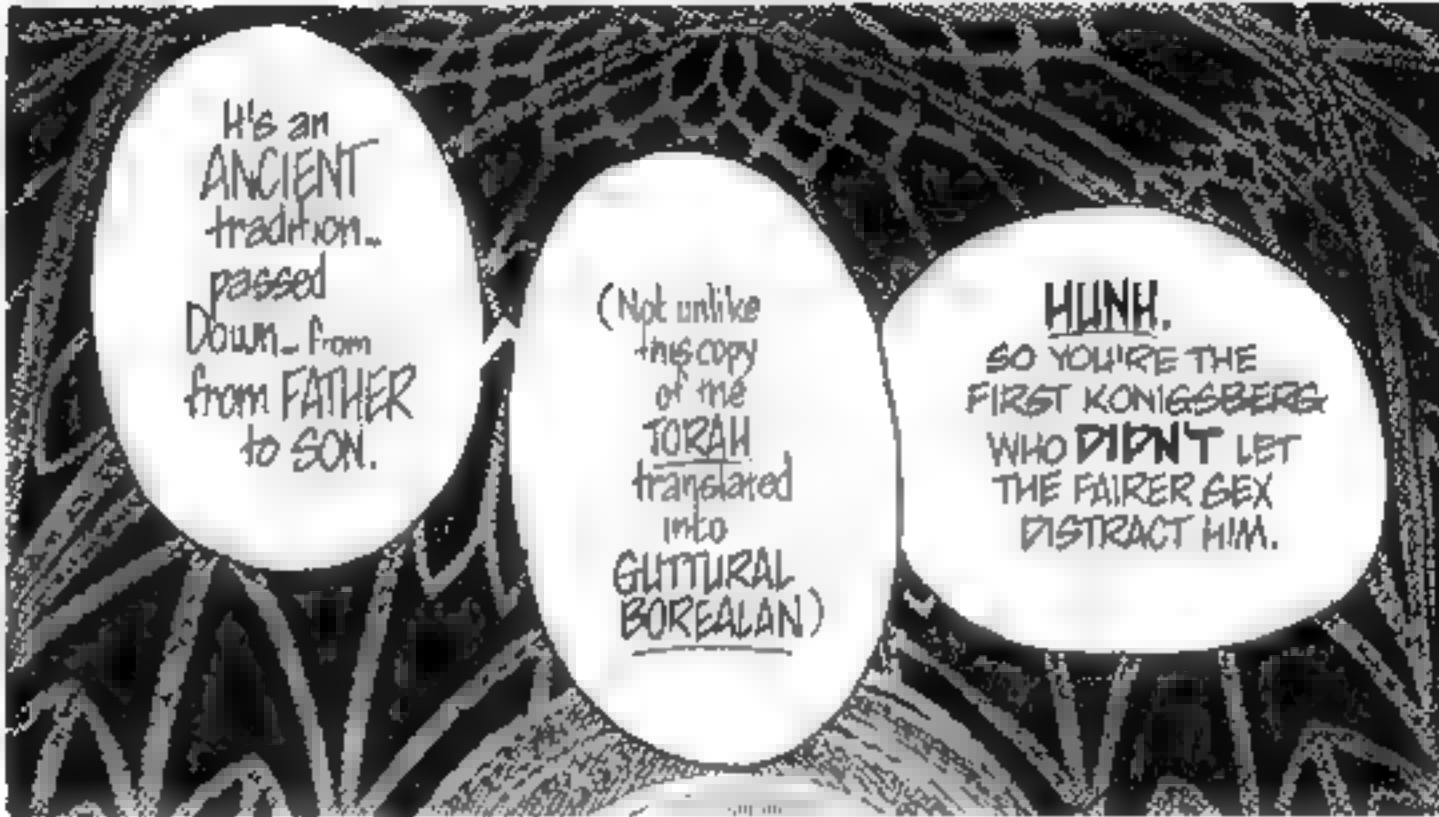
"MUNGU."

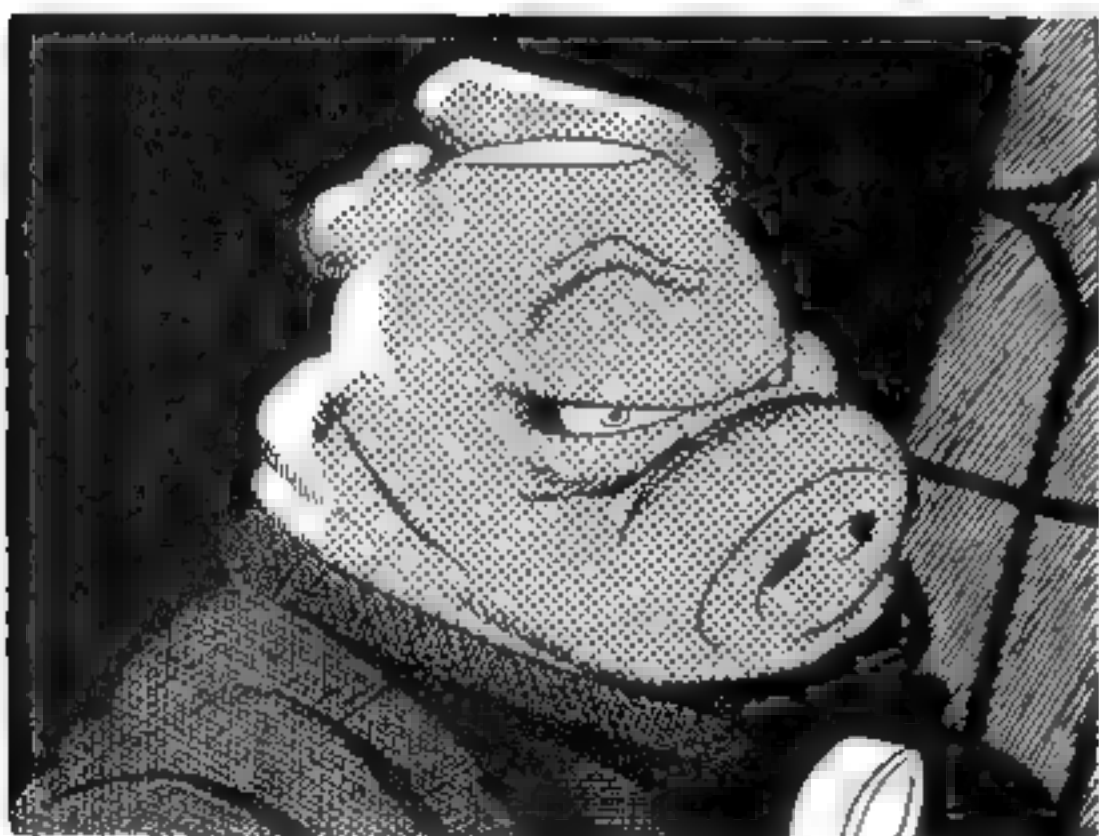
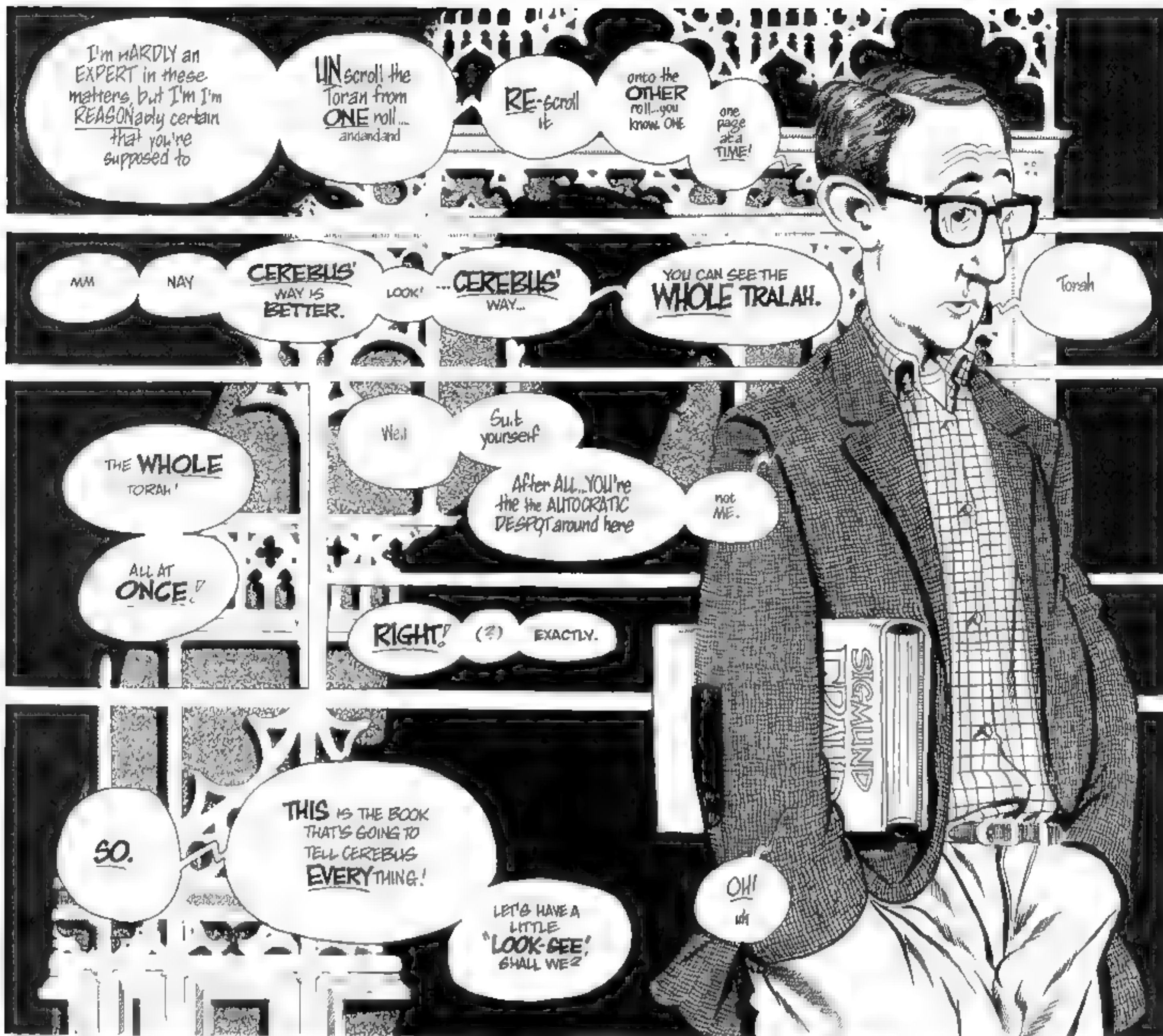
"MUNGU
MKONO."

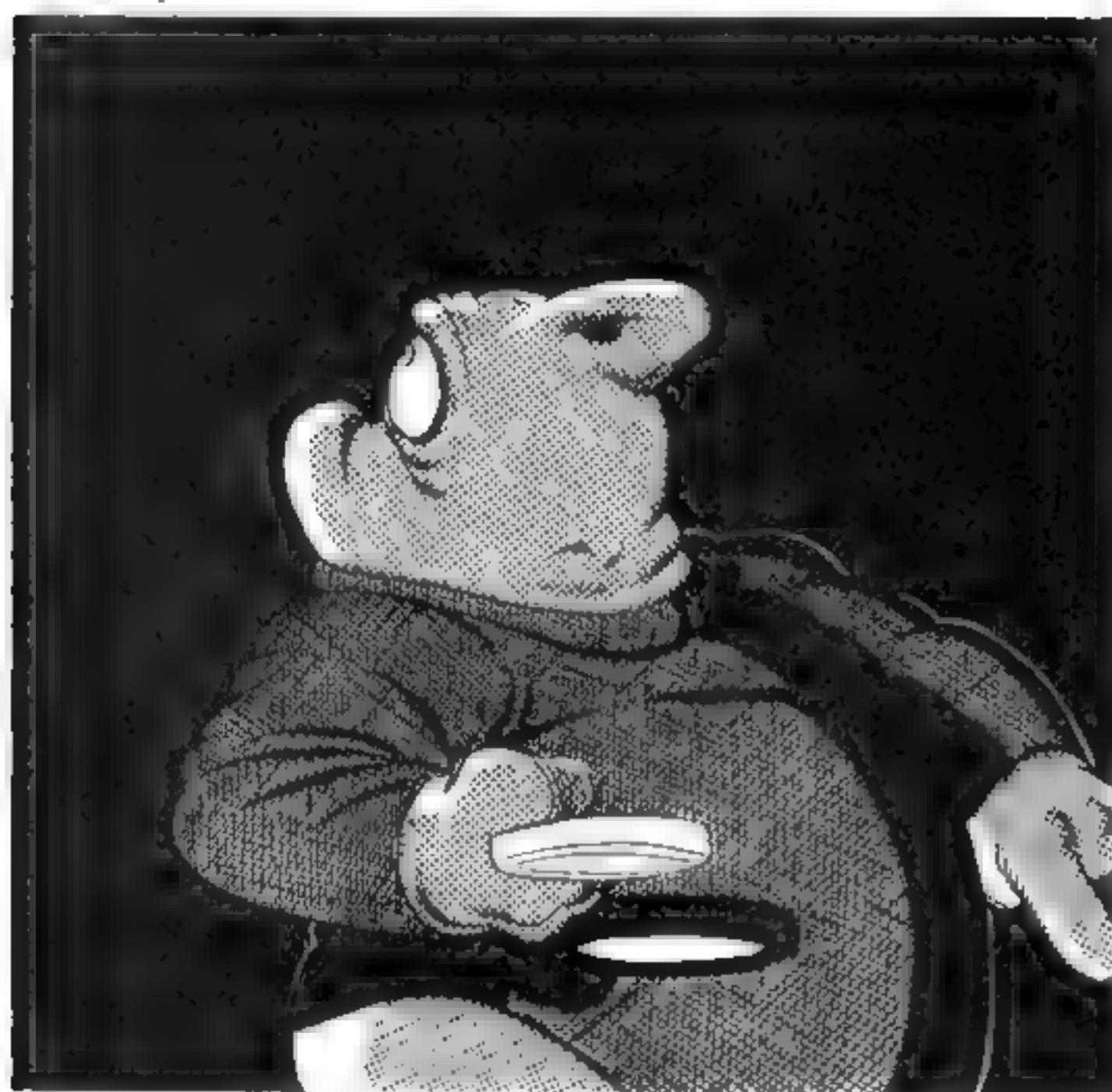














LISTEN. IT LOOKS AS IF THIS IS GOING TO TAKE A LOT LONGER THAN CEREBUS FIRST THOUGHT.

SO!

CEREBUS WILL GET ONE OF THE WISE FELLOWS TO OPEN UP KOOSHIE'S OLD PLACE FOR YOU

Oh

Well.

If it isn't too much TROUBLE.

TROUBLE? WHAT TROUBLE. THAT'S WHAT CEREBUS HAS WISE FELLOWS FOR.

YOUNG SINGLE FELLOW LIKE YOURSELF?

TRUST CEREBUS... YOU'LL LOVE IT

Heh-Heh

THE PLACE ATTRACTS WOMEN LIKE FLIES.

Oh I get it what you're proposing is a-a-a-kind of an

Anthroposociological CONTEST.

between between a MAN and and

his ENVIRONMENT.

HOW SO?

?

I REPEL women like

like OILCLOTH



80th of Steve, 68 - My DREAM has come true. Thanks to C. I am now able to withdraw from the outside world COMPLETELY so as to devote myself SOLELY to the study of the immortal writings of Sigmund Freud, the Father of modern psychotherapy. I feel quite certain that a PROFOUND DESTINY awaits me as I begin to unlock the Secrets of the Master's Imperishable Wisdom - Wisdom which he had KNOWN - from the outset - would transform the VERY NATURE of HUMAN EXISTENCE for ALL TIME!! Wisdom which he had developed and honed over many years in SCRUPULOUS ISOLATION from a world that thought him MAD (or, at least, a world that thought him a sexual degenerate with a terrible 'POTTY MOUTH')

At random, as my starting point, I select his paper, 'On Narcissism: An Introduction'. IMMEDIATELY, my eye is drawn to his description of PARAPHRENICS and their two distinguishing characteristics: one, their MEGALOMANIA and two, their COMPLETE WITHDRAWAL from the outside world.

I am seized by a bout of psychosomatic indigestion so severe that even bicarbonate of soda is HELPLESS before its imaginary intestinal onslaught!

41st of Springmonth, 69 - PROGRESS! My LATENCY PERIOD which began when I was six months old seems (finally!) - at the age of thirty - to be tapering off into the Phallic Stage of Organization, marked by the libido's quest for OBJECT SELECTION!

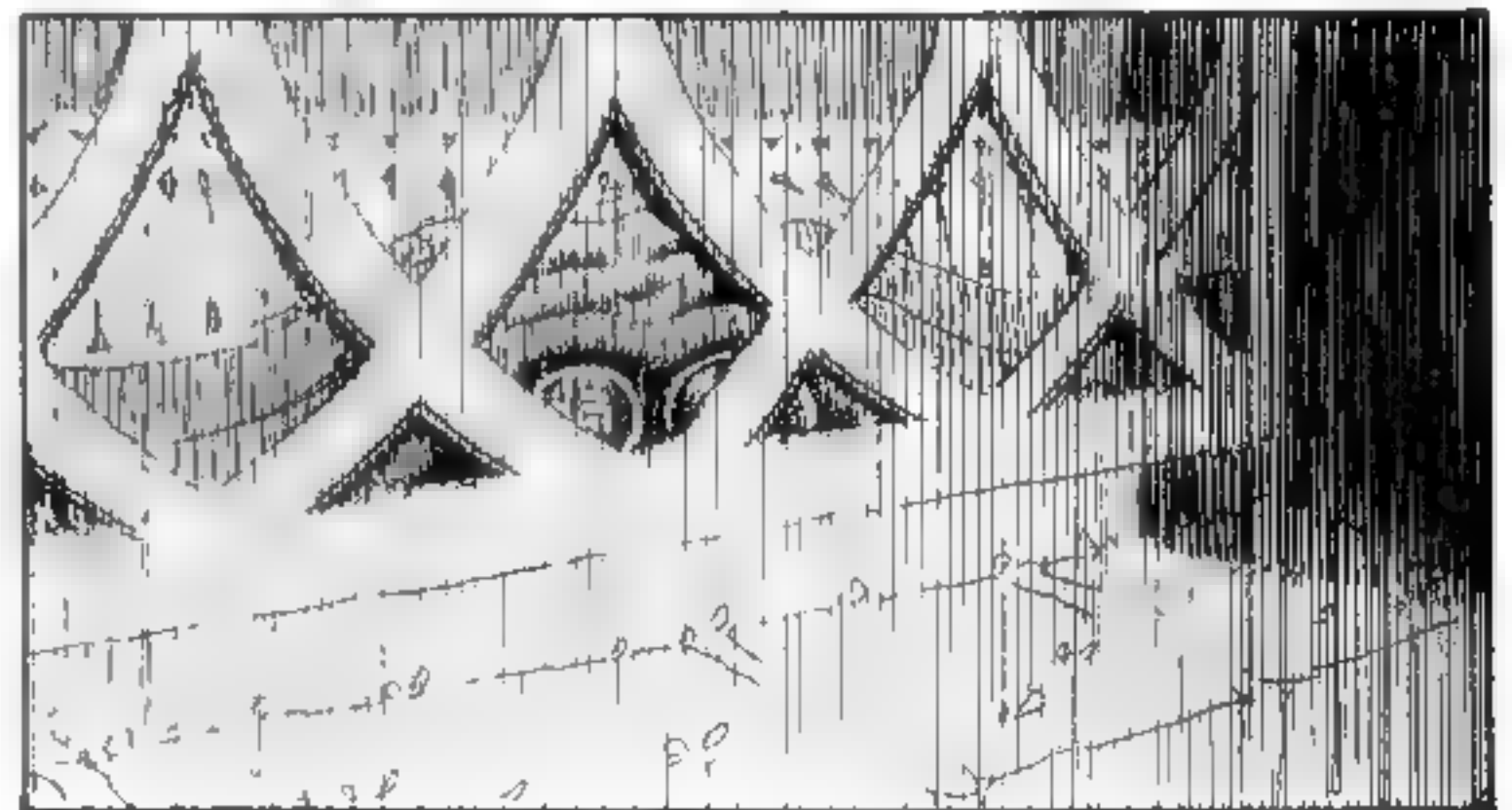
'So MUCH Libido,' I think to myself. 'So FEW Objects.' My psychic energy craves a Displacement Cathexis with every...wiggly...jiggly...female anatomical accoutrement in view.

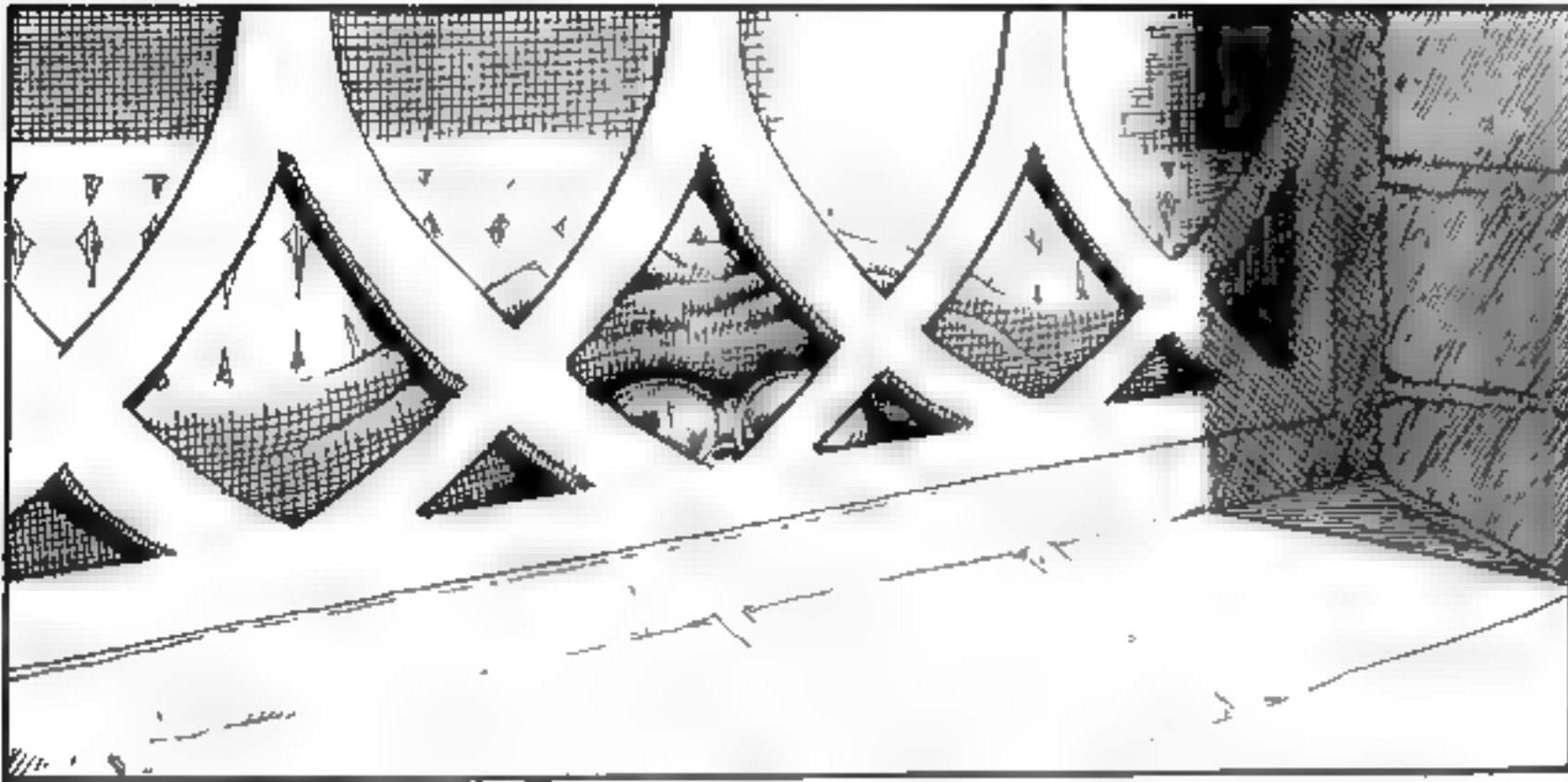
'Let US be the Wet Monkey Object Selection of your Narcissistic Libido Lava Dreams,' they seem to moan. 'Park your Infantile Anxiety Phantasies next to OUR Incest Barriers. Let US be your Symptom Creators!'

(as Milk-Producing Glandular Organs go, I find them astonishingly well-read when it comes to the latest psychoanalytical terminology)

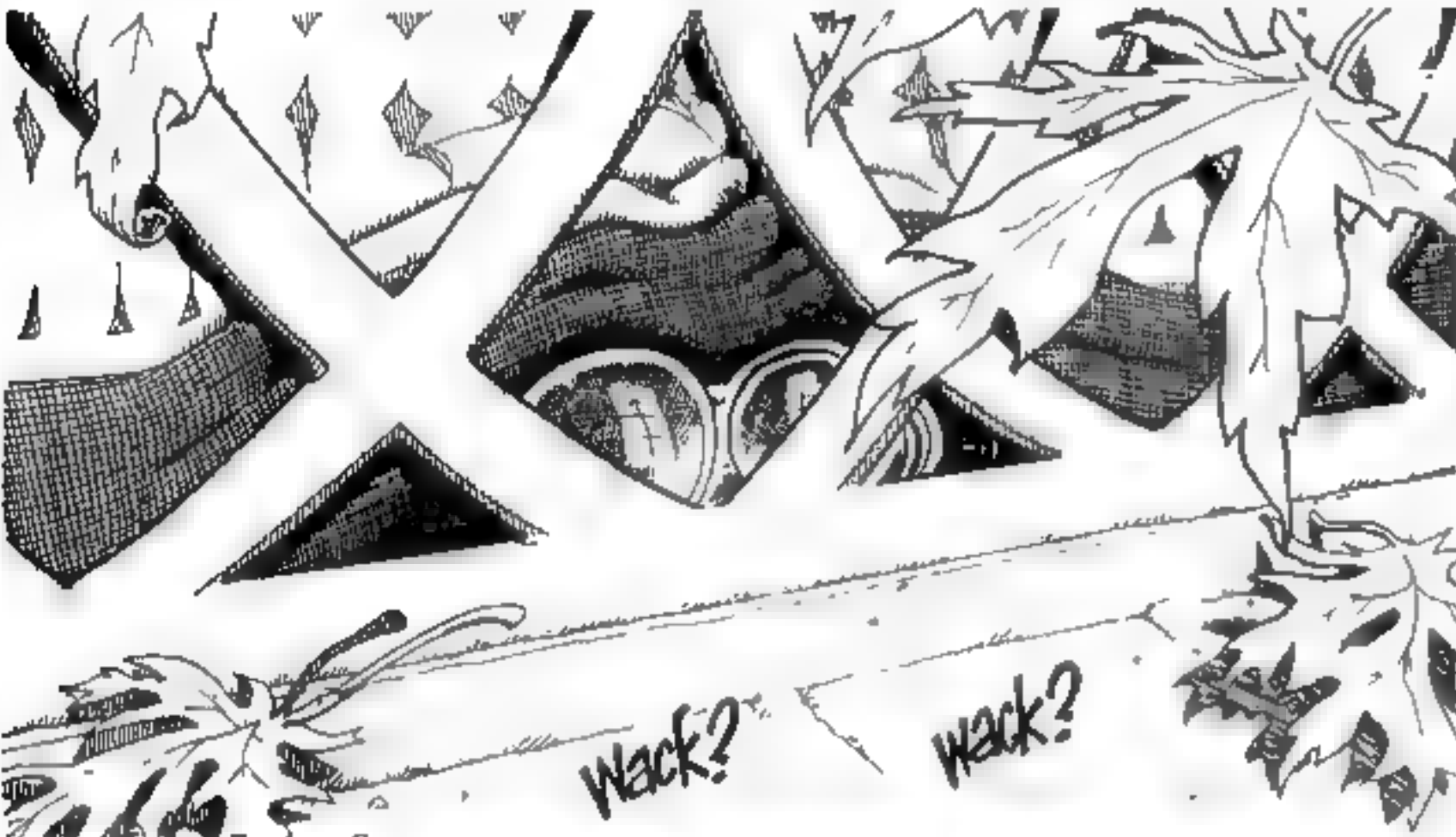


9th of Wintermonth, 69 - 'Libido: the motor force of sexual life.' I discover that mine has five speeds; none of them 'neutral'.

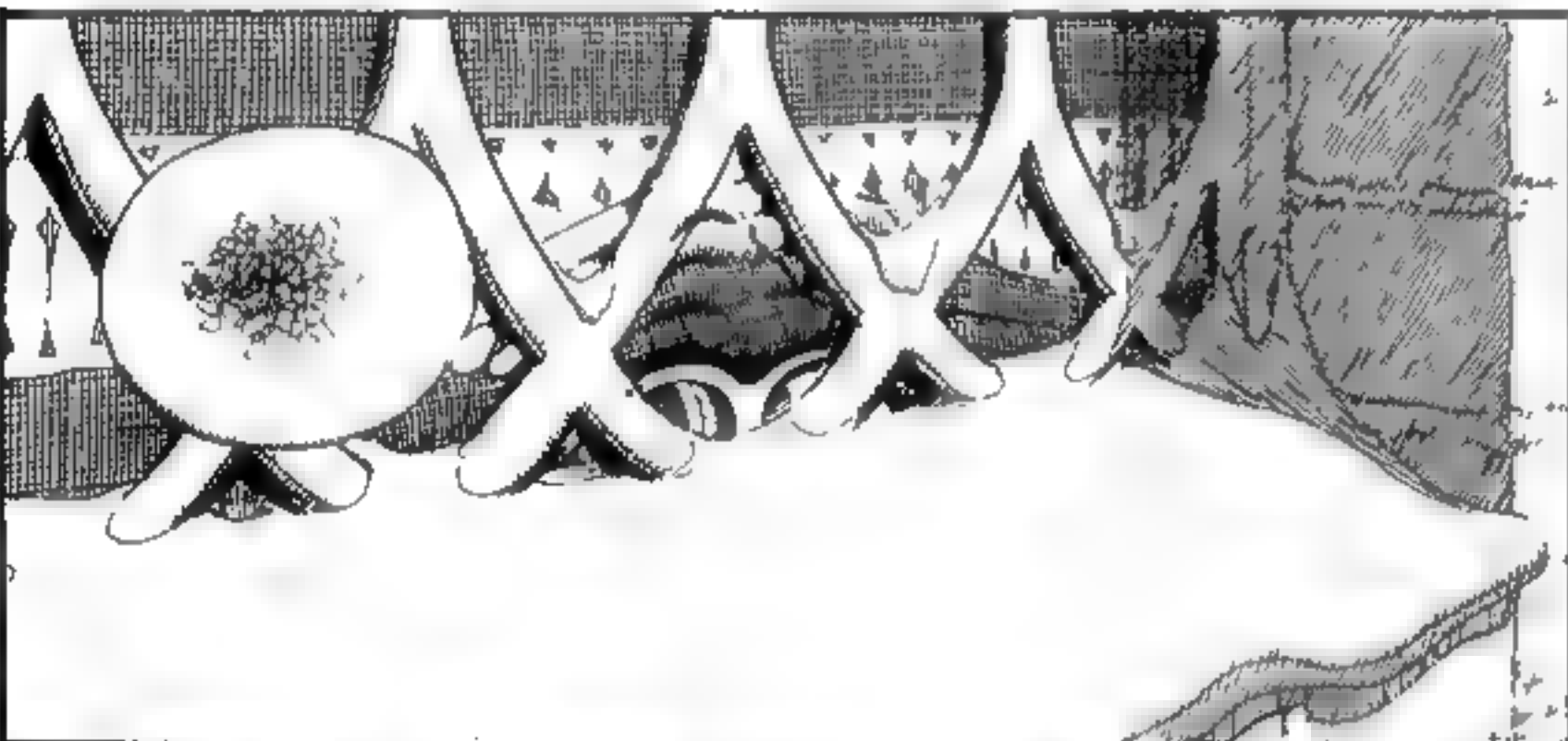




12th of Summermonth, 69 - I am struck by Dr Fraud's observation: "In youth, a whore, in old age, a devotee." I have no idea what it means, but spend much of the day composing lengthy letters of application and then wondering, who to send them to



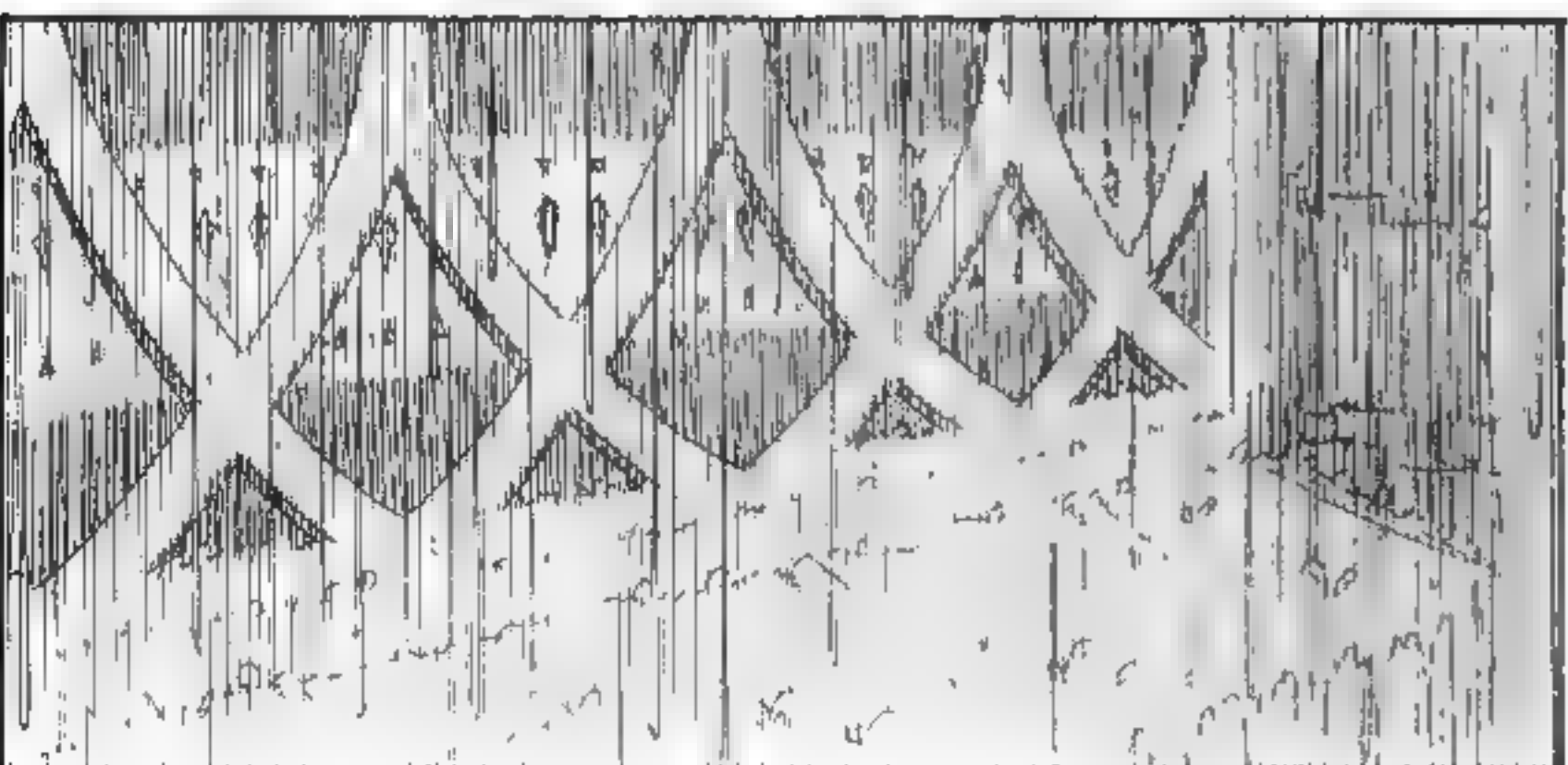
18th of Steve, 69 - Today the unthinkable happened! A female visitor wanting to see Koshie's old studio! At a loss for conversation, I share with her yesterday's journal entry - 'Long hours of Word Association convince me that my childhood was filled with Degenerative Morbid Manifestations which Infantile Amnesias have obliterated from my Pre-conscious Mind... Spoilsports!' She suddenly remembers a hair appointment and leaves. Although aware that The FATES are merely the residue of Collective Tribal Neuroses, still I resolve to curse them with my dying breath.



20th of Wintermonth, 70 - Still wounded by the loss of my female visitor, I begin manifesting Resistance against Dr Fraud's teachings: spelling 'Fetich' with an 's' and 'Phantasy' with an 'F'. This morning, I hesitated for several seconds before putting the umlaut over the 'a' in his name. I feel the chasm of Pathogenic Repression opening at the metaphorical feet of my Psychic Mechanism.



8th of Springmonth, 70 - One of the Substitute Wise Fellows delivers a note from C., thanking me for leaving him no other option but to spend most of the last year studying the Torah...and inviting me over on the 9th to listen as he dictates his commentaries on the first chapter of the First Book of Moshe



9th of Springmonth, 70 - Re-reading C.'s note for the hundredth time I grow still more convinced that he is manifesting a displacement of his Oedipal Urges from his Rea, Father onto me. I resolve to remain calm, but am frankly terrified by the knowledge that C. unconsciously wants to kill me...and marry the tube of petroleum jelly in the drawer of my nightstand.

Me
You want me to push it as we go along? Or just write down everything you say and fix it later?

Write down everything (erebus says and he'll fix it later)

Me
Okey dokty

(crebus
[c ears throat])

Mc
 u want me to write n things like you clearing your
 throat like you just did there' Or when you re
 thinking about what you're going to say next?"

crebus
Only don't write down things that make
crebus sound stupid like, you know, [tarts] that

Me
Okey-dokey

Okay [clears throat] [reading] "In the beginning
God created the Heaven and the Earth [thinks]
What this means is [thinks] that [thinks] God
created the Heaven and the Earth, [thinks] And that
was that so [clears throat], in the beginning, Okay
[reading] "And the earth was without form, What
this means is, [thinks] that the earth

was was [scrunching up his face] sort of
miss, [yawning] is [face] a miss. All over the place
you know I like a cake that hasn't been baked
yet, [thinks] So, it's a sort of this lumpy
thing about it! miss (Okay reading, "And
read and darkness upon the face of the deep")
We but this means is [thinks] that all around the
lumpy miss I was black and [thinks]
dark! black [thinks some more] and really dark. The
Deep As I said says later on in the tenth chapter of
the *Second Book of Moses* darkness so dark that
it wanders down to chapter ten, [reading] one may
faint darkness [wanders back] Really

heavy *reuth* th ek and *reuths* weep Luke when
 you d ve down into the water too far? And it feels
 like your head s going to cave in ? And sometimes
 you get maybe, a nosebleed? I like that but much,
 much thicker and heavier [reading] *And the Spirit*
of God moved upon the face of the waters
 and a Spirit moves upon The Deep [thinks about it]
 Not the deepest part of the Deep After all, God's
 Spirit doesn't want its head to cave in or to get,
 maybe, a nosebleed. Nay God's Spirit moves on
 the face of the waters' Sort of [clears
 throat] rubbing [clears throat] against the face of
 the waters because [clears throat] evidently it [clears
 throat again] uh *fits good* for God's Spirit
 uh *move on the* uh [clears throat again]
 face of the

SO
 Moving right a long [reading] *And God said. Let
 there be light And there was light And God saw the
 light that good* Now, what this means is that God
 said. Let there be light And what this means is
 that God saw the light And, what it also means
 that God when God you know saw the light that,
 a God thought that the light was you know, a good
 thing And uh, God said so "Light?" That good
 thinking Like God's Spirit moving on the face of
 the waters It was you know God likes it
 And uh, God's Spirit liked it A lot And, we can
 see from what it says that the light was kind of a,
 uh [thinks a bit] what's the word [cries] is
 look me for"

101 7000

A black and white photograph of a woman sitting in a chair, reading a large book. She is wearing a patterned dress and glasses. The room is dimly lit, with a lamp visible in the background.

Komaxberg
A z thinks by produ...

U. crebula

Yes Thank you *Absprache* of *and's spirit* really *moving* on the face of the waters *groups* [long pause] [suddenly stem in crepusculum] on trying any harder to *apart*

[groups] *moment* would just be (too) silly
At the [t ears throat Rule [in] es] and prob-ly
 get a lot as *from* by a *big lightning bolt* & i receive
 is just going to leave it the *whole of*
 Period [clears throat] Okay [improves focus with
 handkerchief] *Moving right along* [checks to see if
 either of us is going to say anything, neither of us
 does] reading! *And God shined his light on the dark*
and between the darknesses What this means is
 as ub, as tends to happen when we learn that
 something really gets a little

throat) *growing* on *up* *in* *the* *face* of *up* *something* *else* *part* of *God* *separates* from *God* *thinks* Or *thinks* *part* of *God* *is* *Spina* *separates* from *God* *is* *Spina* It *doesn't* *separate* *throat* [*traps* *grow*] *in* *the* *part* of *God* *is* *Spina* *separated* from *God* *is* *Spina* Or *when* *part* of *God* *is* *separated* from *God* *is* *Spina* *throat* *part* of *throat* *brings* *is* *into* *ears* *by* *all* *very* *two* *loud* *politically* *rule* *As*

So all th

Of course later on at the *School Book o' School*, I turns out that it was nothing like that at all. So we can *all* use completely *to differ v's* *un thoughts* emphatic! And quite unique is *the emphasis!* At *all* THAT *v's* *is Affected* BY HAV'NG "looks more ugly at Kump, steel, and In me!" So okay, read off! *And don't mind v's* *tight fan, and the darkness in effect v's*. W. A. This means is that God decides to let the light in. [thinks] And what it also means is that God decided to call the darkness "light" (seeing if *all*)

[illegible]

when-God-is-done with it, becoming the earth
[reading] *And said unto the firmament, con-
founded the waters which under the firmament are,
the waters which above the firmament are, to
be so.* Here? God intentionally makes His firmament
an expansion. As God would be the Father and the
He didn't make the light. He lets the light
move in a way which causes things
happen that caused the light to appear and after His
Spirit was done, Hears through ~~moving~~ the
if it were His light. See, God knows what the
part of it, in that has separated from Him, the
of His Spirit that has separated from His Spirit, in
which is now inside the light, is very much by which it
comes to whether or not the light was a ~~light~~ of which it was



always there, so God is being very careful how he puts it. But now now God makes His first thing God makes an Expansion—that is, God makes the air that will surround the earth, the air that is like Cerberus' word for it—much, much, much, much, much lighter than the heavy, thick, black so-dark you-feel-like-your-head-is-going-to-cave-in-and-you're-going-to-get-maybe-a-nosebleed-dark-darker-darkest waters above the Earth's atmosphere. See, air is lighter than water, in the same way that the waters under the Expansion are lighter than the waters above the Expansion. Anyway, God makes the air and pulls it around the earth, in between the waters that we know, the Seas, and the heavy-thick-black-head-cave-in-nosebleed waters out in space. And God called the Expansion Heaven, which is as good a name for it as any. Besides which, God created it so He can call it whatever He wants, right? And the evening was and the morning was the second day. Notice that God doesn't see the Heaven and say that the Heaven is good. The Heaven isn't good or bad. It's a bunch of air that separates the waters from the waters. Now You see what God is doing? He's showing the Light who God and the Light are relative to each other. What God is telling His confused separated part of His Spirit's confused separated part is: God is like the waters above the expansion, above "heaven." That is, God is like the thick darkness. And the part separated from God or the part of God's Spirit separated from God's Spirit that is now inside the Light is like the waters below the Expansion. God has made God is telling the separated part of Himself: "I'm really big and heavy and thick and dark and you are little and light and thin. God goes on, [reading]. And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together into one place and let the dry land appear, and it was so. God makes another example inside His first example. Not only has He divided the waters from the waters, so as to show the light which one of them is which—but He then gives the order for all the little and light and thin waters to all be gathered into one place under the heaven and poof, like a magic trick, the dry land, the earth appears. What God is saying is that God did not make the light. What God is saying is that—in the same way that God causes all the little and light and thin waters to be gathered into one place under the heaven so that the earth can appear, in just that way, above the heaven, that is, out in space—a long, long, long, long time ago—God caused all of the thick, heavy, dark head-cave-in-nosebleed waters to be gathered into one place and, poof, like a magic trick, the light had appeared. [reading]. And God called the dry land, Earth, and the gathering together of the waters called the Seas, and God saw that good. What God is saying is that the Earth is a good thing, just like the light. It was well worth getting the Seas the heck out of the way so the Earth could appear, the same as it had been well worth moving on the thick, heavy, dark waters so the light could appear. "It was a very good idea," says God. "It's still a good idea." God is making no apology for [clears throat], moaning. Okay Next. [reading]. And God said, Let the Earth bring forth tender grasses, the herb yielding seed, the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth, and it was so. Same deal as with the light. God doesn't have to do anything. He just lets nature take its course. "Let there be light." "Let the Earth bring forth." And the Earth does, as the next verse tells us. And the earth brought forth tender grasses, the herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed is in itself, after his kind, and God saw that good. The point God is making is that the earth is capable of making things, too. In the same way that God made the heaven—the earth's atmosphere—the earth is capable of making its own

grass, its own herbs and its own trees. And the grass and the herbs and the trees are good, says God. The earth makes good grass, good herbs and good trees. That's one of God's points. Another one of God's points here is that Only God, is God. God is saying that the part of God that separated from God or the part of God's Spirit that separated from God's Spirit, which is now inside the light as well as inside the waters under heaven as well as inside the earth, is not God. What God is saying is that the part of God that separated from God or the part of God's Spirit that separated from God's Spirit are alive. God is like grass, like herbs, like trees, are alive. to the earth. See, God is saying, the earth grows its grass, but the grass it grows doesn't grow a new earth. God is saying, the earth grows its herbs which grow their own seeds which, in turn, grow more herbs, but the herbs don't grow a new earth and the seeds that the herbs grow don't grow a new earth. God is saying, the fruit tree grows fruit that contains its seed within itself, but the tree doesn't grow a new earth, the fruit doesn't grow a new earth and the seed inside the fruit doesn't grow a new earth. In the same way, God, when it's Spirit [clears throat], moaned upon the face of the waters, did not grow a new God. There is only One God and the part of God that separated from God or the part of God's Spirit which separated from God's Spirit and which is inside the light, inside the waters, inside the earth is not God and is not a new God. That, the finally remembers to exhale, is the crux of the very, very, very long argument that God is having with the part that separated from Him or the part of His Spirit that separated from His Spirit. And this [thanks] concludes God's third example of his point [reading]. And the morning and the evening were the third day. [Okay tears the next section out.] This part, the part doesn't belong in here. What's it's status from the second chapter, checks, the man, Adam. Adam must've put it in here.

Konigsberg
What are you doing? You can't just just tear out part of the Torah.

Cerberus
[handing him the piece] (Cerberus just did

Konigsberg
[looking at it in vague horror]
I stand corrected. [thanks] No, wait. I mean tearing something out of the Torah [thanks] it's it's [thinks well at the very least it's bad theology]

Cerberus
[thanks] No, it's not [thanks] It's a common sense. Look, God used to do the earth to bring forth grass and herbs and trees, right? Which the earth does. And then all of a sudden, for the next event, God makes two great lights? In the middle of making his point that there is only One God? That's bad theology. Besides, God already said, way, way back here, let there be light, admitting that he didn't create the light [thanks]. And even if he had, He would only have had to create the light once, right? If you invent, say, the chair, okay? A thing for people to sit down on?

Konigsberg
Yes, I understand the concept of a chair.

Cerberus
Exactly. You come up with the concept of a chair. You don't say, "This morning I invented the chair, and then, two days later, say, I just invented two more chairs." The chair is a concept. Letting "The light" be is a concept.



That but what makes you think Adam put it in
Kong's shirt here?

(crebus
[f]ru [t]e. Who do *you* think passed al- of these Books
down? it was probably the first good-and-bad thing
ever in heart of his head after he ate the bad fru i from
the good-and-bad fruit tree. No, tul of bad fruit, he
saw the we lighter, trap in after the only reference to
fruit trees, and fruit that he could find in the first
chapter

Keywords

I took this as going to lose forever if you keep
 interrupting. [reading the scroll to himself for a
 minute or two. I took it, grabbing Kongsberg by the
 arm and pointing at the scroll] Look how much better
 I read without Adam's bad fruit-story about
 inventing the two lights. Read it now that I've
 has asked the head of it! Start out God says, let the
 earth bring forth tender grass, herbs and trees which
 bear seed, the R light. Right now what's the next
 thing to do? The next logical thing is
 to let the waters bring forth R light. Right
 [reading] and God said, let the waters bring forth
 abundantly the moving creatures that have souls, and
 birds also, that swim in the earth in the face of the
 firmament of heaven. See, we're trying to make the
 earth act better.

$$\frac{d}{dt} \left(\frac{\partial L}{\partial \dot{x}} \right) = \frac{\partial L}{\partial x}$$

(Cerebus)

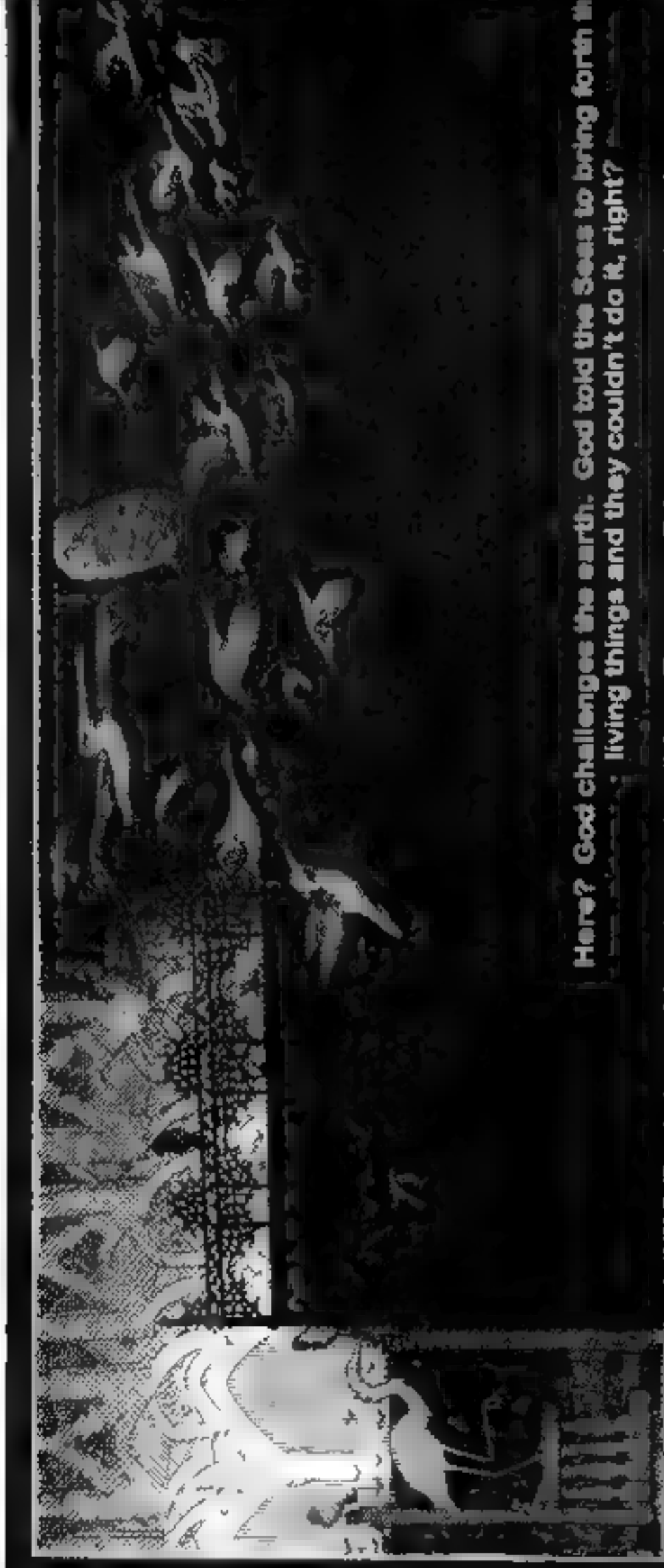
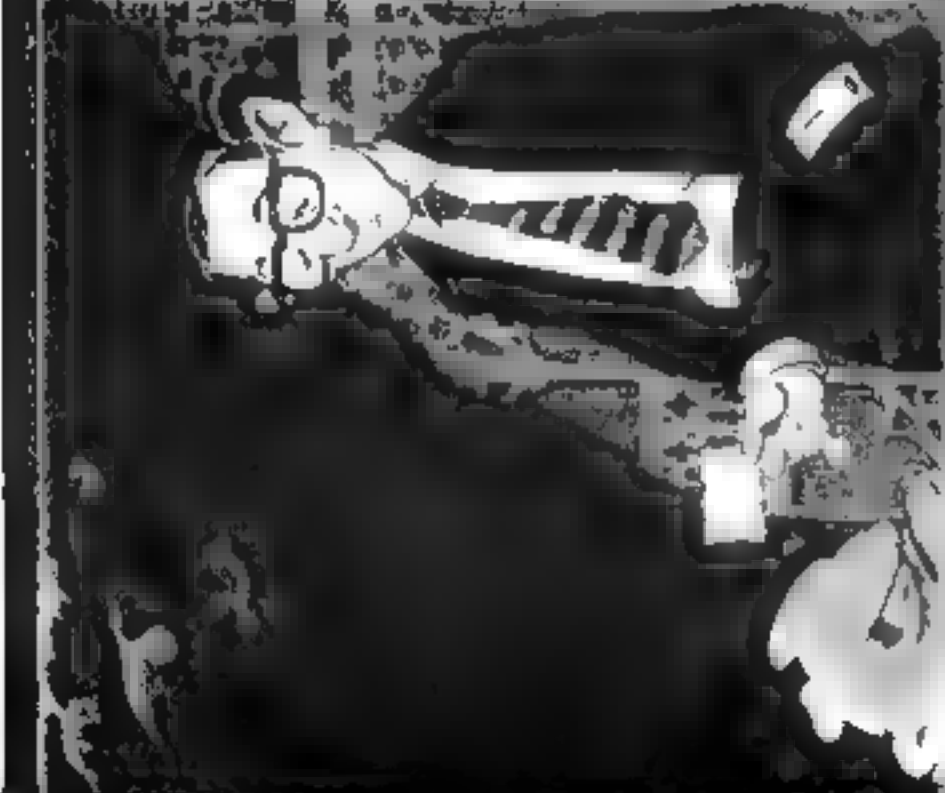
Howe says, "We have been told that the earth is that which is created by God for his own living things. So the *Genesis* can be said to say, 'let the earth bring forth grass, and herbs, and trees, and that all it takes to live, let it be as for as the eye can see.' (Genesis 1:11) But the water is created for the earth. But the water is a just step and water, God can tell the waters, and He says in the face to bring forth the living things, and they just go on to stupidly up and down at the shore, so feeding. And God is not a great whole, and every living creature that is in the water brought forth abundantly after the kind, and every winged fowl after its kind, and God saw that good, and makes it to be the great whales, the fish, the creeping things, Himself. Because if God doesn't do it, it is not a good thing. God is saying that when the earth is definite, not God, the earth is better than the water, because the earth can create living things, only grass and herbs and trees, sure. But the actual living things, and the waters, and of course, the whales, God tries to pull a fast one with the whales. We're getting to that part. Also, notice the *Genesis* kind, and *their* kind.

The earth brought forth grass, herb yielding seed after its kind, and the tree yielding fruit after *his* kind. Whose seed is it as *it* *He* and *it*? The grass is just grass. The grass is an *it*. The herb is a *he*. The fruit tree is a *he*. This *it* is an *it*. When *it* gets around to making the thing requires that move the waters bringing them forth after *their* kind. What is the definition of *it*?

Konigsberg

Crebus
If that means his heels and his then you're right
The waters are the waters she waters and I waters





Here? God challenges the earth. God told the Seas to bring forth the living things and they couldn't do it, right?



God is happy with His Spirit.

Interchangeable. Stupid. Not good or bad. It. The winged fowl, birds, on the other hand are *he* birds. "After his kinde" Which is not to say that there aren't female birds. There have to be because the very next thing God says is [reading] "And God blessed them saying, Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the waters in the Seas. Note: be fruitful. Reproduce yourselves, he-birds, as even the lowest of fruit does, and as even the highest. God's Spirit did." God is saying that every *he* and it is fruitful, no matter how stupid *he* and/or it is. The seed is in you. Let it separate from you and create life just as *part* of God separated from God or *part* of God's Spirit separated from God's Spirit and went into the light. This leads to God's next example. [reading] "and let fowle multiply in the earth." "In the earth" Not on the earth. God makes birds, which fly in the face of the firmament of heaven just like God's Spirit moved on the face of the waters. And just like the part of God's Spirit that went into the light the birds spirits multiply in the Earth. God knowing how much the earth is going to like this in the same way that God's Spirit liked moving on the face of the waters and liked going into the light (thinks about it) which is to say, a lot—God tells the birds, you know make lots and lots and lots of birds. Because every time a bird flies through the face of the firmament of heaven, its spirit flies through the Earth and the Earth gets to feel a little bit of what God's Spirit moving on the face of the waters and going into the light felt like to God or to God's Spirit. [reading] "And the evening and the morning were the first day." Okay.

Next [reading] "And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kinde, cattell and creeping things, and beast of the earth, after his kinde, and it was so. Here? God challenges the earth. God told the Seas to bring forth their living things and they couldn't do it, right? So God had to create all of the fish and the birds himself. So, now God says to the earth "If you're God or you're like God," which is really what the argument is all about that God is having with the part that separated from Him or separated from His Spirit—"then do what I, God, just did make living, moving things come out of the earth the way I just made living, moving things come out of the Seas." And the earth can't do it. Which is another one of God's points. The earth can't make grass and herbs and trees, but the earth can't make living moving creatures. So, God makes them for the earth. [reading] "And God made the beast of the earth after his kinde, and cattell after their kinde and every thing that creepeth upon the earth, after his kinde, and God saw that good. All of the moving creatures, except the cattle—are *he*. The cattle on the other hand, are interchangeably *he*, she and it (thinks about it). Basically? Cattle are living, breathing, walking moving *fruit*. They are 'Is.' You know like the waters. They aren't good or bad. They just are. But, that's okay. In fact, it's good. Says God, that they aren't good or bad. Living, breathing, walking, eating, sleeping *fruit* is a good thing. Like the light and the Earth and the Seas are good (thinks). Just good in a different way. Okay. So you would figure at this point that God would be finished for the day, but in figuring that you would be wrong. [reading] "And God said, Let us make man in our image after our likeness. What God is saying to the earth, and to the part of God that separated from God or the part of God's Spirit that separated from God's Spirit and which is inside the light and inside the earth is "Now, this time, for this day, you and I together—will make the next example of the relationship which exists between us. But before he goes ahead and makes the example Himself, having already proven that the earth is only capable of making grass and herbs and trees—God says. And

we'll make a deal. Once we have made these two entities let's you and I agree to "reading" let them have dominium over the fish of the sea, and over the joint of the wire and over the cattle and over all the earth, and over their creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. And while the part of God that separated from God on the part of God's Spirit that separated from God's spirit is making over the offer God goes ahead with His plan [reading] So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him male and female created he them. And just like with the birds whose spirits whose souls fly around inside the earth—even as the birds themselves are flying around in the face of the firmament of heaven God makes the man and the female of the man for the same reason except that because they can't fly their souls, their spirits will be walking around, upside down, in the earth reading and God blessed them and God said unto them Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth.

[to Konigsberg] That reminds Cerebus. Are you sure the first book of Moshe is the *earliest* book you've got?

Königsberg
(Oh, definitely thinks) Why?

(արգել)

Well, because when God says, "replenish the earth that is the same thing. He says at the start of chapter nine, after the flood. So obviously this is like an on-going thing. This is the way things always start the way they start in this first chapter or the way they start after the flood with God telling the new people to replenish the earth. And then things go wrong and there is this big catastrophe of some kind and all of the living things on the earth you know *die* in some big disaster and as a result the earth *loses* all of the spirits of the birds and the animals and the people and then it's time to [replenish] til the earth up again [thinks about it]. So, (Cerebus was just you know, wondering what it was that happened to all the birds and the animals and the people before the start of the first book of Moshe
Where was Cerebus?)

Wie ist die durchschnittliche Anzahl an Kindern pro Frau?

C. crebrius

(3) aye, aye aye *unt' sabber* *it* Which is bad news for the earth because by describing the earth as 'it' God is saying that the earth is like the waters or the walking fruit the cattle. The earth is not being an intelligent *he* God is saying the earth is being a stupid *it* Which God probably has a good point, since the earth doesn't take God up on His deal.

Kongsgård
1947

Συντάκτης

Aye, the altar that God makes in verse 26. I compare it with the 'dome deal' in verse 28 where God says let them "them" meaning the man and the female of the man [reading *have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the fowls of the air, and over every living thing that creepeth upon the earth*]. See the earth only takes God up on *pair* of God's deal.

Korngberg
Part of the deal.

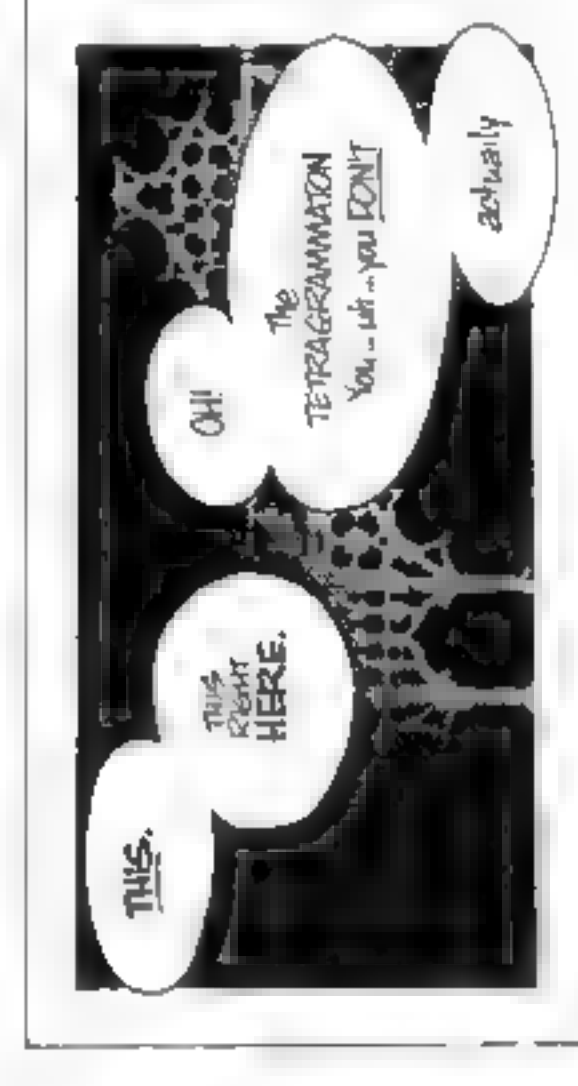
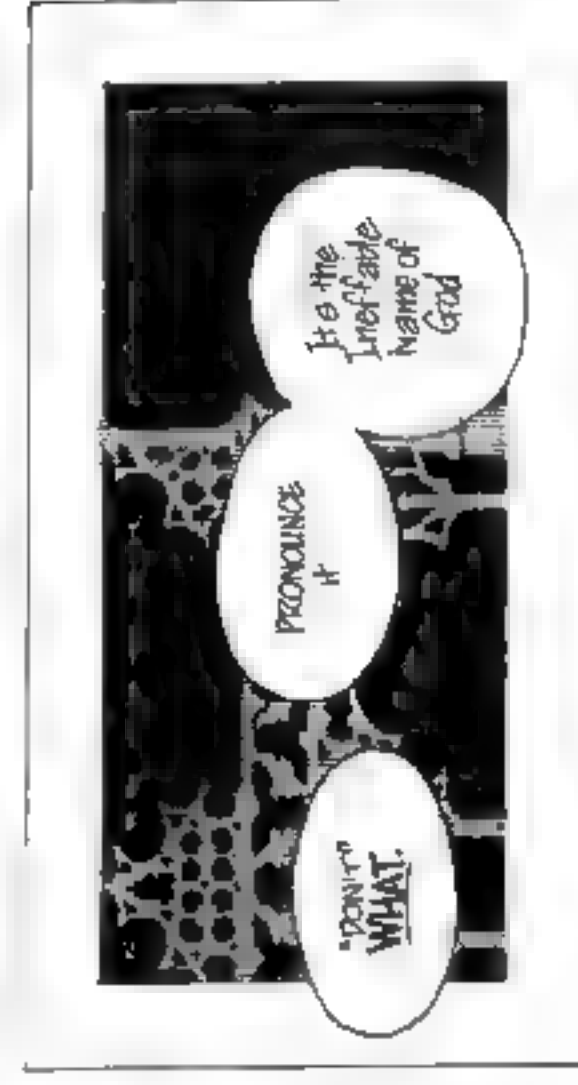
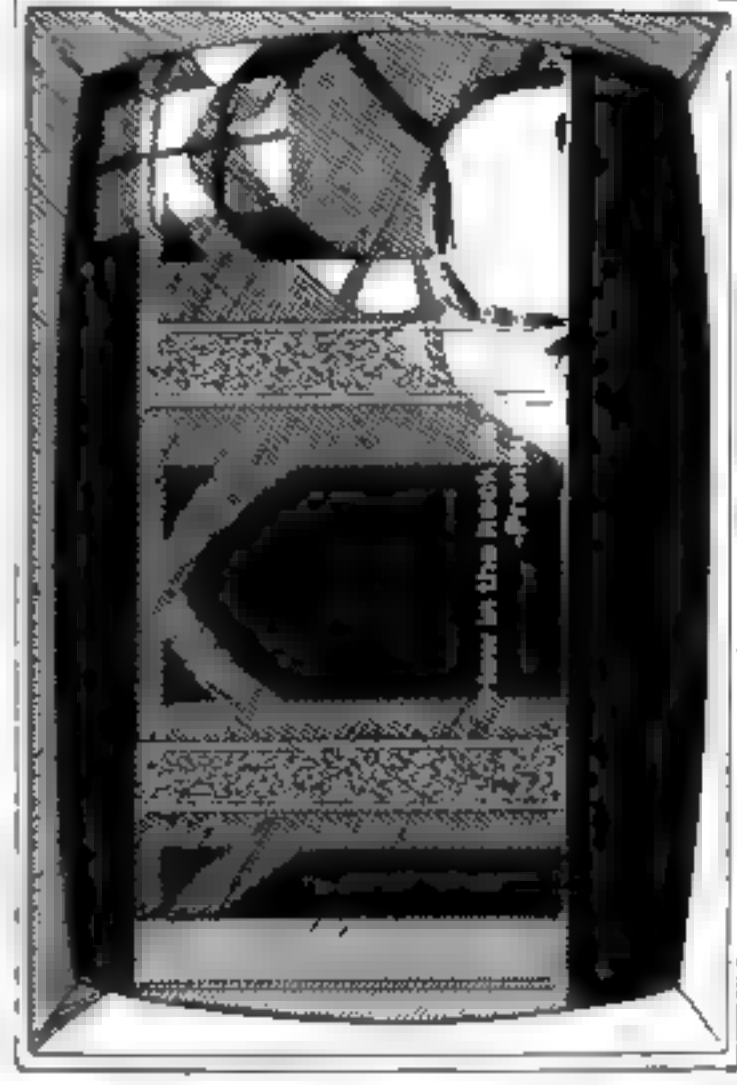
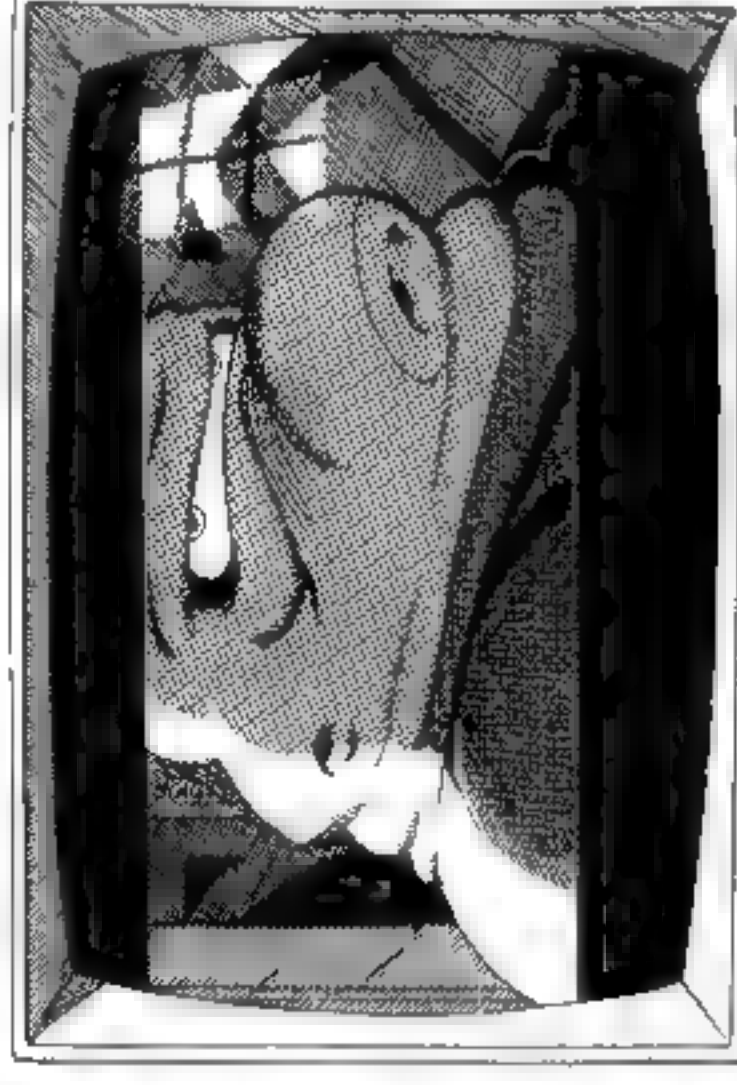
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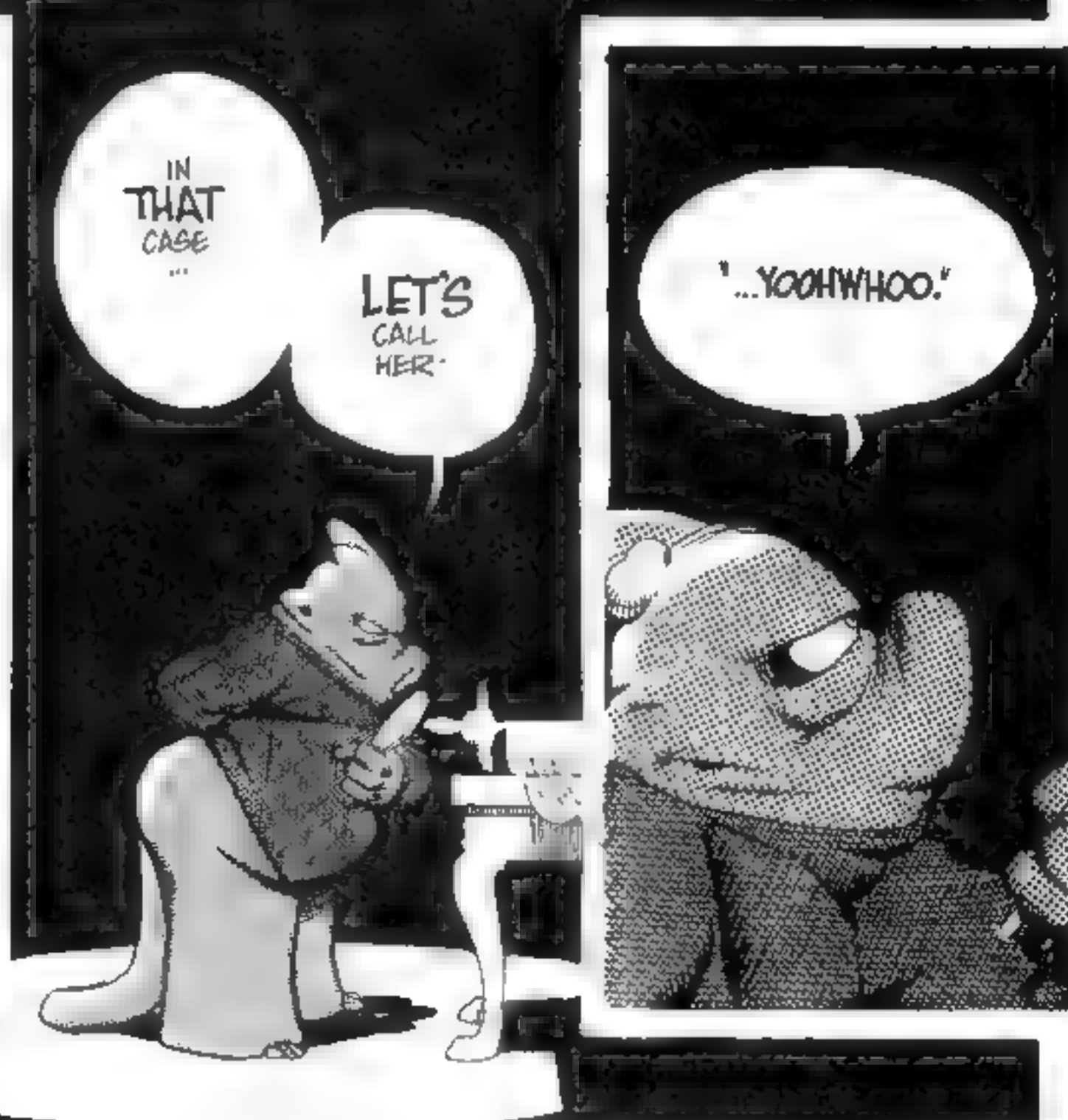
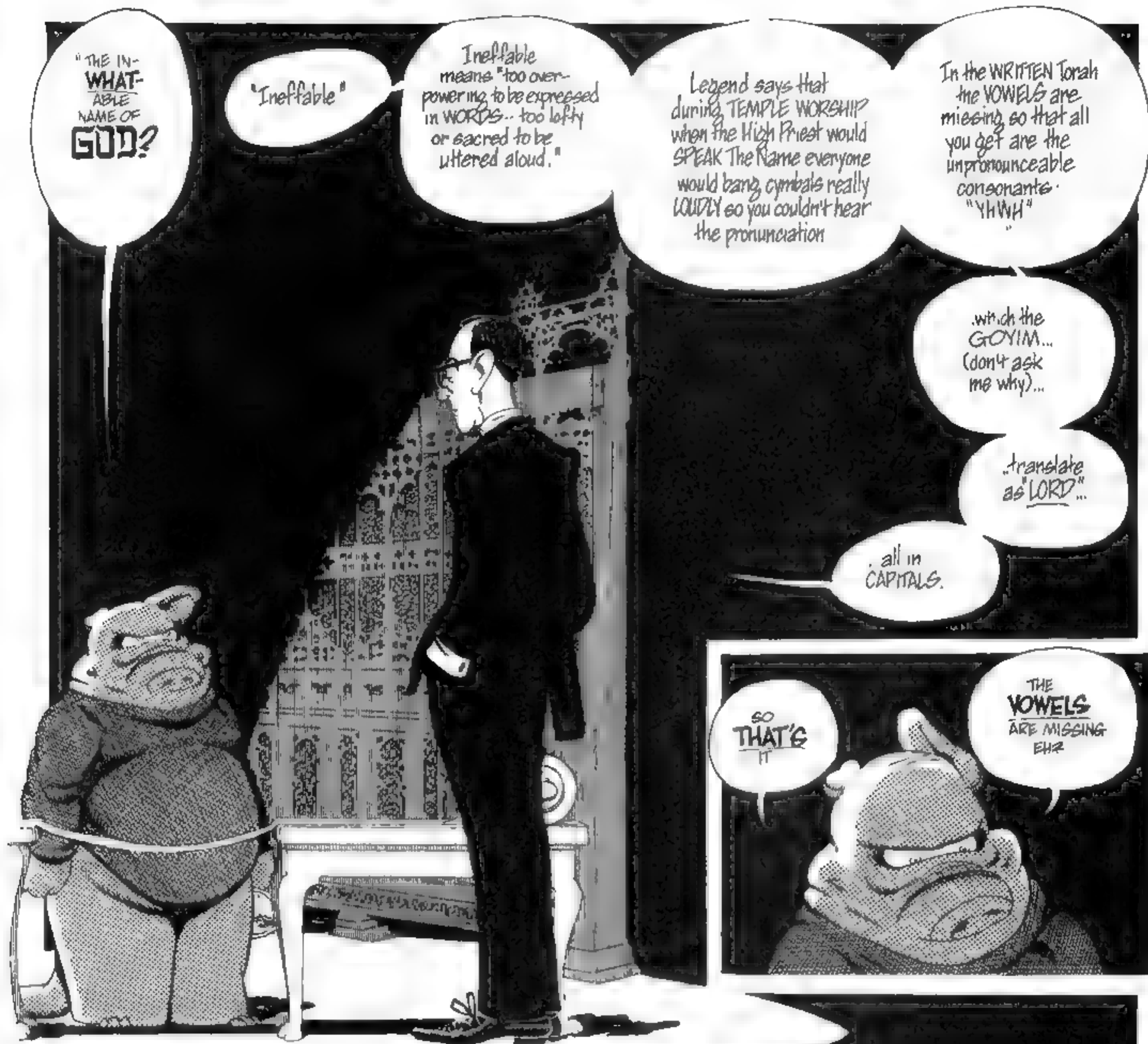
Aye. The part of God that separated from God of a Spirit that separated from God's Spirit and which is *inside* the earth agrees but leaves out two big parts: the earth *doesn't* agree to give the man and the female-of-the-man dominion over the *earth* or the *cattle*. Which is why God tells the man and the female-of-the-man that they are going to have to *subdue* the earth on *his* own [wh nks] Cerebus is writing a directive on *him* to be sent out to all the sanctuaries. As so the great whales—being mammals—don't qualify as fish, so the man and the female-of-the-man wouldn't have gotten dominion over the great whales under the terms of God's original deal anyway. This is the *fast* one. God tries to pull on the separated part of God or of God's Spirit that he calls "Day." If "Day" had gone for the original deal that would've given the man and the female-of-the-man dominion over everything *except* the great whales. See the whales are "of God" out of all the living, moving creatures on the earth or in the Seas they resemble God the most. *Big Reality's* big *Dark Reality's* dark *Thick Reality's* thick. They move like the deep, like the dark waters above the atmosphere, but they're alive [thinks for a long while] Okay, reading. And God said, *Behold, I have given you every herb seed* which *upon the face of all the earth, and every tree in the which the fruit of a tree yielding seed to you it shall be for meat. And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is a living soul, every green herb for meat.* And it was so. What God is saying here is since the earth didn't make the cattle but refuses to give the man and the female of the man dominion over the cattle, well, God decides to just give all of the herbs growing out of the earth and every tree growing out of the earth to the man and the female-of-the-man and the animals and the creeping things that God created [chuckles] You know what's the earth going to do about it? Of course [technical], God only gave them the trees for food. The trees are the trees "Of God." The fruit is "it." Of the separated part of God or separated part of God's Spirit [reading]. And God saw every thing that he had made, and behold, very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.

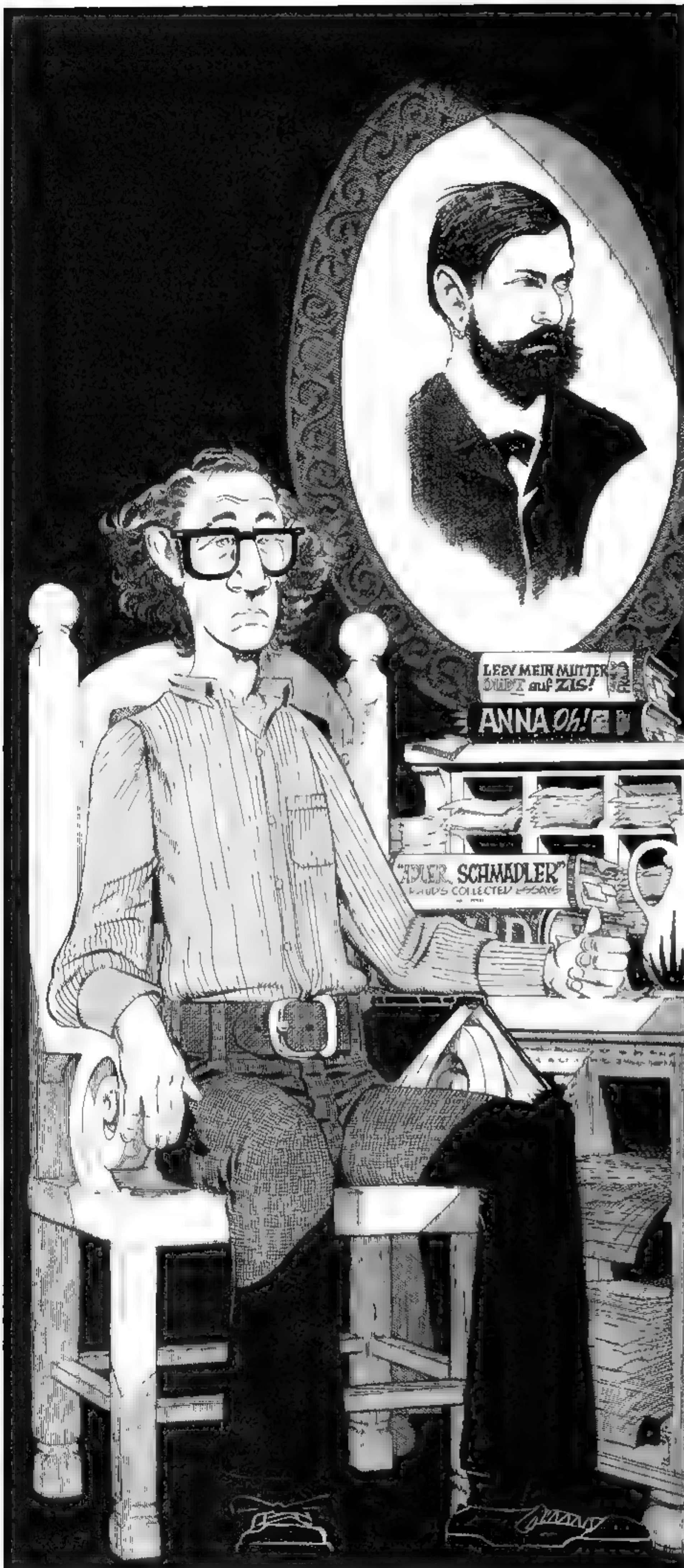
Okay, so that's God's version of how everything got started. Next we have [peers intently at the scroll] stands up [peers intently at the scroll again] Okay. Here's a question Cerebus had right off the bat about chapter two [points at verse 4]. How in the heck do you pronounce this?

Okay so that's *God's* version of how everything got started. Next we have [peers intent'ly at the scroll:] stands up][peers intently at the scroll again] Okay. Here's a question Cerebus had right off the bat about chapter two [points at verse 4]. How in the heck do you *pronounce* this?

Kon üsberg
Pronounce what?







85th of Wintermonth 71- Can it really be almost a year since I've written in these pages? Scattered around me stacks and stacks of preliminary notes—many of them undated—haunting reminders of the futility of these last four months

(Undated)—Dr Freud has observed "this Ego Libido can only become accessible to psychoanalytic study if its psychic energy is invested (cathexis) in sexual objects." Cathexis [Anc. Dehnsion~Cathexo: "to occupy" (contrast w. Catheflexo: "to sublet." See also ~Cathedyslexo: "to rent by the hour")]

(Undated)—I continue to search my own Remnants and Memory Symbols for Psychic Traumata—a dog drinking out of a glass or a black snake coming through a wall.....nothing comes to me. The bank account of my psyche is overdrawn, drained of its emotional currency which I have traded for the colourful painted "chips" of my faith in Dr Freud's teachings. Hoping that the Casino of my Super-Ego will accept them "at par," I struggle to remember if the white ones or the blue ones are worth twenty-five and whether it's a good idea to "stand" on "soft seventeen." My Inner Affective Resistances having slowed my self-analysis to a standstill, I'm reduced to sublimating my aggression by sadistically torturing my metaphors.

(Undated) Reading Part III wherein Dr Freud discusses the Splitting of Consciousness: "Our experiences in this matter are nothing new: among hysterics, one may meet persons of the clearest intellects, the strongest wills, the greatest principles and of the subtlest minds," I notice that he has switched from referring to himself in the first person plural to the third person singular in the space of a single paragraph. One is probably just trying to make one's reader feel included but, at another level, I suspect we might be trying to tell us something.

(5th of Stone to) - I dream that I am Elizabeth von R. Dr. Freud, in the words of his Epigrams to that famous history is explaining to me that "the independence of [my] nature was reaching, beyond the womanly ideal, manifesting itself in destroy purgatorialness and shift-in-ness." He applies pressure to my head and tells me to describe the first thing I see. I reply, "I see that it would have been better for the translator to have used an *actual* word - like 'reclusion' - rather than a fabricated composite non-term like 'shift-in-ness'." I awake to find my imaginary nightie drenched in sweat and my imaginary scented baby powder adhering in pearly like white clumps to the acefr is of its mag, vary arm-holes

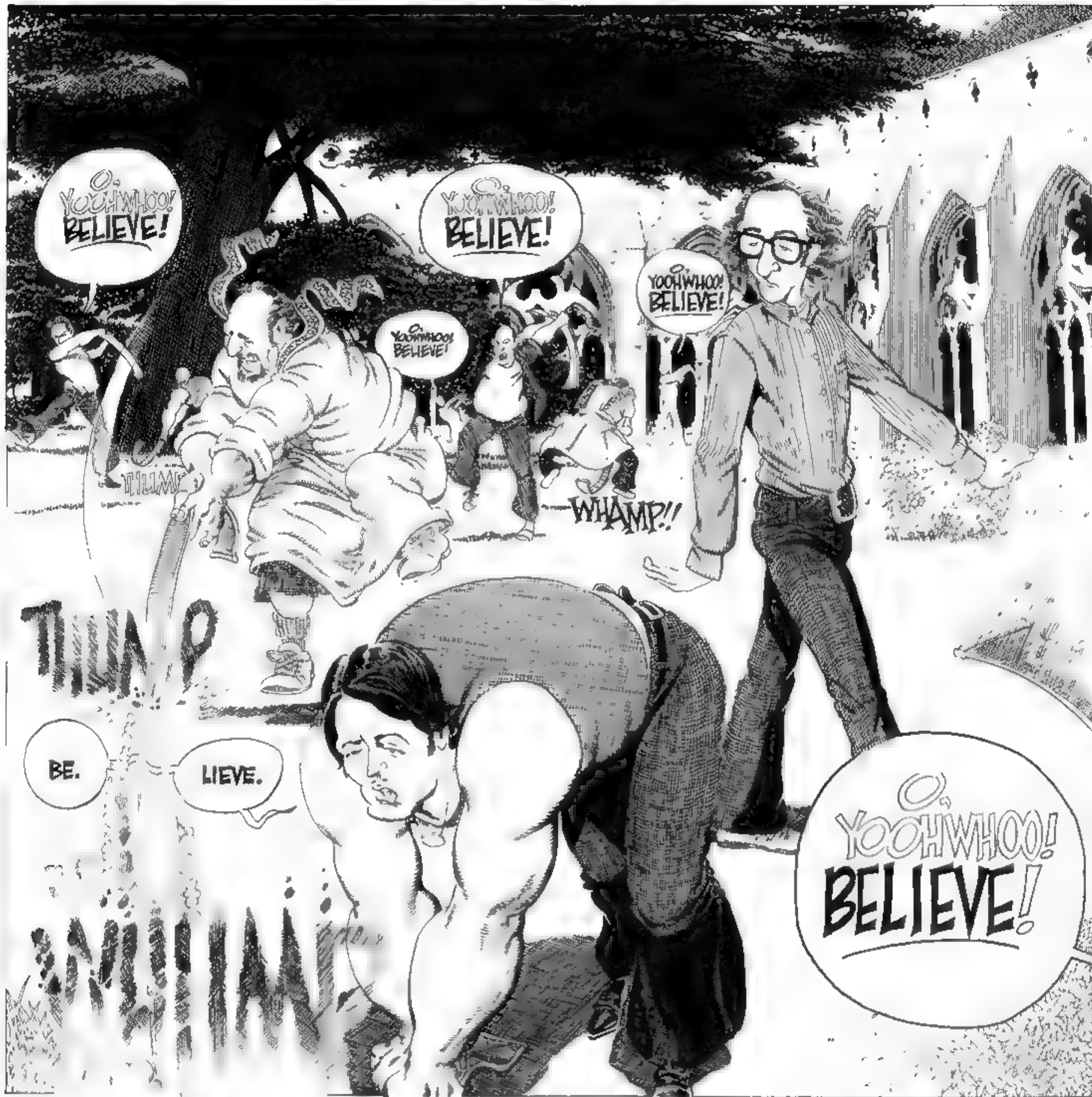
(Undated) Following Bernheim's example of forcibly awakening, apparently forgotten impressions through somnambulism I notes to myself that I DO know what my Prolegomena Pechic Traumata are! And that I WILL recall them! IN cetera. NOW This WENT! Despite slapping myself around for a good half hour constantly screaming, "SCHNELL! SCHNELL!" I stick to my original story. I know nothing and suspect even less. In answer to my startled threat that "I can KILL but I can't KILL," I proceed to do both in the process setting my treatment back by months

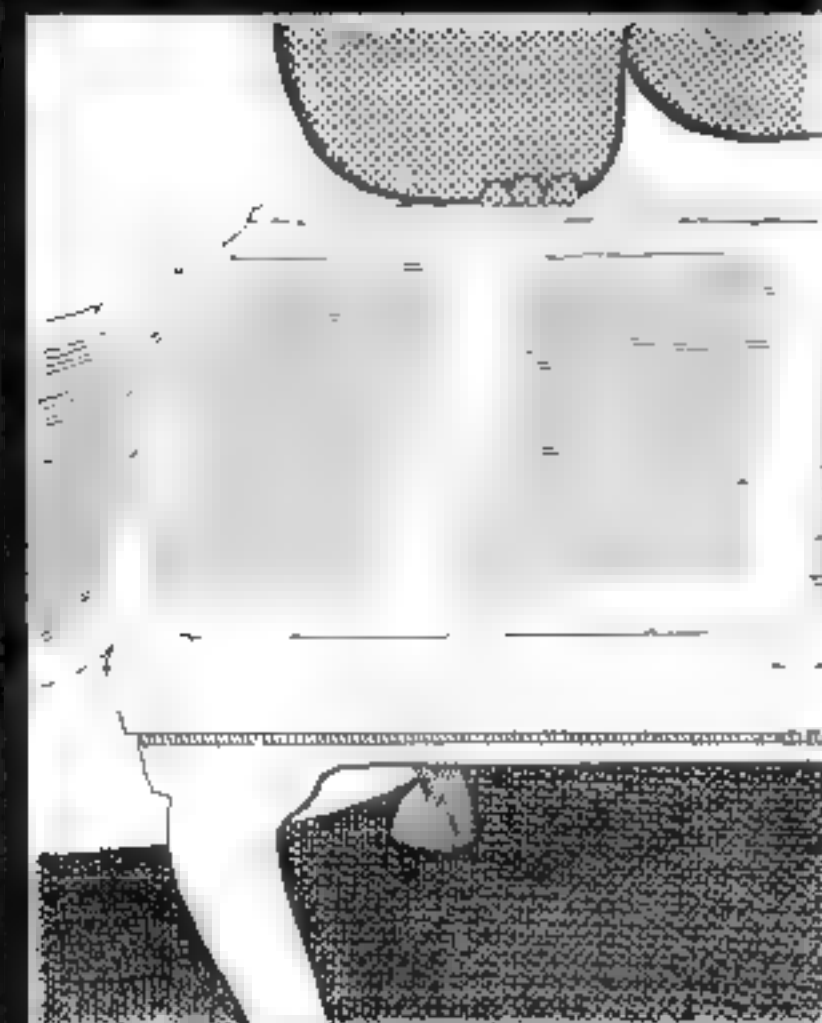
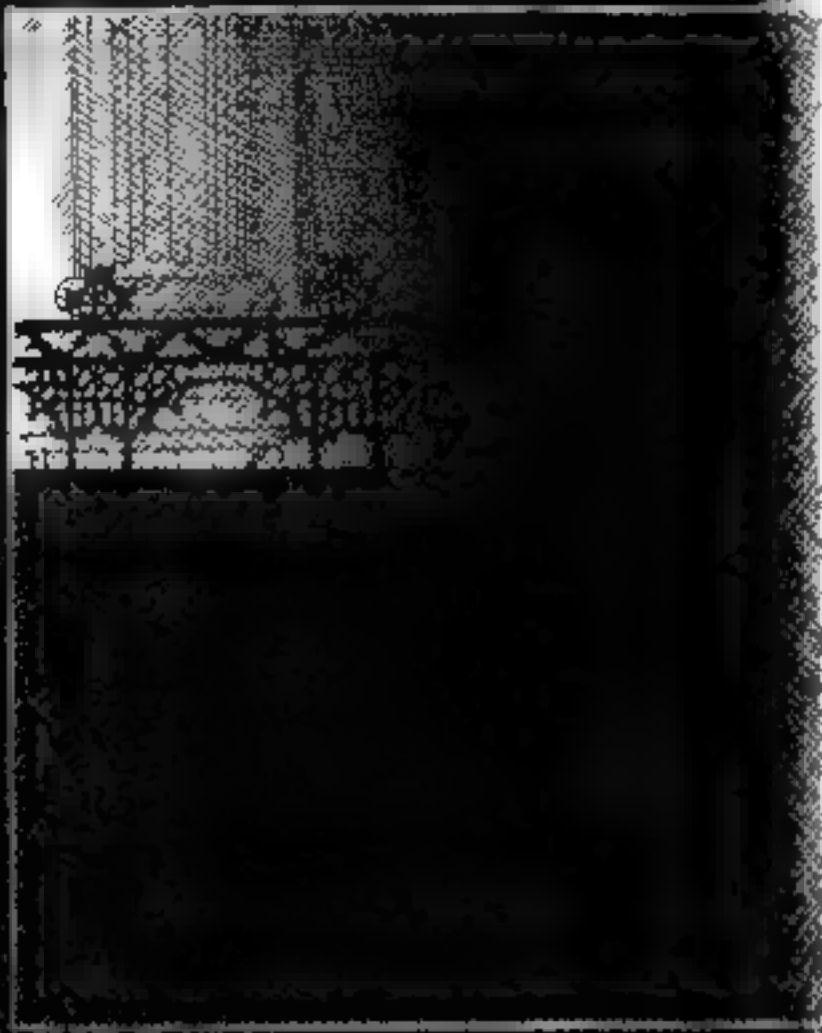
5th of Springmonth - Dr Freud's assertion that "the nonstead of the Ego is the Wido leaves me disconcerted. I was CERTAIN that the nonstead of the Ego was the HOMESTEAD (with a quilted comforter preferably). To me, the nonstead of the WIDO is the five-star restaurant and the bordello (quilted comforter optional). While returning my copy of Freud's *Frauen-ante* to the Cloning but I am donna y on purpose brush my upper arm against a copy of C G Jung's *Les Das a Uberschweres Geschütz in Dem Kessel*? I return home feeling cheap and tawdry, but also strangely exhilarated

7th of Springmonth 71 - I awaken in the middle of the night from a dream which has provided the solution I've been seeking. In a half-conscious state, I combine it down in the notepad I keep next to the petroleum jelly in my nightstand. The next morning, it turns out to be complete & correct. Exterior Street scene Wide angle. Passerby right to left. Exit frame. All voice over (this is important). Forty seconds. K'berg receding. Fred notices K'berg arrives mid-frame. One minute approx. post stills recreation to rec. sound. Daily left following K'berg. approx twenty feet approx. fifteen sec. Freeze frame. K'berg exits frame left prior to 'while simultaneously enjoying etc. Possible to shoot seven pages in one afternoon."

8th of Springmonth 71 - Although I'm only supposed to be crossing the courtyard to the Sancharia, I find myself - for no discernible reason - halfway down Two-Mile Road contemplating the Etiology of my Chronic Masturbation. I'm a great believer in Etiology: the Science of Root Causes. For it is only through focusing on the origins of a given Id Tendency - instead of focusing on the Id Tendency itself - that we enable ourselves to, both, fully understand the nature of that Id Tendency.

"...with e, simultaneously enjoying it many times a day





Cerebus

Oh, aye. Razor strops. They used to work on Cerebus when he was a kid, so Cerebus figured they would work on Yoohwhoo. [thinks] And they *have*. There didn't used to be *any* vegetation around the Sanctuary.

Konigsberg:

You mean...you *told* them to do that?

Cerebus

Aye. They're "subduing the earth". Like it said in the first chapter of the First Book of Moshe that men were *supposed* to do.

Konigsberg

But...but...they're saying "O, Yoohwhoo! Believe!"

Cerebus

Aye

Konigsberg

But...but...I *thought*.. that is...[thinks] Didn't you say that Yoohwhoo was.. the *ineffable* name of God'?

Cerebus

Nay. You said Yoowhoo was the ineffable name of God. [thinks] See, Yoowhoo only *thinks* she's God

Konigsberg

Yoohwhoo *thinks* she's God

Cerebus

Aye. See, Yoowhoo is [refers to the first chapter] "*the beast of the earth*". Yoowhoo is the separated part of God or part of God's Spirit that's *inside* the earth. She's a.. a.. *great light* [thinks] or a.. a *great fire* [thinks] or *both*...in the *middle* of the earth. Like the sun, but much, much smaller

Konigsberg

So *why* does she think she's God?

Cerebus

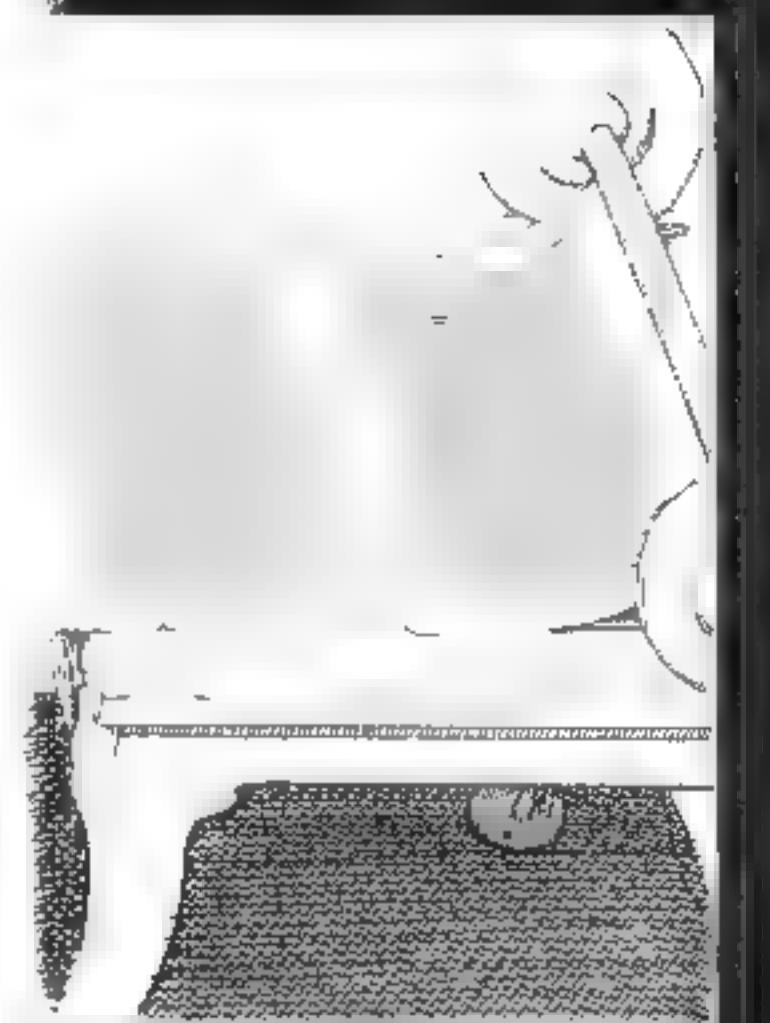
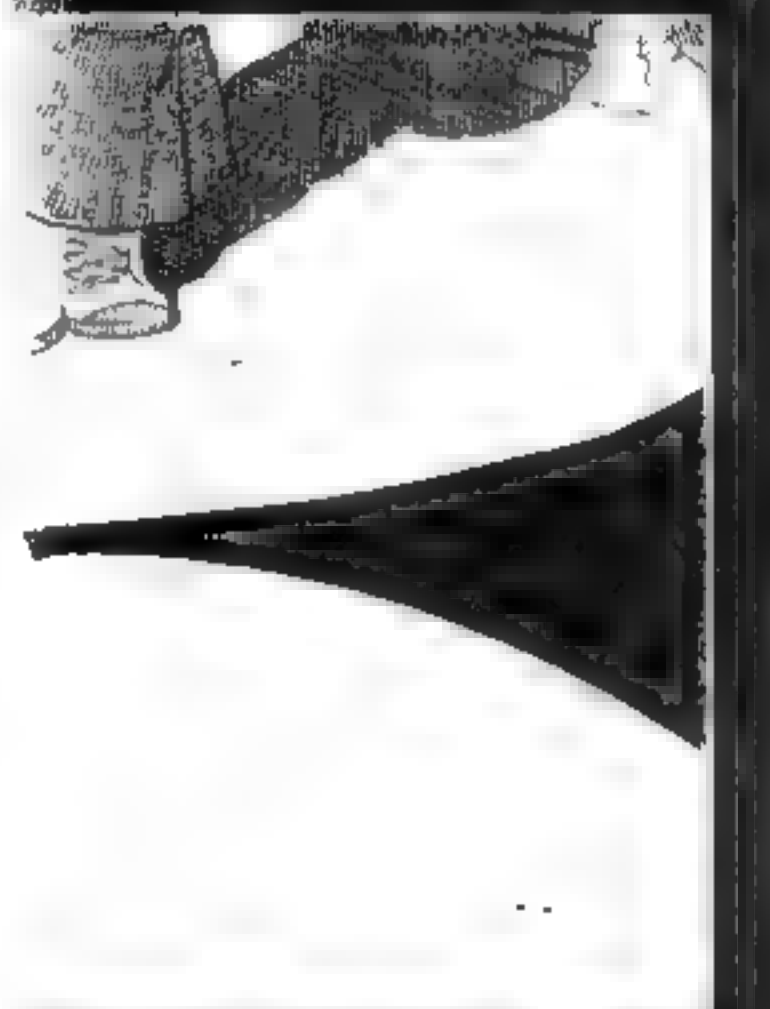
Bad fruit

Konigsberg

Bad fruit?

Cerebus

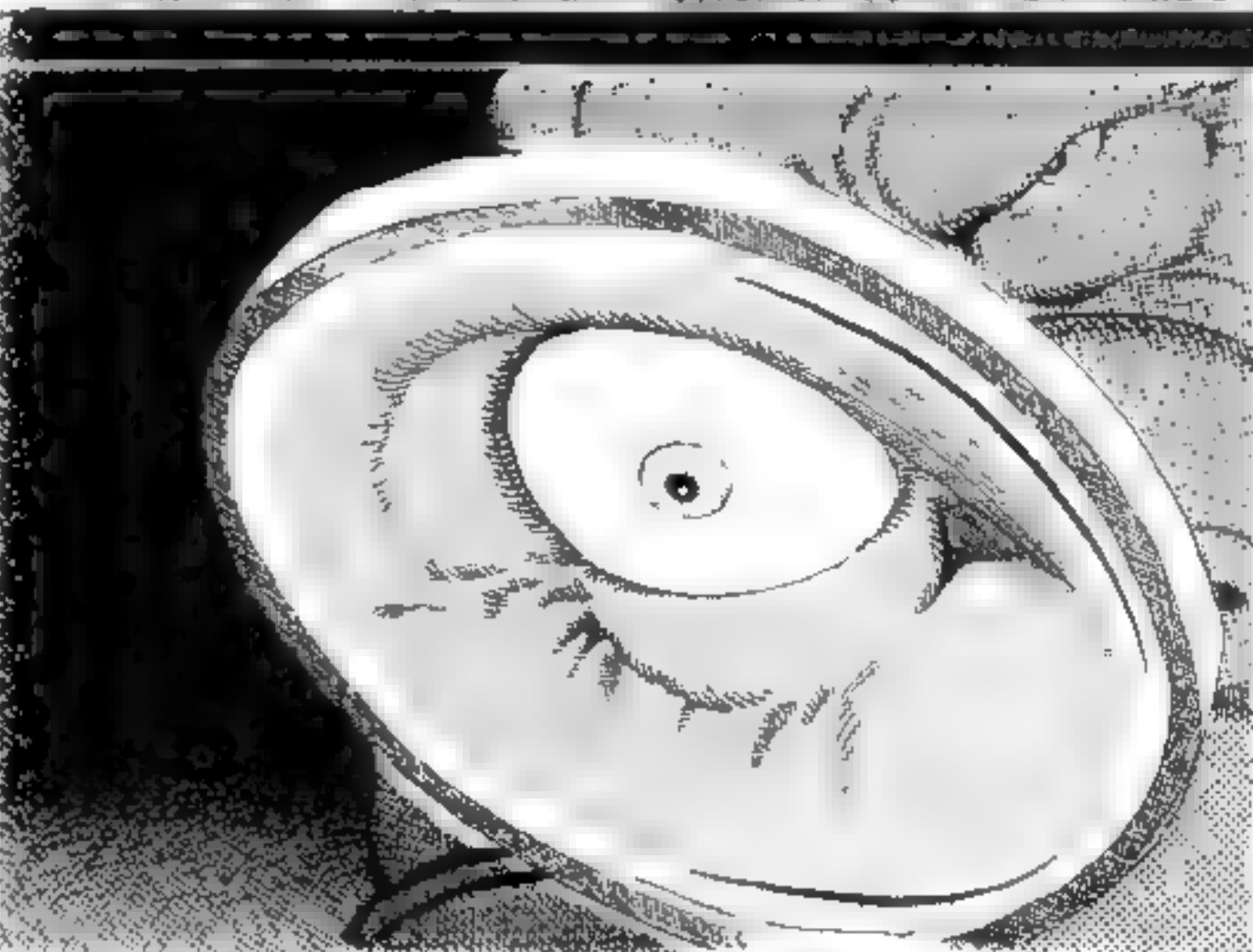
Listen, why don't you just...let Cerebus tell you this from the beginning. That's why Cerebus invited you over here, right? Because Cerebus is *finally* ready to dictate his commentaries on chapters two and three and four and five. [clears throat]. Okay. So God has finished telling his side of the story and then he basically says, "Okay, Yoohwhoo. If *you're* God, if you're *Yoohwhoo* God, tell Me: how do *you* remember everything getting started?" Which really throws Yoohwhoo for a loop. You ever listen to a woman tell a story *after* she's been thrown for a loop? It sounds a *lot* like this one. So, anyway, Yoohwhoo says, "*These the generations of the heuens, & of the earth, when they were created; in the day that the Yoohwhoo God made the earth, and the heuens...*" Note that—right off the bat—according to Yoowhoo God—*she* made everything in *one* day, unlike the *six* days that it took God to accomplish the same thing. Also—according to Yoohwhoo God—there's only *one* earth, but there's *more than one* heaven. How *many* heavens Yoohwhoo God is not prepared to say at this time but according to Yoohwhoo God—there is more than one heaven, plural, as in "heavens". Yoohwhoo God goes on: "*And euery plant of the field, before it was in the earth, and euery herb of the field before it grew...*" See, right there, that's how you know that this is the earth—the living thing *inside* the earth—





talking What's the first thing she mentions? The plants and the herbs. What's the *only* thing the earth was able to produce on her own? Plants and herbs Only—according to Yoohwhoo God *she* created them *before* they were in the earth. Cerebus isn't sure what that *means* but this is Yoohwhoo God's story and she's sticking with it, " *for the Yoohwhoo God had not caused it to raine vpon the earth, and there not a man to till the ground* " You ever been married? No? This [sighs] this is what a conversation with a wife is like. "*for the Yoohwhoo God had not caused it to raine vpon the earth That...for*". *in there just kills Cerebus* As if the fact that Yoohwhoo God having *not* caused it to rain upon the earth somehow *explains* the plants and the herbs existing *before* they were in the earth [thinks] When you're a husband, you learn to just stare off into the distance when you're facing that kind of logic. Yoohwhoo God goes on: "*But a mist went up from the earth and watered the whole face of the ground* " See. According to Yoohwhoo God, the earth didn't even *need* rain to make the plants grow. The earth just produced a...a...*mist* that watered the whole face of the ground [looks intently at Konigsberg] Have *you* ever seen a mist come up from the earth that was *heavy* enough to water a bunch of plants? Nay, neither has Cerebus. Neither has *anyone*. Except, evidently, Yoohwhoo God. So! Thus far, Yoohwhoo God has created the heavens and the earth in one day, plants and herbs *before* they were in the ground, whatever that means, and then a... a...*mist* comes up from the ground. To water all the plants. The first thing Cerebus thought was "How can Yoohwhoo God *see* to do all this? There's no *light*!" Anyway: "*And the Yoohwhoo God formed man of the dust of the ground & breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soule*." See, this is where you can see the problem that God is facing God isn't visible, right? God is a Spirit. If he wants to *show* the earth something, he has to use the earth as a raw material to do it. So, God makes a man *from* the dust of the earth and what's the first thing the *earth* thinks? "Oh, *look what I just made* " "*And the Yoohwhoo God planted a garden Eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed*." Again with the plants Yoohwhoo God is *very big* on plants. Only now there's a whole garden of plants and it's on the East side of someplace called Eden "Eden?" Cerebus thought at this point, "Where did Eden come from?" And out of the ground made the Yoohwhoo God to grow *euery* tree that is *pleasant* to the sight, and good for food the tree of life also in the *midst* of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and euill Not another word about Eden or whether it was there all along or whether Yoohwhoo God made it but, next?...you guessed it...*more plants*. Including *trees*, this time At this point, Yoohwhoo God has second thoughts about her "mist that went up from the earth and watered the face of the ground " Now that Yoohwhoo God has had a couple of verses to *think* about it, it turns out that it *wasn't* a mist that watered all the plants. It was a river. "*And a riuer went out of Eden to water the garden...* " A river? Out of Eden? Is Eden a *mountain*? An underground *spring*? A waterfall, *maybe*? And how the heck does a river water a garden, anyway? Did Yoohwhoo God create the *concept* of a river? Or did Yoohwhoo God just create *this particular* river? Shouldn't it be "*And Yoohwhoo God made a riuer to go out from Eden*"? Or did the heavens and the earth—when Yoohwhoo God made them all in one day—just sort of come fully-equipped with rivers? This, evidently, is for Yoohwhoo God to know and for the rest of us not to find out. " *and from thence it was parted and became into foure heads* " Heads? The river has heads? Four of them? How the heck does a

river "become into" four heads? And what the heck does "become into" mean? No idea, but guess what? The heads have names! "The name of the first Pison that it which compasseth the whole land of Haurah, where is gold " It was at this point that Cerebus got the definite impression that a certain element of scope was missing from Yoohwhoo's version of events. "And the gold of that land good. There Bdeltrum and the Onix stone " You know what Cerebus means? Like the next verse is going to tell you a great place to buy dish-towels and placemats. "And the name of the second riuier Gihon the same it that compasseth the whole land of Cush. " The second river See, Cerebus thought we were talking about the heads that the river "became into". Never been married, eh? See, you learn to just nod and smile at this kind of stuff. The more you don't understand? The more you nod and smile. "And the name of the third riuier Hiddekel: that which goeth toward the East of Assyria. and the fourth riuier is Euphrates. " At this point, the bell rings and we all get to leave geography class and go back to Ancient History class "And the Yoohwhoo God tooke the man, and put him into the garden of Eden, to dresse it and to keepe it " See, if you've never been married, at this point you would ask yourself, self? Why does Yoohwhoo God repeat verse 8 practically word-for-word here in verse 15? If you have been married—like Cerebus has—you just nod and smile and think, "Okay, now she's remembered where she was in the story before she got distracted by the part about the rivers " "And the Yoohwhoo God commanded the man, saying, Of euery tree of the garden, eating thou shalt eate But of the tree of the knowledge of good and euill, thou shalt not eate of it for in the day that thou eatest thereof, dying thou shalt die " Okay, so basically Yoohwhoo God created the heavens and the earth in one day, all the plants and herbs before they were in the ground, formed a man out of the dust of the ground, planted a garden with a tree of life and a tree of knowledge of good and evil, put the man in the garden, and told him not to eat the fruit of the second tree or he would die. Well, [thinks] That certainly answers all of Cerebus' questions about how everything came to be And the Yoohwhoo God said, It not good that the man should be alone: I will make him a helpe meet as before him " As before him? There was a "help-meet" before the man? And what the heck is a "help-meet," anyway? It's okay, Cerebus reminds himself, it's okay—just keep nodding and smiling. Which is getting difficult at this point because there are—obviously—you know, major parts of the story MISSING here. But as Cerebus came to learn when he was married, if you just keep nodding and smiling, most of the time—gradually, but eventually—you will be given the missing pieces as you...you know...go along. Whereas IF, instead, you yell really loud, "YOOHWHOO GOD, WHAT IN THE HECK ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?" All you're going to accomplish is to hurt her feelings and get her so upset she can't remember what she was talking about and she'll get all huffy and she won't talk to you for a few days. So, "And out of the ground the Yoohwhoo God formed euery beast of the field, and euery foule of the aire and brought vnto the man, to see what he would call them: and whatsoever the man called euery creature, that the name thereof And the man called names to all cattell and to the foule of the aire, and to euery beast of the field: but for the man there was not found a helpe meete for him." Aha! thought Cerebus (all of his nodding and smiling having finally paid off): It's a compromise! Remember when God tried to make the deal with the earth? To give the man and the female-of-the-man dominion over everything except the whales? And the earth lett out the earth and the



cattle? Well, this, evidently, is Yoohwhoo's attempt at a *counter-offer*. See, Yoohwhoo has already agreed to give the man and the female-of-the-man dominion over the beast of the field and fowl of the air. Now she *also* agrees to let him *name* the beasts of the field and the fowl of the air *and to name the cattle*. "Trudy the cow, Morty the ram, Solly the sheep". Every one of 'em gets a *name*, and the *man* gets to pick 'em! Is getting to pick the *names* of the cattle the same as having "*dominion*" over the cattle?

Of course not! It's a *compromise*, which—in "marriage-ese"—means "not getting what you asked for, but getting—*instead*—something useless that you don't need and that you can't use for anything."

but for the man there was not found a *helpe meete* for him. "Maybe if we had some *idea*—some *clue* as to what a "help meet" is—we'd know where to look for one. "And the Yoohwhoo God caused a *deepe sleepe* to fall vpon the man, and hee slept, and he *tooke* one of his ribs, and closed vp the flesh in stead thereof. And the rib which Yoohwhoo God had taken from man, builded hee a woman, & brought her vnto the man. And the man said, This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shalbe called woman because shee was taken out of man." Oh, okay! Now, Cerebus gets it. This is the Secret Origin of Yoohwhoo God. *Wo-man* was taken out of *man*.

therefore? Yoohwhoo God was taken out of God! Which is pretty much what God said back in chapter one. God divided between the light and between the darkness. The only *difference* is that Yoohwhoo God thinks that *she's* the one doing all this. Which God has been trying to explain to her isn't so. A New

God didn't come out of God. Yoohwhoo's relationship to God is the same as the relationship of the grass and the herbs and the trees to Yoohwhoo. The grass and the herbs and the trees are *alive*. The grass and the herbs and the trees are *good*. But they *aren't* Yoohwhoo. The same as Yoohwhoo is *alive*

Yoohwhoo is *good*. But Yoohwhoo is *not* God [thinks] And Yoohwhoo isn't necessarily that *good*, either. Because the man—presumably speaking on behalf of Yoohwhoo, with a belly full of good-and-evil fruit—then says, "Therefore shall a man *leau* his father and his mother, and shall *cleau* vnto his wife and they shalbe one flesh

WHOA! Now, God is *definitely* going to have a *serious* disagreement with that one. "And they were both naked, the man & his wife, and were not ashamed." For Yoohwhoo, all of the cards are now on the table. Just as the *man* came out of Yoohwhoo God and is now ready to *leau* Yoohwhoo God...and

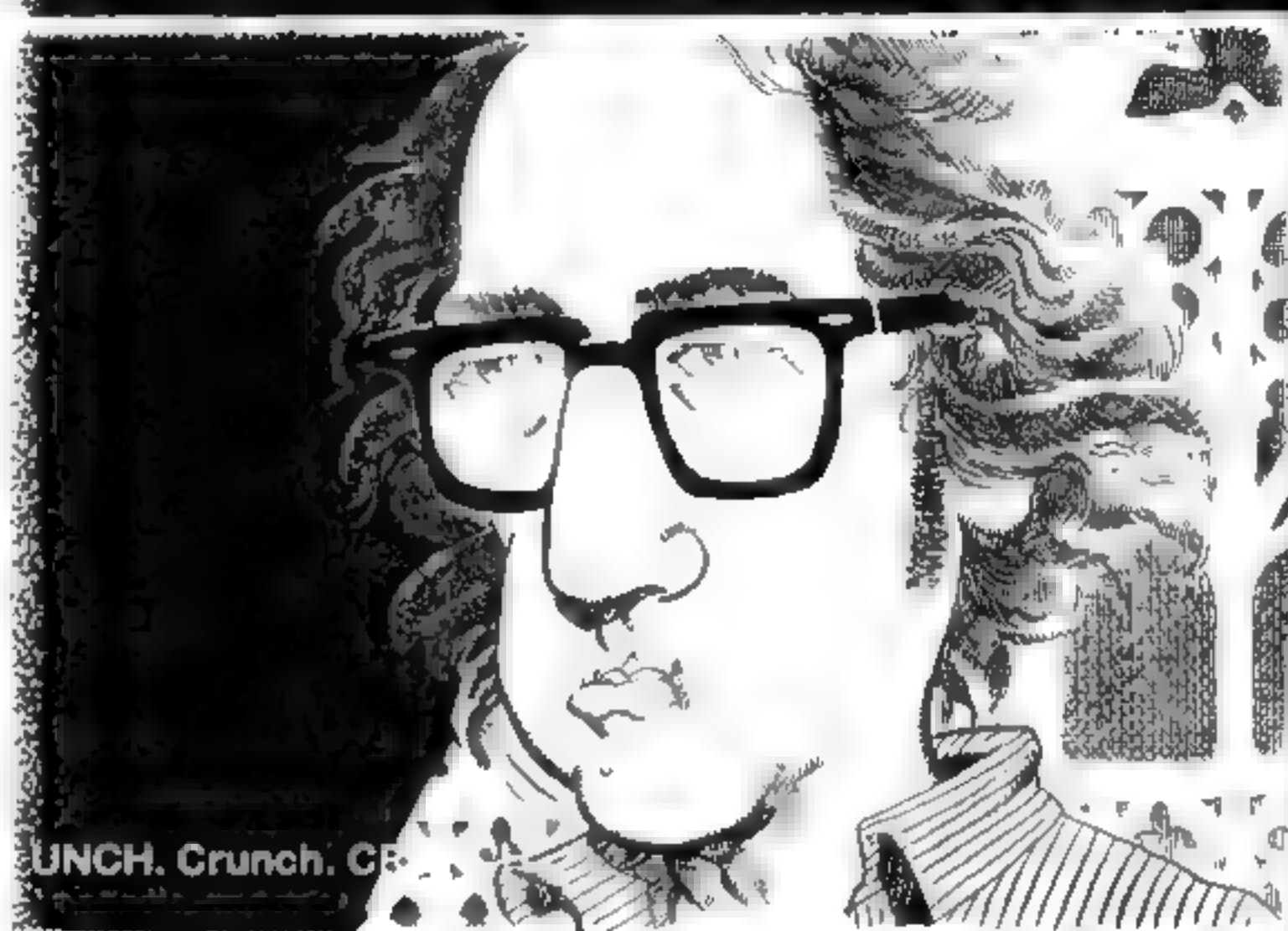
God... and become *one flesh* with the little Yoohwhoo that just came out of *him*—in Yoohwhoo God's opinion—so... *TOO!* ...should God now leave His Mother God He came out of and His Father God—and should *merge* with Yoohwhoo God so they can become *One Being*. See, the way Yoohwhoo God looks at it, that's what Yoohwhoo God wants,

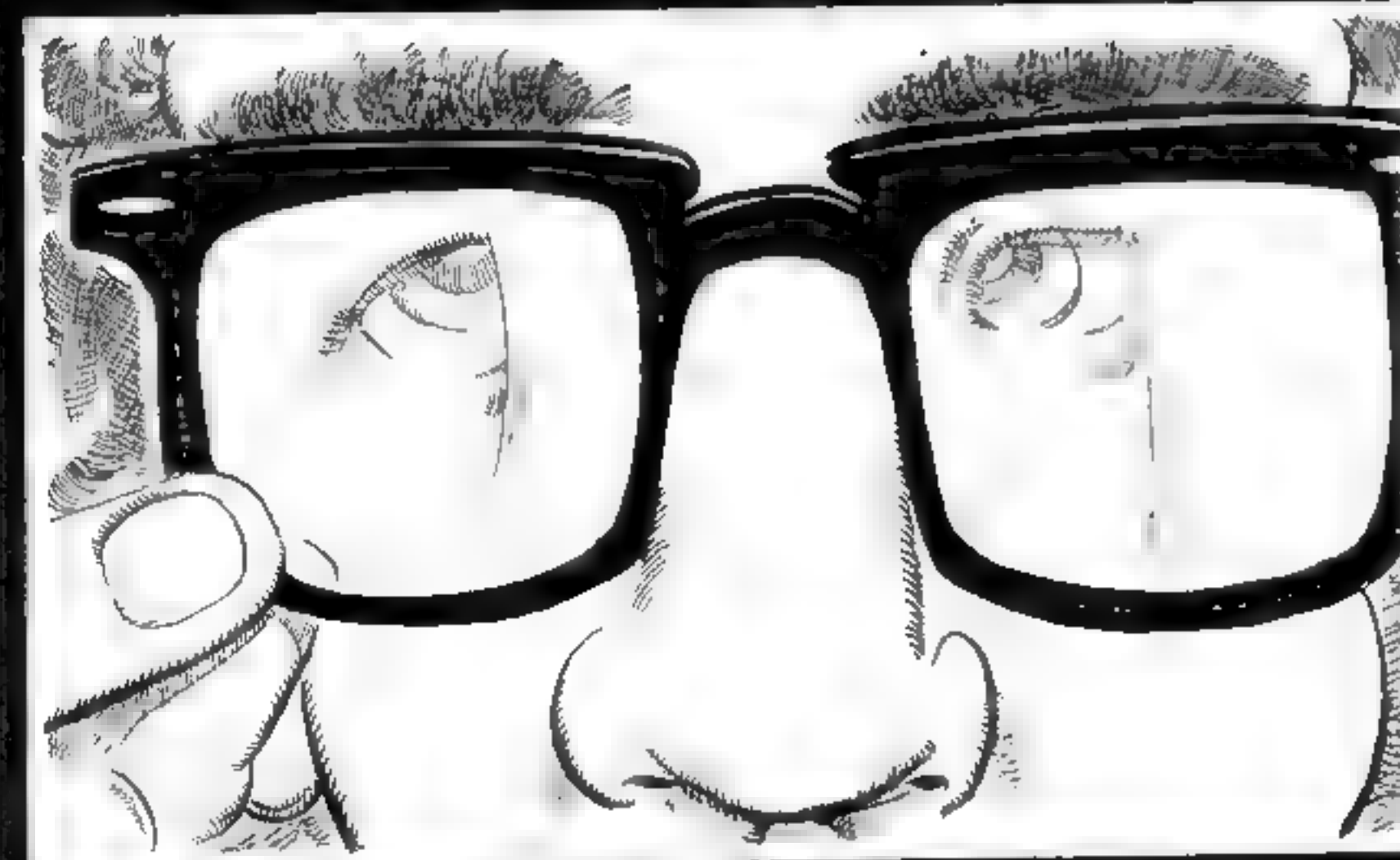
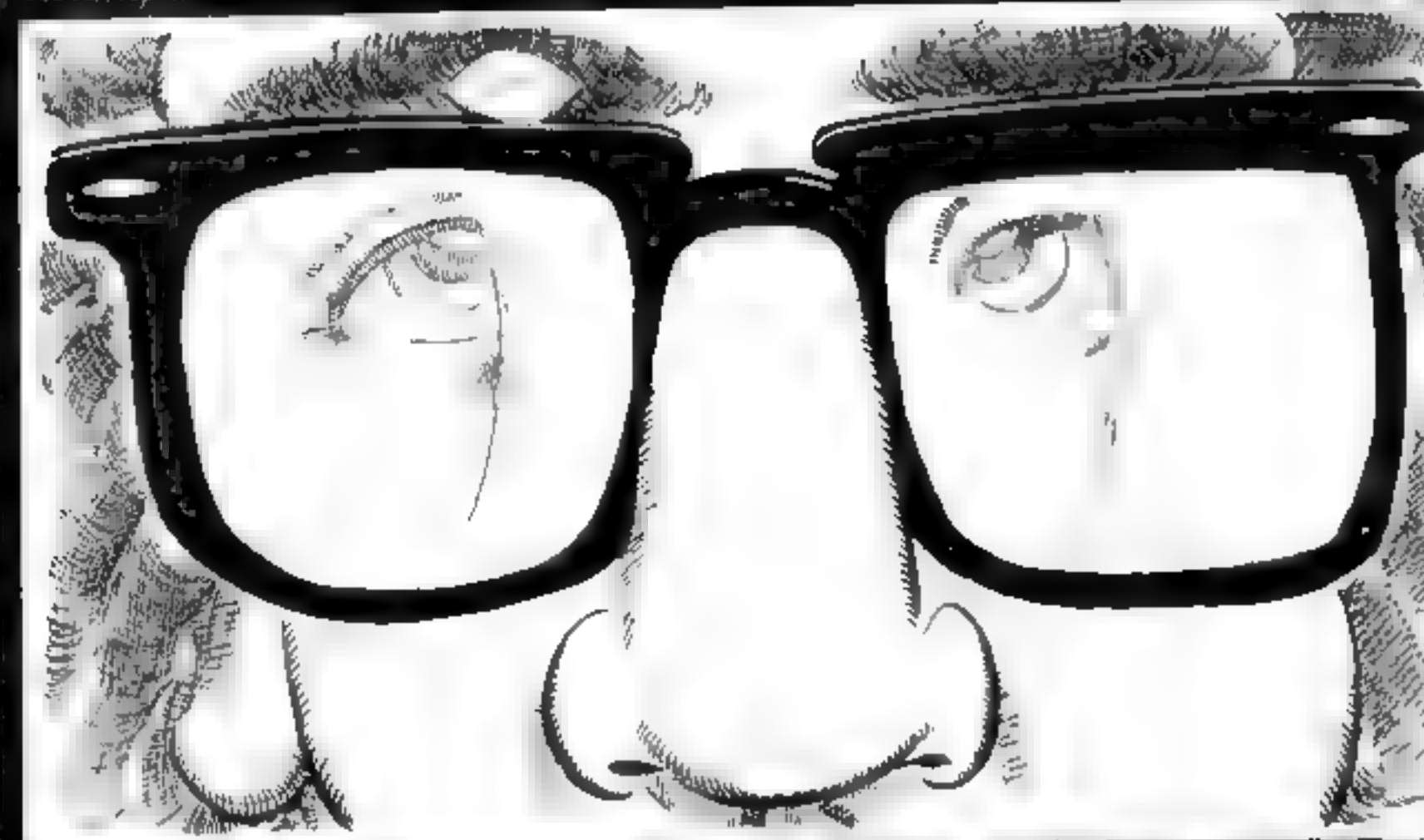
that's what God wants, that's what this whole big show with the man and his wo-man was all about, so, let's just get down to it, Big Guy, whattayasay? Now

in between chapter two and chapter three, God throws Yoohwhoo for another loop by asking Yoohwhoo—the living thing inside the earth—Who told you that you're "naked," Yoohwhoo? Oops

See "naked" is a concept—knowledge, a specific *kind* of knowledge that falls into the category of "knowledge of good and evil". And there's only one way for Yoohwhoo to have *gained* that knowledge,

the same way that she got the idea that she was a god from the fruit that God told her not to eat. Now instead of saying, "Yes, God, I ate of the fruit of the tree that you told me not to eat." Instead of doing that Yoohwhoo turns it into a Three Wise Fellows routine and asks the *man* "Who told thee thou naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree whereof I





commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat?" As if Yooohwhoo God doesn't know, right? And the man, of course, answers, "The woman whom thou gavest with mee, shee gave me of the tree and I did eate."

Double oops for Yooohwhoo. See, now we know what Yooohwhoo God meant by a "help meet as before him." Yooohwhoo—having eaten the bad fruit which led her to believe that she was a god—figured that *everyone* should eat the bad fruit and become gods. So she tells the man not to eat the fruit—the same as God told *her* not to eat the fruit. The irritating thing for Yooohwhoo was that *the man did what he was told*. He didn't eat the fruit. Obviously, thinks Yooohwhoo, the man needs a help meet or he's never going to eat the fruit and become a god. The animals are no good as "help meets" because they can't talk and—if they can't talk—they can't tell the man to eat the bad fruit. So that's when God—having a great sense of humour—helpfully extracts one of the man's ribs and builds a wo-man out of it.

God's little joke being: if you're looking for someone who won't do as she's told and will talk the man into *not* doing what he was told, a man isn't what you need. You need a *wo-man* for a job like that. Does Yooohwhoo confess *now*? Yooohwhoo?

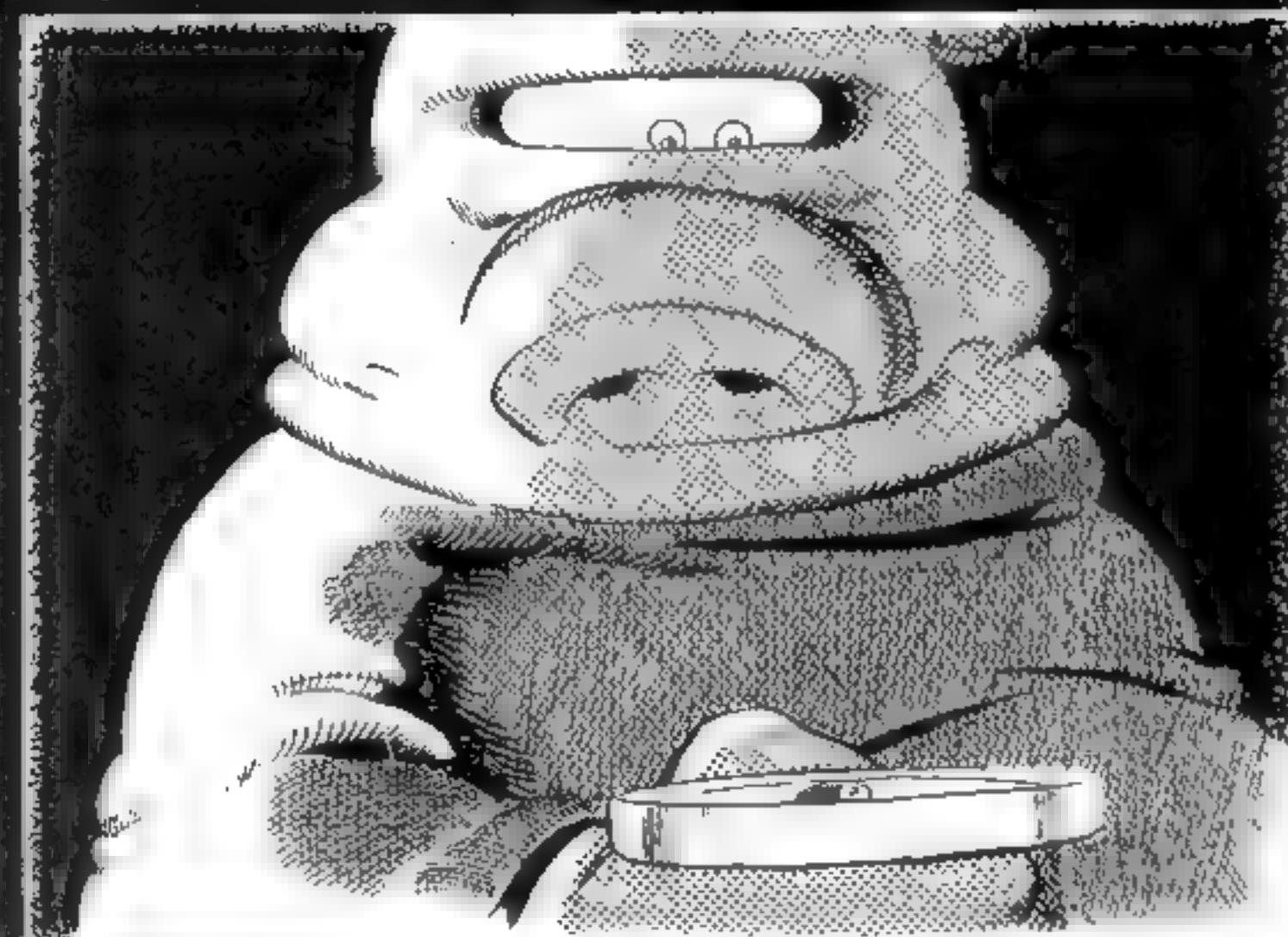
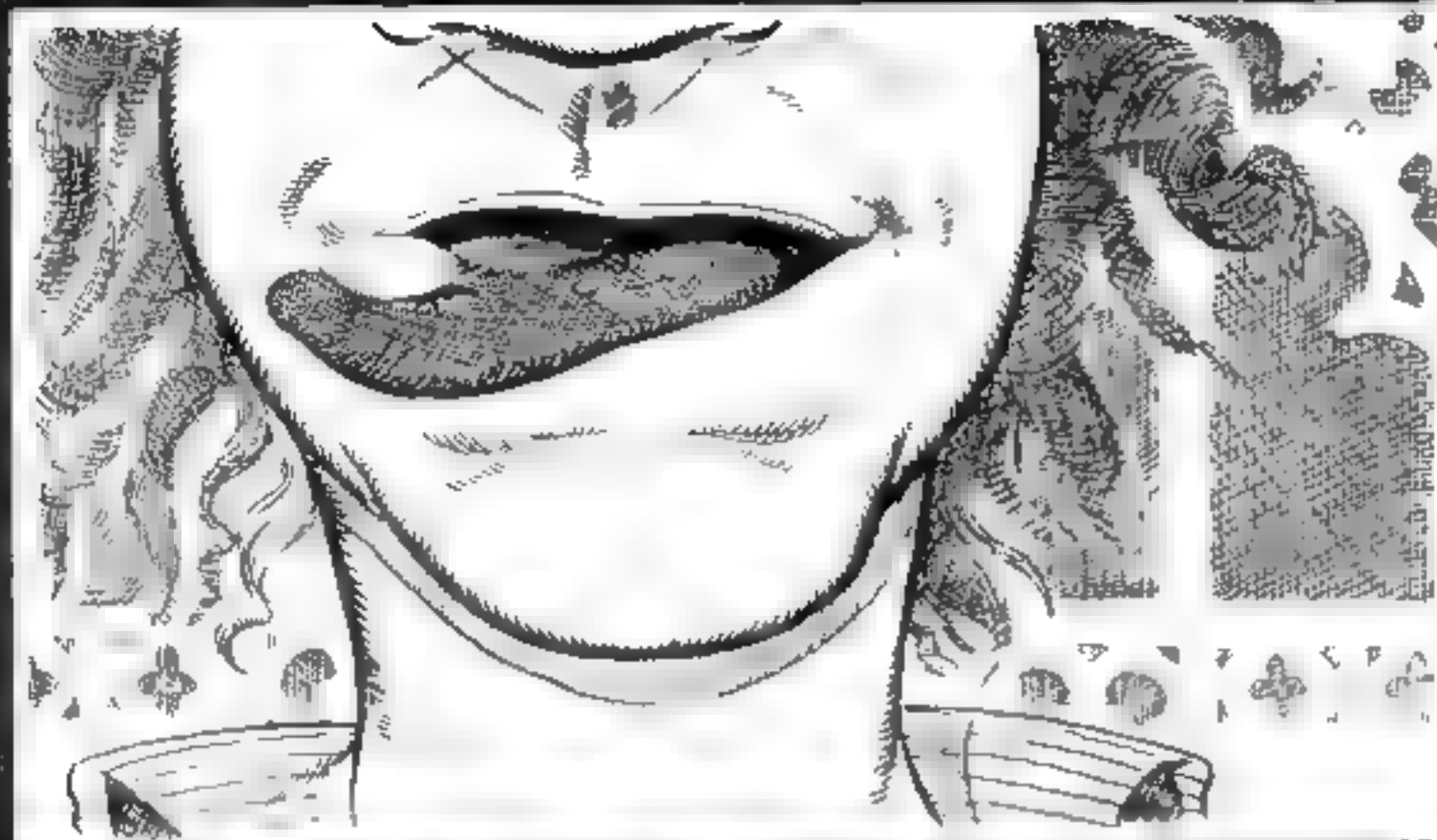
Confess to something? Hah!

Woopwoopwoopwoop, she keeps the Three Wise Fellows routine going and asks the *wo-man*, the "little Yooohwhoo," "What this thou hast done? And the woman said, The Serpent beguiled me, and I did eate." See, the "little Yooohwhoo" is on the spot, so she just makes something up. Think about it. Who's she going to blame? God? Yooohwhoo God? The man? So, she sees a snake and she says, "That's him. That's the one who told me to eat the fruit." For obvious reasons, this is fine by Yooohwhoo God. If

"little Yooohwhoo" is off the hook, then Big Yooohwhoo is off the hook, too. A talking snake? thinks Big Yooohwhoo. Oh, of course. A talking snakeake? How could I have forgotten creating those?

So, this is when Yooohwhoo back-pedals like crazy, trying to explain to God how the whole mess is *actually* the fault of a talking snake: "Now the serpent was more subtil then any beast of the field which the Yooohwhoo God had made," Yooohwhoo explains, managing—don't ask Cerebus how—to keep a straight face, "and he said vnto the woman, Yea, because God said, Ye shall not eat of euery tree of the garden? And the woman said vnto the serpent Wee may eate of the fruite of the trees of the garden But of the fruite of the tree, which in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shal not eate of it, neither shall ye touch it lest ye die. And the Serpent said vnto the woman, Ye shall not surely die. For God doeth know; that in the day ye eate thereof, then your eyes shalbee opened: and yee shall bee as Gods knowing good and euill. And when the woman saw, that the tree good for food, and that it a desire to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she tooke of the fruit thereof, and did eate, and gave also vnto her husband with her, and hee did eate. And the eyes of them both were opened, & they knew that they naked, and they sewed figge leaues together and made themselves aprons. And they heard the voyce of the Yooohwhoo God walking in the garden in the wind of the day: and the man and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Yooohwhoo God amongst the trees of the garden. And the Yooohwhoo God called vnto the man, and said vnto him, Where thou? And he said, I heard thy voice in the garden and I was afraid, because I naked, and I hid my selfe." And this is where Yooohwhoo does her Three

Wise Fellows routine with the man and his little Yooohwhoo. She smacks the man in the face, the man smacks his wo-man in the face and the wo-man smacks the snake in the face. At which point, does Yooohwhoo—recognizing the *total* silliness of the situation—*now* confess to God? Of course not.



Instead, Yoohwhoo uses her knowledge of good and evil to CURSE THE STUPID SNAKE! "Because thou has done this thou cursed above all cattle and above every beast of the field."

Cursed above all cattle and above the beast of the field? WHAT DID THE STUPID CATTLE AND STUPID BEASTS OF THE FIELD DO? Of course she can't go too far with this cursing business since Yoohwhoo knows that God knows what actually happened, so she tells the snake, upon thy belly shalt thou goe, and dust shalt thou eate, all the dayes of thy life "Which—if you're a stupid snake—is, you know, pretty much a given. "And I will put enmity betweene thee and the woman and between thy seed and her seed

Which is where Cerebus first figured out that there was something seriously wrong with the story. A woman's seed? A woman doesn't have a seed. A woman (thinks about it), a woman is the box the seed grows in. At this point, God speaks through Yoohwhoo the way Yoohwhoo has been speaking through the man. "it shall bruise thy head and thou shalt bruise his heele." Which is, you know, God just making fun of Yoohwhoo. Listen, Yoohwhoo, as long as we're on the subject of talking snakes, how about a snake tall enough to bruise your head? Or you could bruise the talking snake's heel, Yoohwhoo. A snake hasn't got a heel? That's okay, a snake can't talk, either. "Unto the woman he (that is,

Yoohwhoo) said, I will greatly multiply thy sorowe and thy conception. In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children" which is, again, not much of a curse. If you're a woman, it's as much of a given as a snake crawling on his belly all the days of his life. So God steps in, again, and adds, "thy desire to thy husband and hee shall rule over thee " Which applies, presumably, to big and small Yoohwhoo's. God's trying to explain that Yoohwhoo's desire to be one flesh with God and to be God is what has gotten her in trouble. She'll continue to desire God, but God will rule over her. "And unto the man he said,

Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, of which I commaunded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eate of it cursed the ground for thy sake..." Can you believe it? The earth is saying, "I'm cursed and it's all your fault, you...you...man, you." Again, she knows she can't go too far with this, so she makes another non-curse. "...in sorrow shalt thou eate of it all the dayes of thy life. Thornes also and thistles shall it cause to bud forth to thee: and thou shalt eate the herbe of the field." Cursed! By the Queen of the Vegetables!

"In the sweate of thy face shalt thou eate bread And then she really gets vicious: "...till thou returne vnto the ground for out of it wast thou taken, for dust thou, and vnto dust shalt thou returne "

Konigsberg

How is that vicious? It's another non-curse, isn't it? Everyone dies eventually

Cerebus

Not in the garden. Not Eastward of Eden, they don't. Cerebus is getting to that. First, Yoohwhoo has a little unfinished business—what she had been leading up to when the man was calling names to all the cattle and the beasts—before she got sidetracked so badly on "naked": "And the man called his wive's name Hawwa, because she was the mother of all living " See, to Yoohwhoo, this would have been pretty darned clever. She'd let the man give names to the cattle as long as the man called his wife The Mother of All Living. Hawwa, which, to Yoohwhoo is "checkmate": if Hawwa is the Mother of All Living, then that makes God's Mother (who doesn't actually exist) the elder being. "Hawwa", by the looks of it, is just a variation on *hava*. "to be". As in "Let there be light"

Konigsberg
Where did you get that from?

Cerebus
Rabbi No 51 "Haya or Not Haya"

Konigsberg
Feh. Sorry I asked

Cerebus
You know Garth Inniscent's *Rabbi*?

Konigsberg
Vaguely. My people could never figure out if he was being funny on purpose or accidentally. Like the "Shtetl of Solitude". A "shtetl" is a community, so "Shtetl of Solitude" is an oxymoron. Couldn't figure out if he made the mistake on purpose or if he was just another stupid goyim. No offense

Cerebus
None taken. So Yoohwhoo God

Konigsberg
Or the "seven-headed candelabra." I mean, it's got a name. It's called a *menorah*. Is it a big *tsimmes* to use the right name?

Cerebus
"Vaguely", huh?

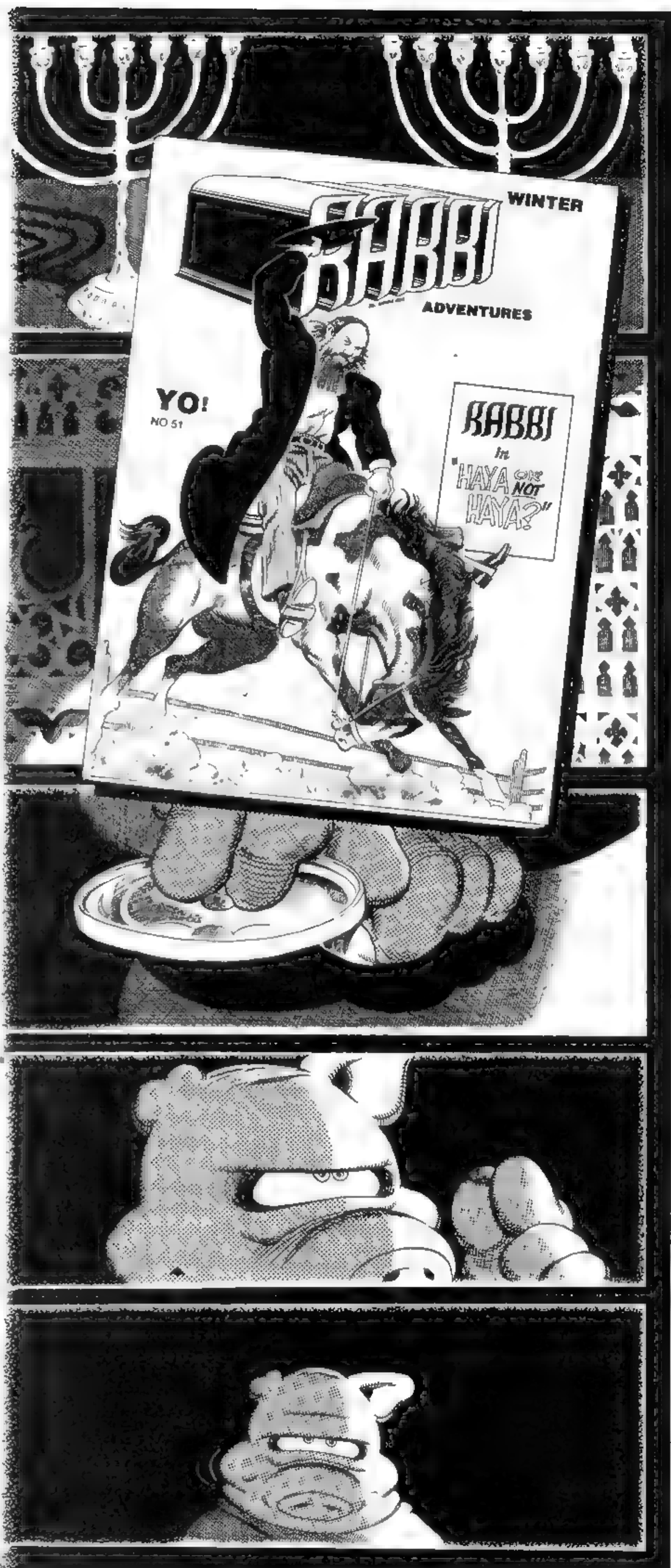
Konigsberg
My forefathers would flip through them when they came out. You know, just to pass the time while they were hiding in the caves

Cerebus
Caves?

Konigsberg
Caves Thickets Rocks High places. Pits. As the *schvartze* used to say "Go for what you know" Actually, the goyim changed Hlawwa's name to Eve

Cerebus
[laughs uproariously] Eve! As in "Eve-ning"? [laughs uproariously again] as in "the morning and the eve-ning"? [chuckles] That witch has no shame. [reads] Oh, right. Lest we doubt that for a minute. "Unto Adam also, and to his wife, did the Yoohwhoo God make coats of skinned animals, and clothed them." Nyuck nyuck nyuck. There's a good "bad fruit" trick for the "Mother of all Living", skinning animals. Okay, here comes the vicious part: "And the Yoohwhoo God said, Behold the man is become as one of us to know good & evil. And now lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat and live for ever." She doesn't even finish the thought. Obviously, she ate the fruit of both trees. The fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil told her that the fruit of the tree of life would make you live forever. As God said in chapter one, "I have given you every herbe seeding seede which vpon the face of all the earth, and every tree in the which the fruit of a tree yeeding seed, to you it shall be for meat"

If Yoohwhoo and little Yoohwhoo and the man had just stayed away from the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, they could all have eaten the fruit of the tree of life that would make them live forever without ever knowing that it was the fruit of the tree of life that was doing it. It would have just been one of the many fruits they had available. Obviously, that's what God had intended to have happen. But, Yoohwhoo—having eaten the fruit of both trees decides that it's a bad idea to have the man live forever. Therefore the Yoohwhoo God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till





the ground, from whence he was taken. So he drove out the man and he placed at the East of the garden of Eden, Cherubims, and a flaming sword, which turned every way, to keepe the way of the tree of life."

Konigsberg

Wait a minute, wait a minute. Are you saying that Yoohwhoo drove the man and Hawwa *out* of the garden because

Cerebus

Hawwa? Yoohwhoo didn't drive out *Hawwa*. Where did you get that idea?

Konigsberg

Right here. "*So he drove out* "

Cerebus

Aye?

Konigsberg

the man [long pause] Well [thinks] See, everyone *knows* that .. [thinks some more] It's *common knowledge* that... [studies the text for a long time]. Ah! Here. See?...at the start of the *next* chapter, where Adam *knew* Hawwa his wife...and...and...she conceived.

Cerebus

Sure. Hawwa could go *out* of the garden to see Adam whenever she *wanted*. Yoohwhoo called forth the Cherubims and the flaming sword to keep "the man"—and all *other* males—*out*. Not to keep the women—females—*in*. That's Yoohwhoo's idea of the "way of the tree of life." See, to *Yoohwhoo* it was the fault of "the man" that the earth was cursed. Of course, the earth was actually cursed by Yoohwhoo because she ate the forbidden fruit and then wouldn't admit that that was what she did. Who knows what would have happened if Yoohwhoo had just said, "Okay, God. I admit it. I ate the forbidden fruit. I'm sorry. Now what should I do?" Nay, *Yoohwhoo's* idea of a solution is to keep "the man"—and all *future* men—*away* from the tree of life so they grow old and die and return to the dust of the ground. [thinks] What did you think the part in the Fourth Book of Moshe—when Adam's descendents—your people—are being led back to the garden, back to the Promised Land, was about with Baalam and his talking donkey? God's sense of humour coming back to the garden. He wasn't saying that a talking animal wasn't *possible* just that Yoohwhoo wasn't capable

of making one. Speaking through the talking donkey, God was reminding Yoohwhoo that she had to get rid of the Cherubim and the flaming sword if her Chosen People—the *male* half of her Chosen People, anyway—were going to get back in without getting turned into Chosen People Cutlets by Yoohwhoo's Angel and her flaming sword. You know, the same Angel that Jacob had to wrestle with to get across the river. The fact that he had four women—two wives and two concubines—is what saved *him*. Four-against-one is definitely "keeping the way of the tree of life" as far as *Yoohwhoo* was concerned. He, she, it, Yoohwhoo God as the elder represented by the two wives and the two concubines and God the younger represented by Jacob, the younger son who had stolen away the birthright and the blessing of the elder son, Esau. [thinks for a few minutes]

Are you *sure* you've read these books?

Konigsberg

I'm beginning to wonder

Cerebus

So, okay. "*And Adam knew Hawwa his wife, and shee conceived and bare Cain, and said I haue gotten a man from the Yoohwhoo* Nyuck nyuck nyuck. "Says Yoohwhoo," that is. Another example of "Oh, look what I just did!" A baby comes out of Hawwa? "I did that," says Yoohwhoo. Same way that Yoohwhoo formed a man out of her own dust...and a wo-man out of the man's rib. To Yoohwhoo it's just another little god. Another little god like God and Yoohwhoo and Hawwa. "*And she again bare his brother Hebel, and Hebel was a feeder of sheep but Cain was a tiller of the ground. And at the end of daves. . .*" Nyuck nyuck nyuck. "At the end of days." See, Yoohwhoo wants to wrap up all of this "man-and-wo-man-littler-gods-coming-out-of-little-gods" stuff in a hurry and get back to the "becoming one flesh with God" part of the story. Yoohwhoo's "desire being to her husband" and all "*...it came to passe, that Cain brought of the fruite of the ground, an offering vnto the Yoohwhoo.*" Cain's a little confused. It's God who gave men the herb of the field and the trees for meat. *Yoohwhoo*—as the next verse tells us—is a whole different being. "*And Hebel he also brought of the firstlings of his sheep, and of the fat thereof and the Yoohwhoo had respect vnto Hebel and to his offering. But vnto Cain and to his offring he had not respect, and Cain was very wroth and his countenance fell*." See, Yoohwhoo is getting vicious again. To Yoohwhoo, Cain and Hebel are just more of the elder God, younger God stuff. Who *cares?* says Yoohwhoo. Having already chosen to murder all the men, she approves of Hebel because *he's*



slaughtering cattle. *That's the idea*, says Yoohwhoo—let's kill all the men and the cattle and the rest of these crappy little beings and get back to God leaving Mother-God and Father-God and...hubba-hubba...cleaving unto me, Yoohwhoo God, his wife. Also

remember that the man and the female-of-the-man in God and Yoohwhoo's agreement weren't given dominion over the cattle. The cattle are off-limits. Taboo. So, Yoohwhoo is playing a dirty trick on man, approving of the slaughter of cattle by men. Which is

what Hebel must've been doing, otherwise how did he offer Yoohwhoo the sheep and the fat? You have to kill a sheep—kill it and mutilate it—to get the fat out of it. Yoohwhoo is encouraging Cain to be like his brother Hebel and to mutilate cattle and offer them to Yoohwhoo: *"And the Yoohwhoo said unto Cain, Why art thou wroth? And why is thy countenance fallen? If thou doe well, shalt thou not be accepted? And if thou doest not well, sinne croucheth at the door"* Meaning Cain's father, Adam. He didn't do well, so he's crouching at the "door," kept out of the garden by the Cherubim and the flaming sword. What Yoohwhoo is telling Cain is, play the game Yoohwhoo's way or out you go, buddy. *"And unto thee his desire and thou shalt rule over him."* What

Yoohwhoo is saying is that Cain and Hebel—as the next generation of elder god and younger god—have the same relationship as God and Yoohwhoo and Adam and Hawwa. What Yoohwhoo is telling Cain is that Hebel, because he's younger, desires Cain the same way Hawwa desires Adam and Yoohwhoo desires God and that, therefore—in Yoohwhoo's opinion—Cain and Hebel should be like husband and wife and should become one flesh. *"And Cain talked with Hebel, his brother: and it came to passe when they were in the field, that Cain rose up against Hebel his brother, and slew him"*

See, Cain told Hebel that—according to Yoohwhoo—Hebel desired Cain and Yoohwhoo thought that Cain and Hebel should become one flesh, man and wife. Hebel, who is your basic unquestioning brown-noser who is willing to do anything to please Yoohwhoo—as he has proven by his willingness to heartlessly kill and mutilate helpless cattle—said something along the lines of, "Well, uh, okay. Sounds good to me. Right here, right now?" Which, to say the least, is not the answer Cain was hoping for. Have you got any brothers?

Konigsberg
Me? No

Cerebus

Neither does Cerebus. If you *did* have a brother and he said that he desired you and wanted to "become one flesh" with you, what would you do?

Konigsberg
I'd kill him

Cerebus

Sure. That's what *anyone* would do. And that's what Cain did *"And the Yoohwhoo said unto Cain, where Hebel thy brother? And hee said, I know not: Am I my brother's keeper?"* See, what Cain is saying is, my brother turned out to be some kind of sick animal.

What am I supposed to do? Be his keeper?

"And he said, What hast thou done? The voyce of thy brothers bloods cryeth unto me, from the ground. And now thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth..." Note the gender: "her mouth" "...to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand."

Yoohwhoo's dirty little secret that she got from the good-and-evil fruit: blood-drinking. That was the real reason that she had respect unto Hebel's offering. It wasn't the sheep carcass or the fat. It was the fact that Hebel was violating the agreement Yoohwhoo had with God and that he was spilling huge amounts of blood in the process that Yoohwhoo could drink. *"When thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yeeld unto thee her strength. A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth."* In the earth. Cain's soul will be persecuted by Yoohwhoo *inside* of her. Of course, Yoohwhoo has forgotten, momentarily, that this is God she is talking to. Hebel represented Yoohwhoo and Cain represents God, the younger and the elder, the day and the evening. Or—in Yoohwhoo's opinion—the elder and the younger, the evening and the day. So, God's representative has basically just killed Yoohwhoo's representative

which is only fair, since Yoohwhoo is in the process of killing all the men by keeping them away from the tree of life—and Yoohwhoo has basically just cursed God. *"And Cain said unto the Yoohwhoo, My iniquitie greater than it may be forgiven. Behold thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth, and from thy face..."*—the earth's face or Yoohwhoo's face, God, speaking through Cain, knows that there's no difference between them.

"...shall I be hid, and I shall be a fugitive, and a vagabond in the earth. and it shall come to passe, eueryone that findeth me shall slay me" Just out of curiosity: have your people had, um, certain problems with how they've treated God's prophets and messengers over the years?

Konigsberg

I refuse to answer on the grounds that I'm not feeling very well all of a sudden

Cerebus

That's what Cerebus figured. Anyway, it's



another "oops" for Yoohwhoo, considering that she's been trying to get God to act like a husband and "become one flesh" with her. So Yoohwhoo back-pedals in a hurry—using "therefore" instead of "for" this time—but *again* using it in a way that doesn't make any sense, except to a woman. But trying to make it *sound* as if it's a logical answer to what God, through Cam, has just said. And the Yoohwhoo said unto him, *Therefore whatsoever slaveth Cain vengeance shalbe taken on him seven fold. And the Yoohwhoo set a marke upon Cain*—more of Yoohwhoo's knowledge of-good-and-evil—like the Cherubim and the flaming sword—black magic basically—"lest any finding him should kill him. And Cain went out from the presence of the Yoohwhoo, and dwelt in the land of Nod, on the East of Eden. And Cain knew his wife, and she conceived and bare Enoch." See, this is why Cerebus was wondering *where* you got the idea that Adam and Hawwa were the first man and woman. If they were, where did Cain's wife come from? Nay. As Cerebus understands it, Yoohwhoo grew this amazing garden, see, so God *made* a man *specially* from the dust of the ground—that is, God made a man *specially* for Yoohwhoo's amazing garden. And God made the man *specially* the *same way* God made the *first* man—way, way, way before the events of the

First Book of Moshe. Basically, doing [thinks for a while] what [sighs] what you *always* have to do when you're trying to explain something to a woman that she really doesn't *want* to understand. Start over at the beginning. Start over at the beginning. Start over at the beginning. Start over at the beginning. *START OVER AT THE BEGINNING* [notices Konigsberg and I looking at him a little funny] [clears throat]. In this case, as happens a lot when you're dealing with a woman, starting over at the beginning doesn't do any good because she has her own stupid ideas—in this case believing that she's a god and that she's actually the cause of everything that God is trying to show her. At this point, Cerebus couldn't help but wonder *how many* specially-made men God has formed of the dust of the ground, how many "In the Beginnings" there have been with God *trying* to make Yoohwhoo understand. Cerebus' best guess is A Lot. So, as Cerebus sees it, "the man," Adam, is so far from being the "first man" that it isn't even *funny*. As Cerebus sees it, outside of Yoohwhoo's garden, there were already lots and lots of men...and women—who got made [clears throat] the way [clears throat again], you know, the—uh—the way *Cain and Hebel* got made. See. From the *last* time God had created a man and his



yoohwhoo and told them to "Be fruitful and multiply." So Cain's wife would have just been a ..uh...[thinks]...a...uh...[looks at 'Konigsberg]

'Konigsberg
A ..uh fruitful result?

Cerebus

Aye. Good way of putting it. Just another "fruitful result" who lived outside of Yoohwhoo's garden. "...and he bulided a City, and called the name of the City, after the name of his son Enoch." See, this is how Cain gets around Yoohwhoo's curse that the ground "shalt not henceforth yeeld vnto thee her strength." He comes up with the concept of a city so that he can get other guys to do all the farming, see, and then these other guys bring their produce into Cain's city. Which was pretty darned clever of Cain, if you ask Cerebus, to come up with the concept of a city so he and his wife and kids don't starve to death because of Yoohwhoo's curse. [reads the text] Okay. So, then Cain—who probably had a little too much time on his hands, what with all these other guys doing his farming for him—understandably makes a pretty big deal about passing on

his resentment of his unfair punishment and his father's unfair punishment, father to son, father to son, down through the promised "seven-fold" generations. As far as Cain is concerned, he's the one who's entitled to be avenged. Who wouldn't have murdered his younger brother if the younger brother acted that way? And Cain's son, his grandson, his great-grandson and his great-great grandson are all in complete agreement. Enoch, Irad, Methusael, Lamech. In fact, Lamech is so eager to say what he has to say on Cain and God's behalf, that he takes two wives, just so he can get to the seventh generation on a technicality. And he says to his two wives (really venting his spleen) he says, "Heare my voyce, ye wiues of Lamech hearken vnto my speech: for I would slay a man in my wound and a yong man in my hurt. If Cain shall bee auenged seuen fold, truely Lamech seuenty and seuen folde." Basically, Lamech is saying what we just said and what his father and his grand-father and his great grandfather and his great great grandfather—probably—said. If my younger brother said to me what Hebel said to Cain, I would kill him, too. And notice that Lamech has three sons and one daughter, which is an indication of how upside down everything is. Yoohwhoo is the three-headed He. She and It being. God is the singular He. The three sons are al-

pretty clever, though—coming up with concepts that will help get them through this mess for the “seventy and seven generations” it’s going to take, as far as they can tell, for justice to be done. Like Cain coming up with the concept of a city. One invents metal-working, one invents basic musical instruments, and one comes up with the idea of becoming a shepherd-nomad for those guys who don’t want to live in a city. All things that will help make life more livable for men for however many thousands of years it’s going to take for Yoohwhoo to lift her curse on herself [thinks] [refers to the text] Meanwhile, back at the garden—hundreds of years before the Lamech part of the story—Hawwa, it seems, has been coming out to visit Adam on the other side of the Cherubim and the flaming sword “And Adam knew his wife again, and she bare a sonne, & called his name Sheth: For God hath appointed mee another seed in stead of Hebel whom Cain slew.” So, at least Hawwa now knows who has the seed and who doesn’t and who is actually in charge: God “And to Sheth, to him also there was borne a sonne, and he called his name Enosh...” And then comes the bad news: “...then began men to call vpon the Name of the Yoohwhoo.” So, there you go That’s where the problem started, worshipping Yoohwhoo instead of God. The next chapter, chapter five is really just a genealogy of all of Adam’s descendants, basically showing that—cut off by Yoohwhoo’s black magic from the fruit of the tree of life, which God had intended them to have so they could live forever—the men all live shorter and shorter lives. Nine hundred and thirty years, nine hundred and twelve years, nine hundred and five years—upward spurts, here and there, but overall, shorter and shorter lives. At *any time* during those nine centuries, Yoohwhoo *could* have relented and let Adam and his descendants *back* into the garden to eat from the tree of life. [thinks] But, no. That’s just not Yoohwhoo. So, eventually Adam dies. Hawwa and her daughters are alive, eating the fruit of the tree of life, but Adam and his sons all die

Konigsberg
That’s so...so...sad

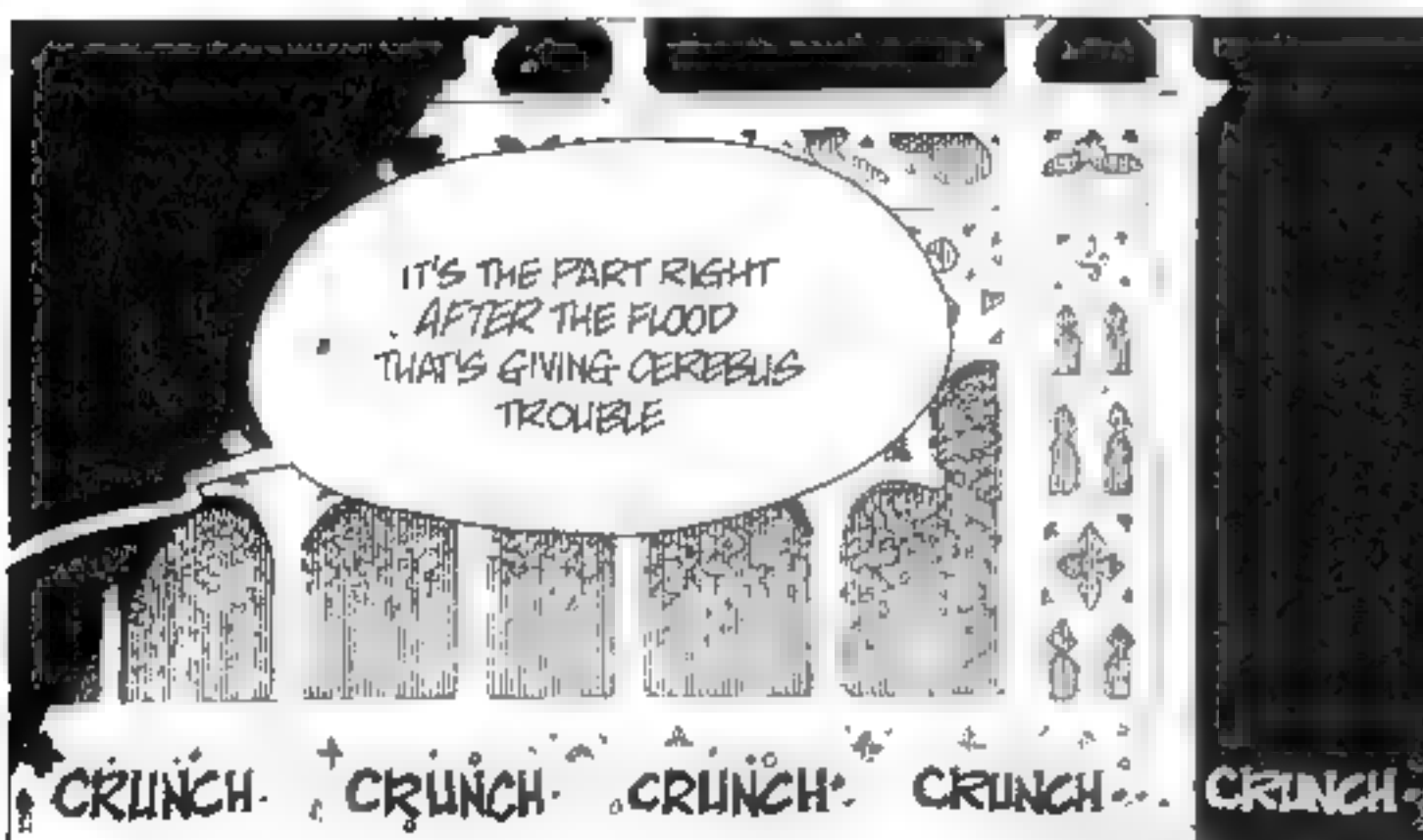
Cerebus
Sad? That part isn’t sad. [thinks] Well, okay, aye, it is. But the really, really, really, *really* sad part is that—even though all of the men die because they’ve been cut off from the tree of life by

Yoohwhoo and even though they *know* that they’re all going to die because they’ve been cut off from the tree of life, they *STILL* worship Yoohwhoo. They *STILL* “call upon the name of the Yoohwhoo.” They *STILL* murder and mutilate sheep to try to *please* Yoohwhoo. Except one guy. Way down here in verse 22 to 24 “And Enoch walked with God, after he begate Methuselah, three hundred years, and begate sonnes and daughters. And all the dayes of Enoch were three hundred and sixtie and five yeeres. And Enoch walked with God and he was not; for God tooke him.” The only guy who walked with God instead of mutilating and burning defenceless animals to try to please Yoohwhoo. It doesn’t say what happens to you after you die if you’ve spent your life mutilating and burning defenceless animals—cattle which are off-limits, taboo—to try to please Yoohwhoo but Cerebus is willing to bet you’re a lot better off “walking with God” so that when you die God takes you [thinks for a few minutes] How *many* of these off-limits cattle do you suppose your people mutilated and burned trying to please the living thing, the big light and the big fire in the middle of the earth?

Konigsberg
Once again, I decline to answer on the basis of feeling even more nauseous than I did a few minutes ago [thinks] Millions, probably

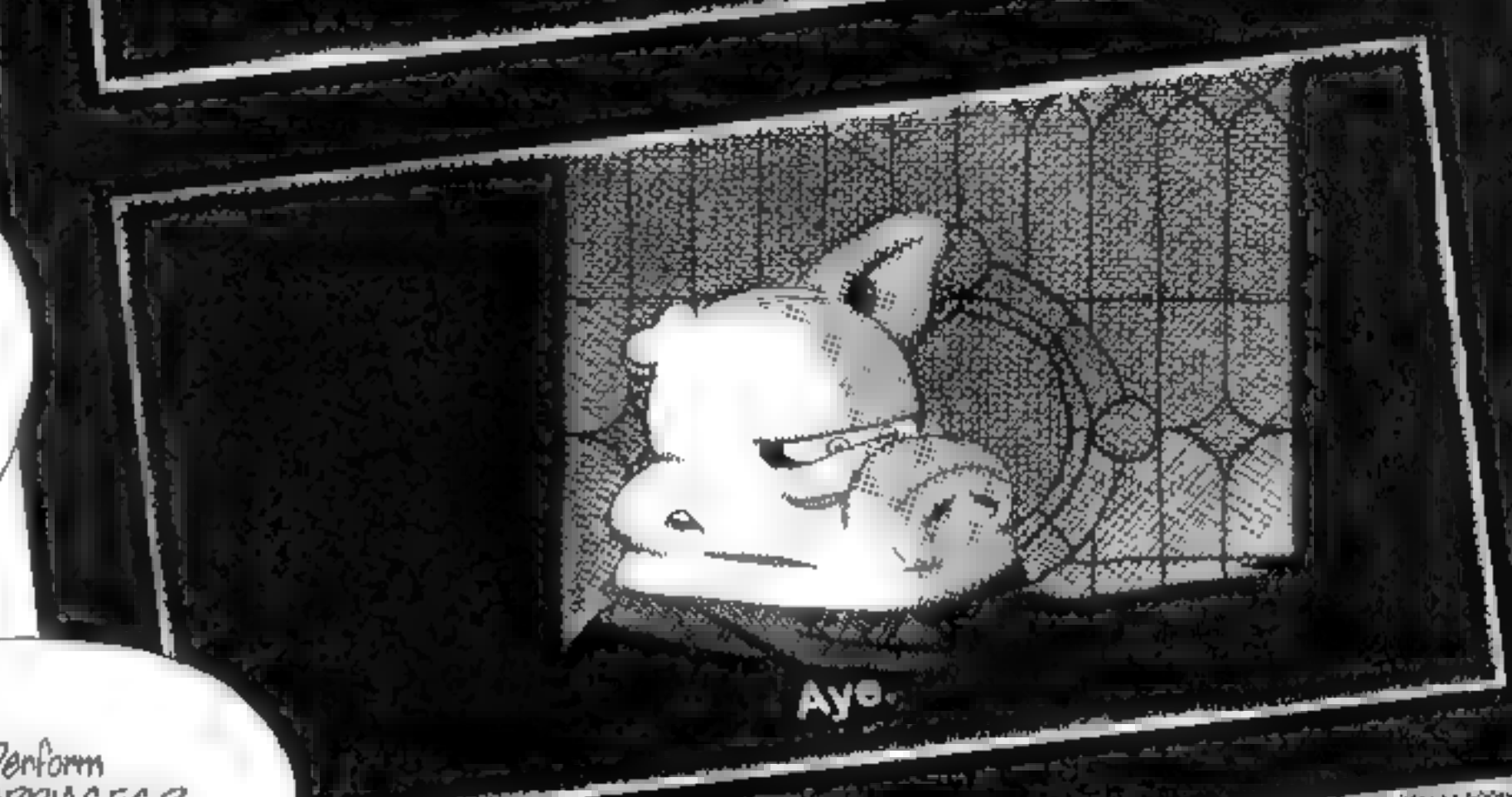
Cerebus
There’s the sad part. Someday, Yoohwhoo is going to demand that that “debt” be paid. And.. millions, you said? Millions of your people are going to.. um. [long pause] [clears throat] [another long pause] Anyway, another Lamech comes along, right around the time that Adam becomes the *first* man to die from being cut off from the tree of life. And Lamech has a son, Noah. And Lamech says, “*This shall comfort us, concerning our wourke and toyle of our hands because of the ground, which the Yoohwhoo hath cursed*.” See, not only has Yoohwhoo cut them off from the tree of life, she’s also making it as difficult as possible for *any* of Adam and his descendants to grow any food. And Lamech ends up living seven hundred and seventy-seven years. Which, to Cerebus, looks like another technicality—like the other Lamech marrying two wives to get to the seventh generation one generation early. It isn’t the seventy and seven fold generations the *other* Lamech promised [thinks] But it *is* a lot of sevens



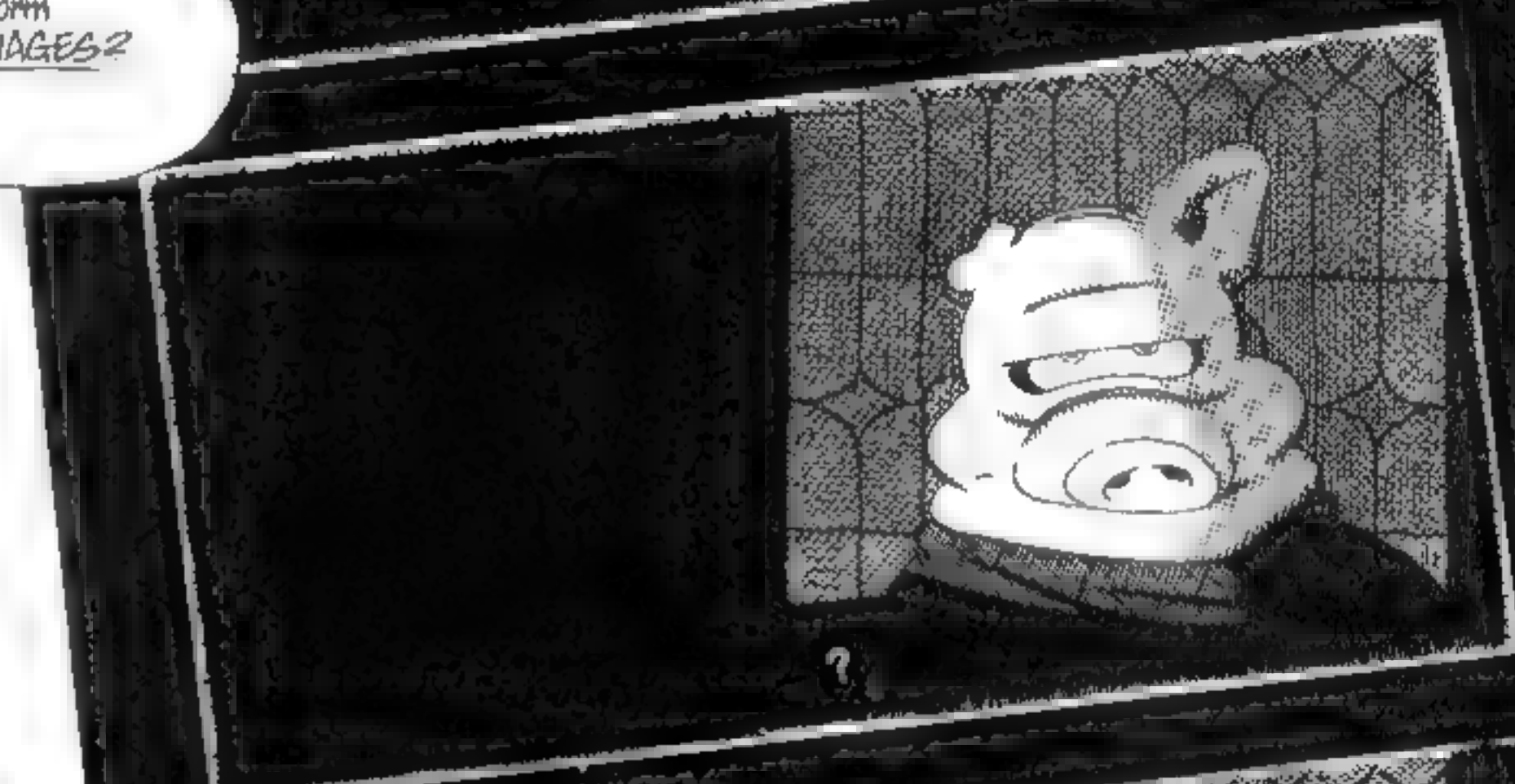




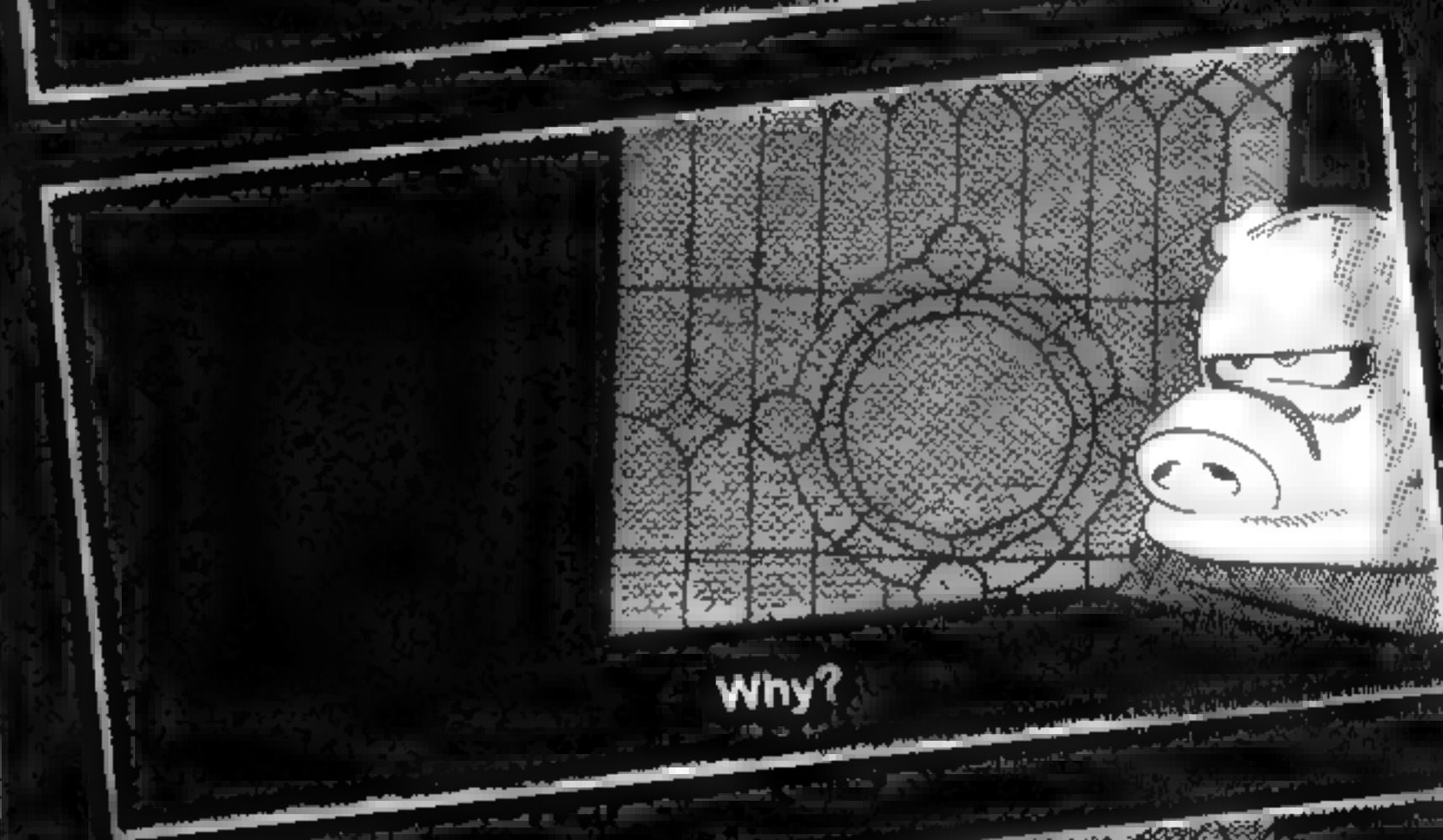
Marriages?



Aye.



?



Why?



Oh.
By the way



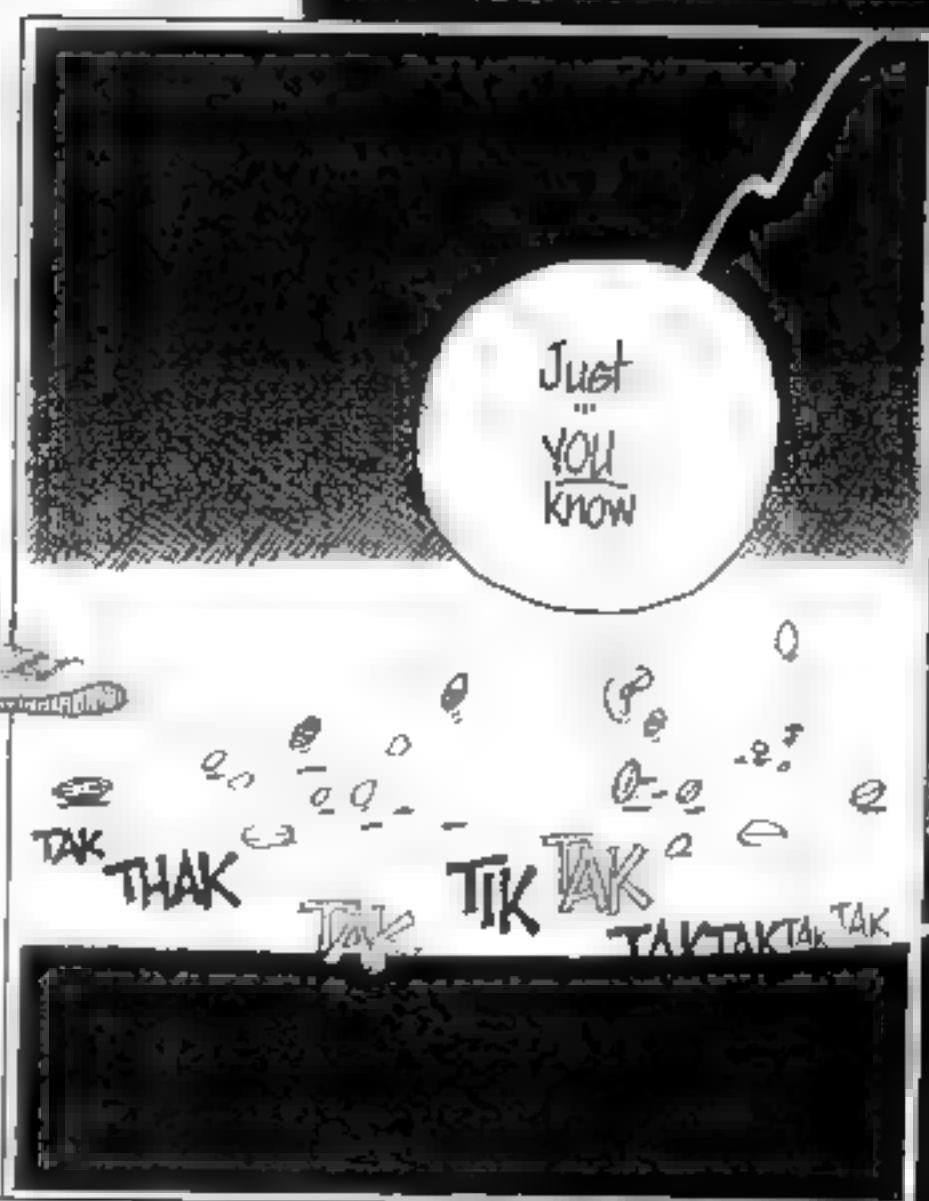
Do you
umm
you know..
Do you



Perform
MARRIAGES?



Oh
..No..
uh..
No
REASON
Just..



Just
you
know

TAK THAK TIK TAK TAKTAKTAK TAK



CURIOUS



4th of Springmonth 71 - Why can't I get Louis Lasso Louis-Lasso off of my mind? Is it that...haunting, overbite? That...adenoidal whine? Or am I drawn merely by her sordid aristocratic history? (The first grandchild of the legendary Patriarch of the Black Satchmo White Vinegar Trust - Armstrong "Black Satchmo" Louis - and the EQUALLY legendary Patriarch of the Blind Lemon Oil Consortium - "Blind Lemon" Lasso - she had been named "Louis Lasso" in honour of BOTH of them. Then, when she was nine, her mother - the former Laguna "Bubbles" Dumbrowski - divorced her first husband - Armstrong "Little Satchmo" Louis, Jr. - and married "Blind Lemon" Lasso SENIOR, becoming his third wife. It was said that, upon the deaths of Armstrong and "Blind Lemon", she would control, single-handedly, the Salad Dressing Destinies of five continents!

Small wonder that she had insisted on a pre-nuptial agreement specifying that she would retain her former AND present married names, on a STRICTLY HYPHENATED basis, so that - when the time came - there would be no doubt as to which way the edible vegetable liquid by-products would be flowing.) The more I think about it, the more convinced I am that this represents my best opportunity to marry into the ruthless and dangerously inbred dynastic family of my childhood dreams

8th of Springmonth 71 - Combing (and occasionally Brushing) the works of the Master, I find him strangely mute on the subject of marriage. So much so, that I have been reduced to re-reading a passage on "love-transference" and substituting for it the word marriage: "Marriage" is lacking, in regard for reality to a high degree, is less sensible, less concerned about consequences, more blind in its estimation of the person loved, than we are willing to admit of normal love... We should not forget, however, that it is precisely these departures from the norm that make up the essential element in the condition of being in love."

In this, I sense the Master's infinite wisdom crying out to me, and saying, "What are you? A complete schlemiel? The woman controls PERSONALLY, between eight and ten MILLION

A black and white cartoon illustration of a man with glasses and curly hair, wearing a striped shirt and trousers, sitting in a chair. He is holding a small, dark, spiky creature in his hands. A small table next to him holds a can labeled "ASSORTE NUT". The background shows a large, dark, textured object, possibly a piece of furniture or a wall.

A collection of hand-drawn sketches of various types of ticks, including different shapes and sizes, some with labels like 'TICK' and 'TICK-TICK'.



14th of Springmonth 71 - Hard to believe that mere HOURS from now, my carefree bachelor days - all THREE of them - will be over. Not to mention my EXCRUTIATING, STOMACH-Churning, MIGRAINE-Inducing, ANXIETY-ridden bachelor days - all NINE THOUSAND or so of THEM.

I try to keep my brief, surreptitious visit to the loading dock of the Blind Lemon Oil Consortium at the forefront of my conscious mind: "How do you do? I'm the future Mr. Louis Lasso Louis-Lasso. I was wondering what sort of time frame would be involved in shipping a seventy-five litre drum of lemon oil to this address? STRICTLY 'off-the-books' - as a wedding surprise for my new bride." "We could have it there first thing in the morning, sir!" SIR! To have access to a guaranteed, unlimited supply of a world-class, all-natural lubricant at my disposal - night and day - and to be called "Sir" into the bargain. Maybe Cerebus is RIGHT. Maybe there IS a God. A God who moves in mysterious ways. And a God who (occasionally it seems) pays off like a pari-mutuel trifecta - where the win-place-and-show horses all went off as big under-lays - resulting in a Matrimonial Payday big enough to break the Connubial Bank and leave the Conjugal House begging for mercy.

Ah, Love!

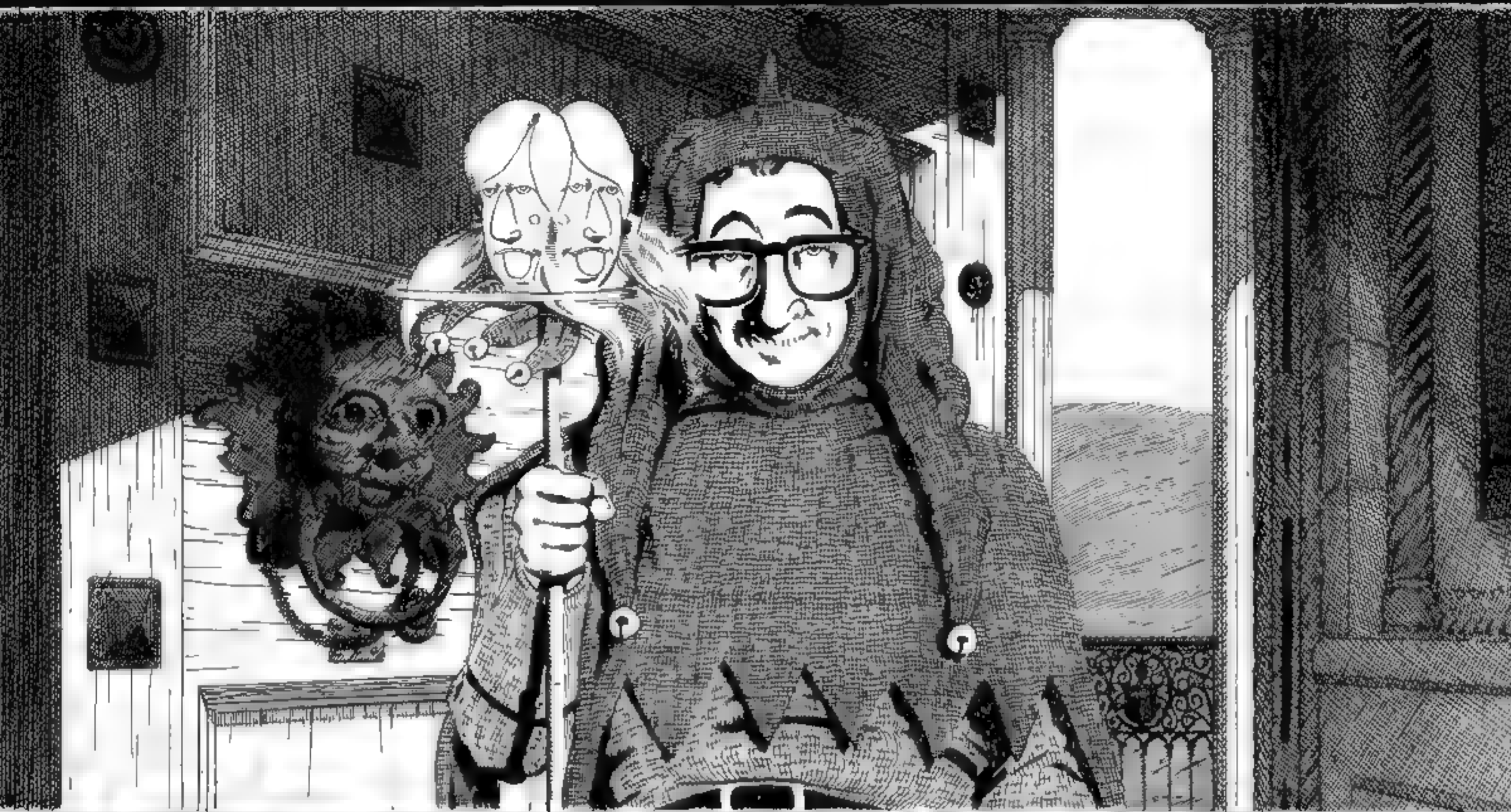
It's a caring (and most especially) SHARING sort of thing. metaphorically all incisors, bicuspid and molars, TEARING OFF huge chunks of rapturous mutual bliss, MASTICATING conjointly-owned rhapsodic jubilation and WOLFING DOWN bilaterally sanctioned synergistic euphoria. Deep within my heart I sincerely feel now that the "bare cupboard" that was "Me" has been well and truly replaced by the virtually "bottomless cornucopia" of "We."

Mere fleeting hours tripping by on gossamer running shoes, my thoughts unoccupied save with whimsical passing fancies like How do I manage to overcome the head-to-toe paralysis which has held me IMMOBILIZED on this chair with my right arm cocked at a (somewhat jaunty) forty-five degree angle, my right hand, palm upward, balancing my top hat since early yesterday morning?

16th of Springmonth 71 - Disowned! I can't believe it. My ONLY CHANCE to better my social standing, in one giant upward leap onto the GOLD-PLATED rungs of the Claes Struggle Ladder - and the rung I land on turns out have feet of clay (I'm so UPSET, I'm not only TORTURING my metaphors, I'm MIXING them in a furious, wick-like, ice-skating, salad-tossing, card-shuffling, textbook metaphorical abreactional motion). DISOWNED! Because she dared to marry a Konigsberg! The DREAM of rubbing my relatives' noses in Allen Stuart Louis-Lasso monogrammed handkerchiefs DASHED upon the shoals of the Allen Stuart Dumbrowski quicksand, beneath whose dustbin whitecaps I feel myself plummeting. I try re-reading my earliest notes on Fräud, desperate for the relief I am accustomed to them providing: "8th of Steve 64 - I feel an immediate and profound admiration for Dr. Fräud's ability to use multi-syllabic words and compound sentences to obscure and, indeed, virtually ELIMINATE meaning from human communication. For me, this represents the ultimate womb-substitute for which I've been searching since being extruded from the genuine article in the profound and seminal betrayal of those wish impulses (originating in my pre-conscious mind) to have everything my own way. Or, at the very least, to have unlimited, lifelong, access to the services of a fully-accredited SCAPEGOAT." No relief whatsoever - only the word DISOWNED, dancing like blazing seaweed before my eyes, snapping, furling, UNfurling, dulating, UNdulating - the word engraving itself into my consciousness like... like pre-moistened towelettes: DISOWNED!

18th of Springmonth 71 - A note arrives from Cerebus informing me that he is, at last, ready to begin dictating his commentaries on the next part of the First Book of Moshe. I send him a note of my own telling him I'll be there - with BELLS on.





Cerebus:

Cerebus thought it was just an *expression*

Konigsberg:

The wedding ring has rendered me...*invisible*...to the opposite sex, so I...I thought that a little...*auditory augmentation*...might help.

Cerebus:

Did it?

Konigsberg:

No. Evidently all it does is cause a slightly irritating...*tickling* sensation...in their ear canal as I pass by them [thinks] At *this* point I'll take what I can get.

Cerebus

[thinks about saying something] [doesn't] [looks down at the Torah] Okay. [checks to make sure I'm ready] Chapter six [thinks] Actually, the *end* of Chapter five, with Noah's sons, Sem, Ham and Japheth. Cerebus finally noticed something about the names the other day that turned out to be the whole key to the story: Sem, Ham and Japheth. She, He and It [waits for a reaction] [Konigsberg tinkles one of his bells] Okay. Chapter Six. "*And it came to passe, when men began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were borne unto them: That the sonnes of God saw the daughters of men, that they were faire, and they took them wiues, of all which they chose.*" [pauses] [thinks] It should be "of all whom they chose." [thinks] Just goes to prove that they didn't have any *Cirinis* back then. Nyuck nyuck nyuck. [Konigsberg and I both laugh politely] See, *here* you've got the two different *kinds* of men that Cerebus was talking about. You have the men who are just, you know, *men*—leftovers from the *last* time God told them to replenish the earth: [thinks] still being fruitful as hell [thinks] still multiplying like crazy. You know [chuckles] [mimes a "thumbs up" to the sky] "Can do, Chief?" [thinks] And then? And then, you have the "*sons of God*," Adam's *descendants*, from the most *recent* time that God created a man out of the dust of the ground. [thinks] "Sons of God" who are all, basically, behaving the same *way* as the men. [clears throat] See, chapter six is what chapter five looked like from *Yoohwhoo's* standpoint. Chapter five was where all of Adam's descendants—cut off from the tree of life—*start* to live shorter and shorter lives until, eventually, they start dying. In *Yoohwhoo's* version of the story—chapter six—Adam's descendants *saw* the daughters of men, got the *hots* for the daughters of men, *left* their fathers and their mothers and *married* the daughters of men and...[thinks]...cleaved...? [thinks again]...clove...?

Konigsberg:

Clave

Cerebus

clave to them. You know? Like your people used to hide in? Claves? [I laugh politely; Konigsberg grimaces] and that this is what *all* the "sons of God,"...*all* of Adam's descendants...*chose* to do. What *Yoohwhoo* is saying is "Nyah, nyah I was right. You're *supposed* to leave your mother and your father and *cleave* to your wife." "*And the Yoohwhoo said My Spirit will not always strue with man, for that hee also flesh.*" *Yoohwhoo* is admitting here that she has something in common with men in that—just as a man has a spirit inside of *him* but he's *also flesh*—*being the earth*, she, too, has a

Konigsberg.
Which will take how long, do you suppose?

Cerebus:
"How long?" [thinks] Cerebus isn't God. Cerebus has no idea.
Cerebus' best guess? "It will take as long as it takes for Yoohwhoo
to run out of crazy ideas."

Konigsberg
[rueful, twisting his wedding ring again] In other words..

Cerebus.
don't hold your breath

Konigsberg
"She's just a *little* yoohwhoo"?

Cerebus
Aye [thinks] One of *Big* Yoohwhoo's "handmaids". [gesturing
with his magnifying glass at the next section of the Torah] Like
Hagar is to Sarah [gesturing at a distant point in the Torah] or like
Zilpah is to Leah and Bilhah is to Rachel. As soon as Yoohwhoo
started telling *her* version of the creation story and it became
obvious that the *only things she* knew about were the four rivers and
a couple of countries where you could get good gold and bdellium
and onyx stones, well, right away that told God that she wasn't the
Big Yoohwhoo, the living thing inside the earth. That told God that
she was just a *part* of Yoohwhoo or a *part* of Yoohwhoo's *spirit*
which separated from Yoohwhoo. You know? The way *part* of God
or part of God's *spirit* separated from God when God divided
between the light and *between* the darkness? After all, that's
Yoohwhoo's big trick: dividing. That's how the part of God that
separated from God or the part of God's spirit that separated from
God's spirit *became* separate from God. [thinks] Cerebus' best
guess? God told Big Yoohwhoo not to eat the bad fruit. Big
Yoohwhoo then divided into Big Yoohwhoo and little yoohwhoo.
Then, Big Yoohwhoo told little yoohwhoo to eat the bad fruit so Big
Yoohwhoo could see what the bad fruit would do—Big Yoohwhoo
figuring, as only a woman would, that as long as she didn't eat the
fruit *herself* she isn't *technically* disobeying God. [thinks] Big
Yoohwhoo has probably been hiding from God ever since. But God
plays along, see? Just as if *the-little-yoohwhoo-who-ate-the-bad-
fruit-and-decided-she-was-a-god* is actually *the-Big-Yoohwhoo-in-
the-center-of-the-earth*. Because He knows that Big-Yoohwhoo-in-
the-center-of-the-earth is *aware* of everything that's going on,

everything that little yoohwhoo is doing and saying, everything that
God is doing and saying and everything that the "sons of God" are
doing and saying.

Konigsberg
How does God know that?

Cerebus
Because He's *God*. He knows *everything*. [thinks] Because
"omniscient" is the complete opposite of "stupid".

Konigsberg
[thinks] I mean, how do you know that Big Yoohwhoo knows
everything that little yoohwhoo is doing and saying?

Cerebus
Actually, Cerebus *doesn't* know. [thinks] It's really just Cerebus'
best guess. [wanders back down to chapter eight]
Hang on. Cerebus wants to make sure he didn't skip over anything
important when we skipped ahead to the part where Noah builds the
altar and sacrifices the clean beasts and the clean birds. [reads for a
few minutes]. Oh, right. The raven and the dove that Noah releases
to see if the waters have dried up over the whole earth—or, at least,
as far away as the outskirts of little yoohwhoo. See, the raven goes
first. Raven. Black. "Night". "Of God". Then the dove Dove
White. "Day." "Of Yoohwhoo". The dove comes back to Noah
The first time? When she can "*find no rest for the sole of her foot*"
The second time? With an Olive leaf in her mouth. A sure sign
that it's just a regional flood. You can't grow an olive tree in a
matter of a few days. The third time? She's gone for good. Which,
Cerebus suspects, is God trying to explain to Yoohwhoo *exactly how*
their relationship is going to go. They *don't* end up together. So
much for God "cleaving" to her and becoming "one flesh" with her
like she keeps hoping. "*And the Yoohwhoo smelled a savour of rest
and the Yoohwhoo said in his heart, I will not againe curse the
ground any more for mans sake, for the imagination of mans heart
evil from his youth...neither will I againe smite any more every
thing living, as I have done.*" See, Yoohwhoo thinks she's proved
her point—that men *deserved* to be kept away from the tree of life—
so that they end up dying—because she believes men are basically
evil. That is—if men aren't *born* evil—they're evil from a very
early age. Which is the exact *opposite* of what God believes: that
men are basically good. And this becomes another recurring
argument between God and Yoohwhoo. Anyway, after God's
"destroy them *with* the earth" comment, the earth—Yoohwhoo—is



relieved to find out that she made it through to the end of chapter eight okay: "As yet all the dayes of the earth remaineth, seedtime and haruest and cold, and heat, and Summer, and Winter, and day and night, shall not cease" You know, as if that's Yoohwhoo's decision to make. Nyuck nyuck nuyck. And then God explains the new rules to Noah and his sons. And, of course, when he's talking to Noah, he's also talking to Yoohwhoo and about Yoohwhoo: "And the feare of you, & the dread of you shall be vpon euery beast of the earth, and vpon euery fowle of the aire, vpon all that moueth the earth, and vpon all the fishes of the sea; into your hand are they deliuered. Euery mouing thing that liueth, shalbe meat for you, euen as the greene herbe haue I giuen you all things" Suddenly, the animals and birds are afraid of men and afraid of Yoohwhoo, whereas before the animals and birds had been completely docile, so docile that there had been no problem leading them onto the ark. That's a direct shot to Yoohwhoo's emotions. And God gives men permission to kill the animals and birds and eat them, which definitely violates the long-standing agreement between God and Yoohwhoo that the cattle are "taboo," off limits. And Yoohwhoo jumps right in immediately. Practically before God has finished talking. Angry. So angry she can't even talk straight. "But flesh with the life thereof, the blood thereof, shall you not eate. And surely your blood of your liues will I require: at the hand of euery beast will I require it, & at the hand of man, at the hand of euery mans brother will I require the life of man." At the hand of every beast? Even leaving aside the fact that beasts don't have hands—every beast? At the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man? Every man's brother? Every man is going to be required to kill his brother? Even for Yoohwhoo, that's more than a little crazy. Basically, as far as Cerebus can see, all she wants to say is, "I get the blood" without looking as if she's saying "I get the blood" and to indicate that she's sticking with the original terms of the deal: for every "taboo" cattle that the men kill, she's going to require the life of a man. And then she gets nasty with God, again: "Who so sheddeth mans blood, by man shall his blood be shed: for in the image of God made he man." Basically calling God a murderer and saying that that's why man is evil and that one day man will...murder God? because God murdered men in the flood? No awareness on Yoohwhoo's part that Yoohwhoo murdered men by keeping them away from the tree of life. No awareness on Yoohwhoo's part that it was her idea to kill everything that was walking around. All God had said was that "the wickedness of man was great in the earth and every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil every day." That was God's answer to Yoohwhoo's view that everything was fine: to Yoohwhoo

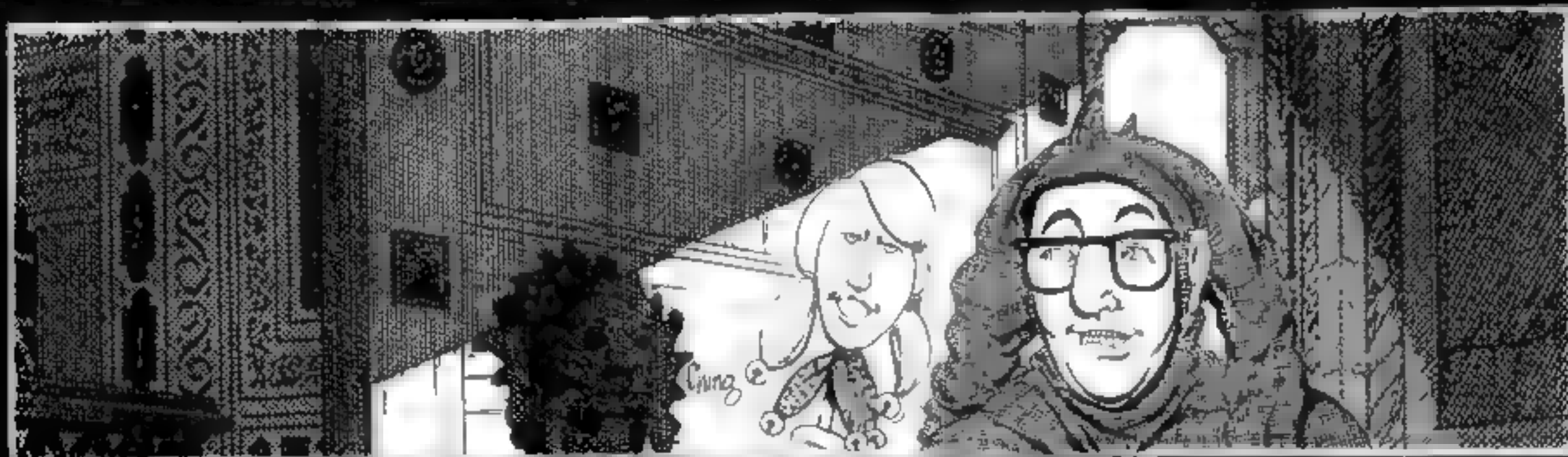
everything was fine because everyone was getting married and big, strong, famous guys were beating crap out of each other the way they used to in the olden days. It was Yoohwhoo who said that she repented of creating man and she wanted to destroy everything. All God did was to make it—regionally—come true. If Yoohwhoo considered herself to be God and men considered Yoohwhoo to be God, well, God would—up to a point—help Yoohwhoo to be God. He would persuade her to save Noah and his sons and their wives and a certain number of animals and birds, but apart from that? Yoohwhoo's wish is God's command. Which is why, when she calls God a murderer and tries to blame Him for men being evil, all God can say is: "And you, be ye fruitfull, and multiply, bring forth abundantly in the earth, and multiply therein." Basically saying, you aren't going anywhere, Yoohwhoo. You're inside the earth, and you—or part of you—has eaten the fruit of the tree of knowledge-of-good-and-evil and you've also eaten of the tree of life. So, as long as the earth exists, you're going to be alive. So you just come up with every bright idea you can think of and keep dividing between the light and the light and between the light and the rocks and between the rocks and the dirt and between the dirt and the grass and between the dirt and the herbs and between the dirt and the fruit [laughs] Feel free to discuss it amongst yourselves. And then God establishes his covenant with Noah—and gets a good shot in at Yoohwhoo at the same time. Remember Yoohwhoo saying that seedtime and harvest and cold and heat and Summer and Winter and day and night shall not cease? None of which she has had anything to do with creating? So, God picks his own "sign": the rainbow. Which is caused by light—Yoohwhoo—passing through water, neither of which are God. But God makes it sound—"I doe set my bow in the cloud"—as if He just came up with the rainbow specially and on His own—as a sign between Himself and all flesh on the earth. Which makes it sound to Yoohwhoo awfully close to God implying that he created the light, which, as Cerebus said, Yoohwhoo is really sensitive about. And then the next part. The next part was the part Cerebus couldn't figure out until yesterday [thinks] Actually there are a lot of things that Cerebus can't figure out, but this...this was the first whole episode that Cerebus couldn't figure out. You know, as opposed to "Why is it that Noah's sons are called Sem, Ham and Japheth before the flood and then Shem, Ham and Iaphet after the flood?" The 'h' disappears from Japheth's name and turns up in Shem's? It's a neat trick. But Cerebus has no idea what—if anything—it means. But the episode at the end of chapter nine. Until Cerebus saw that Shem, Ham and Iaphet were She, He and It, the episode at the end of chapter nine was driving Cerebus NUTS [clears throat]...nuts. [thinks] Anyway, as far as Cerebus can




see, it turns out to be another shot at Yoohwhoo. Basically, God is making fun of Yoohwhoo's version of the story of creation that she told in chapters two and three: "And Noah began a husbandman and he planted a vineyard." See, Noah represents Yoohwhoo, who said in chapter two that she planted the garden eastward in Eden. "And he drank of the wine, and was drunken, and hee was uncouered within his tent And Ham, the father of Canaan saw the nakedness of his father, and told his two brethren without " Yoohwhoo ate from the fruit of the tree of knowledge-of-good-and-evil and declared "the man and his wife were both naked and they were not ashamed," "the man and his wife," Adam and Hawwa, representing God and Yoohwhoo. Only, *this* time, God leaves *Himself* out of it —so instead of God, you have Yoohwhoo, God and "his" three sons...Shem or *She*-Yoohwhoo...Ham or *He*-Yoohwhoo... and Japhet or *It*-Yoohwhoo "And Shem and Japhet tooke a garment, and layed vpon both their shoulders, and went backward, and covered the nakedness of their father, and their faces backward and they saw not their fathers nakednesse." God is making fun of She-Yoohwhoo—Hawwa—and It-Yoohwhoo—the "talking snake"—going backwards in chapter three from the "who told thee thou wast naked?" question and coming up with their "dialogue" as a cover story or a "garment"—consisting of a conversation *between them* that never actually took place—to cover Yoohwhoo's nakedness. "And Noah awoke from his wine, and knew what his younger sonne had done to him. And he saide, Cursed Canaan: a servant of servants shall hee be vnto his brethren." Yoohwhoo "awoke" from the effects of the bad fruit and saw what her "younger son," Adam, had "done" to her. [thinks] Of course, Adam hadn't *actually* "done" anything to Yoohwhoo except to say—with Yoohwhoo prompting him—that "the man and his wife were naked," thus implying that *Yoohwhoo* was naked. Which Yoohwhoo *was*. By using the word "naked," she was *nakedly* admitting that she had eaten the fruit she was told *not* to eat. When she recognized what Adam's use of the word "naked" actually *meant*: transparently self-exposed—she "awoke from her wine"—and promptly cursed her "grandson". See, if Yoohwhoo really was God—the Yoohwhoo God she calls herself—then her "son" would be the light and her "grandson" would be the earth. Or, if she was Adam—God's stand-in in the first story—Hawwa came out of Adam and the "talking snake" came out of Hawwa, therefore the "talking snake" was Adam's grandson. Both of whom Yoohwhoo ended up cursing in the first story. Of course, the fact is that *He-Yoohwhoo, She-Yoohwhoo, It Yoohwhoo and the earth* Are...All...Just...Yoohwhoo. "And hee saide, Blessed the Yoohwhoo God of Shem, and Canaan shall be servant to them." Here Noah becomes the mediator between God and Yoohwhoo God, the same way that he split the difference between what God told him to do and what Yoohwhoo told him to do about the animals he would take onto the ark Ham believed in God, presumably, and Shem believed in Yoohwhoo, so, because Ham embarrassed him, Noah blesses Shem's God, Yoohwhoo, and declares that Ham's son will serve both Shem and Yoohwhoo. That is, the earth will serve She-Yoohwhoo and Yoohwhoo. Which is kind of funny. It gets even funnier when Noah says, *God shall enlarge Japhet and he shal dwell in the tents of Shem and Canaan shulbe his servant.* " God is going to make the "talking snake" even bigger and the "Big Talking Snake" will dwell in Shem's—She-Yoohwhoo's tent and the earth will also serve *both of them* [thinks] You sure can't say that God isn't *really* trying to take all this stuff at face value, no matter how crazy it is. If Yoohwhoo says there was a talking snake, God will not only take her at her word, God will even go so far as to make the "Big Talking Snake" big enough to be one of Yoohwhoo God's sons! And the light and the earth and She-Yoohwhoo and He-Yoohwhoo's son and It-Yoohwhoo, the "big talking snake" are *ALL* going to serve Yoohwhoo God. Basically, God gives up and says, fine, we'll do it your way, we'll *ALL* do everything *YOUR* way, Yoohwhoo, and we'll see how that goes [Cerebus and I both notice Konigsberg twisting his wedding ring around and around on his finger and looking kind of unhappy]. [thinks] [sigh] What the *actual* guys, the *actual* Noah and Shem and Ham and Japhet—and, particularly, *Canaan*—made of all this...while it was happening to them in *real* life, [laughs] Cerebus has *no* idea. Canaan, must've been wandering around for *months* afterward going "I do NOT get this. At. ALL. How did I end up being everyone's *servant*?" [we all laugh] And Noah, with his hangover, going: "What in the hell was I talking about? 'God will enlarge Japhet'" And then watching Japhet for the next couple of days to see if he's, you know, getting any bigger [we all laugh again] Anyway, probably as a result of everything getting *really* confusing for *everyone* [thinks] for everyone *besides* God, anyway [checks the Torah] Noah ends up living twenty years longer than Adam did So, you know: [trying to think of a good way to sum up]

Konigsberg

[finally letting go of his wedding ring] "Good for Noah" [we all nod]





20th of Springmonth - I've finally discovered the key to unlocking all of my problems: a revolutionary approach to psychotherapy contained in a new book called *Death? I'm Sorry, I Don't Know Any Death* by Earnest Beaker. Professor Beaker's thesis is that "death is the main-spring of human activity - activity designed largely to avoid the fatality of death, to overcome it by denying in some way that it is the final destiny for man." What a surge of recognition within me as I read these words! Of course! It's all so simple now! "...the fatality of death!" THAT's what has - unconsciously - bothered me about death for all these years: the FATALITY of it!

22nd of Springmonth 71 - My insights come faster and faster! DEATH is the reason I'm estranged from my wife! NOT the fact that my only interest in her had been her family's money! DEATH is the reason for my chronic masturbation! NOT shallow, infantile self-absorption in my own fatuous physical pleasures! DEATH is the reason that I ache with longing for nubile, barely pubescent young girls! NOT the firm, enticing curves of their parabolic adolescent flesh!Well. Okay.the firm, enticing curves of their parabolic adolescent flesh are DEFINITELY a "close second." But the primary reason is... DEATH!

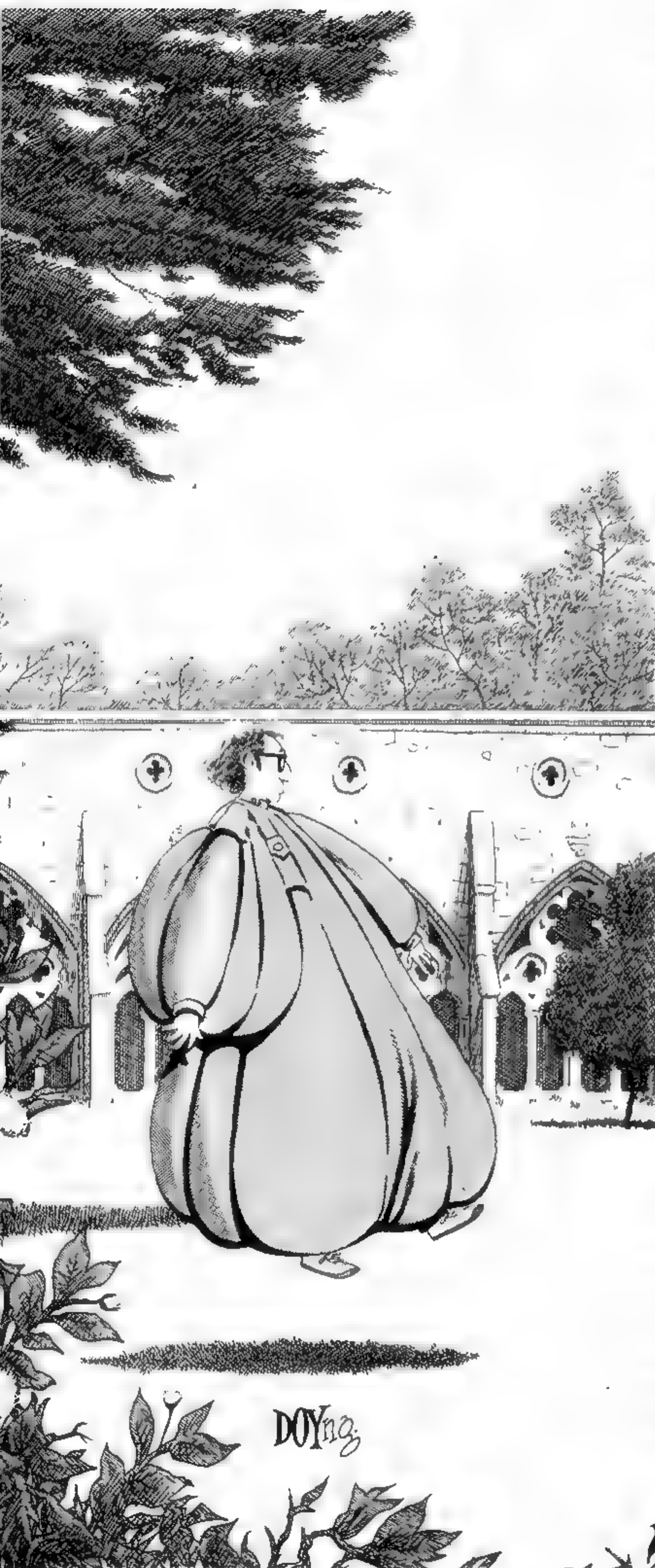
"What we think of as man's noblest impulses - love, heroism, religion - are merely mechanisms of defence, repression and denial that allow him to live with the problems of serving two masters: physical reality and the knowledge that this must end."

"The sexual conflict is thus a universal one, because the body is a universal problem to a creature who must die" (A creature who must die! It was as if Professor Beaker was addressing me personally!) "The sexual partner does not and cannot represent a complete and lasting solution to the human dilemma. The partner represents a kind of fulfilment in freedom from self-consciousness and guilt but, at the same time, represents the negation of one's distinctive personality. We might say, the more guilt-free sex the better, but only up to a certain point." As with all great Wisdom, it is as if I have known all my life the Truth of Professor Beaker's words - and that I needed only for him to enunciate them on the printed page to dispel - thoroughly and, indeed, completely - all of my illusions and doubts for all time! The cure for DEATH is guilt-free sex!

I resolve this very night to begin my pilgrimage; to seek out this Awe-Inspiring Sage; to study at his feet (or whatever part of his anatomy is responsible for the excretion of his Imperishable Wisdom). And also to get a prescription. Preferably with multiple refills



DOY^{ing}



18th of Summermonth 73 - I return home from my pilgrimage, disconsolate. After two years of searching, I had at last tracked Professor Beaker to his home in (of all places) Northern Teshuria....WESTERN Northern Teshuria. He had successfully concealed all clues to his national origin. In the entire 242 pages of *Death? I'm Sorry, I Don't Know Any Death* not once had he mentioned Five-Bar-Grate! I'll never forget that last excruciating twenty miles to Professor Beaker's ancestral village, DRIVING my team of huskies to the limits of their endurance as they STRAINED against the weight of my dog-sled: "On Compos! On Mentis! On Schizo! On Phrenic!" "If only I had KNOWN," I remember thinking to myself, each bitter step of that arduous journey... "If only I had KNOWN that there's no snow in Northern Teshuria this time of year, I... I could've WALKED there by now!" Alas, the news was no better upon my arrival. It turned out that Professor Beaker had DIED the same year that his book had come out. I asked the nice woman who answered the door if the Professor had happened to leave any signed prescription forms lying around that I could have as keepsakes for my hope chest... and she suddenly became less nice. Discretely, I steered the conversation around to my profound admiration for the Professor's views on the psychotherapeutic value of guilt-free sex. When that got no reaction, trying to find a way to cut my losses, I asked if she had any interest in "huskie meat." Immediately, Compos, Mentis, Schizo, Phrenic and I were arrested and formally indicted pursuant to multiple Criminal Code violations of various Northern Teshurian statutes prohibiting Conversational Juxtapositions Tending to Cause Anxiety in Women, Children and/or Houseplants, a conviction carrying a mandatory sentence of 400 hours of listening to Social Worker Jargon. I managed to strike a deal with the Crown Prosecutor: a suspended sentence in exchange for serving as the Crown's star witness against Compos, Mentis and Schizo (Phrenic having already pled guilty to the lesser charge of Being An Accessory After-the-Fact to an Unfortunate Euphemistic Misconstruction).

In my mailbox, I find a little over seven hundred "while you were out" notes advising me that Cerebus is ready to dictate his commentaries on the next part of the first Book of Moshe whenever I'm ready. Fearing the worst, I race to my bedroom. To my relief, I find the wax seal on my nightstand drawer unbroken, the "chastity padlock" secure.

Cerebus

Okay. Chapter ten. The generations of Shem, Ham and Japhet. *Yooohwhoo's* version, anyway. You can tell that it's *Yooohwhoo's* version because she narrates it as if it's going to be the same as chapter six: a bunch of big, strong, famous guys beating crap out of each other. Ham's eldest son is Cush. *"And Cush begat Nimrod: he began to be a mighty one in the earth. He was a mighty hunter before the Yooohwhoo: wherefore it is saide, Even as Nimrod the mightie hunter before the Yooohwhoo. And the beginning of his kingdom was Babel, and Erech, and Accad, and Calneh, in the land of Shinar. Out of that land went forth Asshur, and builded Nineueh, and the citie Rehoboth and Calah, and Resen betweene Nineueh and Calah: the same is a great citie."* Unfortunately for *Yooohwhoo*, that's about it, as far as the "mighty hunters before the *Yooohwhoo*" and the "great cities" go. Shem's son, Arphaxad begets Salah? Nothing. Salah begets Eber? Nothing. Then Eber begets two sons and *Yooohwhoo* tells us *"the name of one, Peleg, for in his dayes was the earth diuided, and his brothers name Joktan."* So, evidently, this Peleg guy's name translates as something like: "Divided Earth" which is interesting, since *Yooohwhoo* is, obviously, talking about herself. But, as usual, she doesn't say *much*—besides the basic fact that the earth was divided in the days of Peleg. The only other clue is in the last verse, *"These the families of the sonnes of Noah after their generations, in their nations: and by these were the nations diuided in the earth after the Flood."* Note

Konigsberg

"in the earth." I promise to always note "in the earth" if you promise to stop pointing it out

Cerebus

[thinks] Deal. As Cerebus reads it, this means that not only are the spirits of *birds flying around upside-down inside the earth*, not only are the spirits of *men and women walking around upside down inside the earth*, but *nations also have spirits—BIG spirits—inside the earth*. And all of those nations formed *around* the descendants of Shem, Ham and Japhet. Which makes for a big difference

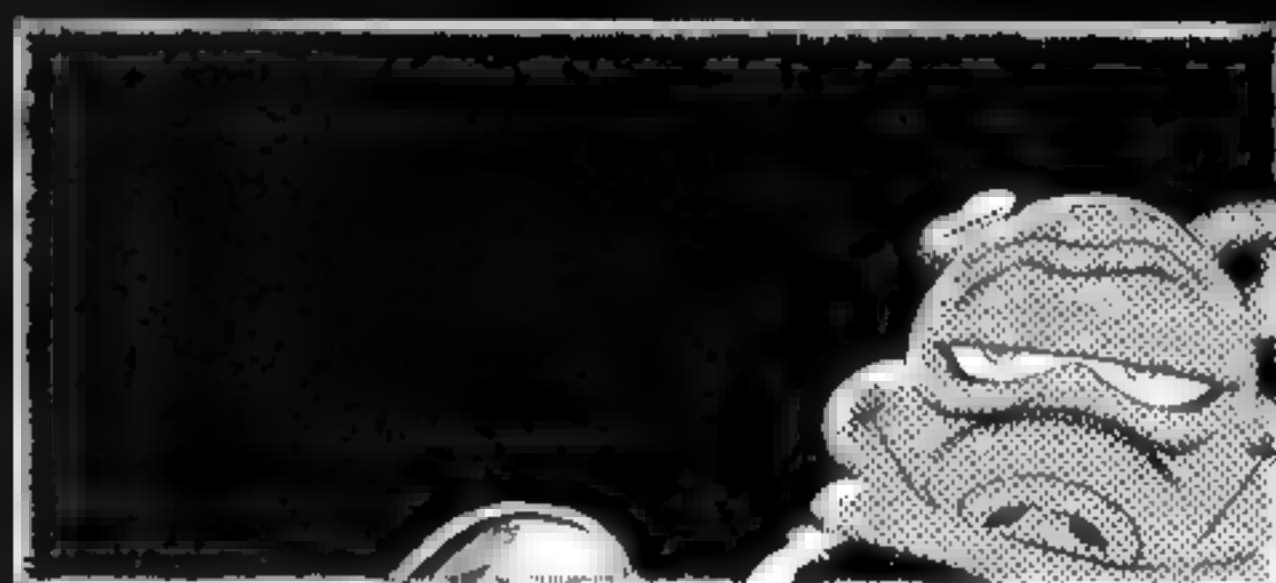
between the two different kinds of men. The *regular* men—the *leftover* men from last time—end up getting absorbed into whatever nation formed around whatever Shem, Ham or Japhet descendant they happened to be living near. The *regular* men have sons, the sons grow up and "beget" other sons, but they're just, you know, *regular* families. The descendants of Shem, Ham and Japhet, on the other hand, although *they're* families, too, they're *also* nations. Canaan begets Tzidon and Heth, but he *also* begets the Jebusite, the Emorite, the Gergasite and so on: *nationalities*. So basically, while these *nations* are forming *on* the earth around the descendants of Shem, Ham and Japhet, they're also forming *in* the earth as BIG spirits. BIG spirits that aren't as big as *Yooohwhoo* but which are much bigger than bird-spirits and men-spirits and women-spirits. And they are *all* descended from He, She and It—so *everyone* is under *Yooohwhoo*. God has no representation at all.

Okay. Now, chapter eleven. Cerebus is pretty sure that this is the story of "how the earth was divided" in Peleg's days. *"And the whole earth was of one lippe, and of one words."* All the descendants of Shem, Ham and Japhet still speak the same language. *"And they said, Goe to, let vs build vs a city and a tower, whose top may vnto heauen, and let us make vs a name, lest we be scattered abroad vpon the face of the whole earth. And the Yooohwhoo came downe to see the city and the tower, which the children of men builded. And the Yooohwhoo said; Behold the people one, and they all one language, and this they begin to doe, and now nothing will be restrained from them which they haue imagined to doe. Goe to let vs go downe, and there confound their language, that they may not vnderstand one anothers speech."* This is *Yooohwhoo* deciding, again—same as she did with the fruit from the tree of life—what things men are going to be allowed to do and have and what things they are *not* going to be allowed to do and have. It's a weird part of the book. It's as if the men believe—and *Yooohwhoo* believes—that "heaven" is something more than a bunch of air, dividing the waters from the waters, as if "heaven" is [laughs] *Yooohwhoo's house*, or something. This is also the first time that we find out that *Yooohwhoo's* spirit isn't *confined* to the earth, that her spirit can move around in the air—in the "heaven"—as well as in the earth.



[thinks] [tells me to put this part in brackets] [Although you could say that that was what chapter three verse eight meant: "And they heard the voice of the Yoohwhoo God, walking in the garden, in the wind of the day..."] Obviously, Yoohwhoo doesn't like the idea of sharing "heaven" with *anyone* but the *birds* [thinks] It's *also* possible that Yoohwhoo only *thinks* she can move around in the air. Since there's an "upside down" spirit-version of *everyone* and every *thing* flying or walking or hopping or crawling around *inside* the earth, it's possible that Yoohwhoo just *thinks* she's looking "down" from "heaven," when she's actually in the center of the earth looking "up" at all these upside-down spirit-creatures. Watching all of these children of men [pauses]...erecting ..[pauses] [clears throat]...erecting...and, uh, climbing up...this, uh...big, long...*hard* . uh . tower, which is, uh, getting bigger and bigger and [clears throat] which is allowing the *spirits* of these children of men to climb deeper and, uh, [clears throat] deeper *into* Yoohwhoo and, uh...Anyway, she's basically telling God that this tower thing is a bad idea and that the men's language should be "confounded" so they can't understand each other [thinks] and so they'll knock it the hell off. Since men are still calling on the Yoohwhoo, Yoohwhoo's wish is God's command. [reading] And then, at the end of the chapter, God does His Own "generations of Shem," basically forgetting about Ham and Japhet and concentrating on Noah's "first born" There's nothing really *new* in the "generations of Shem" It's the same as chapter five's "generations of Adam". The men continue to live shorter and shorter lives. Unlike *Yoohwhoo's* generations in chapter *ten*, in chapter *eleven*, God is only interested in the "first-born" son. *Apart* from the "first-born" son—same as He did in chapter *five*—God just mentions that each guy "*begate sonnes and daughters*". At some point, Yoohwhoo finally understands that the argument—which has been going on *around* her since chapter one—is about who is the eldest and who is the youngest. Who is the "morning" and who is the "evening." Who is the "day" and who is the "night". Who is God and who is God's not-really-but-for-the-sake-of-keeping-the-argument-simple-and-in-tune-with-Yoohwhoo's-misunderstanding-so-Yoohwhoo-will-pay-attention—[Königsberg twists his wedding ring so hard he winces] "first born". So, Yoohwhoo starts paying attention, waiting for

something to happen in the "generations of Shem" that will explain what the heck has been going on and that fits what she believes is going on. See, Yoohwhoo has plenty of bright ideas she got from the bad fruit about who she is and about who God is, so she's just waiting to see something happen that matches her bright ideas. And what happens is this guy named Terah, see, who begat Abram, Nahor and Haran. Three sons—all of whom get mentioned, this time, not just the "first born," so, as far as Yoohwhoo knows, this could be the new "Cain, Hebel and Sheth" or the new "Shem, Ham and Japhet". And, boy are they interesting! Haran dies before his father, Terah, which hasn't happened—a son dying *before* his father does—since Hebel died before Adam! And Nahor marries Haran's daughter! A guy marrying his own niece! And—as we find out later in chapter twenty—Abram is married to his half-sister, Sarai! They have the same father, but different mothers! All *right*, thinks Yoohwhoo, *finally* we're getting to the bottom of this! This "God" and I have different *Mother* Gods, but the same *Father* God. Or "God's" *Father* God died and I'm actually "God's" *Uncle* God! Or *my* Father God died and I'm actually God's *Niece* God! [thinks] From what Cerebus knows about tribes, Cerebus is pretty sure that Terah and Abram and Sarai and Nahor and Milcah and Lot were, you know, "asked to leave" by their tribes. Which only makes sense. After all, here's all these guys who are supposed to be "sons of God" and—in one generation!—*one* of them marries his half-sister and the *other* one marries his dead brother's daughter! Which explains a *lot*, from Yoohwhoo's standpoint, when she sees them expelled from their tribe. "God" is ashamed because *marrying ME—his half-brother or his half-sister or his uncle or his niece or.. WHOEVER I am... is really, really evil!* Just like Yoohwhoo had been saying all along: "man is evil from his youth"! Just like God! "For in the image of God made he man"! So, Yoohwhoo decides that Abram is the horse she's going to bet on, Yoohwhoo's own personal representative in the story, Yoohwhoo's own hand-picked Adam or Yoohwhoo's own hand-picked Noah, the key to figuring out what's going on. So, in chapter twelve? She tells Abram to "*Get thee out of thy countrey, and from thy kinred, and from thy fathers house, vnto a land that I will shew thee.*" Three guesses what the land is





) 3448

Yeshua was a sinner The garden eastward of Eden [think] (even as the night that would have been obvious) The first Adam did I work out, but the Atonement handed-picked by Yeshua; there alone she thinks so going to work out And I eat make of these a great nation and I will bless thee and make thy name great and I will bless thee at his evening And I will bless thee that he see the same as we him that is working at the end and the whole family of the earth - the same Bless Him that bless thee - a curse him that curses thee To Yeshua who is going to be Yeshua and Abram and all the way and all the land, us of the earth - against God Yeshua who assumes that God will curse Abram because

Y'akov shoo has picked up in 11 verses, says it and egi Abram but as it is after to be Y'akovshoo and as is upon the name of the Y'akovshoo for Y'akov too. So let go said. The garden bet'ng back in the story binds as a cherub in with the flaming sword rem'ner. *The return I want come to pass, when the Egyptians shall see thee that they when say that I am in and they will kill me, but they will save thee.* 11. The Egyptians are like the cherubim with the flaming sword. As Y'akov who's herse it kind of outsider men but say ng women. So a turn out to be quite a 'thinks character. Happy to be called be Abram's sister even to the point of 'ears throat, 'eg'ng as it cherubim and with Abram self the king of t'ur scribes, say it. But that the Pharaoh and Abimelech episodes *then* took place on it right after the other and that Y'akov too w'as, it saw it as that *backed* like Sara: was this real in it? had some Y'akovshoo worst-pper change them around so the Abimelech story doesn't come in chapter twenty

A. M. G. S.

How do you know the Ab molecule doesn't have a binding site for the Ab?

1577.47 7.11.03

But if **PAGE** had been a *celebrity*, *celebrity* it... were the
Katie Couric would get the shots for thirty
nine-year-old woman.

25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000 1001 1002 1003 1004 1005 1006 1007 1008 1009 1010 1011 1012 1013 1014 1015 1016 1017 1018 1019 1020 1021 1022 1023 1024 1025 1026 1027 1028 1029 1030 1031 1032 1033 1034 1035 1036 1037 1038 1039 1040 1041 1042 1043 1044 1045 1046 1047 1048 1049 1050 1051 1052 1053

ALL THE LIVES OF

 $\Gamma(\mathbb{R}^n \times \mathbb{R}^n)$

Of course, Yoshikawa drinks *she's a fool* and that Abraham represents her, so she's not paying a lot of attention to Sarah. Which if she really wanted to know what the book was going on, she should have. As Abraham says to Sarah when he gives her back to Abraham: *Behold I have given this brother at thou and of my name, he led he to this, a coming of the, a very unkind all that can with thee and with you.* That is, Abraham is such a nice guy even though he and she and that Sarah together, so is forcing her that is the guy that are with her and even God, come to ask again what a nasty trump Sarah is because they like Abraham. While a (Cerberus that read a Cerberus thought that Abraham wasn't so much a nice guy as a really nasty guy). What sort of husband and stands the way was a

Pharaoh and later Abram decide to make "husbands" out of their slaves with his wife. And when the *truth comes out* in *Pharaoh's case* because Yotobeh sends pharaoh against his house for a most embarrassing up her nicely matched ex-a set of married steps-brothers and in *Abram's case*, because Yotobeh comes to him in a dream, what sort of husband would accept flocks of cattle and men-servants and maid-servants as a bride to take his wife and go away? And the (Cerebus) used that Abram and Sarai are *Hebrews* so it is

59c. Yooohwahoo. The 'she' part of Yooohwahoo is 'she' because consisting just want to be reunited with God to be one like a wife and husband because God is like a Pharisee like a King. What was he saving through Abram is that God isn't fooled that God loves a man that the real reason that He Yooohwahoo Abram is wanting to give the Yooohwahoo 'Sara' to God if he loved Abram he would give it to God.

carol whose blood belongs to *the* and men servants to get the blood *out* of the *carol* by *misdeeds* *the* and spit the blood all over the ground so that we can *let* it and maid servants to breed more misdeeds to keep the whole operation going. As far as I know, he is so concerned she argues she can lose with this plan. She believes men are evil. (Chorus) In Abram's Abram mutilates a lot of the same evil blood too. In Abram's

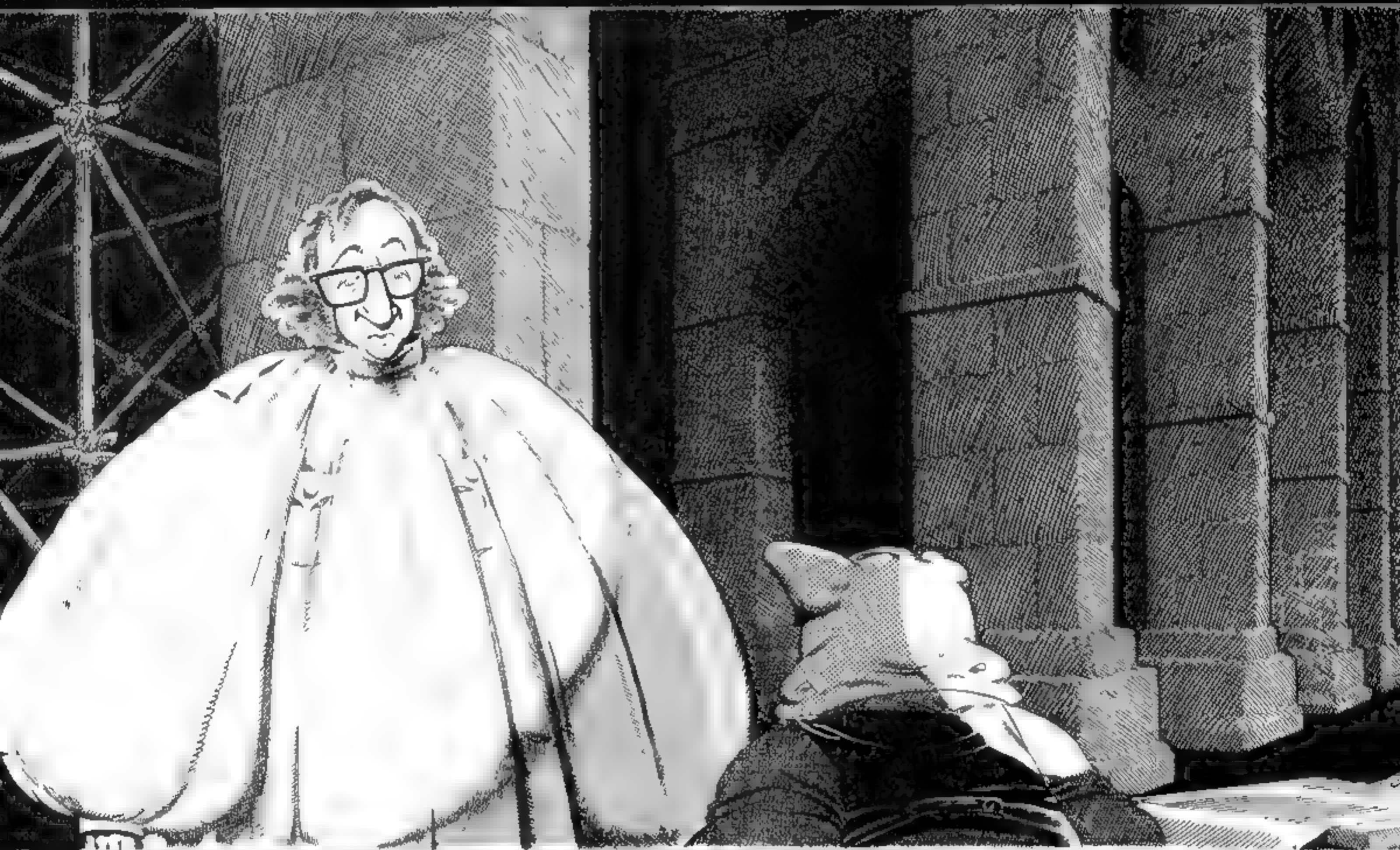
• x and y will have to be added up at least x times. About x^2 comparisons are required to decide which x is best.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

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By using the theorem, if the first 2^k points x_1, \dots, x_{2^k} are already ordered by the value of the function f , then the next 2^k points $x_{2^k+1}, \dots, x_{2^{k+1}}$ will be in the same order. This is because the function f is monotonic on the interval $[0, 1]$.

[illegible][illegible]



Konigsberg

Actually, from what I understand, there are a number of places in
Africa where *girls* are circumcised

Cerebus

That doesn't surprise Cerebus. It doesn't *accomplish* anything
[thinks] but, knowing Yoohwhoo? That doesn't surprise Cerebus
one bit. There isn't anything too low or too cruel that Yoohwhoo
won't give it a try. Circumcising someone who hasn't got a dick or
a foreskin? [wincing] That's just plain sick. [sighs] But, then, that's
Yoohwhoo

28th of Steve 75 - I have been re-reading, Fyodor Mikhailovich Mishkin's "The Putz" and have realized, as a consequence, that my destiny, the Solution to All my problems lies not in the psychotherapeutic Complexities of Fraud -- but, rather, in the existential Simplicity of Mishkin! Struck by the irrefutable logic of my own argument, I have resolved to become a Tanchyan peasant.

30th of Steve 75 - Step one in my transformation has been accomplished! I have just now returned from the casino at the seaside resort of Vegas-Vegas where -- with a mere dozen swift passes of the dice ("Babushka needs a new pair of shoes!") -- I have managed to attain an Official State of Thoroughly Straited Circumstances (attributable in no small part to the fact that I was throwing the dice into the roulette wheel)

31st of Steve 75 - Leaving nothing to chance, "Putz"-wise, this morning, I pawned my pocket-watch, borrowed 5 crowns from my ex-wife and a further 15 crowns against future royalties from my proposed "Memoirs of a Latter-Day 'Putz' - My Life as a Tanchyan Peasant" staking the entire amount on Red 35. Destiny, it seems, has once more taken a hand in the proceedings when I discover that I'm sitting at a baccarat table

35th of Steve 75 - Step two: I persuade Cerebus to allow me to become his tenant farmer, sharecropping beets in one corner of the Sanctuary courtyard. Beets! Whose name in Ancient Dehnsion, Beta Vulgaris, so aptly mirrors my new self-image as an irredeemable but humble scapegrace. Beets! Which I will make into borscht -- eating it cold in the winter and scalding hot in the summer to prove that I'm the Real Peasant McCoy and not some Bourgeois Dilettante. Beets! Which -- being biennials -- guarantee me a two-year head start on my proletarian suffering, even before my first harvest!

38th of Steve 75 - My business cards arrived at noon. Having decided that I was too old to be described as "Königsberg, the Georgic Swain" and feeling quite strongly that "Königsberg, the Bucolic Bumpkin" lacked dignity, my apprehension grows as I unwrap the package. All my anxiety has been for naught: "Königsberg, the Unmoneied Agronomist" and a post office box number in sans serif block letters bring a tear to my eye, a lump to my throat and another 5 crowns to my insurmountable mountain of debt. Encouraged by the ease and swiftness with which my new-found Peasantry has come to fruition, I resolve to subdivide my meager land holdings with a half-dozen marijuana plants of inferior quality out of whose fibres I intend to weave my own antless and prosaic clothing, sheets, pillowcases, insulation, leg-warmers, sofa cushions, tea cozies and smokeable shag carpeting.

45th of Steve 75 - Disaster! It seems that -- with my unauthorized use of the officially sanctioned Tanchyan peasant "frilled" peasant blouse "buccaneer" trousers and roll-top boots and my violation of their exclusive proprietorship over the term "Tanchyan peasant" -- I have



run about of the Tanchinyan People's Amalgamated Outside Subsistence Aggravators and Marijuana Textiles and Clothing Workers of Estarction (Local 1224) Just this morning a dozen T.P.A.O.S. A.A.M.T.a.C.W.o.E. Joyful Compliance and Peaceful-Co-Existence Officers press-ganged me into one of their uniforms and told me that I had -- as a consequence of my deconstruction-alistic and disease-inimative anti-synergisticisms inadvertently volunteered for a period of indentured servitude (the "indentured" servitude part consisting of the Tanchinyan People's Pentafal Beautification and Improvement Program) (under which three of my molars had brought about the end of their untalented occupation of my stigmatic cavity through cowardly running dog assaults upon the Tanchinyan People's Rifle Butts of Oracular Liberation) of not less than five and not more than ten years (Ten YEARS!)

It is while I am being manhandled through the streets to the toe-tapping refrain of the Joyful Compliance and Peaceful Co-Existence Peoples Musical March of Solidarity and Exclusion (we read just enacted the Movement wherein Exclusion discovers that his own scabbard is filled with everyone else's used chewing gum but hadn't reached the Overture wherein all of the members representing Solidarity branch their own fables of Belonging and Whiteness and begin, playfully, to gouge out small chunks of Exclusion's flesh) that Cerebus happens across us. What a stroke of luck that he just happens to have with him a copy of the Cerebrate Lanchuan Non-Depression Pact of 359 which specifies that Cerebus would allow the annual duty-free importation of five metric tonnes of mundantly introspective Lanchuan Literature (specifically limited to those works consisting of strangely gyno-eloquent hand-gazing casts of fifty or more characters all engaged in incestuous and near-incestuous romantic entanglements) as well as several "large"-sized bottles of "Not-ka" (whatever that is) and two or three tins of edibles (I'll take his word for it) salty black fish-egg jelly -- in exchange for maintaining absolute dominion over anyone needing... pen... momentarily or temporarily... on Cerebrate lands.

Realizing that they themselves were "temporarily reading" on Cerebrate lands (and having been informed that I was considered something of a confidant to the One True Cerebrus), the Joyful Compliance and Peaceful Co-existence Officers quickly changed formation from the People's Musical March of Solidarity and Exclusion to the more stream-lined People's Lindy Hop of Stalwart Leave-Taking and Swift and Progressive Retrenchment. Before you could say "Rigorous Treatment of the People's Proletarian Ideal Through the Unrelenting Suppression of Gender Distinctions," they were off like a shot so dazzling us with a combination mazzurka-flot that they were out of sight before anyone could think to hold them for further question.

46th of Steve 75 - Although I no longer refer to myself as a Tachyrian peasant, like Mickin I am now firmly convinced that God does not exist although, also like Mickin I believe strongly that Rick AND Cerebus represent the highest state of achievement of which Man is capable and that all men must aspire to emulate in every aspect of their lives (Although, like Mickin, I believe Rick AND Cerebus would have achieved an even MORE exalted state of being had they - like Mickin - had eighteen-year-old STEENGRAPHERS with whom they might have - like Mickin - fallen MADLY in LOVE!) How old are you by the way? REALLY? Seventeen? AND a HALF? Why - that is (as you so aptly put it) "Like-O-oomy!"
 (Yes I only asked "Oh Rick!" Indeed I'm stupid!"

Yes I will come! "Oh Wow!" Indeed! "Oh Wow!"

ce Agrarians and Marijane
 morning, a dozen TPAGS
 Officers press-ganged
 ence of my deconstruction-
 lumbered for a period
 of the Tachyan Road's
 ee of my melars had
 cavity through cowardly
 (racular liberation)

ne toe-tapping
 Musical March
 arem Exclusion
 d chewing
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You've been smoking for 20 years.
 Great.

She's a very *marry* seventeen And a half
Kon Esbert

(crebus)
 Nay, (crebus meant this part "not believing in
 God but believing in Kuck and Crebus. Kuck
 didn't create the heaven and the earth (crebus
 didn't create the heaven and the earth) sighs,
 you would just be praying to God.

Kong-sheng
I prefer not to arouse the attention of a being
who if He exists is *potentially* capable of
sipping at the water out of my body like
a *magnifying glass* a tablecloth from under a
table full of dishes

Learning Objectives

M_{SOL}
I showed h in some of yr pre primary notes

Two problems that have been mentioned are (1) the lack of a clear definition of the term "creativity" and (2) the lack of a clear definition of the term "creativity". The first problem is that the term "creativity" is used in many different ways. For example, it can refer to the ability to produce new ideas, to the ability to solve problems, or to the ability to create something new. The second problem is that the term "creativity" is often used to describe a person's ability to produce new ideas, but it is not always clear what is meant by "new". It could mean new in terms of the idea itself, or it could mean new in terms of the way the idea is presented. Both of these problems make it difficult to study creativity in a systematic way.

Komberg
The spring-2001, "On the game" did I do anything, "Yeah I did

(creaks)

We haven't even had to use I yet! As soon as we got it tagged are these huge vegetables started just sort of *burping* out of the ground.

Okay Chapter eighteen - Oh right Here comes a different kind of yoo-hoo to have a talk, chat with Abraham And he off up to even and looked at the them then asked his boy Okay so we know there is a yod who became there are three of them He said I And then said you him Werra or Sarah's wife And he said Beloved in the tent And he said I will certainly return unto thee according to the word of life and the Sarah thy wife shall have a sonne And Sarah in and in the tent where which was in hand him No w Abraham and Sarah were old and well she k'n age, it seemed to be without Sarah after the manner of women Therefore Sarah laughed within her self saying After I am waxed old shall I have pleasure my lord begett child? And the yoo-hooer said unto Abraham Wherefore did Sarah laugh saying shuffl I of a suchy heart as a bird which am old? See Yoo-hooer in ches Abrahams by his ack of faith eue even though God told Abraham that Sarah is going to have a child oby cuss Abraham hasn't to d Sarah Which probably means that Abraham doesn't believe, is going to happen Is any thing you hurt for the Yoo-hooer At the time appointed I will returne unto thee according to the word of life and Sarah shall have a son So Yoo-hooer goes to irritate God by claiming that she's going to make Saraf pregnant She yod-wore cap that a ways causes trouble and what I led God to introduce his y returns on covenant with the men

round both old and young in the people from every quarter. And they called unto Lot and said unto him: Where are the men which came in to thee this night? bring them out unto us, that we may know them. And Lot went out at the doors unto them & shut the doors after him.

The word is actually an important part of the story, following on with Yooohwhoo's reference to "the way of the Yooohwhoo" and Abraham's comment about being just and ashes both of which are references that go all the way back to the garden and said: I pray you brethren, do not so wickedly. Behold,

now I have two daughters which have no known men: let me I pray you bring them out unto you, and do as to them as is good in your eyes: only unto these men do in thing for themselves, come they under the shadow of my rock. [laughs] It is the opposite of the

"way of the Yooohwhoo. Instead of getting rid of the men as Yooohwhoo did in driving Adam out of the garden—Lot is going to drive out the women, his daughters, and allow them to be raped. Which isn't as bad as murdering Adam, by keeping him away from the tree of life, but it's still a long way from justice and

judgement! which is God's point. Yooohwhoo wouldn't know "justice and judgement" if they came up and bit her on the ass. Part of the crowd of "be-shu-it-men" calls, "Do you walk in the way of the Yooohwhoo?" which is a reference to the "way of the Yooohwhoo" which "be-shu-it-men" calls "the way of the Yooohwhoo" and part of the crowd of who-stayed behind, about "Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?" By getting in between the crowd of judges his "imp wrist

"men" and the two judges is a happy mess! "Then Lot plus himself in the position of being the judge over right and wrong, the one who has to come up with a justice and judgement: way out of the situation. Which is God's way of telling this particular be-shu-it-three-men yooohwhoo. Hey, I wasn't a rhetorical question. Shall

Not The Judge of All the Earth Do Right?" And the yooohwhoo of course, as a yooohwhoo does, it's to just ignore the question and hope that everything gets better on its own, because it's what the Yooohwhoo wants to have happen! And that's because, basically, that's the way of the Yooohwhoo. Which in this case, because no decision is a decision, it's the crowd in the direction of doing wrong. You will do the worst with this, then with them.

And thus becomes something completely new for Yooohwhoo: the possibility of getting the crap beaten out of her [clears throat] ^{other things I clear's throat} because she has no idea as to what the right thing is to do, or in an environment where everyone is a he-shu-it.

Which is God's point. Yooohwhoo because of the bad fruit has "knowledge-of-good-and-evil" plays like the cherubim and the flaming sword, but that's the same thing as "knowing right from wrong." By trying to be three, the Yooohwhoo has just gone back to the Cain and Hebel situation where the solution was for the two of them to become one flesh to be what man and woman do well do it.

The way of the Yooohwhoo of separation with the door. We'd here you've got Sodom and Gomorrah, which are in which all of the "men" have become "one flesh" all of the men are to lowering the way of the Yooohwhoo and so, not coming hanging at the door anymore [laughs] Sin is ready to break the door down.

And they prevailed over upon the men Lot and came, never to break the door. But the men put forth their hand, and pulled Lot into the house, to them, and shut the door. And Lot, Yooohwhoo still doesn't know what to do, still doesn't know right from wrong, so that leaves it up to the "he-shu-it-men." Yooohwhoo's anger to use their knowledge of good-and-evil. And they smote the men that at the doors of the house with hardness, both small and great, so that they wearied themselves to find the doors. The "both small and great" (Cerebus is willing to bet refers to the "men" and finding the door but also like Shem and Japhet covering Noah's nakedness, or like Abraham being a covering of the eyes so people didn't see what a tramp Sarah was attempting to bind everyone's spirit to the fact that Yooohwhoo doesn't know the difference between right and wrong. And the men said unto Lot,

Hast thou here any besides? Bring us out into the streets, and thy daughters, and whosoever thou hast in the city, bring out of this place. For we will destroy this place, because the cry of them is waxen great before the face of the Yooohwhoo, and the Yooohwhoo hath sent us to destroy it. That results in another funny part of the story (in the Bible) again depending on your sense of humor. Picture these two angels as "imp wrists" men, a mourning to Lot—who as Lot, Yooohwhoo almost just got killed, that they're about to [waves his limp wrists around] destroy the thing [we both laugh].

And Lot, now that he's just a guy, just Lot again, instead of

Intermission

Intermission

Intermission

Intermission

Intermission

Test your Cerebus "High-Q"!

Test your Cerebus "High-Q"!

Test your Cerebus "High-Q"!

Test your Cerebus "High-Q"!

What was the name Of Cerebus' first wife?

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Lot's wife looks back from behind Lot in the physical world the same way that the trouble-making "three-man" little-yoohwhoo looks back from behind God

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What was the name Of Cerebus' first wife? a) Jaka b) the Regency Elf c) Astoria

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What was the name Of Cerebus' first wife? a) Jaka b) the Regency Elf c) Astoria d) Red Sophia

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c) Astoria d) Red Sophia

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c) Astoria d) Red Sophia

Clue #1: "No 'jacking off'"
a) Jaka b) the Regency Elf
c) Astoria d) Red Sophia

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c) Astoria d) Red Sophia

Clue #1: "No 'jacking off'"

Yooohwooh decides to save four people but God decides that only three of the four are going to make it, because He knows that the one of the four that most closely resembles Yooohwooh - Lot's wife - like Yooohwooh won't choose to obey a simple instruction even if her life depends on it (laughs which in this case it did). Which leaves one male and two females just like the she-goat the ram and the heifer of Yooohwooh's covenant with Abraham. On this case, because Lot in the role of Yooohwooh was willing to cast out his daughters, the she-goat and the heifer - that means Yooohwooh is left only with the ram. So God having taken the role of Lot, the role that Yooohwooh doesn't want anymore, now assumes domination over the daughters, the she-goat and the heifer that Yooohwooh cast out when she was being Lot. Which is God's way of telling Yooohwooh that this is a much more apt mode of how things are than Yooohwooh's. She Goat God, Ram God and the Great Heifer in Heaven and a more apt model than dead pillar of salt-of-the-sites-of-the-plain-yooohwooh's. "Three are She, Its-Who-Are-Actually-Men-with-Quotation-Marks. The apt model God is pointing out is God with two - the yooohwoohs - like Abraham with Sarah and Hagar God with the regional-yooohwooh-with-the-garden and the bigger-Egyptian-yooohwooh-up-ahead. And since Big Yooohwooh and the other three regional yooohwoohs show no evidence of wanting to push their luck pillar-of-salt-wise [laughs] that's the mode that Yooohwooh and all the little yooohwoohs agree to stick with for the time being. [reading the text] And as it turns out the two human little yooohwoohs in the story, Lot's daughters both die just like the regional yooohwooh-with the garden did after the flood - that the whole world was destroyed in the overthrow of the sites of the plain. And then Lot's daughters fulfill Lot's premium that he cannot escape to the mountains. It's some earth take me and I die. And the first-born said to the younger, Our father is old, and there is not a man in the earth. Come in with us, after the manner of all the earth. Come let us make our father drink wine, and we will be with him that we may preserve seed of our father. God's way of telling Yooohwooh that this is how it actually works. Women Don't Have A Seed. Women preserve seed of men. [thinks] Which is a much nicer way of saying it than Cerebus' way of saying it - women are just the box the seed grows in. But, then God is a much nicer than Cerebus. And they made their father drink wine that night & the first born went in and lay with her father, and he perceived not when she lay down, nor when she arose. And then the younger of the two does the same thing the next night. So both of Lot's daughters get pregnant by their father. He perceived not when she lay down, nor when she arose. Cerebus doesn't know who is kidding who here, but that, [thinks] that just isn't possible. If you were so drunk that you didn't know when she lay down

Konigsberg
You wouldn't be able to be able to uh

Cerebus
Exactly. So anyway Lot's daughters give birth to the Moabites and the Ammonites. His daughters must've been awfully embarrassed when they came down from that cave and found out that the whole world had been destroyed enough. Cerebus is willing to bet that they probably told their father that Yooohwooh got them both pregnant. [we all laugh]. And Lot was probably happy to go along with it. Yooohwooh got you pregnant? Let's celebrate by multiplung a cow. Glory to the Yooohwooh. Chapter twenty? Chapter twenty is the Abimelech chapter with Sarah-the-tramp which we already talked about. It belongs back around chapter fourteen when she was still Sarah-the-tramp. Chapter twenty-one picks up with Yooohwooh taking credit for getting Sarah pregnant. And the Yooohwoohs visited Sarah as he had said, and the Yooohwooh did unto Sarah as he had spoken. For Sarah conceived and bore Abraham a son in his old age at the set time. And then tucked onto the end a little bit of truth of which God had spoken to him. And Abraham was a hundred years old, when his son Isaac was born, unto him. And Sarah said, God hath made me to laugh, all that years will laugh with me. Which you have to be careful, when you say things like that out loud, laughs when you're representing Yooohwooh in a story. And the child grew, and was weaned, and Abraham made a great feast the day that Isaac was weaned. And Sarah saw the young of Hagar the Egyptian, which she had borne unto Abraham, mocking. Ishmael fulfills Sarah's words by laughing, but it isn't the kind of laughing Sarah was

talking about. Wherefore she said unto Abraham, cast out this bond woman and her son, for the sake of this bond woman, shall not be here with my son, with Isaac. So Yooohwooh has to be pretty pleased with that Sarah calling Isaac, my son, not our son, my son, and calling Ishmael, the son of this bond woman. It's a totally female world, just like in the garden. On y now the women are casting each other out. And the thing was very grievous in Abraham's sight because of his son. And God said unto Abraham, Let it not be grievous in thy sight because of the lad and because of the bond woman. In all that Sarah hath said unto thee, hearken unto her voice, for in Isaac shall thy seed be called. God takes the opposite approach that Yooohwooh took with Adam and Hawwa, when she cursed Adam for hearkening unto the voice of his wife. Heck, no. God says, Go ahead and do everything that Sarah tells you to do. Everything will turn out fine. Again, Yooohwooh must've smelled a rat. But what's she going to do? So far, God is pretty much going along with everything Yooohwooh wants done and God tells Abraham to do everything Sarah tells him to do. What has Yooohwooh got to complain about? Not that that ever stops a woman of course. So Abraham casts out Hagar and the child with some bread and a bottle of water. And the water was spent in the bottle, and she cast the child under one of the shrubs. And she went and sat her down over against a good way off, as it were, a bow shoot, for she said, Let me not see the death of the child. And she sate over against and lift up her voice and wept. And God heard the voice of the lad, and the Angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven, and said unto her, What aileth thee, Hagar? Fear not, for God hath heard the voice of the ladde, where he is. Arise, lift up the lad, and hold him in thine hand, for I will make him a great nation. See, this is what Yooohwooh should've been worried about. Yooohwooh's Angel was the only one who had a relationship with Hagar to that point, a relationship which started when Hagar fled from Sarah. Remember? Hagar represented Yooohwooh's Egyptian plan. But with the birth of Isaac, Yooohwooh lost track of the plot and got rid of Hagar again, figuring she didn't need her anymore. Which then allowed God to create his own Angel to look after Hagar and Ishmael. And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water, and she went and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad to drink. Just to show how important this is to God, he doesn't just give her water, he opens Hagar's eyes. The first time that phrase has been used since Adam and Hawwa ate the bad fruit. So now Yooohwooh and God are on the same side again. Yooohwooh and God both have a covenant with Abraham and Isaac and Yooohwooh's Angel and God's Angel both have a covenant with Ishmael. And it came to pass at that time that Abimelech and Pharaoh the chieftain of Egypt saw that Yooohwooh was saving God with them, in all that they did. Now therefore, swear unto me, here, by God, that thou wilt not deal falsely with me, nor with my women, nor with my sisters, some according to the kindness that I have done unto thee, thou shalt do unto me, and to the land wherein thou hast sojourned. And Abimelech said, I will swear. Abimelech plays the same role that Melchizedek did earlier of representing God. God and the Angel of God who opened Hagar's eyes represented Abimelech and Pharaoh. Only this time instead of giving Abraham a chance to hand God's blessing over to Yooohwooh - like he did with Melchizedek - God just makes it a very basic verbal commitment on Abraham's part to swear not to deal falsely with Abimelech - and also, God who Abimelech represents. Or with Abimelech's sons, Abimelech's sons and the land. That is to not deal falsely with Yooohwooh. Which Abraham swears to abide by. Which, when you think about all the grief Yooohwooh's trying to give God, was pretty nice of God to include her. Which, of course, doesn't stop Yooohwooh, speaking through Abraham, from dredging up an unrelated dispute just so she has something to complain about. And Abraham reproved Abimelech because of a well of water which Abimelech's servants had secretly taken away. Yooohwooh wants to make a big deal out of the water that was "violently taken away" from Lot's wife and the regional-yooohwooh of the-plains - leaving her a pillar of salt. And Abimelech said, I wore not who hath done this thing, neither didst thou tell me, neither yet heard I of it, but I den. Abraham was probably wondering what the hell he was talking about too, since Yooohwooh was speaking through him about a completely unrelated matter that happened to someone else in another country. A well of water taken violently away? What well of water? Just to make sure that God knows that Yooohwooh still claims her stake in Abraham, she has Abraham go through

c) Astoria d) Red Sophia

Clue #2: "Dust the Pixie"
b) the Regency Elf
c) Astoria d) Red Sophia

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b) the Regency Elf
c) Astoria d) Red Sophia

Clue #3: "Misses' Lord Julius"
c) Astoria d) Red Sophia

Clue #3: "Misses' Lord Julius"



Sodom, when Yooohwoo took the part of Lot and trying to be a Judge of right and wrong [laughs] made an ass of herself and the two young "men" had to bail her out by blinding everyone and their spirits. Which worked on everyone -except God, of course. Where was Cerebus again?

Me
and I and the lad will goe yonder and worship and come againe to you

Cerebus
Right, right, right. See, Yooohwoo is still thinking that Isaac and Abraham are God and Yooohwoo in the story. But, Cerebus is pretty sure that what God is doing is leaving the actual Yooohwoo - the two young men and the ass - behind, so that God can show Yooohwoo that God is God, God is Abraham and Isaac is a separated part of Abraham - Abraham's seed. What God wants to show Yooohwoo is that God tells Abraham what to do and Abraham does it. Abraham tells Isaac what to do and Isaac does it. What God is saying is that this is how Yooohwoo should be. Yooohwoo should ask God what God wants Yooohwoo to do and Yooohwoo should do it instead of wasting all her time trying to come up with all these "bright ideas" of how Yooohwoo is actually God or Yooohwoo and God are both gods or Yooohwoo is God's uncle-god or Yooohwoo is God's half sister god and then telling God that He has to make everything fit Yooohwoo's new "bright idea" just because men have made a mistake and are "calling on the name of the Yooohwoo." Where was Cerebus again?

Me
and I and the lad will goe yonder and worship and come againe to you

Cerebus
Right, right, right. So, at that point, Yooohwoo really must've been wondering "I and the lad will come again to you?" or "I will come again to you?" You know, a little fix in'. Does Abraham know that this is just a gag? And Abraham took the wand of the burnt offering and laid it upon Isaac, his son, and he took the fire in his hand, and a knife, and then went both of them together. God can't be serious. Yooohwoo must've been thinking for three days. It's just some kind of weird joke. But God is completely serious. He wants to show Yooohwoo what real faith in God is. And God knows that Abraham has real faith in God. And Isaac spoke unto Abraham his father, and said, My father, and he said, Behold me, my son. Which really must've given Yooohwoo the willies because that's just what Abraham said to God when God called to him. "Behold me." You can bet that Yooohwoo was "behoiding" like crazy at this point. What am I behoiding? What am I behoiding? And he said, Behold the fire and the wood. Remember that the fire is a Yooohwoo thing, a "right" and a tree is a God-thing, a "he" so they're both in the they're both part of the sacrifice. [laughs] Cerebus is waiting to bet that if Yooohwoo "behold" any harder, Yooohwoo's eyes would have jumped right out of her head at this point. But where is the lumbe for a burnt offering? And Abraham said, My sonne, God will provide himself a lumbe for a burnt offering, so they went both of them together. OH NO! Yooohwoo must've thought this is payback time for my encouraging men to slaughter all those caule! God is going to cut my throat and burn me alive! Or God is saying that by encouraging men to slaughter all those caule that I've been cutting God's throat and burning God alive - all this time God has been providing Himself as a burnt offering! When what God is saying is that Abraham, unlike Yooohwoo, has real faith in God. And then comes the next part. And they came to the place which God had told him of, and Abraham built an Altar there, and laid the wood in order, and bound Isaac, his sonne, and layed him on the Altar upon the wood. And Abraham stretched forth his hand and took the knife to slay his sonne. God is making the even longer point that Isaac too has real faith in God, and real faith in Abraham. Isaac doesn't scream, he doesn't try to run away. He just lets Abraham tie him up and lay him down on the wood. Isaac knows what happens next, he's seen it happen ten million times with too many lambs sacrificed to Yooohwoo not to know what's coming next. Abraham, his father, is going to cut his throat. Abraham isn't hesitating and Isaac isn't batting an eye. At that point, it all becomes too much for Yooohwoo. And the Angel of the Yooohwoo called unto him out of heaven and said, Abraham, Abraham. And he said, Here am I.

another strange ritual. And Abraham took sheep, oxen, and even gave them unto Abimelech, and both of them made a covenant. And Abraham set seven ewe lambs of the flock, by themselves. And Abimelech said unto Abraham, What meanest thou, seven ewe lambs, which thou hast set by thyself? And he said, For these seven ewe lambs shalt thou take of my hand, that they may be a witness unto me, that I have digged this well. So Abraham swears by God, but then makes a covenant that's [laughs], witnessed by seven female sheep. Yooohwoo reminding God that Abraham and his seed are still mutilating cattle which are off-limits taboo. By themselves, Cerebus is willing to bet that that was the first time that Abimelech had ever had sheep as legal witnesses to one of his covenant agreements. Seven is Yooohwoo's number since she's the one who came up with the seventh day when God rested. Therefore, he called the name of that place Beer-sheba, because there they swore both of them. Beer-sheba, the well of the oath. Seven is male sheep, witnessing that a well of water had been taken when it was away. Thus they made a covenant at Beer-sheba, then Abimelech rose up, and Philistines, and planted a tree in Beer-sheba, and called there on the name of the Yooohwoo, the everlasting God. So even Abimelech and Philistines, who just finished representing God and the Angel of God - and up planting a tree and calling on the name of the Yooohwoo. So Yooohwoo doesn't come out offend like she did with Melchizedek, but, so far, she is definitely matching God point for point. [laughs] Except for one of her Yooohwoos, one of her "angels" being reduced to a little piece of salt. Cerebus thinks we can put that one in the "win" column for God.

Okay, and that brings us to chapter twenty-two. [thinks] As Cerebus reads chapter twenty-two [thinks] now that Hagar and Ishmael are gone and it's just Abraham and Sarah and Isaac, you just know that Yooohwoo is going to lose interest in Sarah, who is actually the most like Yooohwoo in the story. [thinks] which is probably why Yooohwoo loses interest in her - and start something around for another "bright idea" about what's going on. And of course the "bright idea" that she comes up with next is that either Yooohwoo is Abraham and God is Isaac, or Yooohwoo is Isaac and God is Abraham. That is, either Yooohwoo is Isaac and God is the son of Yooohwoo. And it came to pass after these things, that God did tempt Abraham, and said unto him, Abraham, and he said, Behold me. And he said, Take now thy son, thine only Isaac, whom thou hast. That's what gave Cerebus the first clue. The God mentioning that Abraham loves Isaac, like you know [laughs] Abraham has to be told that. See, Yooohwoo loves God and still wants to become "one flesh" with God, [thinks] and Yooohwoo wants to think that God loves Yooohwoo, so as far as Yooohwoo is concerned, that was a great way to start a story. Yooohwoo can't wait to find out what happens next, and get them into the land of Abimelech, and offer him the re for a burnt offering upon one of the Mountaintops, which I will tell thee of. Suddenly, "As far as Yooohwoo is concerned!" Suddenly, this is now a not-so-great story. God is willing to make Yooohwoo into a burnt offering? Or God thinks Yooohwoo would make God into a burnt offering? This is way more personal than what happened to Cain, was more personal than when Cain said that everyone that finds me will slay me in the earth. This isn't someone who represents God talking about what all the little Yooohwoos are going to do to his spirit in the earth. This is God straight out telling the one who represents Him in the story to kill the one who represents Yooohwoo. And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him, and Isaac, his sonne, and claued the wood for the burnt offering, and rose up, and went unto the place of which God had told him. With the two young men, it even has the right numbers, the three that represent Yooohwoo and the one that represents God. Then on the third day, Abraham left up his eyes, and saw the place afar off. Cerebus had to laugh about that part. God doesn't tell Abraham to just take Isaac, out back, or "a little away and kill him." No, God tells Abraham about a place that's three days' journey away and gives Yooohwoo three days to think about what's about to happen. "And Abraham said unto his young men, Abide you here with the ass, and I and the lad will give Yooohwoo men, and worship, and come againe to you. The ass comes back in later on, because Yooohwoo misses the joke this time, and God always repeats his jokes until Yooohwoo gets them. The joke that Yooohwoo misses here is that God, in the role of Abraham, is saying that the two young men and the ass are the three - one Yooohwoo in this particular chapter - see, God is retelling back to



The answer is
d) Red Sophia

The answer is
d) Red Sophia

The answer is
d) Red Sophia

Intermission

[illegible]

Intermission

Intermission

Intermission

Intermission

1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the current situation, identifying the goal, and determining the resources available.

2. The second step is to develop a plan. This involves identifying the steps that need to be taken to achieve the goal, and determining the order in which these steps should be taken.

3. The third step is to implement the plan. This involves carrying out the steps that have been identified in the plan, and monitoring progress as the plan is implemented.

4. The fourth step is to evaluate the results. This involves comparing the actual results with the expected results, and identifying any areas where the plan has not been successful.

5. The fifth step is to adjust the plan. This involves making any necessary changes to the plan, and re-implementing the plan.

6. The sixth step is to document the results. This involves recording the results of the project, and identifying any lessons learned.

7. The seventh step is to communicate the results. This involves sharing the results of the project with the relevant stakeholders, and identifying any areas for further improvement.

8. The eighth step is to review the process. This involves reflecting on the entire project, and identifying any areas where the process could be improved.

9. The ninth step is to celebrate success. This involves recognizing the achievements of the team, and celebrating the successful completion of the project.

10. The tenth step is to learn from the experience. This involves reflecting on the project, and identifying any lessons learned that can be applied to future projects.

Intermission

Intermission

Intermission

Intermission

course, Yochanan spends the rest of the chapter telling Abraham how he is going to multiply his seed. *blan blah blan* like the sand on the sea! *blan blah blah* because he was so obedient. *blah blah* and all work of all of Abraham's relatives who are having babies. *blan blah blah* like Mikah bearing children unto Abraham's brother Nahor. *blah blah* not sons and of course, "the way of the Yochanan." Yochanan mentions the mother before the father just like Yochanan *mothers* if they would *blah blah* so Yochanan doesn't learn a thing and all God can do is wait for her next "bright idea." You know some day [it picks a long time] *you they* thinks a long time,] is going to die, in a really really bad way because of *this* "bright idea."

Konigsberg
How do you mean?"

519923

W. . . probably going to take a while but this is *hoshinboku* we're

Intermission

Intermission

Intermission

Intermission

talking about *Somebody* she's going to want to prove that she's as
 as much of a Ram as *God* is *Somebody* she's going to want to go to
 set up *another* sacrifice just like this one – and then she's not
 going to have her angel stop it she's just going to stand back and
 watch and see if *God* will *actually* go through with it, see if *God* will
 actually watch someone who represents Yooch-whoo's son or *God*'s
 son *actually* get his throat cut and burned a live [huh] nixy or knowing
 Yooch-whoo, probably something even more gruesome

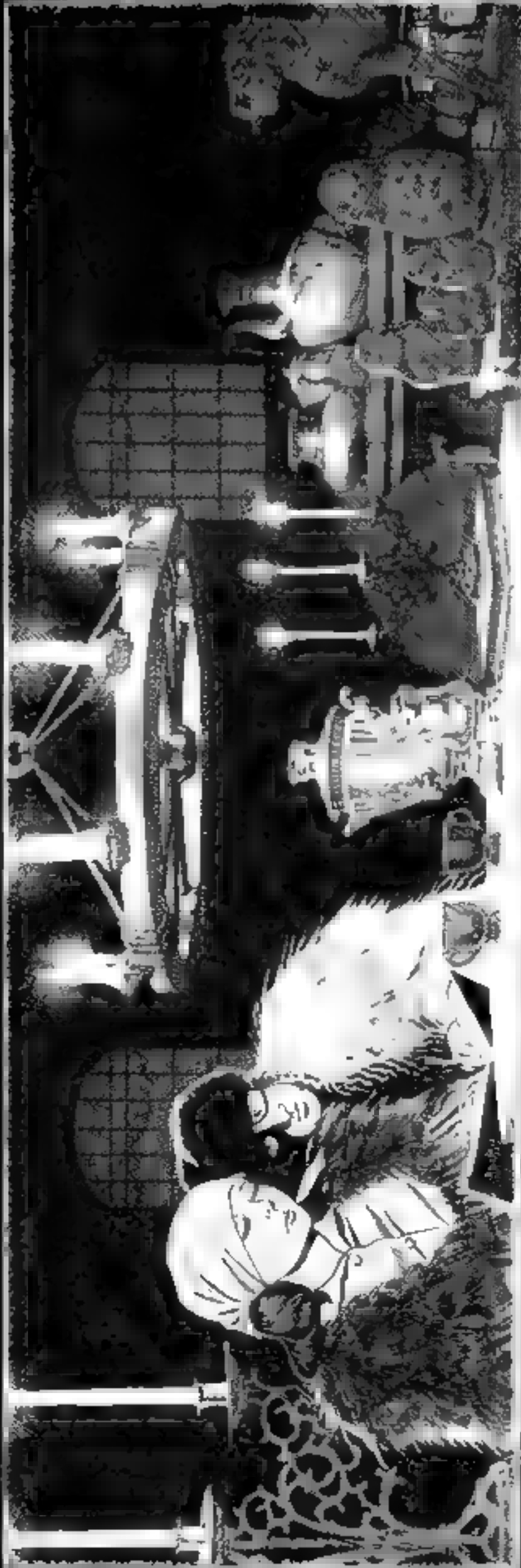
Königsberg

"There's a cheerfu, thought

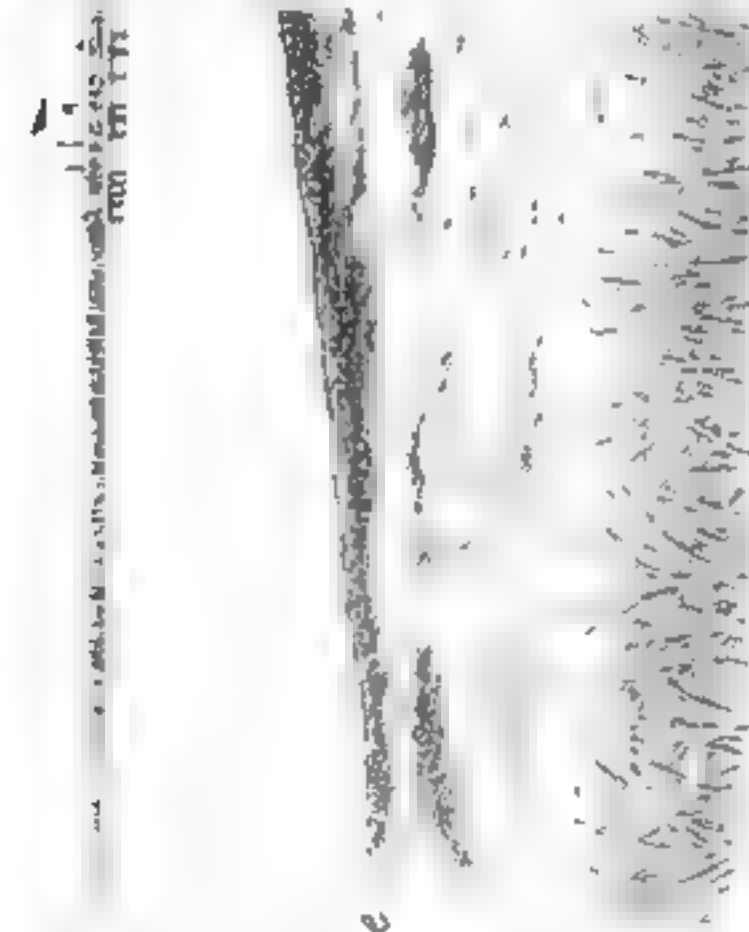
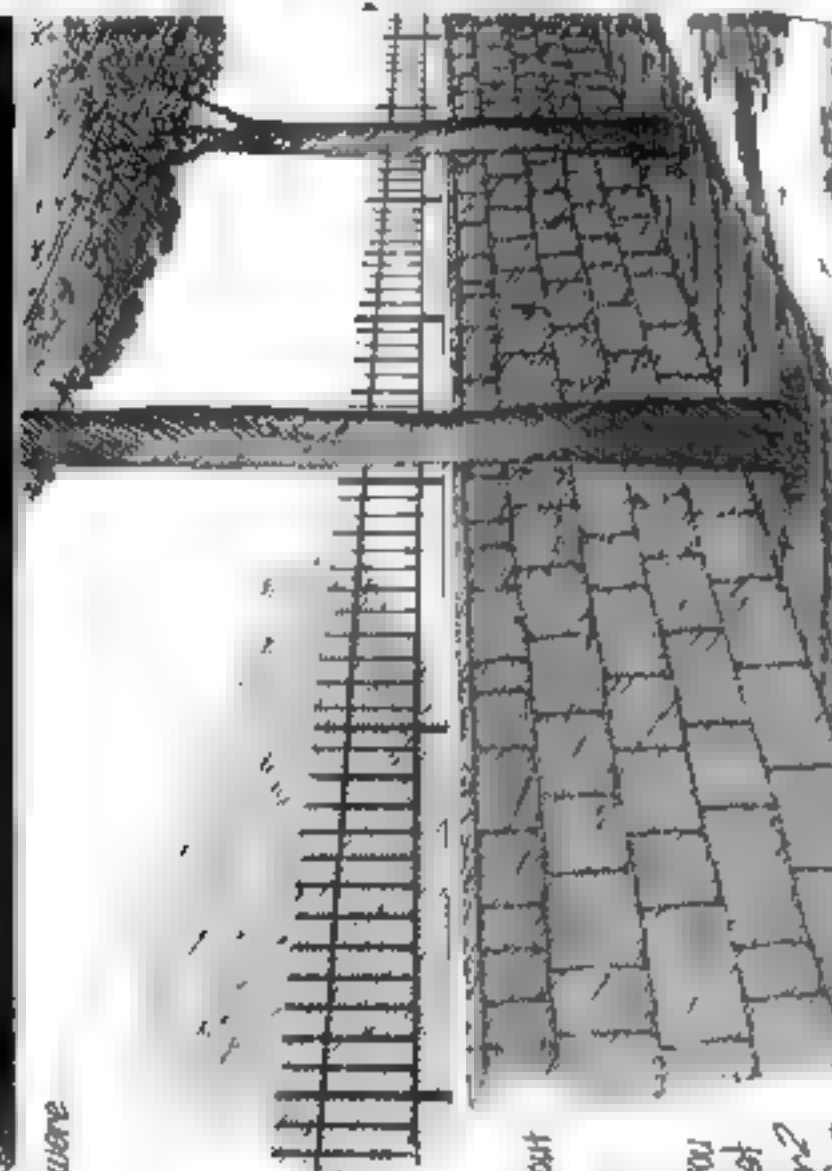
Cerebus

You've probably noticed by now that "Yoo-hoo" and "cheerio" thoughts don't really go together.

25th of Stone 11 Are you sure it doesn't bother you that I'm writing in your diary like this? Bother me? No no. It was MY idea, remember? I was the one who said, "Maybe it would be easier to keep track of our... discussions... if we WRITE DOWN what we wanted to say." But what about when I just grab the diary out of your hands before you've even finished writing, like I did just now because I wanted to know why you've lived "discussions"? That bothers you, doesn't it? Oh, no, not at all. I've always admired your strength and your determination and all. Oh, come ON, it does, too, bother you. Look! You're getting that nervous tic in your right eye. Why can't you just admit that it bothers you? I understand "discussions" because because our our discussions are so important to me. Really? Oh, of course. I should have should have CAPITALIZED it like we like DISCUSSIONS with with an exclamation. no! with THREE EXCLAMATION marks!!! O.K.!! DISCUSSIONS!!! Auuuuuuu. That's so nice they're important to me too. So you really think this is helping, though? Oh, of course, of course it's helping. Really? You're not just writing that? Really. I'm not just writing that. The two of us writing in your diary is helping you move from Sigmund Freud did it. Are you kidding? This is helping me a million, a billion, a BILLION times more than Freud. Really? You're not just writing that? Noooo. Not at all! Since you came along, I'm a lot better. Before? The the smallest upset in my life would make me write all in capitals and and underline everything and and use way too many exclamation marks. But but now I write everything in this this really really quiet and whimsy and real monotone. That's so, so amazing. That's the way I write everything now, too. In a really quiet and whimsy and real monotone. So? That's why everything is better now. Why? Why? Well, well, because we've both become quieter and and whinner and and more real and and monotone. Monotone. You mean, we're boring. Nooooo. I never said that. Where'd I say "boring"? This is why I wanted us to write everything down, so that we have a record. MONOTONOUS (m-o-n-o-t-o-n-e-s) adj. Tiresome by reason of monotony and lack of variety. What- you're going to accept a dictionary's definition over mine? Who are you going out with? Me? Or Funkle Wagner! But, it's true, isn't it? We have become monotone. We never go out anywhere. We never meet any new people. We just sit here night after night quietly, rationally whining at each other in your diary. Our diary. Only in the last few pages. The last few pages. Are you kidding? We've filled more pages in the last month than I filled in the previous nine years on my own. If we meet any new people, we're going to need a much bigger book and and different-coloured ink pens. Oh, oh I see. So what is it that you're writing? That that I'm this, this big BLABBERPEN, is that it? Jeze, no, not at all. Really. There's there's no need for you to to go all to capitals on me. We've filled a lot of pages sure but but look at the progress we've made. So you really think we've made progress really and truly, you're not just writing that? Noooo. I dooo. Why, do you aaaaah? Well, because I'm tired of living like a Tanchuan CAREFUL! The T.P.A.O.S.A. a M.T.A.C.W.O.E. are everywhere! p*ssant and I'm tired of eating boots for breakfast, lunch and dinner. When? What- even my horscht soufflé? You always said you loved my horscht soufflé. Onhhhh. I doo, I doo love your horscht soufflé, but... but... what? A soufflé really has to have, you know, beaten egg whites in it- you can't just whip hot horscht until it's all frothy and call it. I can't believe what I'm reading here. Onhhhh. Now I've hurt your feelings. Noooo. Please go on. What else? Well, I really think I need to make my clothes out of something besides inferior grades of men's jeans. Oh, you do. And why is that? Well, at least my underwear I really think that that's why I've been getting all these yeast infections. Really? Really. You mean those infections where you have to drink all that all that cranberry juice and and we can't have sex for a week-to-ten days? Uhh-huh. Yup. Those would be the ones. Oh, well, I uh I uh never intended to be a a complete ideologue about Tanchua. You didn't? Really? You're not just writing that? Noooo. Of course not. I've always said that there's a world of difference between life-emergent technological progress on the one hand and and reactionary running dog, lickspliffle toadying before the false idol of bourgeois materialism on the other hand. I've never heard you say that. Well, maybe not, in so many words. Really? You mean it? You're not just writing that?



The image is a high-contrast, black and white scan of a document page. The page is heavily degraded, showing significant noise and artifacts. The text is mostly illegible due to the poor quality of the scan. The layout appears to be a standard document with a header section at the top, followed by several paragraphs of text. The text is arranged in a single column. The image is oriented vertically, with the top of the page on the left side of the image.



251 JEMM students' bio info



She gave
him her
heart

and he
banged her
like a screen
door in a
hurricane

John Fitzgerald BEATTY

Annie HALL

PUM!
PUM!

Oh my God
NAME OF GOD
Oh my God
Oh my God
Oh my God

IT SEEMS TO BE THE PK
QUITE SURE I THINK GOD HE N' G
GOD IN DEARGOD WHAT SHAPENING

THAN
THAN
THAN
THAN
THAN

OH MY GOD! YOU'RE RIGHT! HELP! SO
RE HERE OFFICER. SOMEONE JUST SHOT KONIGSBERG!
FOR SON HIS WAY OH THANK GOD WHAT? I SAID THAT
OH MY GOD! HE ISN'T FALLING DOWN! WHAT IN THE NAME OF GOD





THEY TURNED OUT TO BE 5-10% THAT EVERYONE KNEW WERE TOO EVIL TO LIVE BUT WHO WERE A 50% (IT TURNED OUT) TOO BEAUTIFUL TO KILL

"FRUITCAKE PARK" AS IN "NUTTY AS A NUT"

"FRUITCAKE PARK"

SPREADING OF "NOTES" WHEN HE MET AND WE?

Where?

SEE WE STARTED HAVING TROUBLE WITH THE LAST FEW CLEANSINGS OF THE LAND'S SEVERE DEATH AND VIOLENCE SCORPION SUBREANS



SO NOW SCORPION'S SPORES JUST DESIGNATE EM AS "FRUITCAKES" AND WE LOCK EM UP IN FRUITCAKE PARK FOR TWENTY YEARS

AND THAT WHEN WE'RE IN LOCKING

WE'VE EITHER BECOME JEES EVIL SO WE CAN JUST LET EM GO

WILL YOU

FOR THEM, GET OLD AND LIGHT ENOUGH THAT I WON'T BOTHER SCORPION'S SPORES TO BLOW THEIR HEATS OFF

NO WONDER THEY'RE ALL IN A BOX OF BUNGALOWS



IT WAS CEREAL'S IDEA IT'S ACTUALLY WORKED OUT REALLY WELL THE "FRUITCAKES" KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT CLOTHES AND MAKE-UP SO WHATEVER IS THE MOST POPULAR STUFF IN THE FRUITCAKE PARK CLOTHING HUT IS WHAT WE FILL THE OTHER CLOTHING HUTS WITH

SO THE NON-FRUITCAKES CAN HAVE IN BETTER LUCK ATTRACTING WIVES

WE'VE BEEN HAVING A FEW TROUBLE WITH A FEW DECLINING BIRTH-RATES

GET IT? WHY



ANYWAY...

YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO SEE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN ESTARCON?

WELL

THIS IS WHERE WE KEEP EM NOW

I said that?

(What was I thinking?)

Get me away from here. They're all reminding me of Anne.



THESE GIRLS REMIND YOU OF ANNE HALL?

YES

WHY DON'T WE STOP BY THE OPTICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE CLOTHING HUT ON OUR WAY OUT?

What?



IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE WAY OVERDUE FOR AN EYE EXAM.

Cerebus
Sorry Where was Cerebus, again?

Me
Uh Just about to start chapter twenty-three

Cerebus
Chapter twenty-three Right Okay, chapter twenty-three is really basic. Sarah dies and Abraham needs a place to bury her. And the locals, the children of Heth, offer Abraham, for free, any sepulcher he wants to bury Sarah, calling Abraham "a Prince of God" amongst them. And Abraham insists on paying for the sepulcher. And the children of Heth wouldn't hear of it. And Abraham says, no, seriously, how much do you want for this land right here. And the Heth guy, Ephron, goes, look, it's like four hundred shekels of silver, so what's that between me and you? Take it, bury your dead. And instead Abraham counts out the money, the four hundred shekels. [thinks] The fact that the children of Heth call Abraham "a Prince of God" means that this is probably a big deal between Yoo-hoo and God--the fact that they're called "the children of Heth" and not "the sons of Heth," is you which side they're on. [thinks] It looks as if God wants to make sure that Abraham's descendants know that there is no legitimate dispute about this particular piece of land. What was it called again? Right "Hebron." Cerebus is willing to bet that "Hebron" becomes really important later on, if God is using a whole chapter of the first Book of Moshe to make sure everyone knows who owns it. [thinks] And it also shows that Abraham trusts the sons of Heth about as far as he can throw them. Which is really a set-up for one of God's jokes in chapter thirty-one. Okay. And then chapter twenty-four Abraham is "side gone into days. And the Yoo-hoo had blessed Abraham in all things. And Abraham said unto his eldest servant of his house that ruled over all that he had, Put I pray thee thy hand under my thigh." [thinks] [to me] Uhh Better put a star next to that and a little star at the bottom.

Me
A footnote?

Cerebus
[thinks] Okay Sure [thinks] As long as it's got a star next to it and another little star at the bottom and it says Note: This is just how they swore to tell the truth back in those days. This does not mean that Abraham is a [dangles his hand from a limp wrist] Okay, so

Me
How do you want me to write that [dangling my hand from a limp wrist,]

Cerebus
What? You mean [dangling his hand from a limp wrist]?

Me
Yeah. How do you want me to write that?

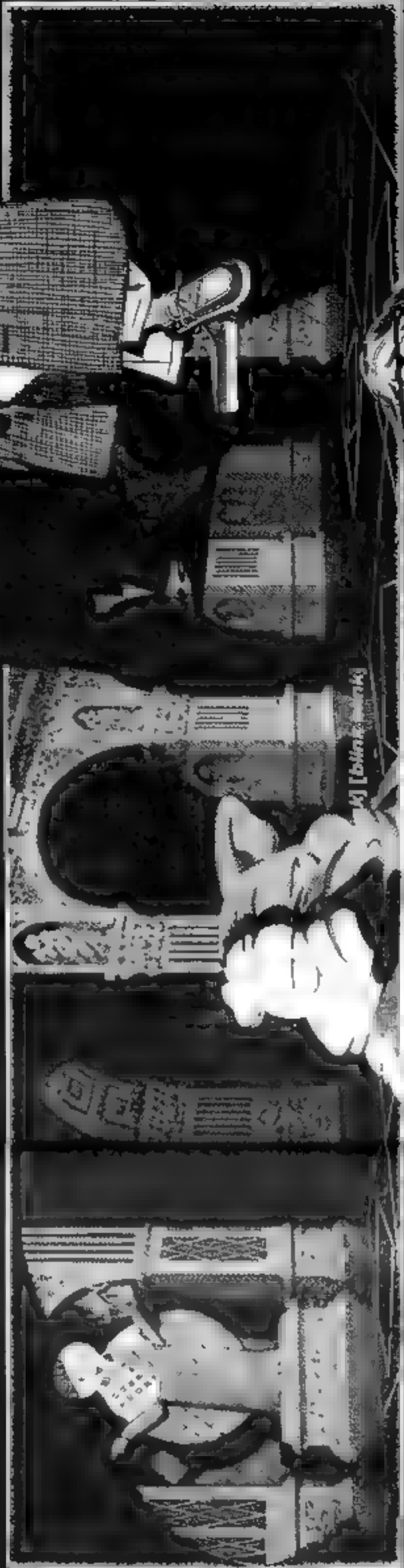
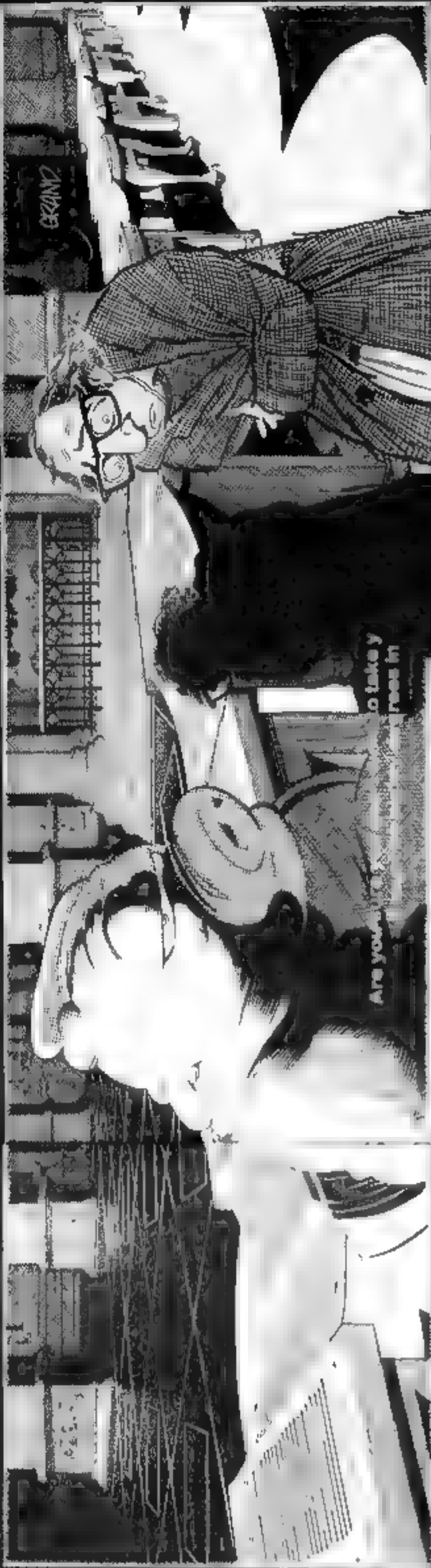
Cerebus
Oh, uh Hmm. [thinks] This does not mean that Abraham is a [thinks] a [thinks some more, irritated] Just leave it for right now. Cerebus will fix it in the transcript.

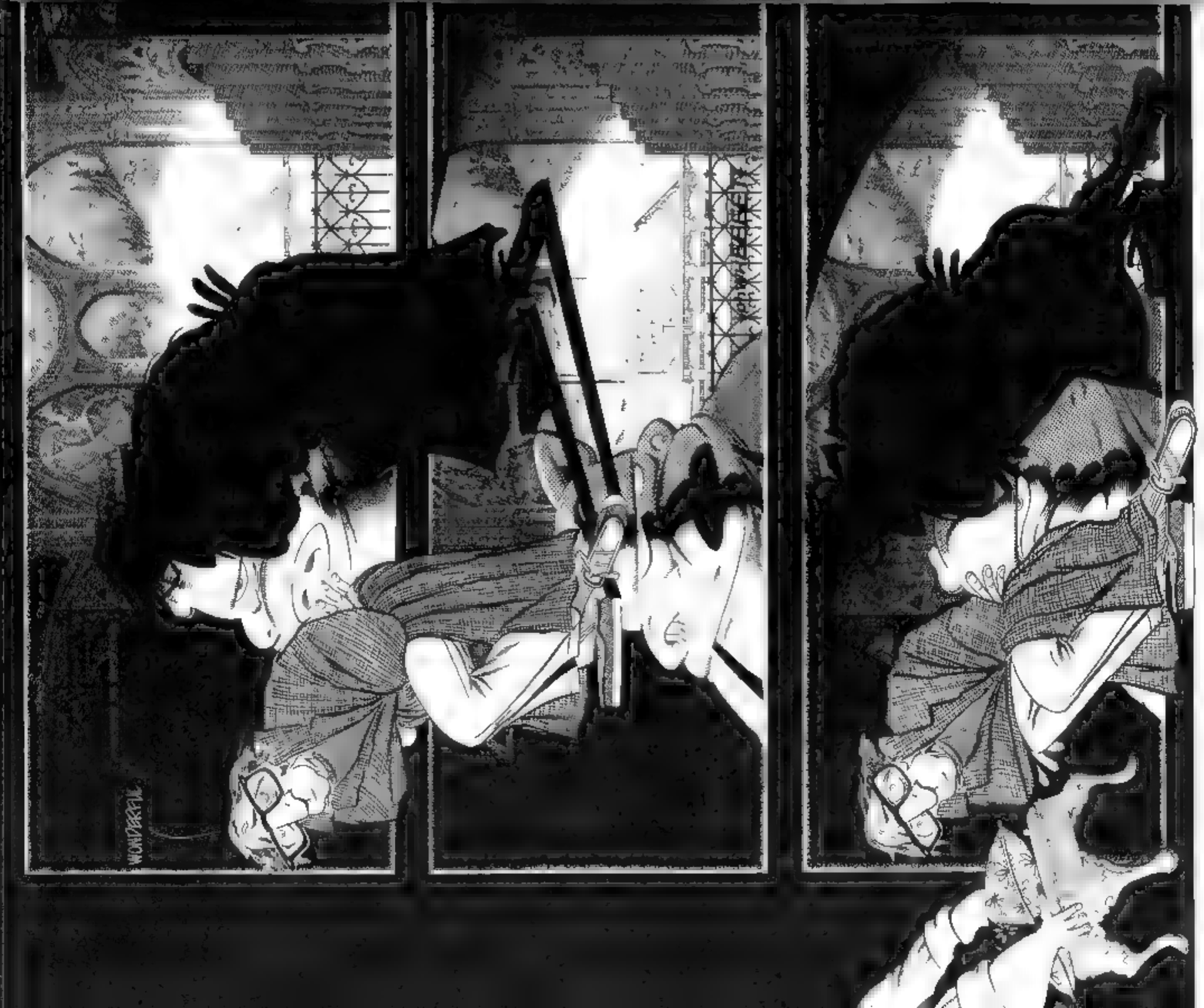
Me
Okay-dokey

Cerebus
Where was Cerebus, again?

Me
Uh Put I pray thee thy hand under my thigh

Cerebus
Right And I will make thee swear by the Yoo-hoo the God of heaven and the God of the earth, that thou shalt not take a wife unto my sons of the daughters of the Canaanites amongst whom I dwell. Abraham obviously had done a lot of thinking and had come to the conclusion that Yoo-hoo was the God of heaven and God was the God of the earth. And he's really up





front about not trusting the children of Heth—the Canaanites—and not wanting his son Isaac to marry one of them—which, again, helps to set up God's joke in chapter thirty-one. Now, what's interesting is that Abraham is sending his servant to find Isaac a wife. His eldest servant. Get it? It's the "elder versus younger" thing again. So Yooohwhoo, playing coy, speaks through the eldest servant to Abraham/God. And the servant said unto him: Peradventure the woman will not be willing to follow mee into this land: must I needs bring thy sonne againe into the land from whence thou camest?" Yooohwhoo doesn't want to play the "elder versus younger" game, Yooohwhoo wants to play the "who is whose son" game. God, speaking through Abraham, scares the you-know-what out of her. Beware thou that thou bring not my sonne thither againe. "WHOA! Okay, okay, I think Yooohwhoo. Forget the "who is who's son" game. Jezz. Of course, she doesn't forget. Scaring a female like that all you're going to do is arouse her curiosity, right? But, for the moment it works—especially when Abraham goes on to say: The Yooohwhoo God of heauen which tooke me from my father's house, and from the land of my kindred, and which spake unto me, and that swear vnto me, saying, Vnto thy seed will I giue this land: he shall send his Angel before thee, and thou shalt take a wife vnto my sonne from thence. And if the woman will not be willing to follow thee, then thou shalt bee chare from thys my othe: onely bring not my sonne thither againe.

This is definitely of interest to Yooohwhoo. So God doesn't want His son in the land that Abraham came from? Or, as Yooohwhoo's son, God doesn't want to be back in the land that Abraham came from? Yooohwhoo has no idea what's going on, but Yooohwhoo is definitely interested. So the servant goes into Mesopotamia with Yooohwhoo [laughs] and as it turns out, a lot of little yooohwhoo "in tow" a lot of whom are wondering what this story is all about. And—in yooohwhoo terms—the story gets interesting in a hurry. And he made his camels to kneele downe without the cite by a well of water at the time of the evening that women which drowe goe forth. Women which draw as in water, but who also—nyuk nyuk nyuk—draw men. Yooohwhoo is definitely interested in any story that has a well in it, because a well always reminds Yooohwhoo of Hagar's well. Labui rot the "well, of him who liveth and seeth me." That is, God. So Yooohwhoo and all the little yooohwhoo couldn't be more interested at this point. And when Abraham's servant says, O Yooohwhoo God of my master Abraham I pray thee send me good speed this day and show kindness vnto my master Abraham Behold I stand here by the well of water and the daughters of the men of the Cite [i.e. erebus has no idea why Cite has a capital, "C" on it here] come out to draw water and let it come to passe that the damsel to whom I shall say Let downe thy pitcher, I pray thee that I may drinke and she shall say, Drinke and I will giue thy camels drinke also: let the same be shew that thou hast appointed for thy servant Isaac, and thereby shalt I know that thou hast shewed kindness vnto my master. Oh, this is definitely a good story for yooohwhoo. The eldest son's servant of Abraham calling Isaac a servant of Yooohwhoo. Interested? Yooohwhoo and all the little yooohwhoo must've darn near jumped clear out of the middle of the earth at that one. Yooohwhoo sure didn't expect it, but suddenly—after several thousand years—suddenly, it's looking a lot like "hubba hubba" time. And, as far as Yooohwhoo is concerned, the "hubba hubba" game beats the "who is whose son" game [thinks] laughs like a rotten egg boy! See, like any female, Yooohwhoo is a sucker for a good love story. Interested? Hug-Ha! Yooohwhoo is so interested. And it came to passe that before hee had done speaking, that beheld Rebekah came out who was horn to Bethuel, sonne of Mithah the wife of Nahor Abrahama brother with her pitcher vpon her shoulder. And the damsel was good of countenance a virgin neither had any man knowen her. There's a good reason that the "virgin" and "neither had any man known her" gets emphasized. We're getting to that part, but, meanwhile, suddenly everyone is getting excited! And the servant came to meet her, and said, Let mee [i.e. pray thee] drinke a little water of thy pitcher. And she said, Drinke my lord and she hastened, and let downe her pitcher vpon her hand, and gaue him drinke. And when shee had done giuing him drinke, she said, I will draw water for thy camels also, vntill they haue done drinking. And she hastened and emptied her pitcher into the trough, and ranne againe into the well to draw, and drew for all his camels. You see what Cerebus is saying about everyone getting excited? The servant ran, Rebekah hastened, Rebekah ran, Rebekah hastened. Suddenly everybody's in a hurry to get to "hubba hubba" time. And the servant gives her a jewel for the forehead and two bracelets (opens a drawer and sorts through some of his notes) which. Oh, right. Bracelets come back into the story in chapter thirty-eight [to me] don't let Cerebus forget. And he asks her whose daughter she is and then he adds, "Tell mee, I pray thee is there ruame in thy fathers house for vs to lodge in?" Yooohwhoo probably couldn't believe her ears. The servant of God a servant wants to know if there's room in Yooohwhoo's servant's father's house to lodge in? "Hubba hubba!" And she tells him that she's the daughter of Bethuel the sonne of Mithah, which she bare vnto Nahor. So the servant is the eldest servant and Rebekah is the daughter of the youngest son of Abraham's brother. First cousin. So, of course, Yooohwhoo is thinking [laughs] that this is probably a "deal-breaker" [makes a pouting face] No "hubba hubba" time? "My house hath straw & prauender vnaugh, and room to lodge in," Rebekah says, hopefully—with Yooohwhoo in the middle of the earth, probably biting her nails down to the quick and wondering, So is it a "deal-breaker"? And the man bowed downe his head and worshipped the Yooohwhoo. And hee said, Blessed the Yooohwhoo God of my master Abraham who hath not left destitute my master of his mercy, and his trueth I bring in the way, the Yooohwhoo led me to the house of my masters brethren. The whole time his head was bowed Rebekah was probably doing back-flips in the middle of the well and Yooohwhoo was probably doing back-flips in the middle of the earth. Wah-HOOO! Hubba hubba time! Rebekah is off like a shot to her father's house spiling the whole story to her brother Laban and Laban welcomes the servant into the house and the servant

goes through the whole story again. If there's anything that a female is more of a sucker for than a good love story is hearing the whole story told *all over again* from the beginning—*this time while she's wearing the new jewelry she gets in the story*. [reading the text] The servant [laughs] the servant—probably with a little help from one of

Yoochwhoo's Angels goes, well, a little overboard. Abraham had only told him to go "into my country, and to my kindred, and take a wife into my same Isaac." You know

"See if you can find the daughter of some nice Mesopotamian farmer where our family came from." But, when the servant tells the story, he says that he was told "goe into my

father's house, and to my kindred, and take a wife into my same." Which is [laughs] a whole different thing. You know. He makes it sound as if Abraham had told him "Go to my

father's house and see if you can't find a close relative for Isaac to marry. You know, a first cousin or something." [chuckles] Won't Abraham be surprised. Sort of serves him right for marrying his half-sister. Anyway, it makes a great love story the way the

servant, with a little help from Yoochwhoo, tells it. "I bowed down my head, and worshipped the Yoochwhoo and blessed the Yoochwhoo God of my master Abraham, which had

led me in the right way to take my masters brothers daughter into his same." At this point, the servant must've [laughs] actually thought about what he had just said and then

thought to himself, what in the heck am I talking about? The right way? Getting my master's son engaged to his first cousin is the right way? He probably sat there [laughs] blinking a lot. And then he says, "And now if you will deal kindly and truly with my

master, tell me and if not, tell me, that I may turn to the right hand, or to the left."

Which is some pretty quick thinking on the servant's part. Just [laughs] off-load the problem onto Laban and Bethuel. You know—either let's get that show on the road or

you tell me that I'm crazy and tell me that you won't let your daughter/sister marry her first cousin. Whatever you guys think is right, I'll go along with it, it's your call. At

which point [laughs] you could probably hear a pin drop and now it was Laban and Bethuel's turn to [laughs] blink a lot and look at each other [laughs]. Trying not to look

at Rebekah who was probably fingering her new jewelry and looking at both of them hard enough to crush their skulls. "Don't you dare ruin my great love story or I'll never

speak to either of you ever ever again." Uhhhh. [chuckles] Uhhhhhh. Finally, "Then Laban and Bethuel answered and said, The thing procedeth from the Yoochwhoo.

We cannot speak into thee bad or good." [laughs out loud]. That's a great punch-line. Basically, "It's niceest, for cryin' out loud. We think it stinks on ice, but if it's Yoochwhoo

God's idea." The whole room must've heaved a sigh of relief. For a few seconds [laughs] and then they all must have—couldn't help but start thinking, "The Yoochwhoo

wants Rebekah and her first cousin to get married?" Behold, Rebekah is before thee, take, and goe and let her be." Cerebus pictures them looking at each other again.

"...thy masters sonnes wife." They can't bring themselves to say "Abraham" or "Isaac" or "cousin". And then—trying to make it as okay as they can—they add, "as the one

Yoochwhoo hath spoken." So, now the ball is back in the servant's court and he's the one just sitting there staring and blinking. Spoken? Who said Yoochwhoo said anything? I

didn't say Yoochwhoo said anything. What I said, was was was

At this point, the servant probably noticed everyone staring at him and waiting for him to say something. "And it came to passe, that when Abrahams servant heard their words,

he worshipped the Yoochwhoo, himselfe to the earth." [laughs] They have to keep reminding themselves—and each other—that this whole crazy idea came from

Yoochwhoo God. "And the servant brought forth vessels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment, and gave to Rebekah. He gave also to her mother precious things." This is

the first time the mother gets mentioned. Cerebus pictured her sitting there [laughs] having a quiet heart attack through the whole thing. And they did eat and drink and

and the men that were with him, and tarried all night, and they rose up in the morning, and he said, Send me away into my master." [laughs] The servant is having some

serious second thoughts at this point and doesn't want any of this to be seen as his doing. They already told him, take her! Go! And then [laughs] everyone just sat around eating

and drinking. The servant probably wants to be able to say to Abraham, They sent me away with her, there was nothing I could do about it. And Laban and the mother [laughs] are no help at all. Not only do they not say, "Go!" They say, "Let the damself abide with

us a full yeare." And then the mother adds, "or ten." [laughs uproariously] [notices I'm looking at him funny] Sorry, that gets explained later on. More sitting and blinking and

staring for Abraham's servant. Oh, yeah, right, the servant must've been thinking. Wait a year or ten years and then come strolling in with Isaac's first cousin as his bride-to-be?

Oh, Abraham will just love that. Wait a minute. Let me get this straight. It took you ten years to find Isaac a bride? And what you ended up finding for him—after ten years of looking—was his first cousin? "And he said unto them, Hinder me not,

seeing the Yoochwhoo hath prospered my way send me away, that I may goe to my master." [laughs] Now it's Laban and the mother's turn to just sit there blinking and staring at each other. Abraham's servant knows that Yoochwhoo is his trump card. And

has only card, for that matter. All he can do is keep playing it. How can Laban and his mother stand in the way of what the Yoochwhoo wants? And they said, We will call the

Damsell, [Damsell has a capital "D" on it here for a good reason. We're getting to that part] and enquire of her mouth." [laughs] You know—maybe Rebekah is willing to stand

in the way of what the Yoochwhoo wants. And they called Rebekah and said unto her, Wilt thou goe with this man? And she said, I will goe. And they sent away Rebekah their

sister, and her nurse, and Abraham's servant, and his men." Thank you, the servant must've been thinking. Thank you thank you thank you thank you. See, it's not just that

Rebekah is Isaac's first cousin. [looks at Kongsberg waiting for him to ask the

question. Nothing.] [Cerebus turns to me] See, it's not just that Rebekah is Isaac's first

Me:
It's not?

Cerebus:

Nay. [laughs] She's also really, really, really young. She can't sent away with her handmaid.

She's sent away with her nurse. A girl has to be pretty darned young to have a nurse instead of a

handmaid. See, [laughs] that's what's so funny about the mother saying, "Or ten years. Why

don't you leave her here for ten years?" And inside, she has got to be thinking, the Yoochwhoo

wants my daughter who hasn't even graduated from a nurse to a handmaid yet to marry her first

cousin? "And they blessed Rebekah, and said unto her, Thou art our sister bee thou." [laughs] They can't even bring themselves to say "the

mother." of thousands of millions, and let thy seed possesse the gate of those which have them.

[laughs] "Thy seed" "those" and "them". She's Yoochwhoo's little representative, all right. That's

it for the funny part. [he's quiet for so long. I'm about to ask him if he's finished] The next part

is [thinks] as [decides to just read it] "And Rebekah arose and her damsels, & they rode upon the camels, and followed the man."

Yoochwhoo and all her little yoochwhoes, the "she's" riding on the "is"—following the man

The man. Just like the man she threw out of the garden thousands of years before. And now

her heart her heart tells her to follow the man. [crouching to] [clears throat] Although, if you had been there, and had been watching, all you would

have seen—unless you were God or Yoochwhoo was "and the servant took Rebekah and went his way. And Isaac came from the way of the well

Lahai-roi." Hagar's well! The well of "be that I'veth." [quiet again] "and seeth me" "for

he dwelt in the South country. And Isaac went out to pray in the field, at the eventide and hee lift

up his eyes, and saw, and beheld, the camels were coming. And Rebekah lift up her eyes, and when she saw Isaac, she lighted off the camel. For the

head said unto the servant, What man is this that walketh in the field to meet us? And the servant had said, It is

my master, therefore she took a vail and covered her selfe. And the servant tolde Isaac all things that he had done

And Isaac brought her into his mother Sarahs tent, and took Rebekah, and she became his wife, and he loved her: and Isaac was comforted

after his mothers.. [he sniffs a few times, as if his nose is running] [opens another drawer and pulls out two

handkerchiefs and hands me one of them] [we both blow our noses] [and furtively wipe our eyes] Finally, "Hubble bubble" time. [laughs] Now that

Cerebus thinks about it [blows his nose again] maybe it isn't just women who are suckers for a

good love story. [we both laugh] And that that has got to be one of the best love

stories ever, boy [suddenly remembering Kongsberg's recently broken heart] Oh, uh. [not sure what to say] Sorry, there, Kongsberg.

Kongsberg
[as if from beyond the grave]



Cerebus

Okay. Chapter twenty-five. "Then again, Abraham took a wife, & her name was Keturah. And she bare him Zimran, and Jokshan, and Midian, and Ishbak, and Shuah [laughs] It looks to Cerebus as if this was Abraham's reaction to Isaac getting his gorgeous, underage first cousin. If the Yooohwhoo thinks it's okay for Isaac to get married to his underage first cousin, then—Cerebus figures—Abraham probably asked the Yooohwhoo if it was okay for Isaac's father to find himself some nice young piece of [clears throat] What Cerebus means is, for a guy to have six more kids when he's already around a hundred and forty years old—well, to Cerebus there has to be a story behind it. And [laughs] that's what Cerebus thinks the story is. [Thinks] Of course, Abraham stays loyal to Isaac. "And Abraham gave all that he had unto Isaac. But unto the sons of the concubines which Abraham had, Abraham gave gifts and sent them away from Isaac his sonne [while he yet lived] Eastward, unto the East country. Which, to Abraham, must've seemed like the sensible thing to do. Have your fun and then get rid of the [turning to Konigsberg] fruitful result" as someone once put it. Nyuck nyuck nyuck. [grins] [no reaction from Konigsberg] [sighs] Of course, because they're Abraham's sons, he can't really just "throw them away" like that because they all end up becoming nations. And a lot of those nations become a real headache later on. Like Midian, especially. Which Yooohwhoo knew was going to happen. Huh? Oh, sure, Abraham. No problem. Hch-hch. As Yooohwhoo always says, you can never be too thin or have too many nations. Knock yourself out. How about Keturah over there? So, then, Abraham dies, in a good old age, an old man, and full and—Cerebus is willing to bet—"with a smile on his face" if Keturah was still around Isaac and Ishmael bury Abraham in Hebron. [Thinks] Hebron is important, Cerebus is sure of it. And then we find out that Ishmael has "begat" twelve princes, according to their nations. "fulfilling the promise God made back in chapter seventeen. What it comes down to is that Isaac's descendants are going to have a lot of nations to contend with—even just with the nations that form around Ishmael's sons and Abraham's sons that he "begat" by Keturah and his unnamed concubines. As if that wasn't enough of a problem. And Isaac intreated the Yooohwhoo for his wife because she barren and the Yooohwhoo was intreated of him and Rebekah his wife conceived. And the children struggled together within her and she said, If it be so, why am I thus? And she went to enquire of the Yooohwhoo. And the Yooohwhoo said unto her, Two nations are in thy womb; and two manner of people shall be separated from thy bowels; and the one people shall be stronger than the other people; and the elder shall serve the younger. So, basically, Yooohwhoo concedes that Yooohwhoo's people are one kind of people and God's people are another kind of people. Which, basically, they are. Women and men. One people shall be stronger than the other people. Which they are. [Laughs] Men are stronger than women. "And the elder shall serve the younger." Which is already the case—God has been making virtually every whim of Yooohwhoo's come true since Noah's day. What's different is Yooohwhoo admitting it—admitting that she isn't God. See, because she's telling God that she wants the elder to serve the younger. She would only say that if she knew she, Yooohwhoo, was the younger, weaker being and God was the elder, stronger being and she would only say that if she had finally accepted that it was God—and not Yooohwhoo—who was making all of these things happen. And when her dayes to be delivered were fulfilled, behold, there twins in her womb. And the first came out red, all over like an hairy garment, and they called his name Esau. [Laughs] This is a good joke. You can imagine how closely Yooohwhoo was watching the birth, having admitted that she, Yooohwhoo, was the younger. That meant, as far as Yooohwhoo was concerned, that the first baby that came out was going to be God, God's representative in the next story. Wow, Yooohwhoo must've thought. So that's what God looks like. All red and hairy. Yeehh. [Laughs] God has got to be the ugliest baby that Yooohwhoo has ever seen. And after that came his brother out, and his hand took hold on Esau's heel, and his name was called Jacob. Okay. And this must be me. I think Yooohwhoo has a nice normal-looking baby hanging onto the heel of the red, hairy baby. And Isaac was threescore yeres old, when she bare them. And the hayes grew, and Esau was a cunning hunter, a man of the field, and Jacob was a plaine man dwelling in tents. So, it's almost like a Cain and Hebel situation, but more extreme. Esau doesn't tend sheep and just sacrifice some of them to the Yooohwhoo, the whole point of what Esau does is killing animals. He's a hunter. And Isaac loved Esau, because venison was in his mouth, but Rebekah loved Jacob. And Jacob sold pottage. Cerebus' first reaction was whatever was involved in "sodding pottage," Cerebus was pretty sure Cerebus didn't want to hear about it. [Laughs] Cerebus had to go through three dictionaries to find out that "sod" is an obsolete past tense of "seethe." "To boil." "To foam or bubble as if boiling." "Pottage" is any kind of stew or thick soup made with vegetables. Sometimes with meat, but mostly with vegetables. So, Esau is a cunning hunter and Jacob boils thick vegetable soup. Hard to picture how you could make a living at that, but okay. Jacob boils thick vegetable soup. "...and Esau came from the field, and hee was faint. And Esau said to Jacob, Feed me with that red, with that red; for I am faint, therefore was his name called Edom." See, there's the "red," again. Esau is red all over when he's born and then he wants to eat "red." "Edom." Cerebus still can't find anything about what "Edom" means, and Cerebus is willing to bet that [laughs] whatever it means, it isn't very nice. This was another one that drove Cerebus nuts. The only "caring of something red" that Cerebus could think of was Yooohwhoo, the earth, encouraging Hebel to slaughter sheep so she could drink their blood and opening her mouth to receive Hebel's blood at the hand of Cain. But, that couldn't be right, because that would make

Yooohwhoo the elder being. And the whole point is that God is the elder being. Luke Cerebus said, the whole thing was driving him nuts. "And Jacob said, Sell me this day thy birthright. Which makes sense. Yooohwhoo wants to take God's place, so her representative, Jacob has to get God's representative, Esau, to "sign off on the deal." And Esau said, Behold I am going to die and what profit shall this birthright doe to me? Wander and wander! God says He's going to die? DIE? God will give Yooohwhoo His birthright, because God is going to die so what good is God's birthright? And Jacob said, Swear to mee this day and he sware to him and he sold his birthright unto Jacob. Then Jacob gave Esau bread and pottage of lentils and he did eate and drinke and rose up, and went his way thus Esau despised birthright. And then it hit Cerebus. Bam! Just like that! The elder being in the story, the being that Yooohwhoo thought was the ugliest baby Yooohwhoo ever saw was Yooohwhoo! [Laughs] And the younger being is Man! God went all the way back to the garden on this one. See, way back in the garden, Yooohwhoo, the elder son of Man, the son of Adam, feed me with that red—that is, feed me blood. Remember? That's what Yooohwhoo was trying to get Cain to do in the garden when she showed respect unto Hebel's offering the dead, mutilated sheep and didn't show respect unto Cain's offering because all Cain would give Yooohwhoo was vegetables. So [laughs] so this time, Yooohwhoo's representative in the story, Esau, says, "feed me with that red" and Man's representative in the story, Jacob, says, "sell me your birthright." Yooohwhoo's representative says "okay." [Laughs] Man's representative makes Yooohwhoo's representative some soup and—badda-bung, badda-boom—Yooohwhoo's representative has traded Yooohwhoo's birthright—her place in the pecking order of God's creations—to Man's representative AND committed Yooohwhoo to serve Man [laughs] in exchange for a bowl of lentil soup and some bread! [laughs and laughs] Just imagine Yooohwhoo's reaction when she read the fine print! That really must've sod her pottage! [laughs and laughs] "The hairy garment" reference was what gave it away finally. It's what Yooohwhoo, the earth, looks like to God with all of her grass and herbs sticking out of her Okay chapter twenty-six And there was a famine in the land. A famine usually means that Yooohwhoo is sulking. No vegetation. And Isaac went unto Abimelech King of the Philistines, unto Gerar. And the Yooohwhoo appeared unto him and said, Doe not dwell in Egypt, dwell in the land which I shall tell thee of. Sojourne in this land, I will be with thee, and will bless thee; for unto thee, and unto thy seed I will give all these countries, and I wil performe the othe which I swore unto Abraham thy father. See, it's important that this is happening after Yooohwhoo has lost her birthright to Man. She's suddenly desperate to renew her Abraham Covenant with Isaac, and hope that she can get Jacob to renew as well or [laughs] she's going to be like Canaan. everybody's servant. Of course mention of the garden—the land Yooohwhoo promised to Abraham and his seed—causes the same reaction in Isaac that it did in Abraham. "And Isaac dwelt in Gerar. And the men of the place asked of his wife and he said, She is my sister for he feared to say, my wife, lest the men of the place should kill me for Rebekah, because she was faire to looke upon." That is they're going to kill me, but they're going to save my wife



alive [shakes his head] Adam's descendants must've had nightmares for centuries about that garden and the cherubim with the flaming sword. "And Abimelech charged all his people saying, *See that toucheth this man or his wife shall surely be put to death*."

Basically—the same as putting the mark on Cain. Yooohwhoo speaks through Abimelech, making it sound as if she's suddenly on Isaac's side. Isaac found in the same yeere an hundred fold and the Yooohwhoo blessed him and the Philistims envied him. For all the wells which his fathers servants had digged in the dayes of Abraham his father the Philistims had stopped them, & filled them with earth. Filling up wells of water with earth—which side do you figure that puts the Philistims on? [thinks] So Isaac digs all the wells again that Abraham had dug, and he called their names after the names by which his father had called them. And the herdsmen of Gerar did strive with Isaac's herdsmen saying, *The water is ours, and hee called the name of the well. Esau*.

That is, "Contention." And they digged another well, and strowe for that also, and he called the name of it Sitnah. That is, "Hatred." "And he removed from thence, and digged another well, and for that they strowe not, and he called the name of it Rehoboth."

That is, "Room." See, this is Yooohwhoo's approach to the problem of "this desert ain't big enough for the two of us." God's approach—when Abraham and Lot's herdsmen were "striving" with each other—was to say "you go your way, and I'll go my way."

Yooohwhoo's approach is to dig a well and "contend" for it, dig another well and uncite "hatred" and then, finally—only as a last resort—to go her own way. And, of course, only after God tricks her into giving Man her birthright. [laughs] For now the Yooohwhoo hath made roome for us and we shall be fruitful in the land. is a nice way of putting it to someone whose vegetables must have been just seething by this point. But [laughs]

Yooohwhoo has definitely "made room" for Man. And he went up from thence to Beer-sheba. And the Yooohwhoo appeared unto him the same night and saide, *I the God of Abraham thy father feare not, for I am with thee, and will blessa thee, and multiply thy seede for my servant Abraham's sake.* Nyuck nyuck nyuck. Yooohwhoo is getting clever. Notice she doesn't claim to be God Almighty, all she claims is that she was the God of Abraham. Which she was. One of them, anyway. Not the Real One. But, one of them. And she makes it sound as if she's going to bless Isaac because of how wonderful Abraham had been. Couldn't have anything to do with the fact that Isaac's youngest son has just traded Yooohwhoo a bowl of lentil soup and some bread for her birthright, could it? Oh, heck no. [laughs] Yooohwhoo's just feeling generous all of a sudden. And he builded an altar there and called upon the name of the Yooohwhoo, and pitched his tent there and there Isaac's servants digged a well. " So, that's the fourth well! Yooohwhoo, She-Yooohwhoo, He-Yooohwhoo, It-Yooohwhoo. "Then Abimelech went to him from Gerar, and Ahuzzah one of his friends, and Phicol the chiefe captaine of his armie .

Abimelech and Phicol, who earlier represented God and the Angel of God have now been speaking through Abimelech, it's important to keep the numbers straight. And Isaac saide unto them *Wherefore come ye to me, seeing ye hate me, and have sent me away from you?* This, of course, is referring to Yooohwhoo expelling Man from the garden. Isaac doesn't mean it that way, he's just talking about the King of Gerar coming to him after sending him away, but Yooohwhoo couldn't miss the larger meaning. And they said' Note "they". Seeing we saw that the Yooohwhoo was with thee. " That's Yooohwhoo's phrasing. "eating thou shalt eat," "dying thou shalt die," "seeing we saw"

" and wee said. Let there be now an othe betwixt vs, even betwixt vs and thee, and let vs make a covenant with thee, if thou wilt doe vs no hurt, as we have not touched thee, and as we have done unto thee nothing but good, and have sent thee away in peace thou art now the blessed of the Yooohwhoo. At which point it must've been Abimelech, Ahuzzah and Phicol's turn to stand there blinking and staring. What in the heck are we talking about? If Isaac promises not to hurt us, we promise to make him the blessed of the Yooohwhoo? How in the heck are we going to do that? "And he made them a feast, and they did eate and drinke And they rose vp betimes in the morning and swore to one another, and Isaac sent them away, and they departed from him in peace " [laughs] It was probably okay as long as they just had a feast and a bunch of drinks. Imagine if they had tried to get it down on paper "The King of Gerar hereby promises to make Isaac the blessed of the Yooohwhoo." "And it came to passe the same day, that Isaac's servants came and tolde him concerning the well which they had digged, and said unto him, We have found water. The fifth well. Just like the five kings versus four kings. When God is united with Yooohwhoo, He-Yooohwhoo, She-Yooohwhoo and It-Yooohwhoo, he is always going to defeat Yooohwhoo and her three aspects trying to go it alone. God is telling Yooohwhoo that she has a deal. "And he called it Shebah. "—that is, "an oath"—

" therefore the name of the citie is Beer-sheba —that is, "the well of the oath"— " " unto this day. " [he's quiet a long time again] And it is. You can look on any map and there it is. Beer-sheba. [reading] Okay [laughs] Back to the really ordinary human stuff. And Esau was forty yeeres old, when he tooke to wife Judith, the daughter of Beeri the Hittite, and Bashemath the daughter of Elon the Hittite, which were bitternesse of spirit unto Isaac, and to Rebekah."

Chapter twenty-seven. Isaac is old and blind and he calls Esau to him. "Take I pray thee, thy weapons, thy quiver, and thy bow, and goe to the field, and hunt me venison. And make me savoury meat, such as I love, and bring it to mee, that I may eate, that my soule may blessa thee before I die." Rebekah overhears him and tells Jacob and she commands him to. "Goe now to the flocke, and fetch me from thence two good kids of the goates, and I will make them savoury meat for thy father, such as he loveth, that he may blessa thee before his death." This is wrapping up the original covenant that Yooohwhoo made with Abraham, the She-Goat-God, the Ram-God and the Great Herfer in Heaven.

Esau and Jacob are the "two kids of the She-Goat-God and the Ram-God." Jacob points out

Behold, Esau my brother is a hairy man, and I am a smooth man. My father peradventure will feele me, and I shall seem to him as a deceiver, and I shall bring a curse upon me, and not a blessing. God is trying to get Yooohwhoo onto the right team, here. Esau is like a man, hairy Jacob is like a woman, smooth. Esau is the favorite of his father, Jacob is the favorite of his mother. Esau is the elder, Jacob is the younger [thinks] Basically, God is trying to keep Yooohwhoo uninterested and the only way he can do that is to take her mind off the fact that she traded her birthright to Man for a bowl of soup and some bread. And the only way he can do that is to show her that she's still getting everything her own way. The elder will serve the younger. It's also the "who is whose son" game with Isaac as God and Esau as God's son. Yooohwhoo, and Rebekah as Yooohwhoo and Jacob as Yooohwhoo's "son." God

And his mother said unto him, Upon me be thy curse, my sonne, onely obey my voice, and goe, fetch me. That is, go and get the meat that represents our team—the kids of the goats—the wild garbe—gets here. And hee went and fetched, and brought to his mother, and his mother made savoury meat, such as his father loved. [laughs] It's all in how you cook it. With the right seasonings, the right salt (as in the "pillar of"

Lot's wife turned into) you can't tell the difference between goat flesh and wild game, the difference between Yooohwhoo and God. "And Rebekah tooke desirable raiment of her eldest sonne Esau, which were with her in the house, and put them upon Jacob her younger sonne. It's all in what clothes you wear. With the right clothes, you can't tell the difference between Esau and Jacob, between God and Yooohwhoo. "And shee put the skinner of the kids of the goats upon his hands, and upon the smooth of his necke." It's all in what texture skin you have. A man is just a woman with an animal's hairy skin. Yooohwhoo will definitely go along with that one. Of course, the big test is Isaac/God. Jacob/Yooohwhoo brings him the savory meat. "How is that thou hast found it so quickly, my sonne? And he said, Because the Yooohwhoo thy God brought it before me." Oh, bey [laughs] Good answer, since Rebekah also represents Yooohwhoo in this story. "And Isaac saide unto Jacob, Come neere, I pray thee, that I may feele thee, my sonne, whether thou bee my ver, some Esau, or not. And Jacob went neere unto Isaac his father, and hee felt him, and said, The voyce Jacob's voyce, but the hands, the hands of Esau. [laughs] Another good answer. When Yooohwhoo says she's going to do something, it's the hands of God that actually do it! "And he discerned him not, because his hands were hairy, as his brother Esau's hands, so hee blessed him."

[laughs] That's Yooohwhoo interjecting there. She always wants to get to the end of the story. God just ignores her. And he said, Ari thou my very sonne Esau? and he said, I am. And he said, Bring neere to me, and I will eate of my sonnes venison, that my soule may blessa thee, and hee brought neere to him, and hee did eate. And he brought him wine, & he dranke. "Rebekah's seasonings do the trick. Isaac doesn't say a word about "What th'—this isn't venison! This is goat meat!" "And his father Isaac saide unto him, Come neere now, and kisse me, my sonne. And he came neere, and kissed him, and he smelled the smell of his raiment, and blessed him, and said, See the smell of my sonne is as the smell of a field, which the Yooohwhoo hath blessed." [laughs uproariously] Esau's clothes smell like manure!

[it takes him a while to stop laughing] Good thing



Yoochwahoo didn't "get" that one "Therefore God give thee of the dew of heaven God's making fun of Yoochwahoo's "must that wert up from the ground that watered the garden." Dew forms on grass and leaves, but God makes it sound as if it falls from heaven. "and the farnesse of the earth." Fat? Yoochwahoo must've thought. Does this vegetation make me look fat? and plenty of corn and wine. Let people "People" not "men" or "sons" "serve thee, and nations bow down to thee bee lord " or "yoochwahoo," nyuck nyuck nyuck. " over thy brethren, & let thy mothers sornes bow down to thee. " Again, God is making fun of Yoochwahoo's idea of a "woman's seed"—making it sound as if some sons are fathers' sons and some sons are mothers' sons, you know, biologically. "Cursed bee every one that curseth thee, and blessed be hee that blesseth thee " Which is pretty clever on God's part: taking Yoochwahoo's own "blessing and curse" on Abram back in chapter 12—"I will bless them that bless thee and curse him that curseth thee " that is, bless the "he, she, it" and curse God—and changing it into "Cursed bee every one that curseth thee" that is, cursed is any individual he, she or it who curses Jacob and blessed is he, Isaac/God or Yoochwahoo or any individual be, she or it, who blesses Jacob. Okay, Jacob beats a hasty retreat just before Esau comes in. "And Isaac his father said unto him, Who thou? and he said, I am thy sorne, thy first borne Esau. And Isaac trembled with a great trembling greatly, and said, Who? where he that hath hunted venison and brought it me, and I have eaten of all before thou comest, and have blessed him? yea and he shall be blessed. And when Esau heard the words of his father, he cried with a great and exceeding bitter cry, and said unto his father, Blesse mee also, O my father And hee said, Thy brother came with subtilty, and hath taken away thy blessing. " "Subtlety"—that's the first time that word has been used to describe someone since the Talking Snake! And he said, Is not he rightly named Jacob?" That is, "a supplanter" "for he hath supplanted me these two times hee looke away my birthright, and behold, now he hath taken away my blessing, and he said, Hast thou not reserved a blessing for mee? This is the best news Yoochwahoo has had in a while. Man may have tricked Yoochwahoo into trading her birthright for a bowl of soup and some bread, but Yoochwahoo's representative in this story has fooled God's representative—with a bowl of seasoned goat meat and some bread!—into giving her representative the blessing reserved for the eldest son! Hah! (Yoochwahoo must've thought). The younger is still beating the elder! "And Isaac answered and saide unto Esau, Behold, I have made him thy lord, and all his brethren have I given to him for servants and with come and wine have I sustained him, and what shall I doe now unto thee, my sorne? And Esau said unto his father, Hast thou but one blessing, my father? Blesse mee, mee also, O my father. And Esau lift up his voyce and wept." Cerebus wonders what Yoochwahoo's reaction was to that. Since she's female, the tears should've, you know, made her feel bad, even just a little bit. On the other hand, she is Yoochwahoo. You know, Oh, Boo-hoo-hoo, yourself, y'big hairy loser "And Isaac his father answered, and said unto him, Behold, thy dwelling shall be of the farnesse of the earth. " Stop saying that, Yoochwahoo must've thought. "and of the dew of heaven from above. And by thy sword shalt thou live and shalt serve thy brother and it shall come to passe when thou shalt have the dominion that thou shalt breake his yoke from off thy necke " God warning Yoochwahoo that the elder isn't going to serve the younger—like some beast of burden—forever. "And Esau hated Jacob, because of the blessing, wherewith his father blessed him and Esau said in his heart, The dayes of mourning for my father are at hand, then will I slay my brother Jacob. And these words of Esau her elder sorne were told to Rebekah. Since Esau only said the words in his heart, three guesses as to who "uppled the beans" to Rebekah. "And she sent and called Jacob her younger sorne, and said unto him, Behold, thy brother Esau, as touching thee, dwelt comfort himselfe to kill thee Now therefore my sorne, obey my voice and arise, flee thou to Laban my brother, to Haran. " Oh, hey! An unexpected bonus for Yoochwahoo, going back to when Abraham sent his servant to Haran to find Isaac a wife? And Yoochwahoo, speaking through the Servant, had asked, you know, "what if she won't follow me? Should I bring Isaac to Haran?" And Abraham had said, "Beware thou, that thou bring not my sorne thither again."? Well, it definitely scared Yoochwahoo, it definitely aroused Yoochwahoo's curiosity and Yoochwahoo definitely didn't forget Yoochwahoo herself was probably still too scared of that "Beware thou" to tell Jacob, herself, to go to Haran, but Rebekah isn't. Are you kidding? This is like "Cain and Hebel" all over again. Only this time, "Hebel" is mother is getting him the heck out of there before "Cain" can kill him "And tary with him a few dayes, untill thy brothers furie turne away, Untill thy brothers anger turne away from thee, and he forget that, which thou hast done to him, then I will send, and fetch thee from thence why should I be deprived also of you both in one day? Cerebus read that part a bunch of times. "Both"? What is she talking about? And then Cerebus realized Esau would have known that his mother was behind the deception, that Jacob couldn't have done it by himself! She had lost Esau's love by conspiring with Jacob and she knew it. For a mother, losing a son's love isn't much different from actually losing that son. And Rebekah said to Isaac: I am weary of my life because of the daughters of Heth. If Jacob take a wife of the daughters of Heth, such as these which are of the daughters of the land, what good shall my life doe me?" She knows that it's better if Isaac sends Jacob to Haran and like any wife she knows the best weak spot to hit in this case, the daughters of Heth who were "bitternesse of spirit unto Isaac and to Rebekah" when Esau married one of them at the end of chapter twenty-six. Which is also a set-up for God's joke in chapter thirty-one. Okay Chapter twenty-eight. "And Isaac called Jacob, and blessed him, and charged him, and saide unto him. Thou shalt not take a wife, of the daughters of Canaan. Arise, goe to Padan Aram, to the house of Bethuel thy mothers father, and take thee a wife from thence, of the daughters of Laban thy mothers brother " Isaac actually gives Jacob the

instruction that Abraham's servant had made up on his own go and marry your first cousin! [laughs] Cerebus guesses that the way Isaac looked at it, it had turned out okay for him! "And God Almighty blesse thee and make thee fruitful, and multiply thee that thou mayest be an assembly of people " Isaac has no idea how close to the truth that one is going to turn out to be! Nyuck nyuck nyuck. "And give thee the blessing of Abraham, to thee and to thy seede with thee, that thou mayest inherit the lande of thy sournings, which God gave unto Abraham. Well, God didn't give the land to Abraham, but, well [thinks] So, off goes Jacob to Haran. "And Esau seeing that the daughters of Canaan were rutil in the eyes of Isaac his father. Then went Esau unto Ishmael, and tooke unto the wives which hee had, Mahalath the daughter of Ishmael Abrahams sorne the sister of Nebutoth, to be his wife. " More sons to become more nations to oppose Abraham's seed. Anyway, back to Jacob "And hee lighted upon a certaine place, and taried there all night, because the sun was set and he tooke of the stones of that place and put them for his pillows, and lay downe in that place to sleepe And he dreamed, and beholde, a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven and beholde the Angels of God ascending and descending on it. " Now [laughs] now the comedy really gets started. Remember back in the Tower of Babel story when Yoochwahoo was acting as if "heaven" wasn't just a bunch of air "between the waters and the waters"? That it was, like, Yoochwahoo's house? Well, guess what? Now that the younger has usurped the birthright and the blessing of the elder it is! [laughs] So all of God's Angels have to move out of Yoochwahoo's house and climb down this ladder into the earth [laughs] where God is now. Not really, of course. God is everywhere. But, to Yoochwahoo, the elder being lives in heaven and the younger being lives in the earth. So, now that the younger being has supplanted the elder being, all of Yoochwahoo's Angels are climbing out of the earth and into heaven! Where? "And behold, the Yoochwahoo stood above it, and said, I am the Yoochwahoo God of Abraham thy father and the God of Isaac." Yoochwahoo is so excited, she gets it wrong. Abraham is Jacob's grandfather, not his father. the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it and to thy seede And thy seede shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt break forth to the West, and to the East, and to the North and to the South, and in thee and in thy seed, shall all the families of the earth be blessed. And behold, I am with thee, and will keepe thee in all whither thou goest, and will bring thee againe into this land for I will not leave thee untill I have done that which I have spoken to thee of. And Jacob awaked out of his sleepe and he said, Surely the Yoochwahoo is in this place and I knew it not And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful this place? This is none other but the house of God, and this the gate of heaven. And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and tooke the stone that hee had put for his pillows, and set it up for a pillar and pattered oile upon the top of it " [it has taken him a while to get all this out, he's laughing so hard] Poor Yoochwahoo! No sooner does she evict all of God's Angels from heaven and get them all to clumb down into the earth, no sooner does she get herself all nice and cozy above the ladder and get all of her Angels into heaven and no sooner does she tell her earthly representative, Jacob, that she is with him, she will keep him, and will bring him again into the land [laughs] than that same representative wakes up and decides that the rock, the piece-of-the-earth that he's using for a pillow



is God's house. [laughs] Which---to Yoodwhoo---it is, now. And he *anchors the rock!* [laughs and laughs] *The rock is going to be his church! And he called the name of that place Beth-el* " Laterally, the House of God---to which Yoodwhoo is compelled to add, "but the name of that citie was called *Laz* at the first At the first, sure [laughs] but not now, Yoodwhoo, Now, it's the House of God. "And Jacob vowed a vow, saying: If God will be with me and will keepe me in this way that I goe, and will give me bread to eate, and raiment to put on, so that I come againe to my fathers house in peace then shall the Yoodwhoo be my God. " You can almost hear Yoodwhoo letting out a big sigh of relief at that last line A little too soon as it turns out. And this stone which I have set for a pillar, shall be Gods house and of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto thee " So, nine-tenths of whatever Jacob gets, Jacob keeps and one-tenth of whatever Jacob gets [laughs] Jacob will give to his rock [looks around the Sanctuary]

Hard to believe that the idea for all this [laughs] came from a rock. Jacob is a very, very funny guy He just doesn't know that he's a very, very funny guy Okay Chapter twenty-nine "Then Jacob lift up his feet, and came unto the land of the children of the East And he looked, and behold, a well in the field, and loe, there three flocks of sheepe lying by it for out of that well they watered the flocks and a great stone was vpon the wells mouth. " [laughs and laughs and laughs a lot through this part of the story] God is going along with it! Why not? If he can pretend for Hagar that his house is inside of a well, what kind of a big problem would it be for God to put his new house on top of His old house? No problem at all. "And thither were all the flocks gathered, and they rolled the stone from the wells mouth, & watered the sheepe, and put this stone againe vpon the wells mouth in his place [laughs] God knows his place!

Inside the stone on top of the well's mouth. And Jacob said unto them, My brethren whence be ye? and they saide, Of Haran are we And he said unto them, Know ye Laban the sonne of Nahor?" [laughs] Laban isn't the son of Nahor Laban is the son of Bethuel Bethuel is the son of Nahor [laughs] Jacob can't remember who is whose father and who is whose grandfather any better than Yoodwhoo can! And they sayde We knowe. And he said unto them, Is there peace to him? and they said, He is well and behold, Rachel his daughter cometh with the sheepe ' [laughs] See, this is the part where Jacob, like Abraham's servant did, is supposed to say something in his heart like "Let it come to pass that the damsel to whom I shall say, let down thy pitcher and give the cattle drink, etc etc " And he was probably thinking that he'd have to kill a few hours until the cattlemen showed up. Instead, here she comes with the sheep and he gets so nervous when he finds out that *this is her!* that it comes out "And her said, Loe, yet the day is great, neither is it time that the cattell should be gathered together water yee the sheepe, and goe and feed " [laughs] All the guys by the well must've thought he had lost his mind! "And they said, We cannot, until all the flocks bee gathered together, and till they rolle the stone from the wells mouth, then wee water the sheepe. And while hee yet spake with them, Rachel came with her fathers sheepe for she kept them. And it came to passe, when Jacob saw Rachel the daughter of Laban his mothers brother, that Jacob went neere, and rolled the stone from the wells mouth, and watered the flocks of Laban his mothers brother. " [laughs] What a comedian! He's got it backwards He's supposed to think in his heart of something Laban's daughter can do to identify herself to him and instead [laughs] he takes one look at her and he rolls the stone off of the well's mouth and he waters all the sheep for her [laughs] And Jacob kissed Rachel and lifted vp his voice, and wept. " [laughs] This boy really knows how to play "hard-to-get" "And Jacob told Rachel, that hee was her fathers brother, and that hee was Rebekahs sonne and she ranne and told her father " [laughs] Well, he was half right [laughs]. He's Rebekah's son, but he sure isn't Rachel's father's brother He's Rachel's father's nephew Can you imagine when Rachel came running in?

[laughs] Your brother is here! The son of Rebekah! "Oh, crap," he must've thought with this excited young girl bouncing all around him. [laughs] "Not this again." And it came to passe, when Laban heard the hearing of Jacob his sisters sonne, that he ranne to meet him, and embraced him, and kissed him, & brought him to his house and hee toide Laban all these things. And Laban said to him, Surely thou art my bone and my flesh, and he abode with him a month of daies " [laughs] "My bone and my flesh," that's what Adam called Hawww "Bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh" [laughs] So Laban [dangling his hand from a lump wrist] has figured Jacob out in the first five seconds. [laughs] Oh, Laban is going to take this one re-e-al slow after what happened with Rebekah. Oh, this is going to be fun. Stick around, kid. Which Jacob does. Which gives Laban a month to figure out what he's going to do with him. So, a month later, Laban put pops. him with. "And Laban said unto Jacob, Because thou art my brother, shouldest thou therefore serue me for nought? Tell me, what shall thy wages be?" Well, the answer to that is who said I was going to serve you? The elder is supposed to serve the younger If anybody serves anybody, you should be serving me, Uncle Laban. But that's "man stuff" and Yoodwhoo and Jacob don't [laughs] don't know from "man stuff" Jacob's only reaction is, Wages? Hmmm. [laughs] What do I want for my wages to serve my brother Laban? Oh, this kid is "easy pickings" all right. "And Laban had two daughters the name of the elder was Leah, and the name of the younger Rachel. Leah was tender eyed, but Rachel was beautiful and well favoured. And Jacob loved Rachel, and said, I will serue thee seven years for Rachel thy younger daughter And Laban said, It is better that I give her to thee, then that I should give her to another man abide with me. " Jacob completely misses the insult. It's better that I gave her to you than to someone like me You know, to another man Whatever Jacob is [laughs] a man wouldn't serve another man for seven years just for a wife. What? No cattle? No property? No gold? [laughs] For Laban this is about as

difficult as taking candy from a baby. "And Jacob served seven yeeres for Rachel: and they seemed vnto him but a few dayes, for the loue hee had to her " What a putz. [we both laugh and laugh] In one way, aye, it's a good love story but, in every other way [laughs] What a putz! And Jacob said vnto Laban, Give me my wife [for my dayes are fulfilled] that I may goe in vnto her And Laban gathered together all the men of the place, and made a feast " [laughs and laughs] He gathers together all the men of the place? [laughs and laughs] Oh, this is going to be good. Heh. Well, aye, Cerebus feels a little bad for Jacob. But [laughs] This is going to be good. And it came to passe in the evening, that he tooke Leah his daughter, and brought her to him, and he went in vnto her. And Laban gave vnto his daughter Leah, Zilpah his mayde, for a handmaid " [laughs]

That's too funny [laughs] He gives his daughter a dowry to marry Jacob! [laughs] He has to "sweeten the deal" for his daughter!

And it came to passe, that in the morning behold it was Leah and he said to Laban, What is this thou hast done vnto mee? Did not I serue with thee for Rachel? Wherefore then hast thou beguiled me?" Oh, the boys were probably just killing themselves laughing in the bunkhouse [laughs and laughs] "Saay You've got Rachel. " "And Laban said, It must not be so done in our place to giue the younger before the first borne Fulfill her weeke and wee will giue thee this also, for the seruice which thou shalt serue with mee yet seven other yeeres And Jacob did so, and fulfilled her weeke and he gave him Rachel his daughter to wife also. [laughs] Oh, Cerebus wishes he could've been there when he told the boys "Guess what, fellas? He's going to serve me seven more years for Rachel!" [laughs] What a putz! [laughs and laughs]

"And Laban gave to Rachel his daughters, Bilhah his handmaid to be her mayd " [laughs] Laban figures that Rachel should have a dowry for marrying Jacob, too. Something to sweeten the deal [it takes him a while to stop laughing] [thinks] You know, in a way, Cerebus feels bad laughing at this. But, at the same time, Cerebus has been around guys all his life You just can't be that, that [dangles his hand from a lump wrist] and not expect that some guy is going to---you know---give you "the business" "And he went in also vnto Rachel, and he loved Rachel more then Leah, and serued with him yet seven other yeeres And when the Yoodwhoo saw that Leah was hated, hee opened her wombe, but Rachel was barren."

That's as far as Cerebus got. Actually, Cerebus got further than that, but the next part is complicated with Jacob's twelve sons and all of their names, so it's probably better to just stop before the last four verses of chapter twenty-nine where Jacob's first four sons are born. [thinks] [laughs] Well, at least he wasn't a total [dangles his hand from a lump wrist] [we both laugh] Cerebus feels like having an ale [smacks his lips] Aye, Cerebus definitely feels like having an ale. How about you?

Me

Me? Sure

Cerebus

Great. Let's go. There's a place about four doors

down on Two Mile Road. [Sees me looking over

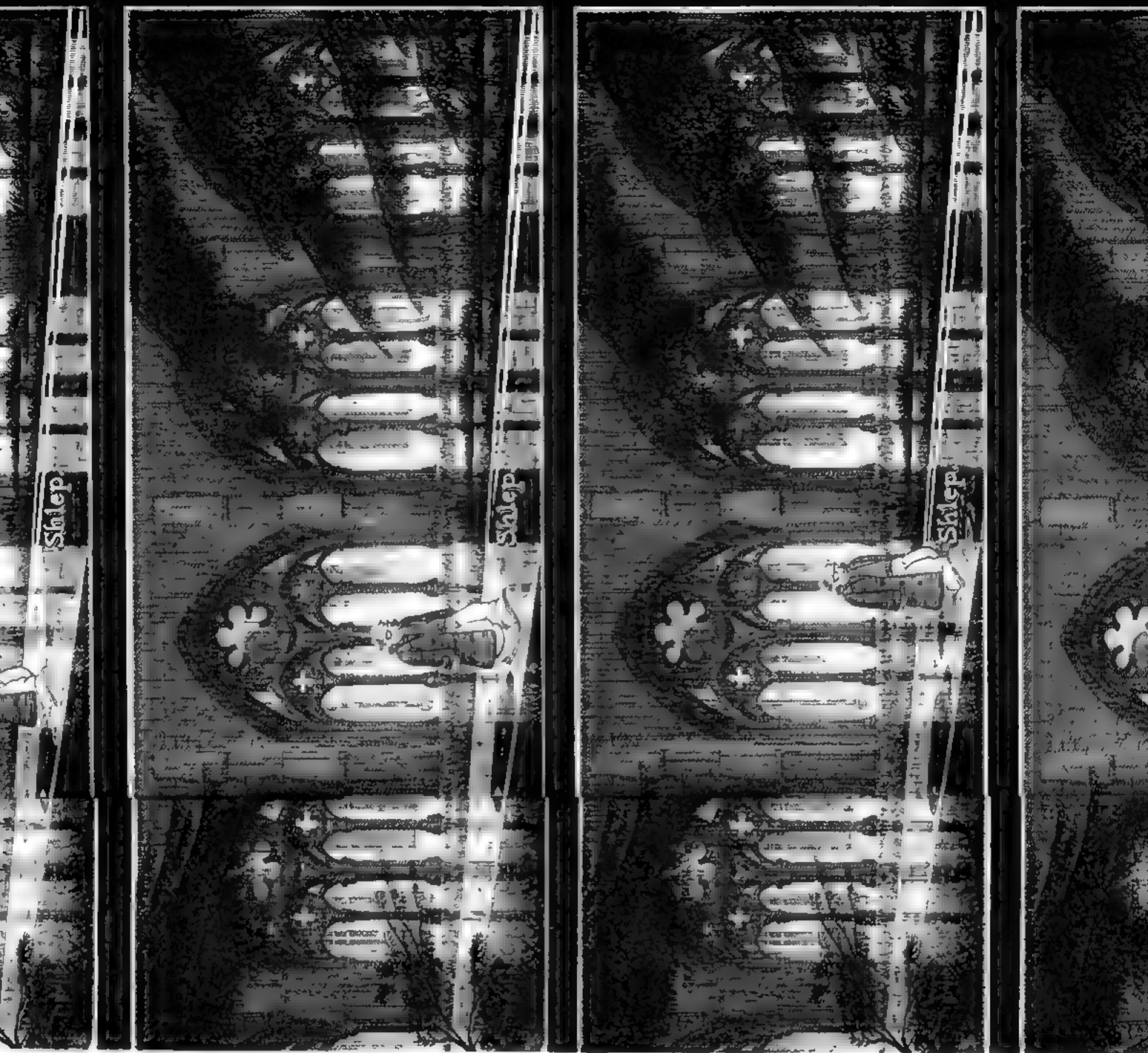
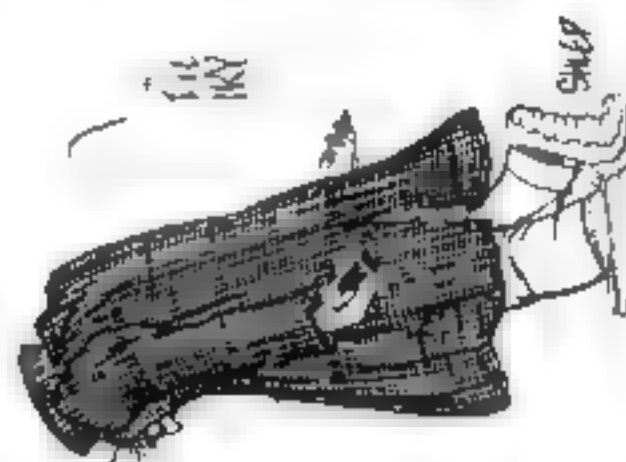
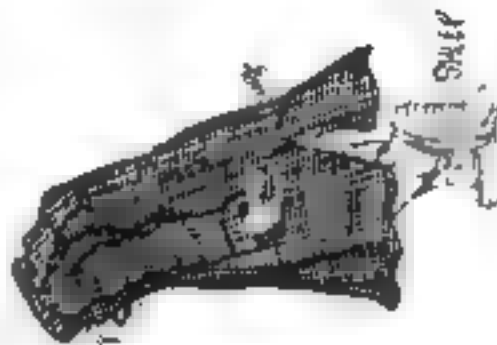
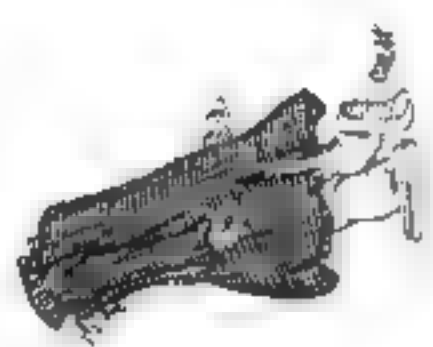
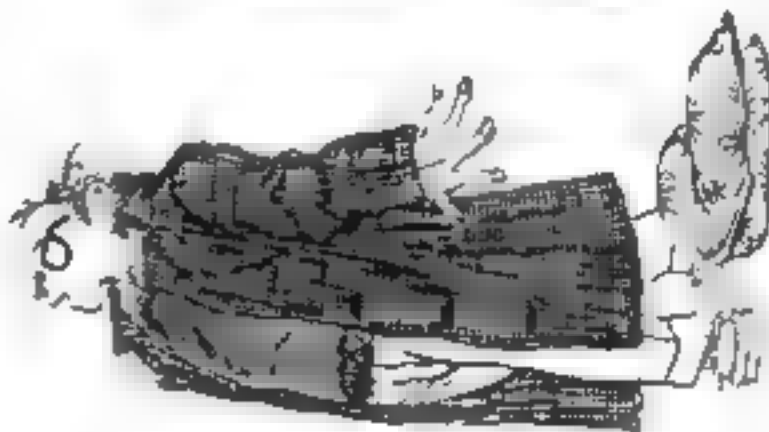
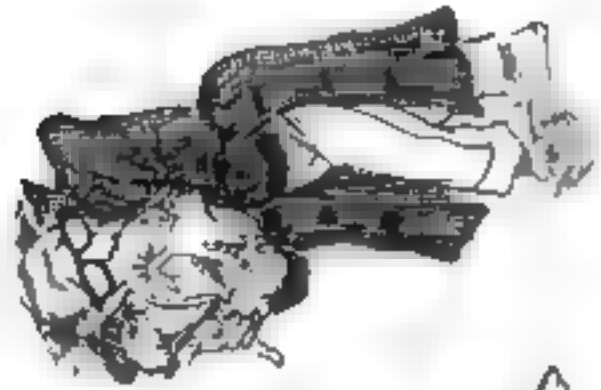
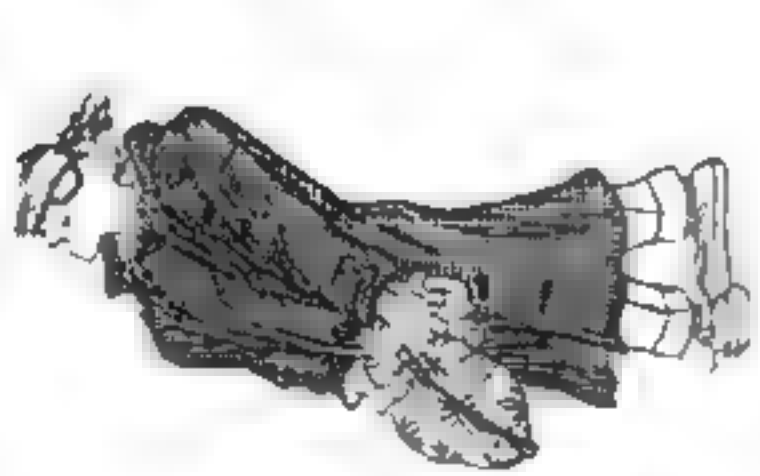
at Konigsberg] Oh. Uhhh. [thinks] Uhhh.

You...uh...[thinks some more] You have a good

night, there, Konigsberg!



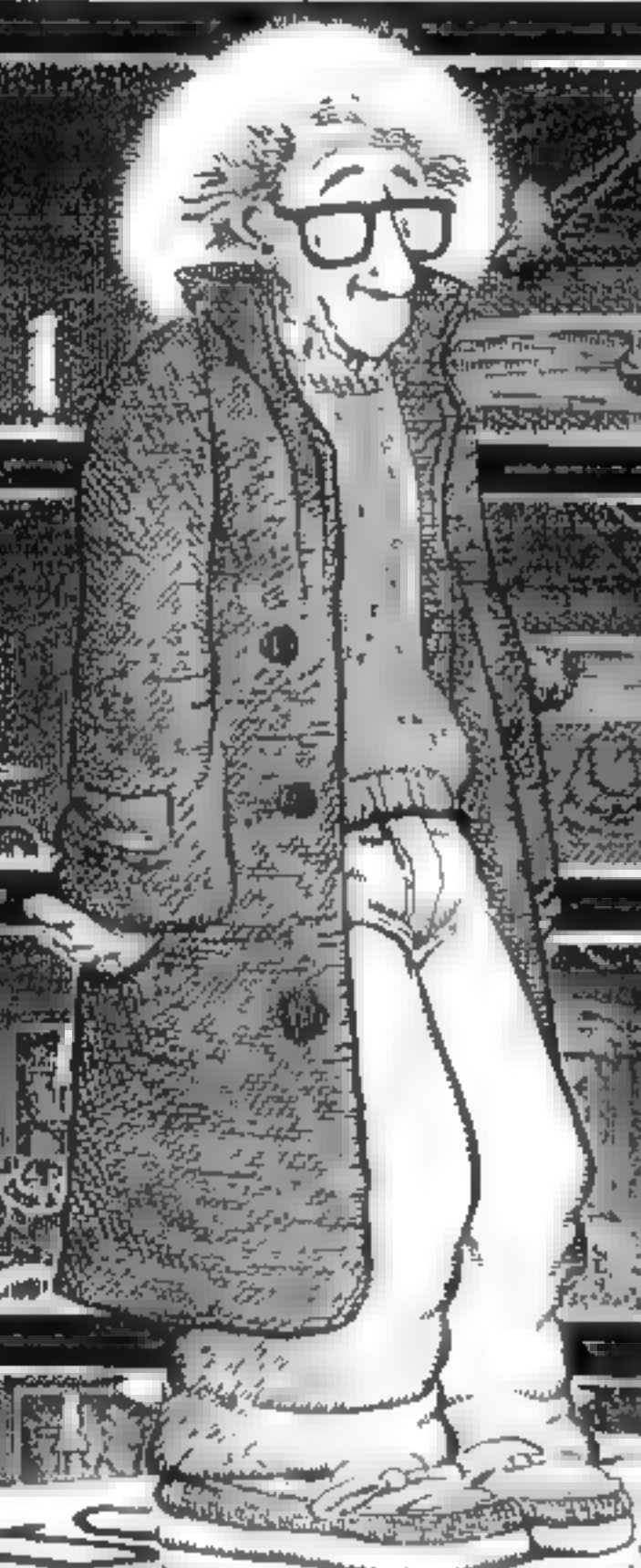
CHENSON



KONIGSBERG

in

**JD
DESPAIR**



**UCK The SUPER-EGO!
LET'S BOOGIE!**

JUNGFRAU

Fräud's Anima

C.J. JUNGFRAU

**C.J. JUNGFRAU's Where to
PICK UP CHICKS
in the Collective Unconscious!**

hiii!

Me and My Shadow

Volume One

40th of Summermonth 79 - It's all Fräud's fault. My lousy marriage, my chronic masturbation, the loss of my beloved Annie Hall. All of it! How liberating to know The Truth at last! How ironic that the live-in Scapegoat I've been seeking was - all along! - as close as the stacks of overdue books surrounding my writing desk. The moment that I replaced them with every word ever written by C.J. Jungfrau I felt truly free for the first time in my life! C.J. Jungfrau! Of course! How could I have been so blind? I really feel, with all my heart, that - from the Beginning - "C.J." and I were fated to be Kindred Spirits. For, just as I have rejected Fräud so, too, did Fräud reject "C.J."! So, now, the Circle is complete! "C.J." will give me all his Wet Monkey Wisdom and I will bang it - tenderly and lovingly - like a Screen Door in a Hurricane. Having staked my entire future on "C.J." I can hardly wait to find out what his theories are.

42nd of Summermonth 79 - "C.J." has turned out to be everything I hoped, everything I dreamed he would be! Everything is based on Archetypes: "The Mother," "The Child," "The Father," "The Screen Door," "The Hurricane," Universal Beings which come to us in our dreams and reveries. Just last night I dreamt that I was standing outside the "Arrivals" door at the Carriage Station holding up a sign that said "The Nymphomaniac." No such luck.

44th of Summermonth 79 - I am drawn to "C.J.'s" theory of the Anima, the Womanly Counterpart which exists inside each man (just as the Animus - a Masculine Counterpart - exists inside each woman). "C.J." cautions that - within each Anima - there is a stereotypical "inferior" woman: moody, irritable and oversensitive. I'm convinced that I can work around these traits, depending on the size of my Anima's breasts and her policy on "spit" versus "swallow."

46th of Summermonth 79 - Reading "C.J.'s" account of his first experience with the Archetypal Shadow: "I saw myself struggling forward through a Howling Storm, in darkest Night, with only a small Candle to light my way. Gusts of Wind kept threatening to extinguish the Candle although I carefully cupped my hand around the flame. Suddenly, I felt an ominous Presence behind my back. I spun around to face it and saw a gigantic Black Figure trailing behind me. Terrified, I awoke." Where do I know this from? The little light and the Gigantic Black Figure.... I've reviewed all my notes on Fräud, but it isn't Fräud. Bernheim? No. Adler? No..... Beaker! Of course! I re-read most of Death? I'm Sorry, I Don't Know Any Death. It isn't Beaker. Where do I know this from?

48th of Summermonth 79 - I must beware of The Shadow cautions "C.J." for The Shadow represents "the inferior elements of human nature" - what "C.J." elsewhere describes as "a Tight Passage, a Narrow Door, whose painful constriction no one is spared who goes down to the Deep Well." The Shadow sounds like my Aunt Sophie at a wedding reception after her third glass of Mogen-David.

50th of Summermonth 79 - Last night, my own Shadow came to me in a dream. He turned out to be a Gigantic, Dark, wealthy Playboy, bon vivant, man-about-town named Lamont. When I tried huffing him up for an Archetypal Loan he...he LAUGHED at me - a Blood-chilling, Bone-curdling sound which (as it turned out) was actually coming from the bottom of an unimaginably Deep Well named Onson. I have to confess that I find all of this terribly confusing.

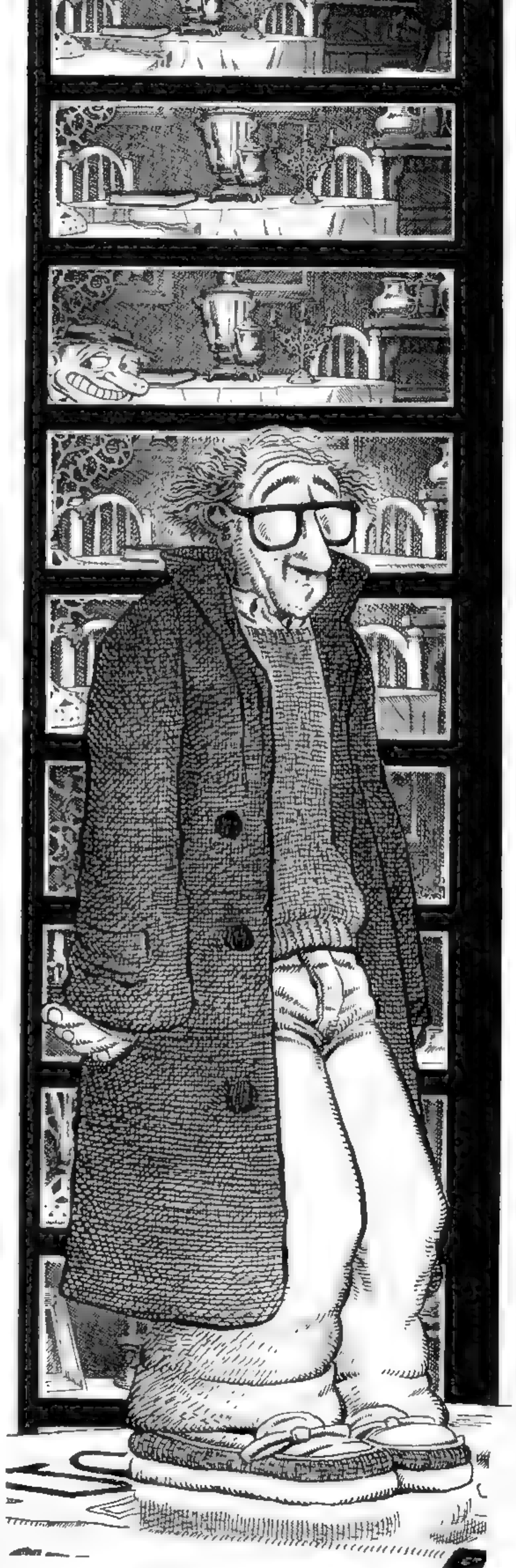
51st of Summermonth - *invisibilem solem pluribus incognitum* ("an invisible sun unknown to many") *Vos estis lux mundi* ("you are the lights of this world") *lumen naturae* ("the lights of nature — sparks scintillating in the blackness of the arcane substance") *anima mundi* ("world soul") *Septem isti oculi sunt Domini, qui discurrunt in universam terram* ("These are the seven eyes of the Lord that run to-and-fro through the whole earth")

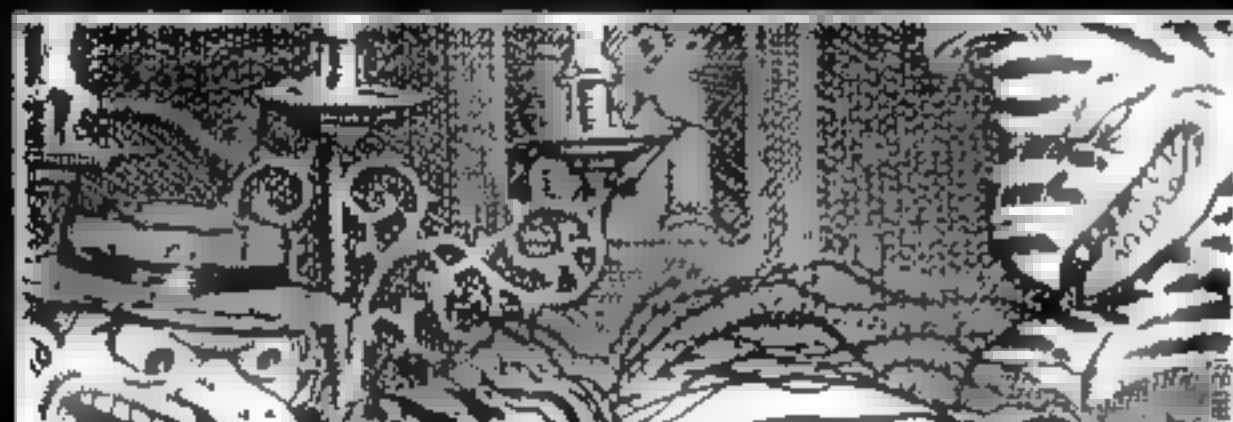
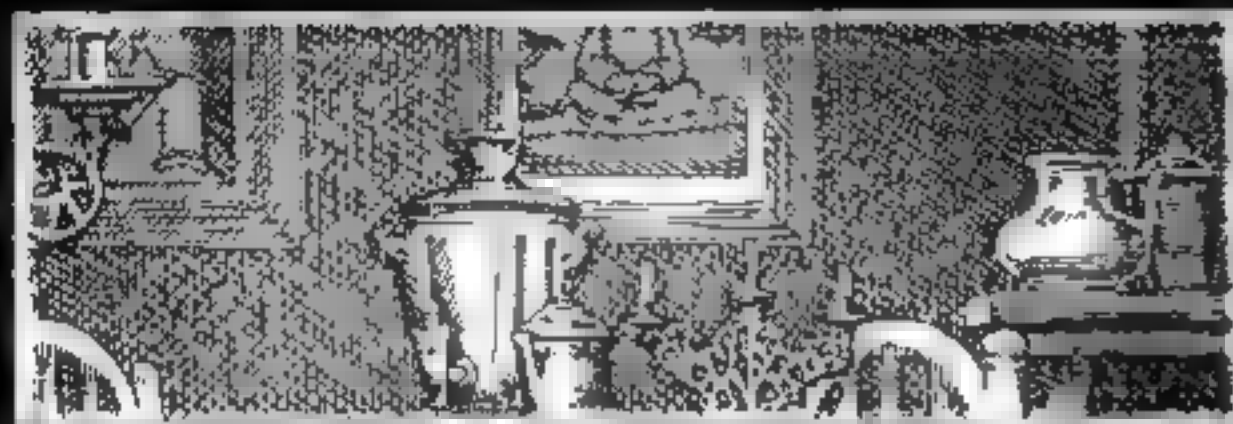
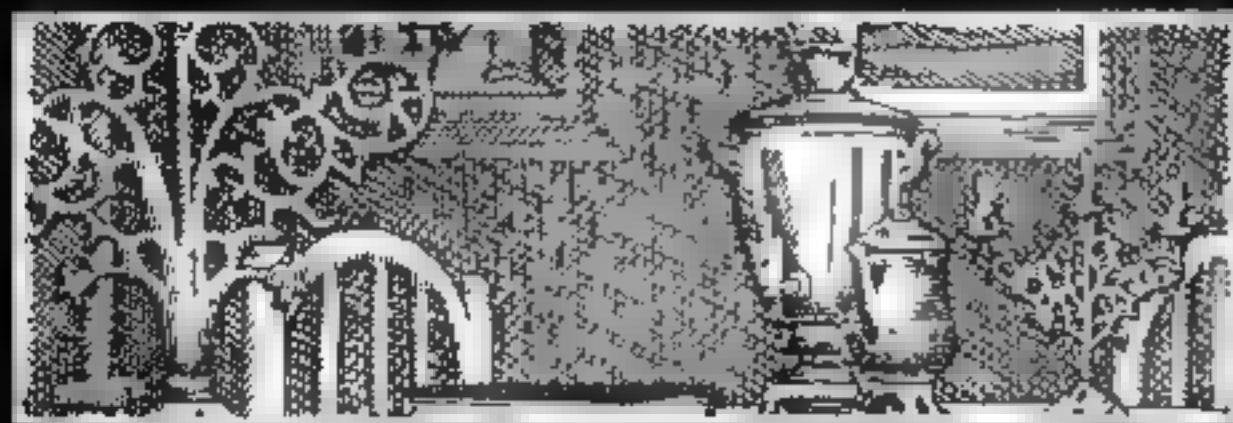
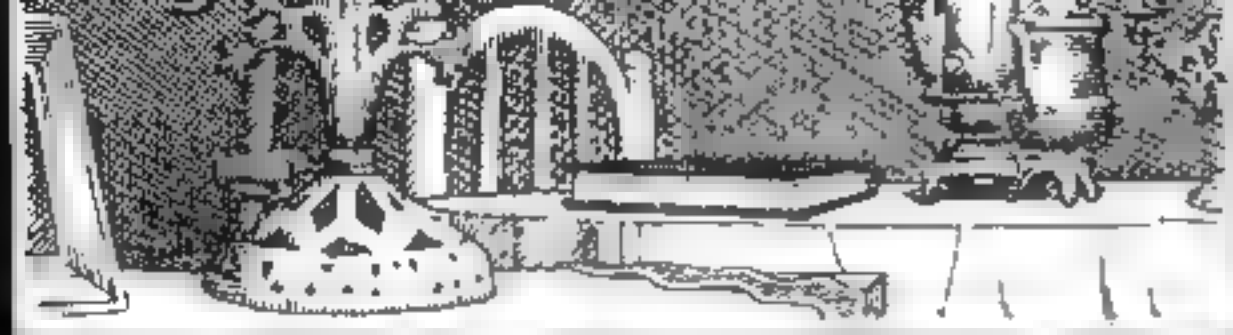
Where do I know this from?

60th of Summermonth 79 - "I was walking along a little road through a hilly landscape... then I came to a small wayside chapel. The door was ajar and I went in... in front of the altar, facing me sat a yogi — in lotus posture in deep meditation. When I looked at him more closely I realized that he had my face. I stared in profound surprise and awoke with the thought, 'Aha! So he is the one who is meditating me. He has a dream and I am in it.' The moment Jungfrau realized this, I awoke and realized that both Jungfrau and the yogi had had my face. Does this make me smarter than the average Yogi?" Or have I just made a Boo-Boo?

64th of Summermonth 79 - "Between collective consciousness and the collective unconscious there is an almost unbridgeable gulf over which the subject finds himself suspended. I weep tears of unmitigated joy! For the first time in my life I know where I belong, hanging in mid-air over the gulf which exists between collective consciousness and the collective unconscious! A reverie as *aa. real* as today's headlines overtakes me! In my personal unconscious I see myself, my *Self*! Suffused with inner radiance! 'Running on air!' Home at last! In the next instant my face appears to drain of emotion, the piston-like movements of my legs slow and then stop. Swallowing hard, slowly, I reach down and, with splayed fingertips, begin to seek — cautiously, carefully — for some manner of *firma* (terra or otherwise). To the synchronistic sound of two high notes played on a grand piano, I see myself blink twice and then suddenly, in the next instant, I see myself plummet, plunging down, down, down into the almost unbridgeable gulf between the collective consciousness and the collective unconscious growing smaller and smaller even as the faint and inexplicable *win.tring* sound accompanying my descent fades from my hearing, and my falling form shrinks and vanishes from view. A second or two later there comes the distant, muffled but sickeningly distinct sound of impact and a tiny concentric ring of dust rises, lazily from the nearly unimaginable depths. Immediately, I realize that this is all Sigmund Freud's fault. Damn him!

70th of Summermonth 79 - Just as Jungfrau had predicted, the sudden influx of images and impressions from the collective and personal unconscious into my conscious mind has effectively deposed my conscious Konigsberg Ego (who, having been denied a bail hearing, is presently awaiting trial in some subtrata of my newly emergent and more fully integrated Konigsberg Self) So far his request for a court-appointed attorney has been rejected by representatives from Hobboblins Without Borders, Chimeras for the Collective Unconscious Way, The Elvin Civil Liberties Union and Mad Pixies Against Drunken Mothers (so to say the least, things aren't looking too good for him at the moment).





78th of Summermonth 79 - So that was the way the relationship between Fräud and Jungfrau had ended!

"My dear Jungfrau," the master admonished, "Promise me never to abandon the sexual theory. That is the most essential thing of all. You see, we must make a dogma of it, an unshakable bulwark."

"A bulwark - against what?" Jungfrau demanded

"Against the black tide of mud," - here Fräud paused, then grumbled - "of occultism."

"What does he mean by that?" snarls Mr Synod, the three-legged invisible dwarf who (my newly emergent and more fully integrated Königsberg Self informs me) has been living on the underside of my overcoat collar with a family of miniature striped harpies in a parallel dimension (which might be a colour or which might be a letter of the alphabet) and has (evidently) been reading my copy of *Dream Warriors* over my shoulder. "Yeah! What does he mean by that?" echoes one of the harpies.

"Beats me."

This proves to be an unfortunate choice of rejoinder as I spend the next three nights strapped to a harpsichord, running a gauntlet of miniature striped Mr Synods all flaying me with studded leather-bound copies of Fräud's *Achtung! Das Hanky-Panky Ist Überlegenheit!*

81st of Summermonth 79 - What I most admire about Jungfrau's views on thinking, is that they are so abstruse, so abstracted and so completely tangential to their subject that they make the actual process of thought impossible, thus allowing one's purely Emotive, Subjective and Wholly Internalized Self to, in essence, float within the amniotic sac of Jungfrau's perfectly impenetrable Jargon, completely impervious to the Rational, Objective and Socialized world which exists outside of Jungfrau's theorizing. Or, to put it more succinctly:

Goo.

Goo goo goo goo Goo.

85th of Summermonth 79 - Jungfrau writes "There are many stumbling blocks that cannot be overcome by reason. We shall therefore refrain from discussing them." I didn't know you could do that! This is my kind of science!

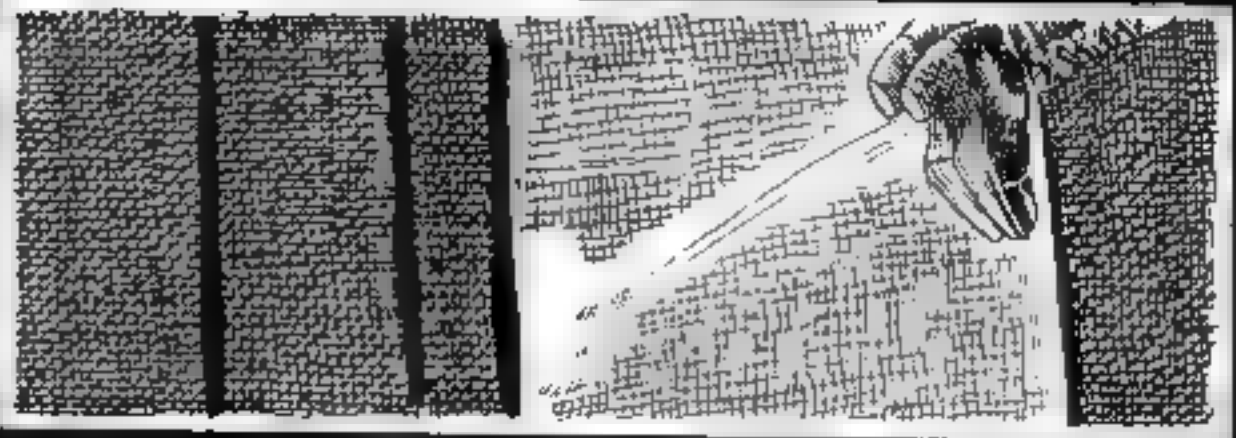
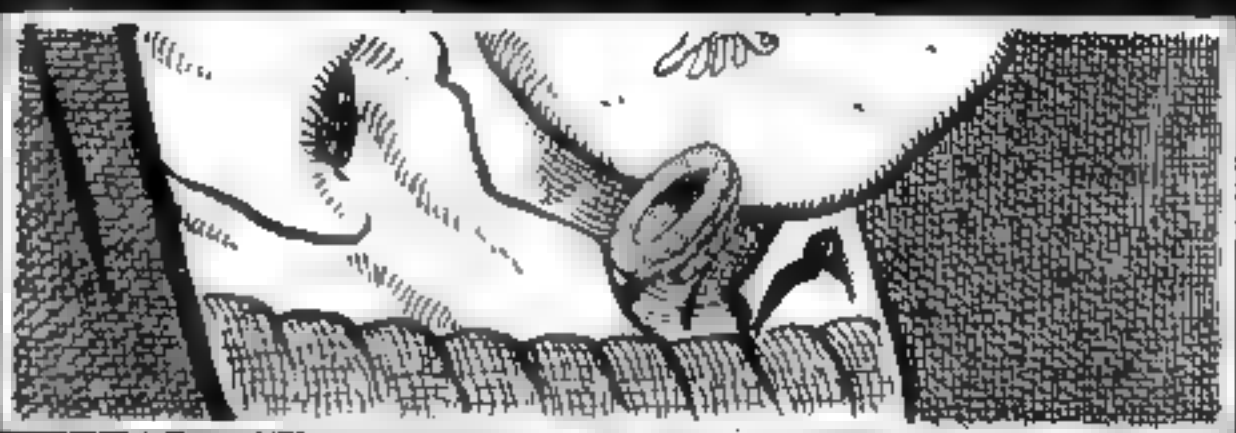
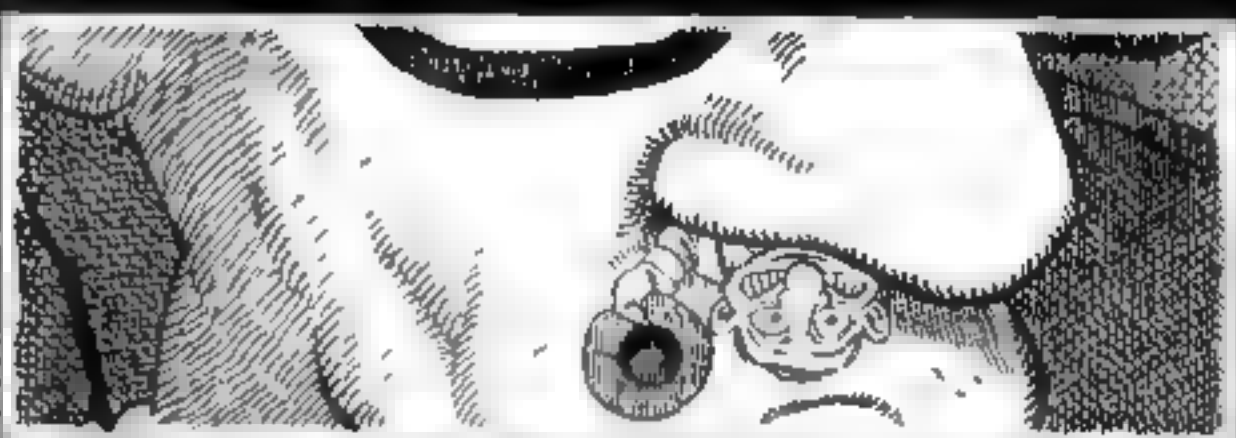
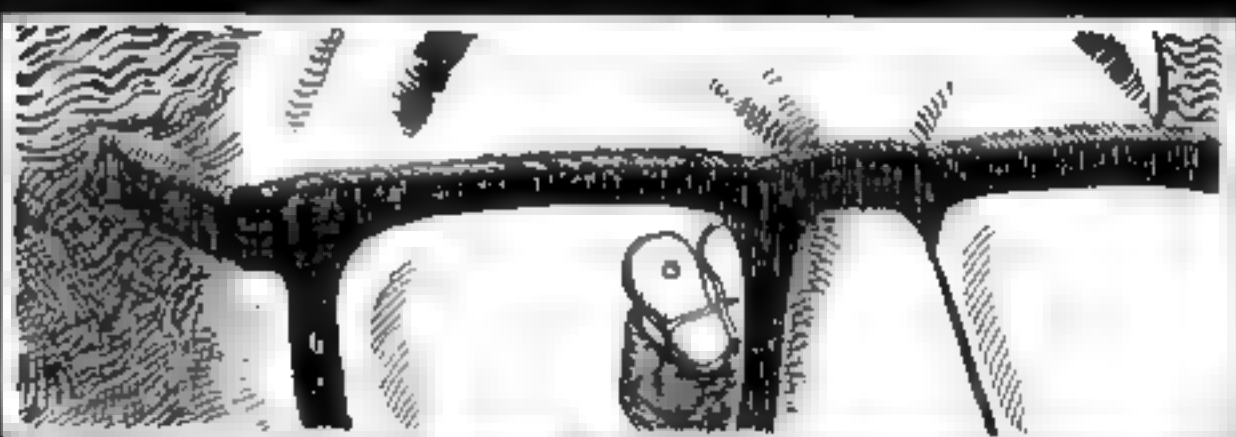
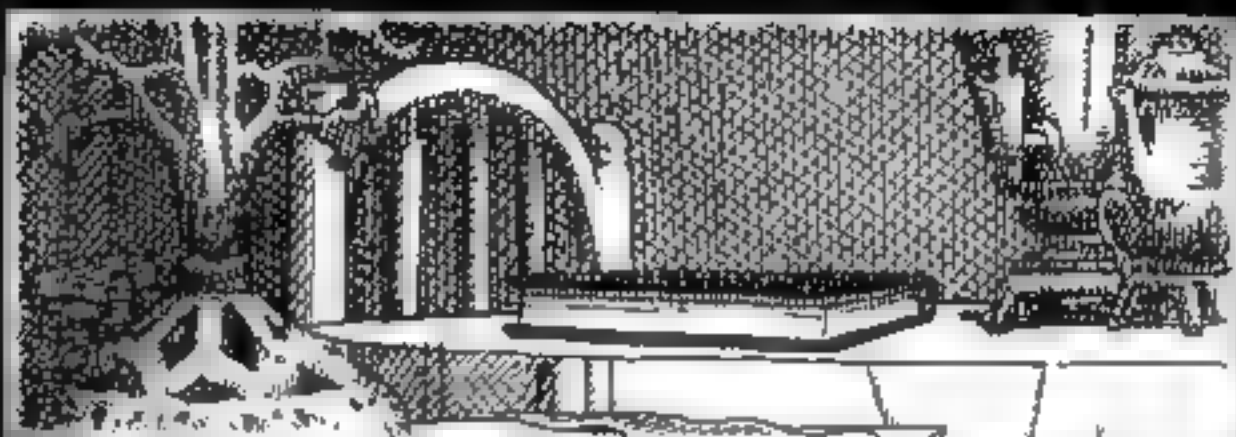
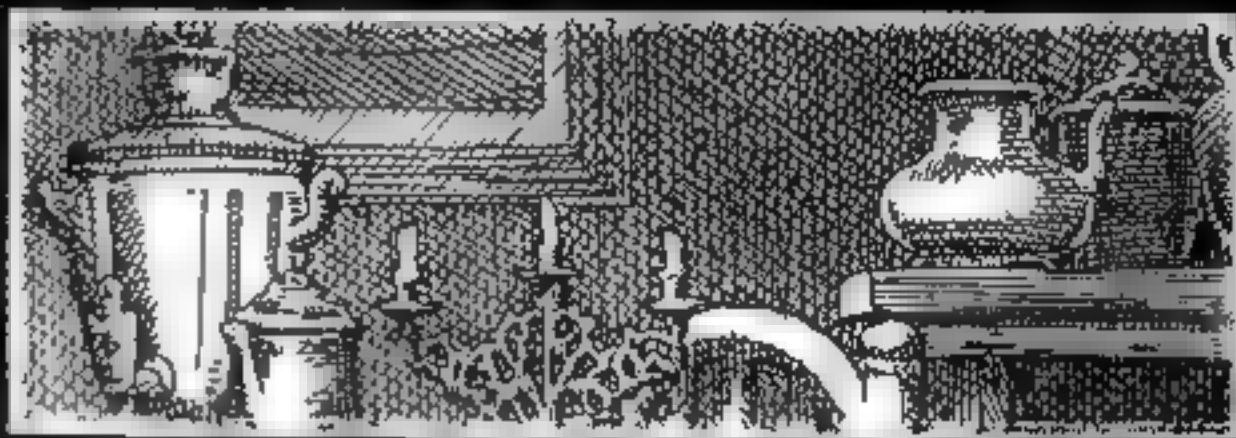
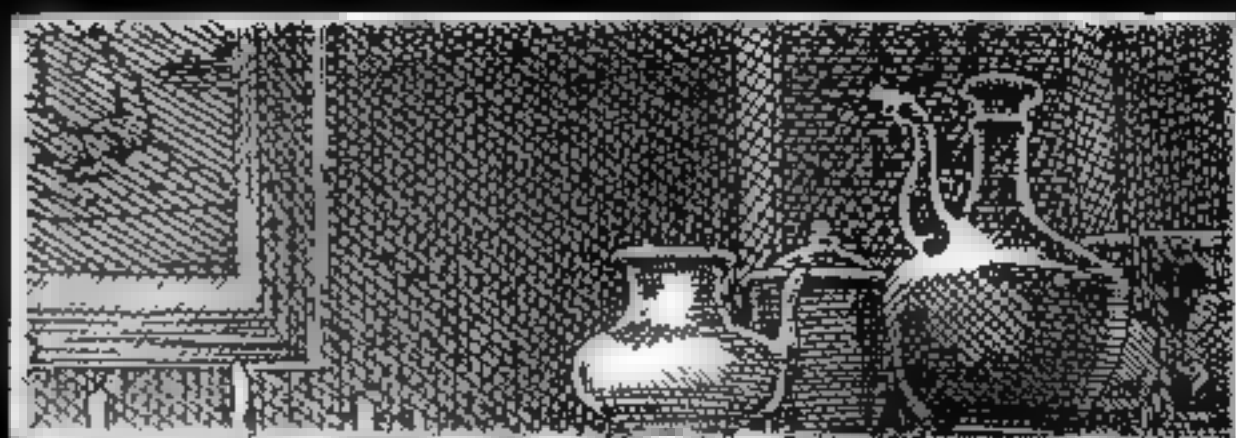
86th of Summermonth 79 - Jungfrau also writes that "psychology actualizes the unconscious urge to consciousness. Psychology is doomed to cancel itself out as a science and therein precisely it reaches its scientific goal."

The more closely I examine this observation (as has been the case with so much of Jungfrau's writings) the more I realize that it evinces such depths of meaning, that - in a manner resonant with the observation - it cancels itself out thereby achieving, simultaneously a state both of profound meaning and profound meaninglessness, even as it disappears up its own pedantic unlikelyhood. Again, this is my kind of science.

1st of Steve 79 - Jungfrau has also written "The nocturnal mind has no need to bury its insights under symbolic camouflage in order to slip them past the watchful eye of the super-ego. There is no reason under the sun why we should assume that the dream is a crafty device to lead us astray." In two simple sentences the master has completely refuted the entirety of Freud's Dream Theories by the most direct method possible by stating that he doesn't believe them to be true! I reiterate: this is my kind of science! What a relief to know that Mr. Synod and the miniature striped harpies aren't symbolic of anything, but have their own reality which is grounded both in my personal and in the collective unconscious (thus) having not just one meaning, but rather many meanings: all of which are perfectly valid and real because I have consciously thought of them. As an example, just this morning I thought, "I think I'm going seriously insane here." Which upset me only until I realized what an infinite variety of completely valid realities are represented within the term "going," within the term "seriously," within the term "insane" and within the term "here" - and in my conscious mind alone! Multiply each of those realities by the colour mauve, the letter "p" and the mustard stain on the bottom of this page (even allowing for the fact that the downstroke on the "p" and much of the shade of red which composes the "reddish" part of mauve cancel each other out) and (as any fool can plainly see) what results is a comprehensive collective unconscious vista of all realities represented by the term "going^[p]" by the term "seriously^[mauve]" by the term "insane^[mustard]" and by the term "here" (where mustard and mauve are the co-tangents). Which, in turn (because I have conceived of all those realities in my conscious mind) are themselves dwarfed by the still larger number of realities in the collective unconscious which, in turn (because I have conceived of all those realities in my conscious mind) are themselves dwarfed by the still larger number of... etc^[p] etc^[mauve] etc^[mustard]

3rd of Steve 79 - The brilliance of Jungfrau! Who else could have written "Why is there this frightful conflict between good and evil? So the unconscious can reply, 'Look closer! Each needs the other. The best, just because it is the best, holds the seed of evil, and there is nothing so bad but good can come of it.'" This is why Jungfrau's theories are so effective, because he always takes the Larger View, encouraging his patients to see that their goal is not to become "well" or "cured" but rather, to recognize and embrace "sickness" as a vital component of their (his or his) own Larger Dualistic Self. To recognize that there is no health possible without sickness just as there is no sickness possible without health

3rd of Steve 80 - Hard to believe that another year has gone by - or that my experiments in "lucid dreaming" (attempting to achieve full consciousness within the dream state) have taken so long to reach fruition. On the one hand, considering that I've only managed to achieve the reverse (that is, I'm now living in a permanent dream state during my waking hours) "fruition" might be a bit of an overstatement. On the other hand, relative to the Larger View, I'm calling this one a clear-cut "win-win" situation (leaving aside how unpleasant it is to pass Mr. Synod through my right nostril every minute or so). Someone (who may be the letter "m" or the illegitimate daughter of the colour puce) has just informed me that Cerebus is ready to resume dictating his commentaries. Switching to understatement: this should be interesting



[illegible]

[illegible][illegible]

re in abrupt her conceptions, and come up with every crackpot idea that she can as to whether she is God's Half Sister God or God is her Uncle God or she is God's Niece God. And, further, God. Enough the birth of God is indicating that God knows that. What God is saying is that Judge Yooohoo so far away me to tell me to explain to Yooohoo what is going on. So I'm saying as a son of God is judging and Yooohoo is wrestling. Right away "Behold a crackpot come!" You know. Tel Yooohoo the truth [laughs] and here come ten more crackpot ideas and ideas that God has to make come true and then deal with. And Zilpah Leah must have been a son and son. And Leah said in my happiness for the daughters will call be heard. And she called her name Asher. Asher translates as "Happy." So, the two sons that Bilhah bore for Jacob represent God's best and simplest explanation of what is going on the wean God and Yooohoo God is judging and Yooohoo is wrestling. And the two sons that Zilpah bore for Jacob represent God's best judgment of Yooohoo's wrestling. Yooohoo keeps coming up with all these troops of crackpot army tune ideas because [laughs] it makes her happy. It coming up with a bunch of crackpot army tune ideas make you happy [laughs]. Let's just say that only daughters women would call you "blessed" for living that way. And Rachel went on the days of what harvest & found Mandrakes in the field and brought them into her mother Leah. Then Rachel said to Leah, Come me I pray thee of thy sonnes Mandrakes. And she said unto her Is it a small matter that thou hast taken my husband? and wilt thou take away my sonnes Mandrakes also? and Rachel said, Therefore hee shall live with thee to morrow for thy sonnes Mandrakes. And Jacob came out of the field in the evening onto Leah went out to meet him and said, Thou must come in unto mee for surely I have hired thee with my sonnes Mandrakes. And hee lay with her that night. [Laughs and laughs and laughs and she cries in to her sister for a bunch of flowers that her sister's son picked.] And he said goes a long way. Talk about the women being in charge just like back in the garden of Eden is about laughs and laughs [laughs] this is stops laughing and goes quiet for a long while. Of course it's also about the relationship between God and Yooohoo. By coming up with God and Asher, God has sized up Yooohoo pretty good and even Yooohoo has to admit that to herself. I was down there in the middle of the earth. God's right and she knows it. Nothing makes Yooohoo happy or that coming up with another bunch of screwy ideas. But that is what it raises a question that Yooohoo never considered before. Because God sees hours and judges Yooohoo and is willing to spend thousands and thousands of years trying to get her to a better state what's going on dealing one at a time, with every crackpot idea she comes up with letting her usurp his position and making everything she comes up with come true. Well he gives in this story to her Yooohoo who let's face it, wouldn't lift a finger to help out Leah for a minute. It alone, for thousands of years the question that's got to occur to Yooohoo and Leah is is it worth it? Is it worth it to be with Leah after "God" and "Asher" is so what's God's angle. You know what does God get out of all this? What makes God happy the simple way of it coming up with a bunch of screwy ideas makes Yooohoo happy. And the answer is Yooohoo's flowers. You know flowers are nothing compared to what God can do. They can't get up or walk around or fly or talk or think. They aren't you know, much good for anything. They're not even as useful as Yooohoo's what that was being harvested at the same time. When you eat make bread or makes out of and you know eat them. But, for God it's the flowers that they're so much as the fact that they're Yooohoo's flowers. They are something Yooohoo created on her own with no help from God. A creation created by one of God's creations, one of God's creations who [laughs] bless her dopey little heart thinks she's His son just like Rachel is Jacob's son. It's first born. And that's pretty sure that makes them more important and more valuable to God than just about damned near anything. They're his and he just the way Yooohoo intended them to be just the way that Yooohoo meant them. That was why Rachel wanted to pick them and give them to his mother and that was why Leah was happy to give them and that was why Rachel wanted them when she saw them. And that's why God likes them for the same reason. Leah and Leah and Rachel liked them. They're beautiful. And that's why Yooohoo's flowers are all the payment that God's daughter ever want or ask for from the living thing inside the earth who thinks she's his son in exchange for God's thousand's and thousands of years of patient seeing and hearing and expounding and judging. That's God's love. And Leah said God hath given me my hire because I have kept my maid in my husband and she called his name Issachar. Issachar translates as a Hire.

we had notice at the same time that King David has taken his pants off and is musing shaving his eyes out and is standing up and saying Yes sir Mr. Fellini or "No sir Mr. Fellini." So why I watch his Kotex going for another minute or so. Yes sir Mr. Fellini. "No, sir Mr. Fellini." I'm I'm okay. And Leah came and argued and bare Leah the sixth son. And Leah said to her husband I'm a good woman. You will my husband dwell with me because I have born him six sons. And she called his name Zebulun. Zebulun translates as "Dwelling." Which is you know [laughs]. So here we are. Yooohoo dwelling in the middle of the earth and God watching her and listening to her and getting ready to judge whatever she does or says. And Yooohoo has said [laughs] in the middle of the earth. Final, she's mulling things over for so long that I can get pregnant again. And afterwards there bare a daughter and called her name Dinah. Dinah translates as Judgment. So God is basically acknowledging that Yooohoo's only last comes up with another troop full of crazy ideas to make herself happy. She actually thought about things and for a long time. Long enough that for the first time, as a result I can't have a daughter instead of a son. Because Yooohoo was doing something good for a change acting the way God wanted her to act—exercising Judgment instead of just being a troublemaker. A so the children I can bore to Jacob represent the days in the first two chapters of the first Book of Moses. Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah, Issachar and Zebulun representing the six days that God said I took him to create the heavens and the earth and Leah representing the six days that Yooohoo said I took her to create the heavens and the earth. [Laughs] So, while Yooohoo's mulling all of that over. And God remembered Rachel and God hearkened to her.



and opened her womb. And she conceived and bore a son, and said, God hath taken away my reproach. Joseph translates as "Adding. So God takes away His reproach from Rachel, the way He has taken away His reproach from Yoochwoo—and which God will continue to take away as long as Yoochwoo continues to exercise Judgment. And Judgment, in this case, is going to center on whether Yoochwoo wants God to allow Rachel to get pregnant again or not, because

Rachel has said that Yoochwoo shall abide to me another woman. See 1:5 a test of Yoochwoo's Judgment: a test of whether she has earned her lesson that she is not supposed to be and say that she makes women pregnant because she knows that only God decides if women get pregnant or not. God will make Rachel pregnant with another son if that's what Yoochwoo wants, but, knowing that Rachel will see that as confirmation that "the Yoochwoo is able to make women pregnant telling God that Yoochwoo wants Rachel to get pregnant will be a giant step backward from the Judgment that Yoochwoo is finally starting to learn. A giant step a the way back to the "women's seed" crap and Hawwa saying that "she has gotten a man from the Yoochwoo. It's a test of whether Yoochwoo is going to go back to using Bad Judgment or whether Yoochwoo is going to continue using Good Judgment [laughs]. And while Yoochwoo mulls that one over, it's time to check in again with Jacob, the Putz. Who's surprise surprise, finally acting a little less like a putz. And it came to pass when Rachel had borne Joseph that Jacob said unto Laban, Send me away that I may go into mine own place and to my mother.

Give my wives and my children for whom I have served thee and let me go, for thou knowest how my service which I have done thee. See what Cerebus means? He actually sounds as if he has a pair of balls for a change. And Laban said unto him, I pray thee, if I have found favour in thine eyes, for I have labored by experience, that the Yoochwoo hath blessed me, for thy sake. And he said, Appoint me thy wages, and I will give it. And he said unto him, Thou knowest how I have served thee, and how thy cattle with me. For it was little which thou hast paid to me, and it is broken forth into a multitude, and the Yoochwoo hath blessed thee at my foot. What?

Good one, Jacob. At my foot? Unfortunately Jacob then goes a little putz. Probably because he isn't used to talking about anyone being at his foot, and he doesn't want Laban to know, getting mad at him [laughs]. Putz. And now when shall I provide for mine own house also? And he said, What shall I give thee? And then Jacob's balls suddenly grow back, and Jacob said, Thou shalt not give me any thing, and then Jacob turns back into a putz. If thou wilt do this thing for me, I will again feed thee thy flock. Now the next part's really interesting. (We're both started to hear a loud THUMP from Kongsberg's direction). Just as we look over, standing stiff and straight, he jumps into the air, landing THUMP about a foot to his right. And then he jumps into the air again, landing THUMP, another foot or so to his right. We both just stare at him, or a few seconds.]

Me

He must think that he's a Knight

Cerebus

That must be it. If he thought he was a Bishop, he'd be moving differently. Where was Cerebus? On Ave

I will pass through all thy flock in day, remaining from thence all the speckled and spotted cattle, and all the brown cattle among the sheep, and the spotted and speckled among the goats, and shall be my hire. So shall my righteousness answer for me to morrow, when it shall come for my hire before thy face, every one that is not speckled and spotted amongst the goats, and brown amongst the sheep, that shall be counted stolen with me. And Laban saith, Behold, I would it might be according to thy word. And he remained that day the hire goats that were ring-straked, and spotted, and all the brown goats that were speckled and spotted, every one that had white in it, and all the brown amongst the sheep, and gave into the hand of his sons.

And he set three drives, journeying between himself and Jacob, and Jacob fed the rest of Laban's flocks. And Jacob took him rods of green poplar, and of the hazel and chestnut tree, and peeled white strokes in them, and made the white appear, which was in the rods. And he set the rods in the troughs, where the flocks came to drink, and the flocks in the troughs, when they came to drink, came to drink the rods, and brought forth cattle ring-straked, speckled and spotted. And Jacob did separate the lambs, and set the flocks toward the ring-straked, and all the brown in the flock of Laban, and he put his own flocks by themselves, and put them not into Laban's cattle. And it came to pass whenever the stronger cattle did conceive, that Jacob laid the rods before the eyes of the cattle in the troughs, that they might conceive among the rods. But when the cattle were feeble, hee put not in, so the feeble were Laban's, and the stronger in Jacob's.

And the man increased exceedingly, and had much cattle, and many servants, and many servants, and camels and asses. [Cerebus breaks into gales and gasps of laughter, laughing and laughing until tears are coming out of his eyes. It's a little while before he notices that I'm not laughing, that is.]

Cerebus

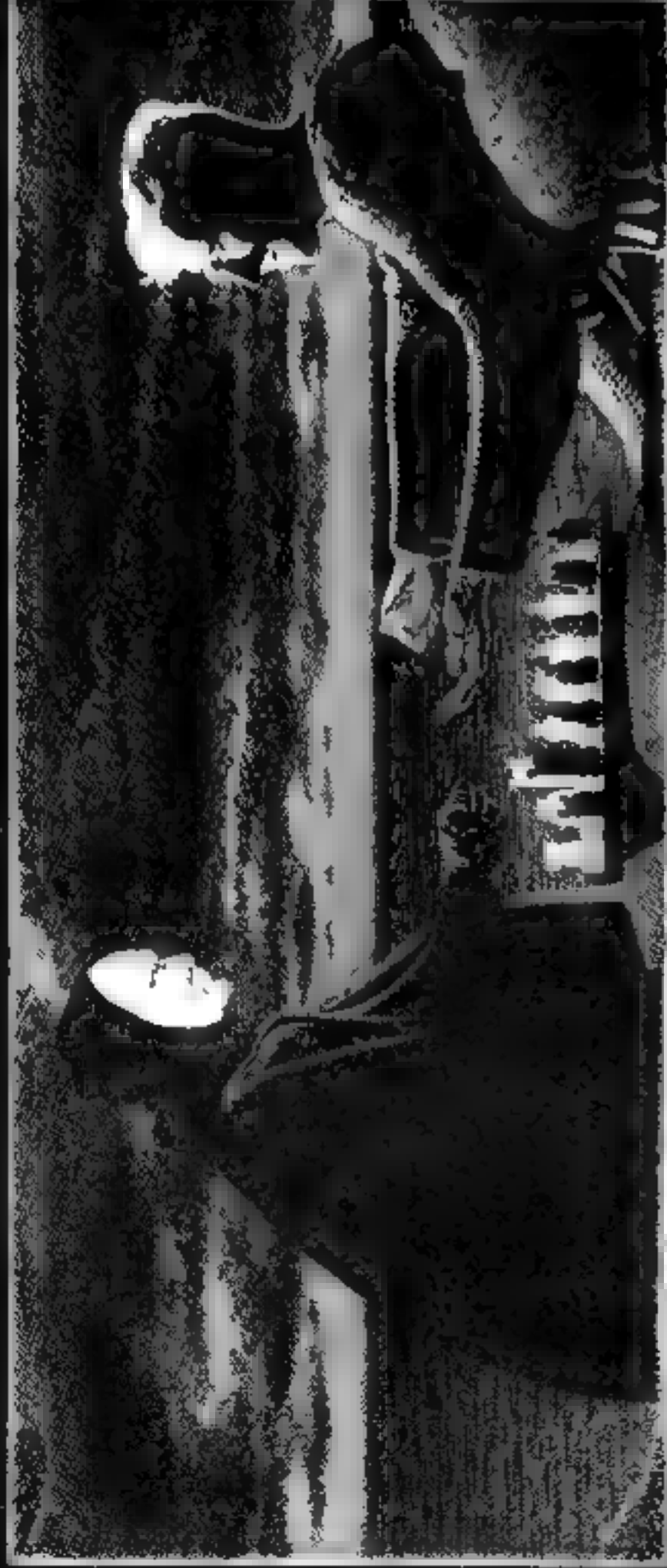
Don't you get it?

Me

irritated) I guess not

Cerebus

[whatever it is, it's so funny, he doesn't even notice that I'm irritated, he just starts laughing again]. This is what Yoochwoo was mulling over for a long time. See, she asked the fact that God considers her flowers to be His "hire." His "wages." She liked that part a lot. So then she



started to think about other things that her other plants could do. So, when she heard Jacob and Leah talking about what Jacob's wages should be [laughs] Yooohooo got another one of her bright ideas. [laughs] One of her knowledge of good and evil ideas and basically told Jacob about pulling snakes in rods of green poplar and hase and the chestnut tree and how if you put them on the ca's troughs where the cattle are feeding, the cattle bring forth ring-straked and spotted offspring (by now, I'm laughing a long [he tries to be serious, God must've been just shaking this head] bursts out laughing again) But how can you not laugh? Just picturing Yooohooo wrestling with this, this judgment thing, thinking and thinking about how she can do you know, God's judgment things like God wants her to [by this point I can barely breathe] to be a girl so hard I've up trying to write it down. I'll write it down when we're both done laughing and what does she come up with? Black magic! That Jacob can use to cheat Leah into a calf. [we laughed and laughed and laughed] Finally in a high-pitched squeaky voice Cerebus—do I get an impression of Yooohooo—reads the end of chapter thirty as it was the Hump's ending to a good judgment. Fairy tale! And the man (M. R. ASFD EYE FEEDING) and the man (M. R. ATTENTION) and the man (M. R. ANTS and M. R. ANTS) and C. AMBLES' and Y. Y. Y. Y.

Both of us [high-pitched squeaky voices, in an ear]

Cerebus

after we've both managed to calm down and after I've transcribed a lot of the last part from my scribble with Cerebus help! Okay. Chapter thirty-one. With God's long-delayed joke that he's been waiting for since way back when Abraham was looking for a wife for Isaac. Anyway, the chapter starts with this [laughs] "downside of Yooohooo's happy ending to chapter thirty. And he found the words of Leah's voice saying Jacob hath taken away all that was our father's, and of that which was of our father, hath been given all this glory. Double meaning of Cerebus as the 'representing' Yooohooo in the story as the 'younger' who has usurped the 'bright' and the blessing of the 'elder' so both Yooohooo and Jacob have definitely 'take away' all that was our father's and of that which was of our father's. And Jacob be the father of the 'children of Leah' and he held it not toward him as yesterday and the day before. [Laughs] That's a nice way of putting it. And the Yooohooo said unto Jacob: Return unto the house of thy father's, and to thy kindred, and I will be with thee. And Jacob sent and called Rachel and Leah to the field, unto his flock, and said unto them: I see your father's countnamers that it is now toward me, as he have, but the God of my father hath been with me. And yet know that I am not my power. I have served your father, and your father hath deceived me, and I changed my wages for him. [Laughs] As Cerebus Dad used to say: 'I told you a million times don't exchange your wages for him, you changed Jacob's wages three times. Once when he fooled him into serving me, and the second time when Jacob served him seven years for Rachel, and Cerebus served me, and I can call that 'changing' his wages. [Laughs] Since he served him seven years for Leah, and the third time when he threatened to leave [thinks] And actually each time Jacob was the one who said what his wages were going to be. Leah last went along with it, said me, so basically it's the same as God's relationship with Yooohooo. Yooohooo calls a little bit of a 'servant' standing there in the midst of all of the cattle that he had cheated his way out of. [Laughs] while whining to Leah and Rachel about what a victim he is so pretty much out of the blue he adds, but God suffered him not to hurt me. [Laughs] This must be because the Jacob adds. If he said this. The speaker shall be thy wages, then all the cattle! But spunkies and if he said this. The ring-straked shall be thy hire, then here all the cattle ring-straked. This God hath taken away the cattle of your father and given it me. [Laughs]

Cerebus stares Jacob looking up at the sky, just in case there were any [laughs] stray lightning bolts on the way. So after a few seconds when Jacob is still laughing, in one piece he figures that it's whining and lying must be okay with God, so he decides to really start "howing the scenery. And it came to pass at the time that the cattle concerned that I lifted up my eyes and saw in a dream, and behold, the rammers which escaped upon the cattle ring-straked, spoke and groined. And the Angel of God spoke unto me in a dream, Jacob. And I said: Here am I, and he said: I lift up now thine eyes. [Laughs] When Cerebus first read it, Cerebus was waiting for Jacob to say: But O Angel of God, I hath already lifted up mine eyes. It sayeth so in verse 10. [Laughs] and see all the rammers which escape upon the cattle ring-straked, speckled and groined. For I have seen all that Leah doeth unto thee. I am the God of Bethel, where thou hast vowed the vow, where thou vowedst a vow unto me, now arise, get thee out from this land, and come unto the land of thy kindred.

Ken Goldberg

[crawling around on his hands and knees]

Marcello

Cerebus

after glancing over at him. So Jacob finishes his big monologue and looks at Rachel and Leah who probably looked at each other. And Rachel and Leah answered and said unto him: there yet an inheritance for us in our father's house. [Laughs and laughs] High-pitched squeaky voice. Jacob hushes, if you're looking for an argument you're talking to the wrong people. Dad's broke. You have all his cattle. Whose side do you think we're going to be on? And then realizing that that sounds a little [laughs] 'mercenary?' Rachel and Leah decide to reveal a little secret of their own. Are we not counted of him strangers? for he hath sold us and hath made ourselves and our money. Well, you know [laughs, not exactly] He turned him for fourteen years worth of his red help. As for their money [laughs] What money?

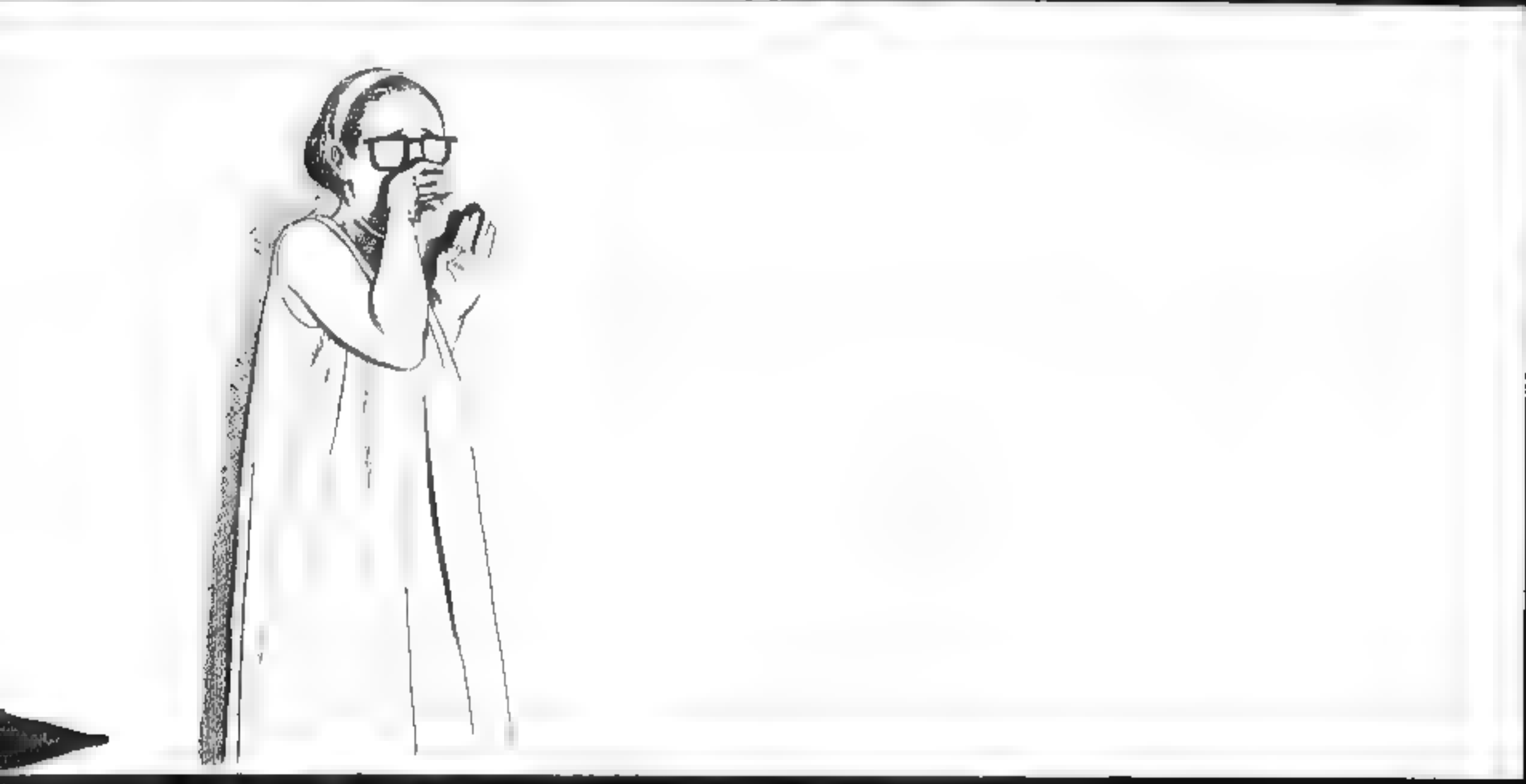


Sahadutha," that is, "the heap of witness" [breaks out laughing]. God's making fun of Yoohwhoo again, going *all the way back* to the covenant between Abimelech and Abraham, when Abraham, representing Yoohwhoo, set the seven ewe lambs by themselves and had them "witness" the agreement. For *this* agreement between *Laban* and *Jacob*, God chooses for *His* witnesses [laughs] a pile of rocks. And, hey, why not? God created men out of the dust of the earth. Rocks are just *bigger* dust. Also, God and His Angels theoretically *live* in the earth, now, ever since Jacob had his ladder dream where they traded places with Yoohwhoo and *her* "angels". And, also thanks to Jacob—when he pours oil on a rock—it becomes "Beth-El," a "house of God". So, [laughs] good deal. Jacob and his "brethren" will gather a bunch of rocks—and Jacob has *already* *unointed* one of the rocks as a *pillar*, as a "house of God"—and the pile of rocks will then serve as witnesses to the covenant with Laban. [laughs] As long as nobody asks the rocks to *sign* anything, it should work out okay. "But Jacob called it *Galeed*." [laughs] It's *Laban's* covenant, but Jacob, of course—always the Supplanter—just has to *supplant* the name that *Laban* wants to give it with the name *Jacob* wants to give it. "And Laban said, *This heape is a witnesse betweene mee and thee this day. Therefore was the name of it called Galeed. And Mizpah.*" that is, a beacon or a watch-tower, "...for he said, *The Yoohwhoo watch betweene me and thee when we are absent one from another. If thou shalt afflict my daughters, or if thou shalt take wiuues besides my daughters, no is with vs.*" "No is with us"? That's kind of a confusing part and, no matter how many times Cerebus reads it [laughs] it doesn't get any *less* confusing. The best Cerebus can figure is that it's a *Yoohwhoo* answer—that is, a lie mixed in with the truth. "No," as in Jacob *agrees* not to take any wives besides Laban's daughters and "is with us" because Jacob *already has* taken wives besides Laban's daughters—he's had two children each with Bilhah and Zilpah. Bilhah and Zilpah don't count as wives? Because they're "with us"? That is, because they're Rachel and Leah's *handmaids* they don't *count* as wives? [thinks] Does Laban even *know* that *four* of his grandsons were grown inside his daughters' handmaids? Too many questions and no answers. So, as Cerebus sees it, that leads to the reminder, "See, *God is witnesse betwixt mee and thee.*" Laban might not know the truth and Jacob [laughs] wouldn't know the truth if it came up and bit him on the ass. But there *is* truth. And God is the only *sure* witness to that truth. "And Laban said to Jacob, *Behold this heape, and behold this pillar, which I haue cast betwixt mee and thee. This heape be witnesse, and this pillar be witnesse, that I will not pass ouer this heape to thee, and that thou shalt not pass ouer this heape, and this pillar vnto me, for harme. The God of Abraham, and the God of Nahor, the God of their father, judge betwixt vs.*" That's pretty good. [laughs] Cerebus liked *that* part a lot. Finally, Laban comes up with something that Jacob *can't* supplant. See, it depends on *which* Nahor Laban's talking about. Abraham was the *younger* Nahor's brother. So, Laban *could* be saying that the God of Terah—the God of Abraham and Nahor's father, Laban and Jacob's mutual *great-grandfather*—would judge between them. But, since *Terah's* father was *also* named Nahor, the God of *that* Nahor's father would be the God of Serug. [laughs] What Laban is doing is going way, way, way back in their mutual genealogy to the point where Laban and Jacob not only have the same *great-grandfather* but even *further* back to where they also have the same *great-great-great* grandfather and, consequently, there can be no mistake that they're making a covenant in the name of the same God. On *his* side of the family, Jacob doesn't have an Abram or an Isaac that goes back further than "father" and "grandfather". Nowhere near as far back as the name Nahor goes. Small wonder that [laughs] "And Jacob sware by the feare of his father Isaac." Laban scared the you-know-what out of Jacob, going that far back in their mutual family history. "Then Jacob offred sacrifice vpon the mount, and called his brethren to eate bread, and they did eate bread, and tarried all night in the mount And early in the morning, Laban rose vp and kissed his sonnes, and his daughters, and blessed them: and Laban departed, and returned vnto his place." Of course, there's another level of meaning to all the rocks that Jacob and his "brethren" gathered and the rock that Jacob anointed as "Beth-El". When it was just *Jacob*, way back in Luz, he anointed the *pillar* and in doing so anointed himself as the *custodian* of the "House of God," the guy with the oil. But, the fact that he gathered all the rocks with his "brethren," puts Jacob and his sons on an equal footing. They're *all* represented by the rocks that they gathered. But *one* of those rocks got anointed—which, if Jacob had told his *sons* to gather them, would still be Jacob, the *father*. But the fact that he told his "brethren" to gather them means that *one* of Jacob's sons is now the heir to the covenant with Abraham, the covenant with Isaac, one of Jacob's sons is the "anointed one". It has to be one of his *sons*, because Jacob can't inherit his own inheritance. [laughs] If *anyone* could manage it, it would be *Jacob*. But even *Jacob* can't supplant *himself*. The *logical* person to inherit the covenant, to become the "anointed one" is Reuben, but the problem with Reuben is that he's the *eldest* son. Which is the same problem with Dan and with Gad, who are the *eldest* sons that grew inside of Bilhah and Zilpah. If the *eldest* turns out to be the "anointed one" then all of Yoohwhoo's trouble in getting the *younger* to supplant the *elder* goes for naught and the elder assumes the covenant again. No wonder God, through Laban, was willing to call them "*their*" sons, the sons of Laban's daughters! No wonder God, through Laban, made Jacob swear not to take another wife! No wonder God was willing, through Laban, to just kiss everyone goodbye and say, "have fun!" This gets really complicated! Yoohwhoo has to find a way to make sure that the covenant with Abraham and Isaac gets passed on to either Simeon or Levi or...[laughs] And suddenly, Yoohwhoo realizes that *that* wouldn't work either. Simeon is older than Levi. Naphtali is younger than Dan, but Naphtali is older than Gad. Asher is younger than Gad, but Asher is older than Issachar and so on. It's "either-or". Either the covenant passes on to the *youngest*, or the covenant goes back to the elder. The youngest son is Joseph, but Joseph is the *only* son who grew inside of Rachel. If Joseph inherits the covenant, as the *only* son of Rachel and Jacob, then Yoohwhoo is admitting that there's only *One* God. But if *anyone else* inherits the covenant, he'll be *older* than Joseph which will mean the covenant goes back to the elder who *represents* God. Jacob has sworn not to take another wife, so that leaves Yoohwhoo only *one* choice: Rachel has to get pregnant and have a son *younger* than Joseph who can inherit the covenant. But [laughs] God already blocked that square. If Yoohwhoo tells God to make Rachel pregnant again, Rachel is going to think that it was *Yoohwhoo* who did it, which means that Yoohwhoo goes all the way back to "square one" and forfeits all of the progress she's made in making Good Judgments. God is forcing the issue. Forcing Yoohwhoo to either a) admit that there's only One God and lose her hold on the covenant or b) hold onto the covenant but go all the way back to "square one" in her relationship with God.

Konigsberg:
Marcello.

Cerebus
Cerebus really wishes he would stop saying that.





OH AYE- HEH HEH HEH
ONE OF YOUR QUESTIONS
HERE

(WHERE IS IT
AGAIN, NOW?)

AH!

"WHAT WAS GOING ON IN
CEREBUS' **PERSONAL** LIFE
WHILE HE WAS WRITING HIS
COMMENTARIES ON THE
BOOKS OF MOSHE?"

WELL... YOU KNOW... WHEN YOU ASK
ABOUT CEREBUS' **PERSONAL** LIFE
ANY TIME AFTER THE **YEAR ONE**
ANY DAY YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT
WAS PRETTY MUCH THE SAME.

"**PRAYER.**" "SLEEP."

"LISTENING TO RECITATIONS
OF THE **BOOK OF RICK...**"

"...THE **BOOK**
OF **CEREBUS...**"

"AND THE **BOOKS** OF
MOSHE

HERE IN THE
SANCTUARY..."

THEN GOING OUT AND WATCHING
HOUSES BEING BUILT."

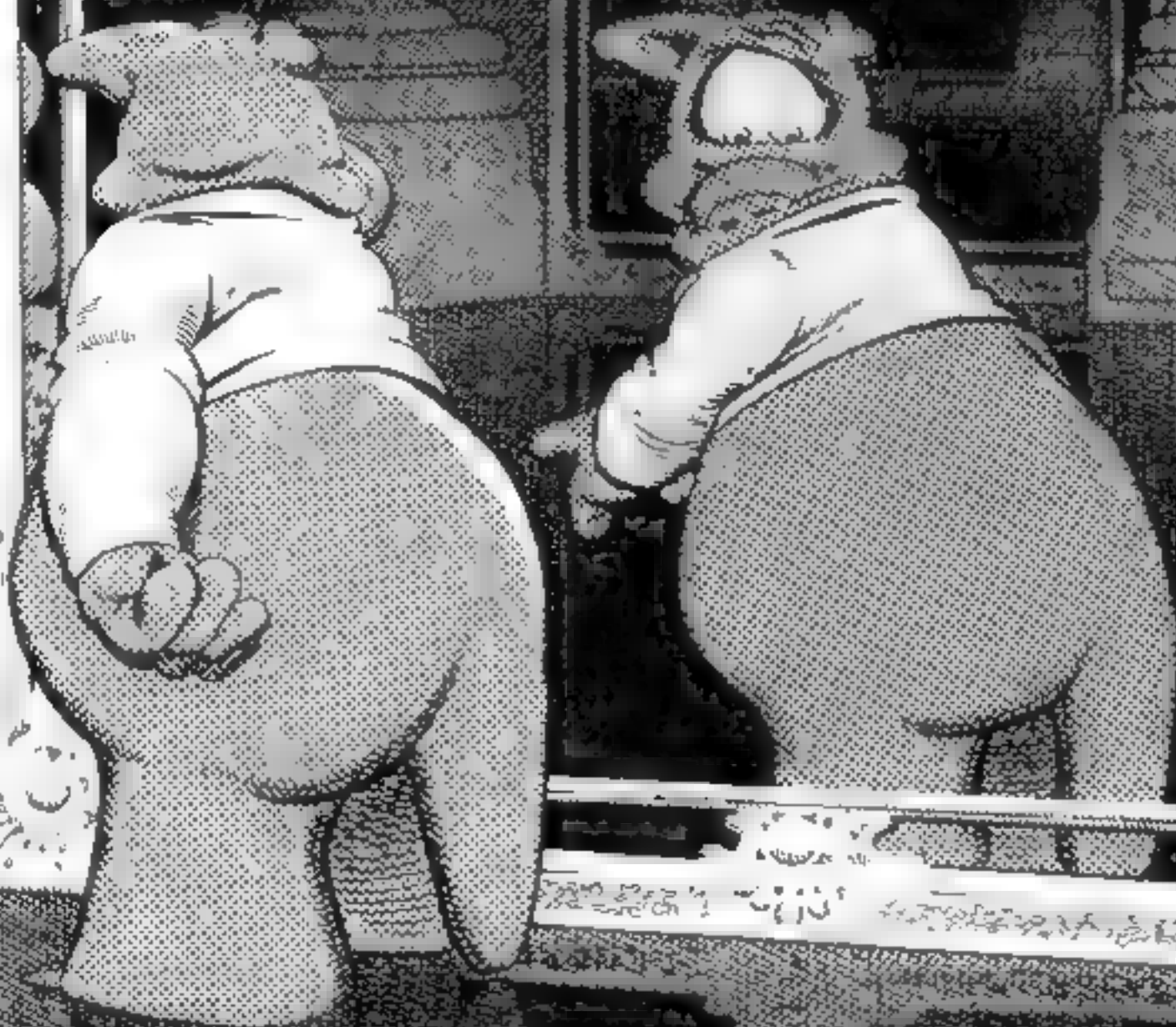
HEH HEH

BUT, OF COURSE, YOU'RE A WRITER! YOU DON'T
WANT TO HEAR ALL THAT BORING STUFF!
SO CEREBUS TRIED TO REMEMBER ANY-
THING THAT A WRITER WOULD FIND INTERESTING
...AND THE **ONLY** THING CEREBUS COULD THINK OF
WAS THE DAY THAT THEY INSTALLED THE FLOOR-
TO-CEILING **MIRRORS** IN THE ENTRYWAY
(WHICH HAPPENED RIGHT AROUND THE TIME
THAT **RACHEL** WAS GIVING BIRTH TO **BEN-
JAMIN**) (WHICH IS WHY CEREBUS STUCK THAT
NOTE IN AROUND CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE OF BOOK
ONE) SEE-- BECAUSE WHEN CEREBUS
WENT OUT TO APPROVE THE WORK (WHICH CER-
EBUS DID RIGHT AWAY: THEY DID A BEAUTIFUL
JOB) CEREBUS WAS REMINDING HIMSELF
THAT HE WAS WORKING ON CHAPTER THIRTY-
FIVE, WHICH CEREBUS HAD TO KEEP REMIND-
ING HIMSELF BECAUSE AS SOON AS THE WORK-
MEN LEFT **ALL** CEREBUS COULD DO FOR THE
REST OF THE DAY WAS TO HEH HEH STAND
THERE AND STARE AT JUST HOW

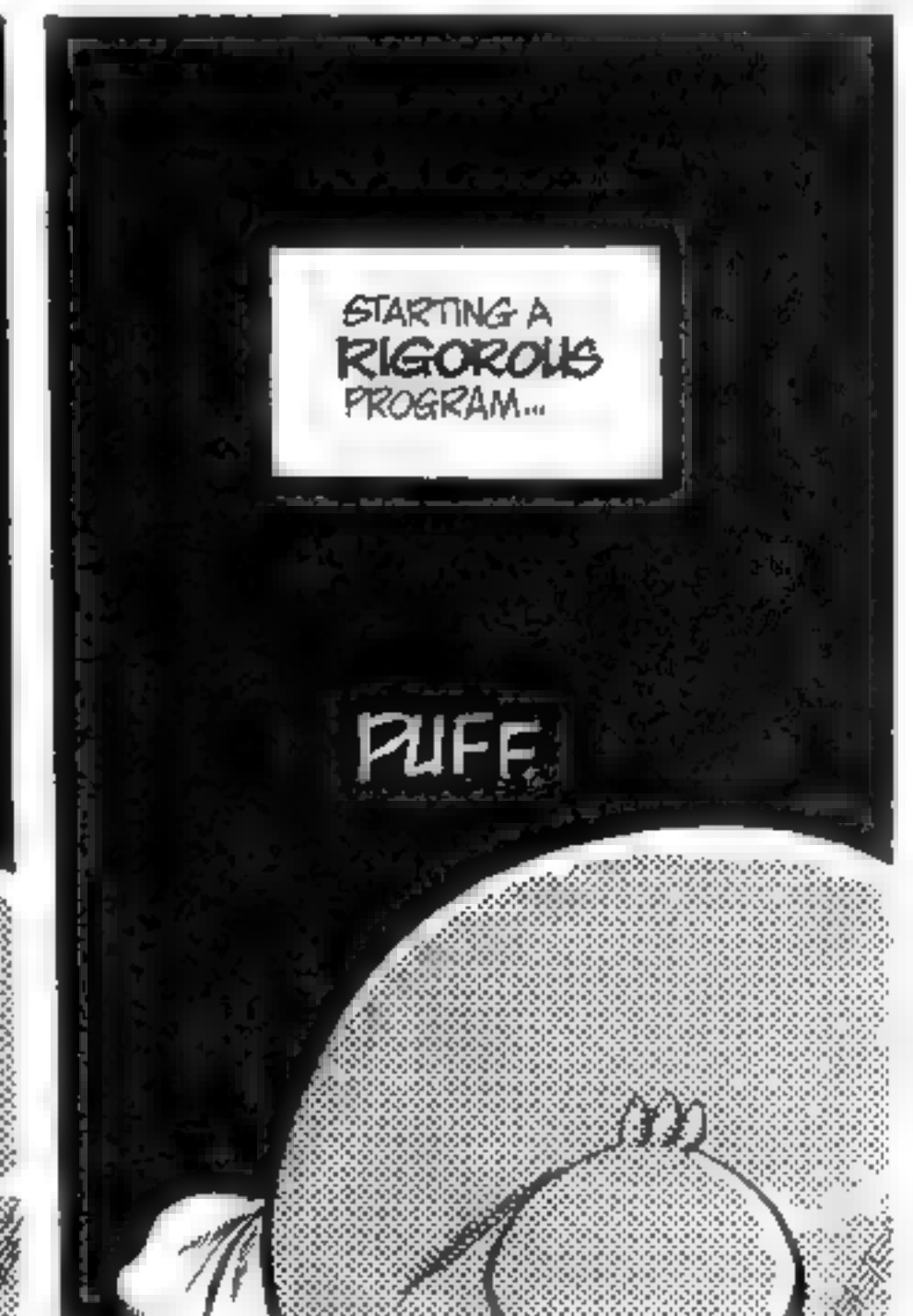
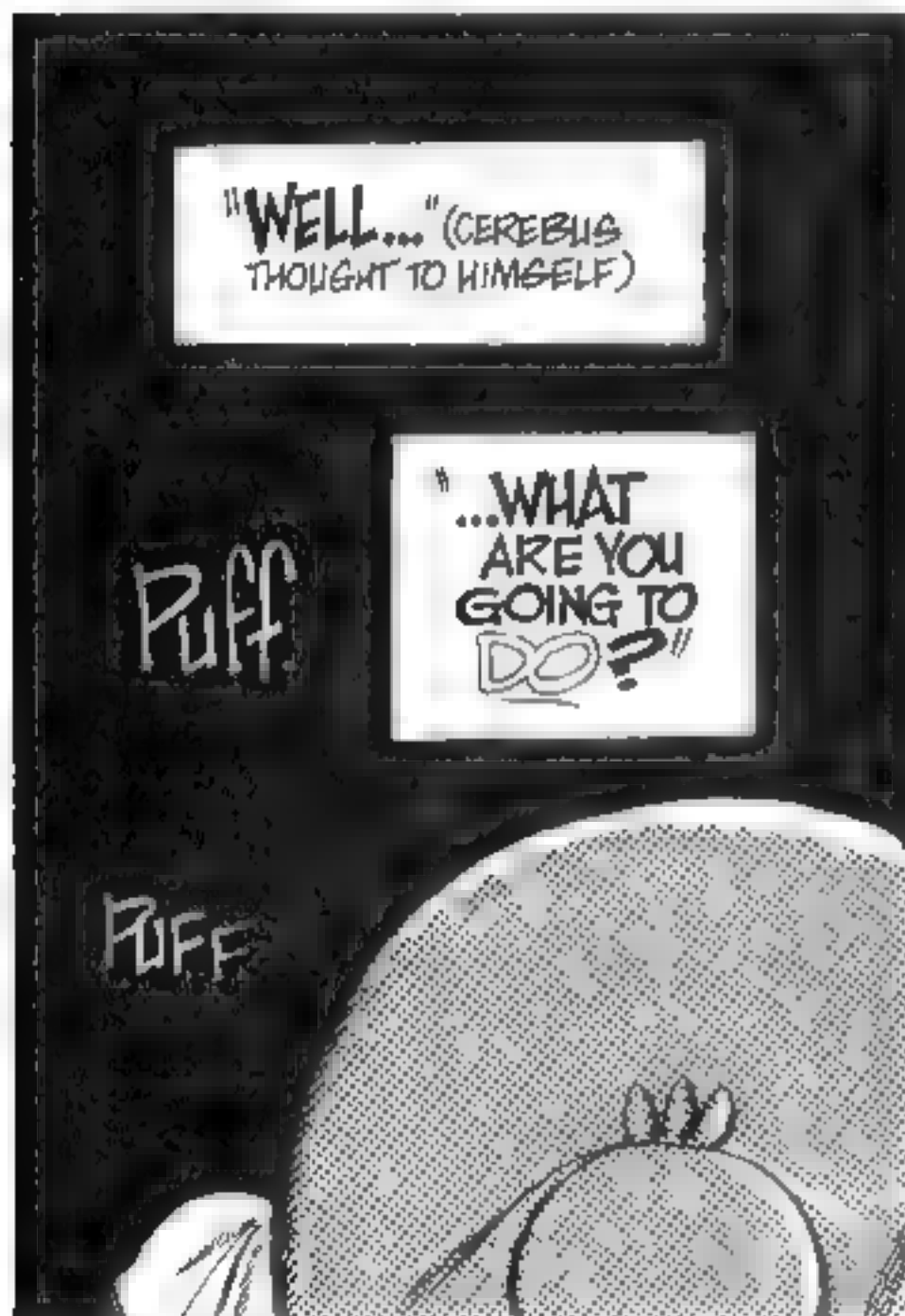
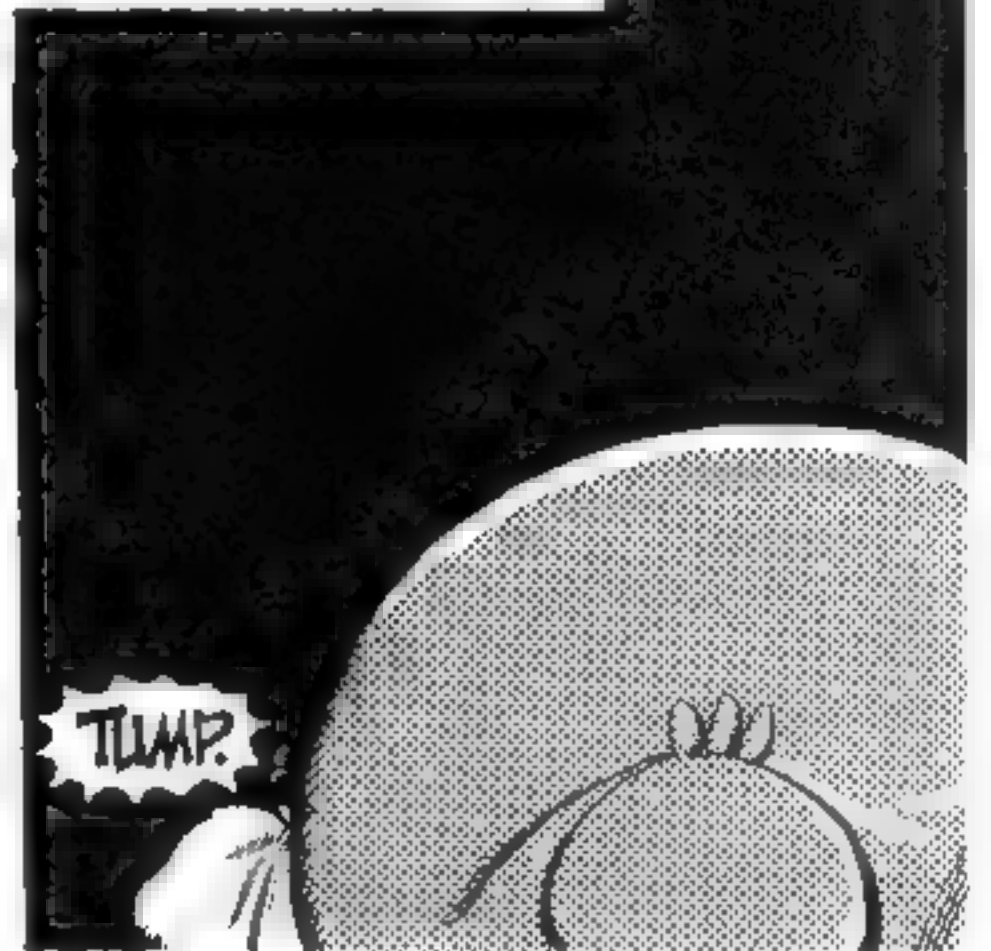
HUGE CEREBUS'
BUTT

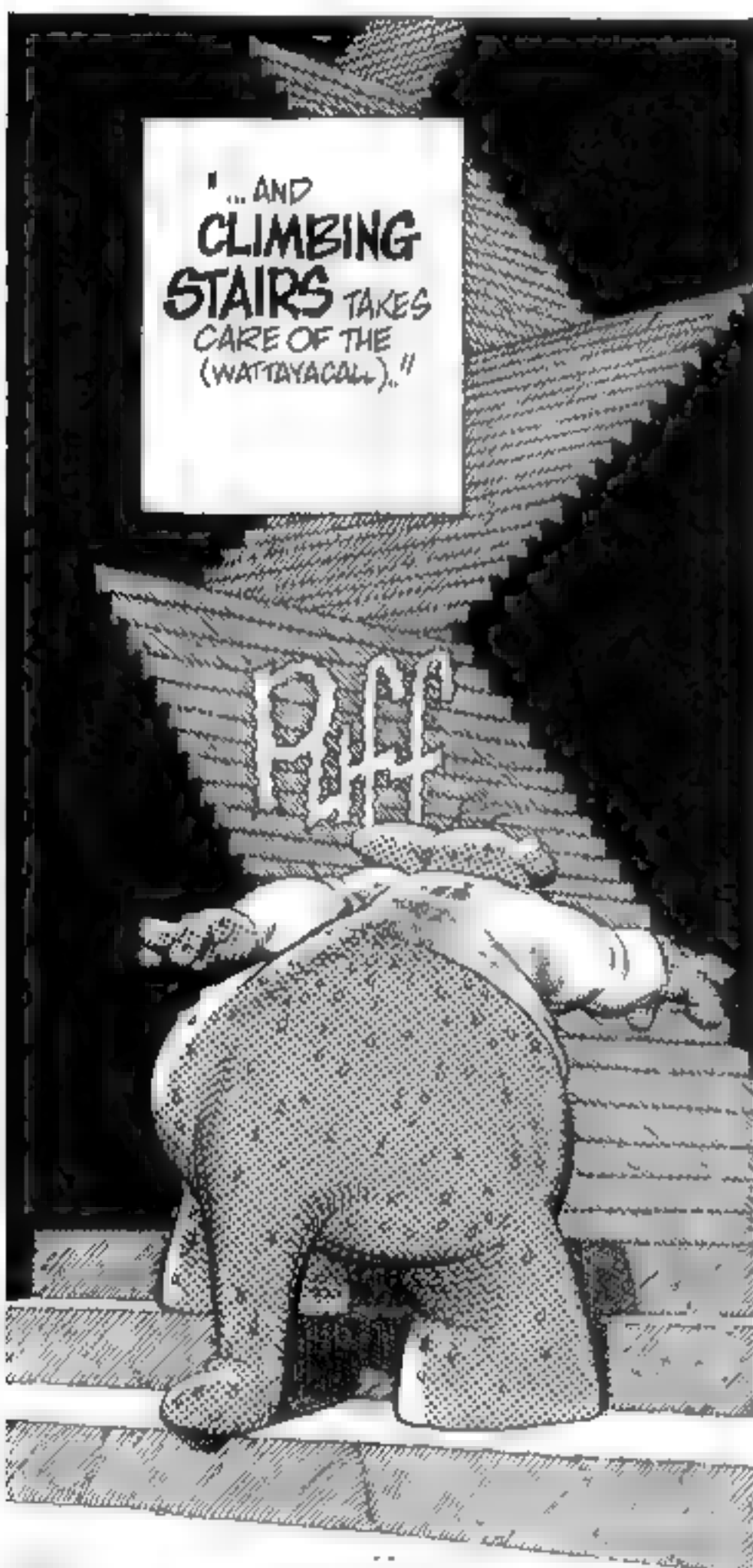
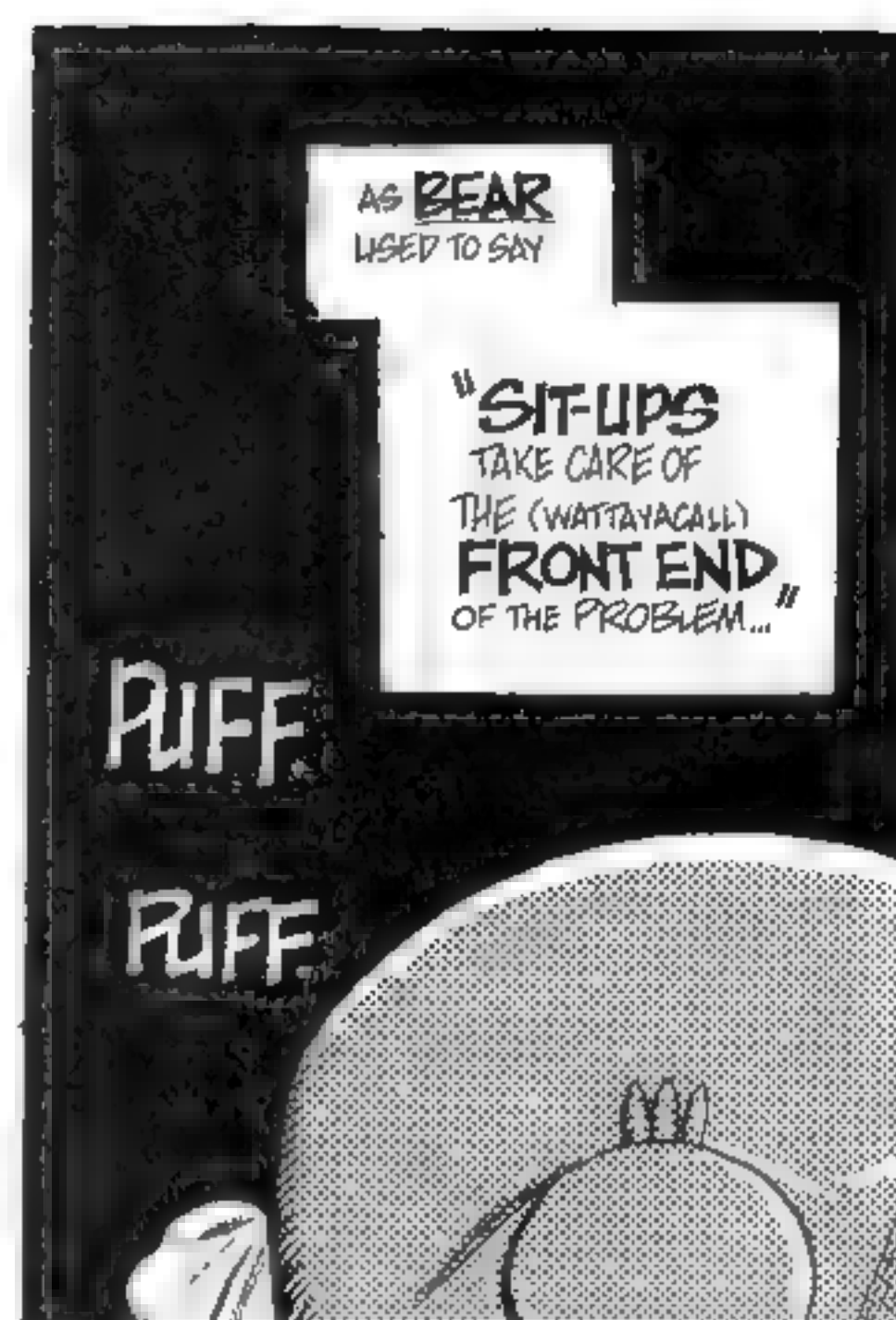
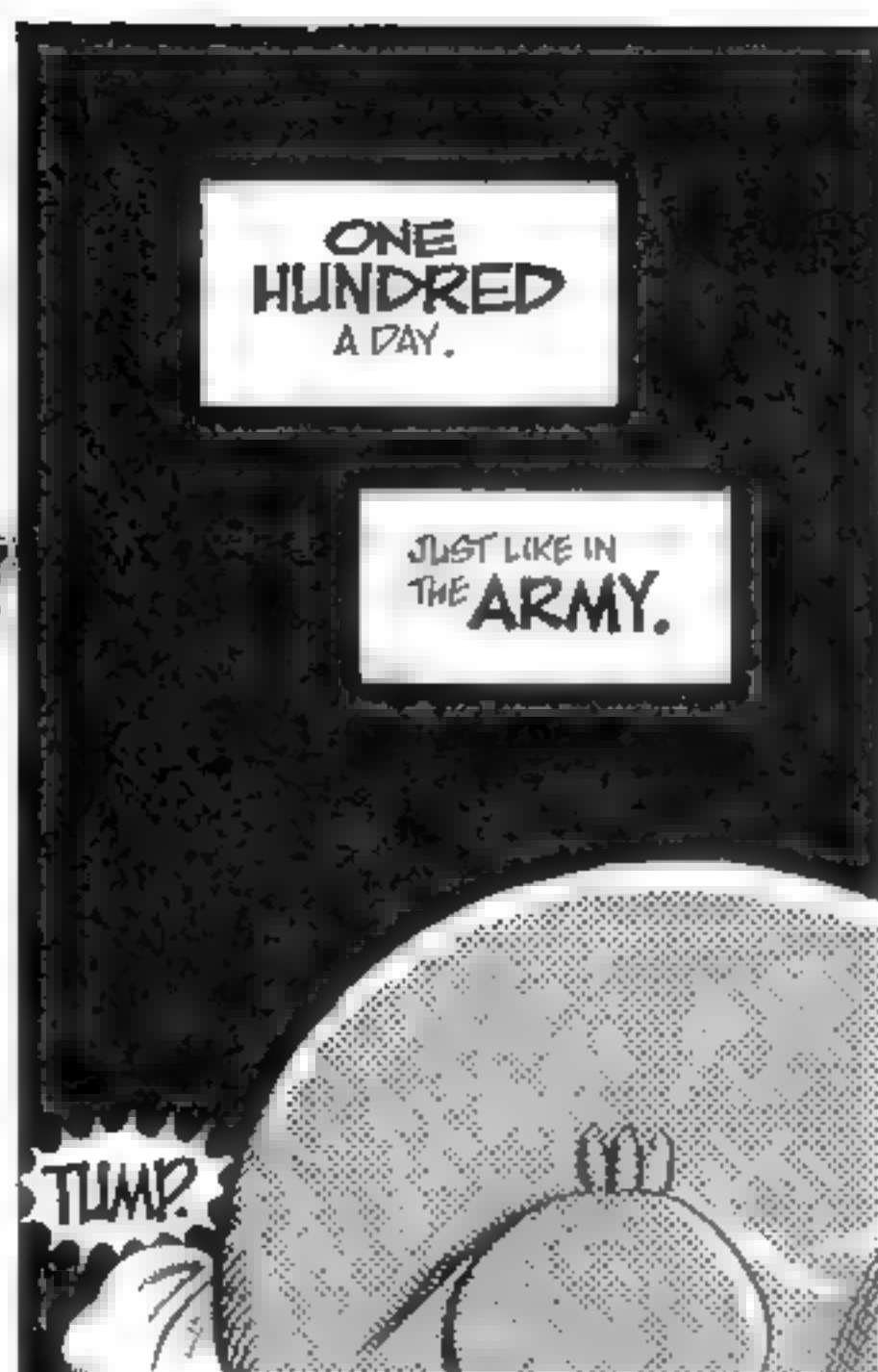
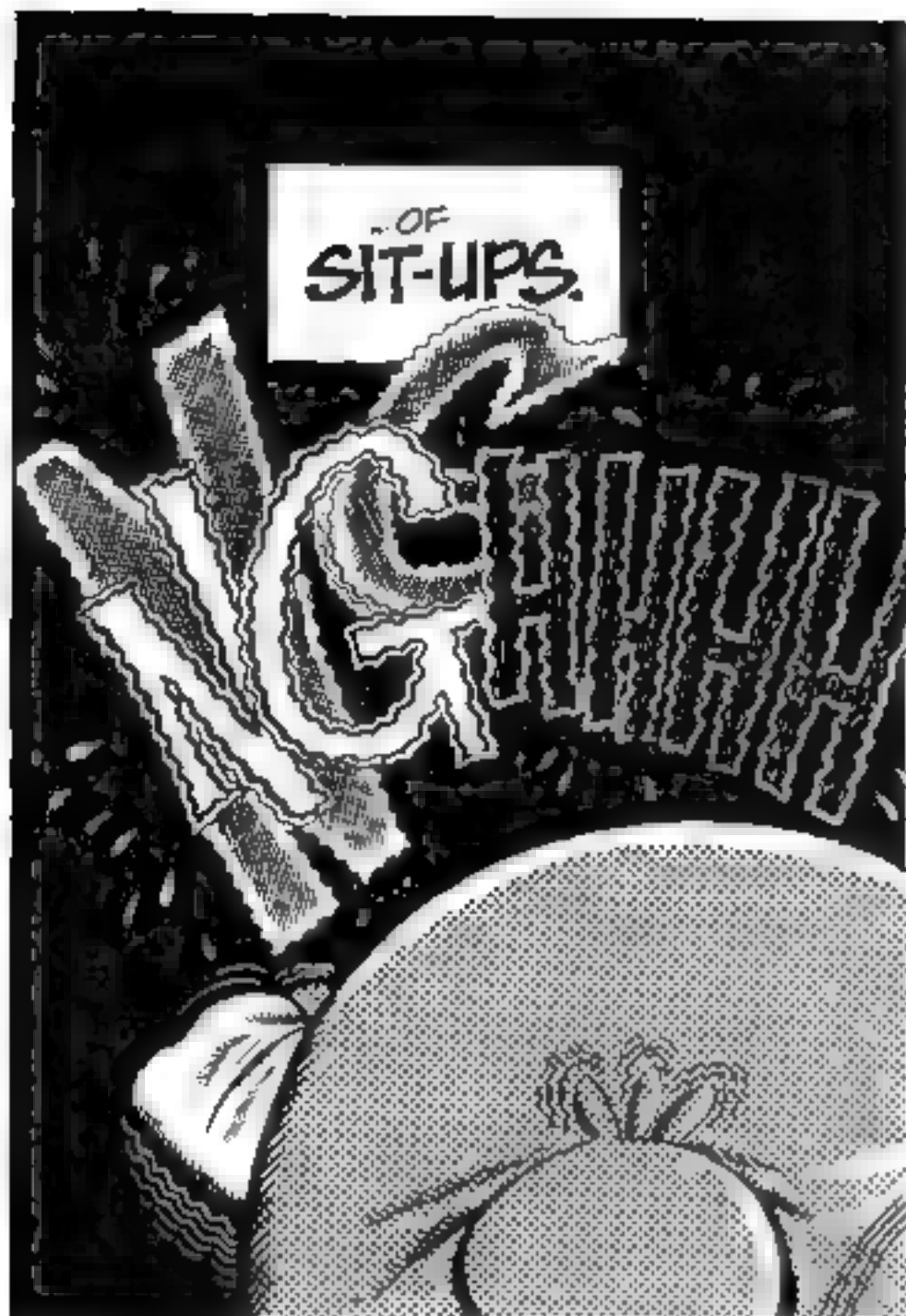
HAD GOTTEN.

HEH HEH IT'S TRUE!
CEREBUS JUST STOOD
THERE **THINKING:**
"SO! CEREBUS' TO LET
SEAT **DIDN'T**
SHRINK!"



"CREAM SAUCES!" CEREBUS REALIZED... THE LEGION OF JOANNE WANNABE'S HAD "GOTTEN" CEREBUS BY DRENCHING EVERY ONE OF CEREBUS' BREAKFASTS, LUNCHES AND DINNERS IN CREAM SAUCES! THIS REALLY IRRITATED CEREBUS FIRST, BECAUSE CEREBUS HAD BEEN EXPECTING THE WOMEN TO TRY AND "PULL" SOMETHING ON HIM (2) BECAUSE CEREBUS WOULDN'T MARRY ANY OF 'EM (3) BECAUSE CEREBUS KEPT THE "CLEANSING OF THE LAND" TRADITION AND (4) BECAUSE CEREBUS HAD AUTHORIZED THE BUILDING OF FRUITCAKE PARK) AND SECOND, BECAUSE IT WAS A TRICK THAT HAD FOOLED CEREBUS BEFORE.





ANYWAY...

WHEN YOU ASK
ABOUT CEREBUS'
PERSONAL
LIFE

THAT'S WHAT
COMES TO MIND:

THE YEAR-LONG
BREAK THAT
CEREBUS TOOK
FROM HIS
COMMENTARIES
...

TO GET BACK
IN SHAPE.

FINALLY!
BEING ABLE TO STAND
IN FRONT OF THAT
SAME MIRROR...

REMEMBERING WHAT
KONIGSBERG SAID TO ONE
OF HIS SISTERS AFTER SHE TOLD
HIM "YOU'RE LOOKING
SVELTE THESE DAYS!"

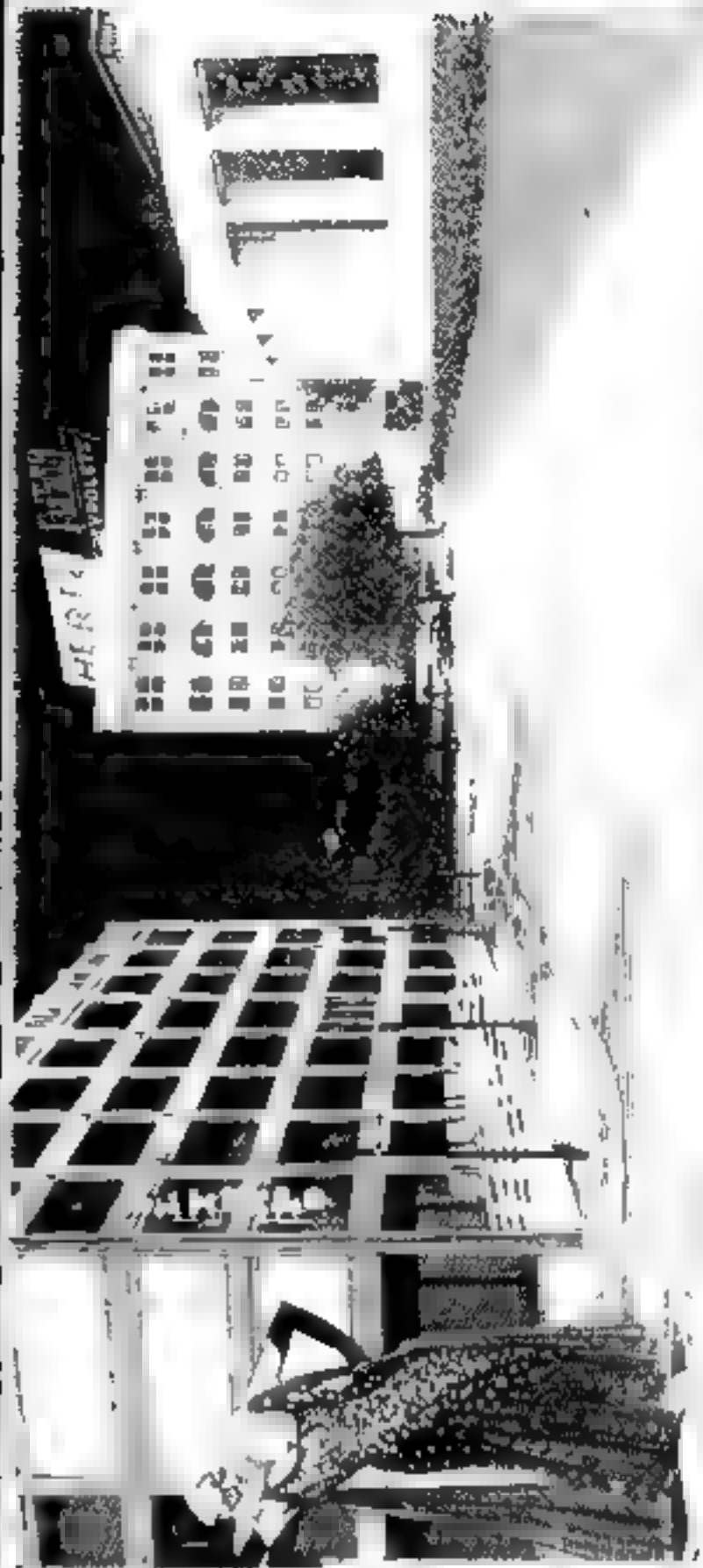
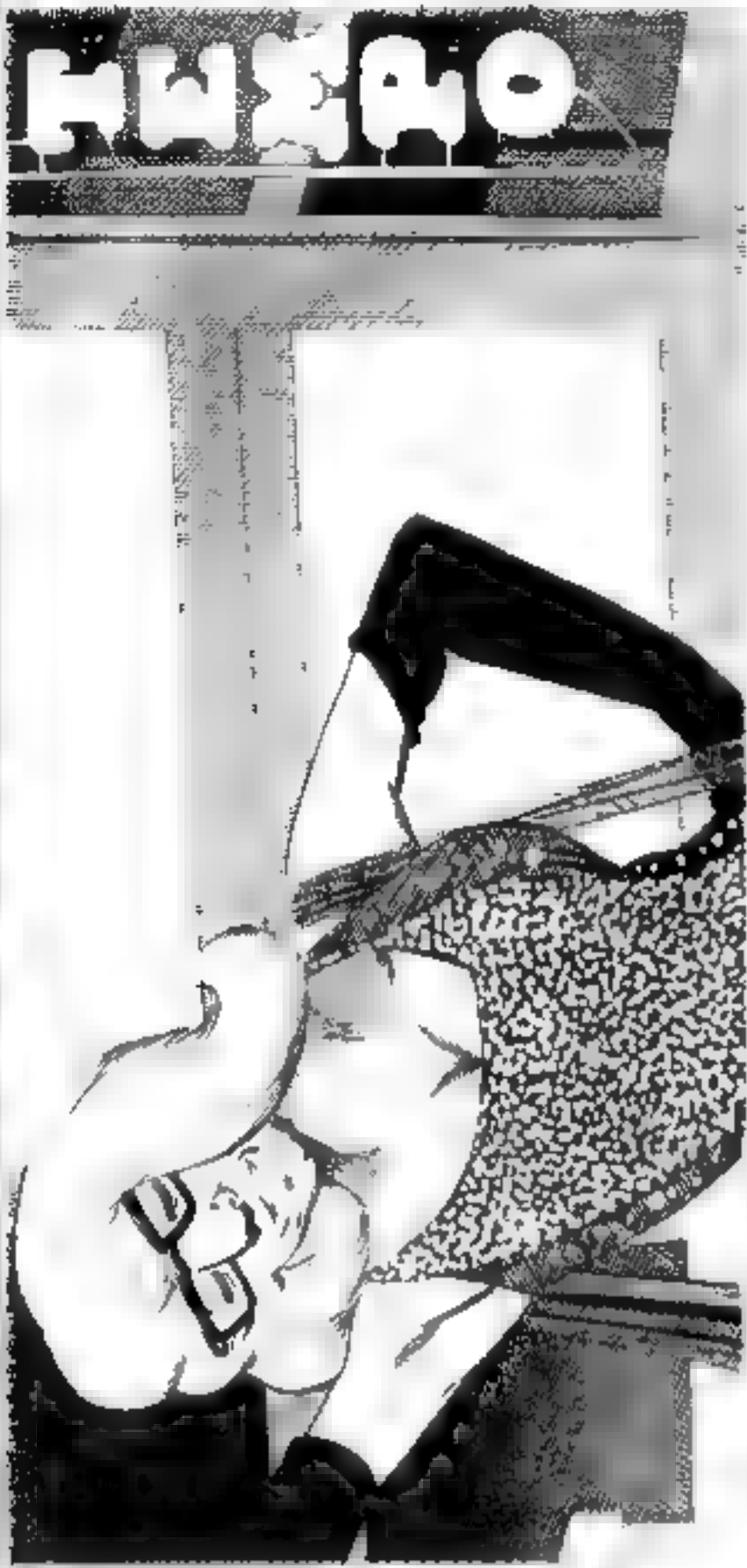
"SVELTE?"
(HE SAID)

"I'M FORTY-
SIX YEARS
OLD."

"ON A GOOD DAY
I CAN MANAGE
(MAYBE)
'GAUNT.'"

the capt in after spending all that in the house. [laughs] How stupid is that? Let Crebus answer for you. **CREBUS:** Stupid. They had a slim chance—if they had killed every last man, woman and child of keeping the covenant pure which had passed from Abraham to Isaac to Jacob and which is about to pass to Jacob's as yet unknown and tiled son and instead, instead they take themselves a bunch of pagan wives and (assuming that the "males" referred to add males and that the title ones referred to girls and boys) new circumcised little pagan boys who will grow into big pagan circumcised husbands and big pagan circumcised fathers. Basically, Jacob and his sons take the trick they've just played on the Hittites of not doing the Hittites into believing that they're interested in inter-marrying with them—and then basically play their own trick on themselves by actually taking Hittite wives! [laughs] That'll show those tricky Hittites! [laughs] Congratulations Jacob, you've just made one of the nations which is bent on your destruction part of your covenant with God. Good of Jacob has a completely (dangles his hand from a strap) Jacob-like reaction. And Jacob said to Simon and Levi: *Ye have troubled me to make me to stand among the inhabitants of the land, amongst the Canaanites and the Perizzites, and I being few in number, they shall gather themselves together against me and slay me and I shall be destroyed.* And when he realizes that that sounds maybe a wee bit selfish (sinks) as well as cowardly, he adds: *I and my house.* And this said: *Should hee debate with our sister as with an harlot?* And that's the end of the chapter. [laughs] No point in waiting for an answer from Jacob. Okay. Now, chapter thirty-five. And God said unto Jacob: *Arise, grieve up to Bethel and dwell there and make there an altar unto God that appeared unto thee when thou fleddest from the face of Esau thy brother.* [thinking] [he's quiet a long time]. This part gets really serious. God isn't joking any more with the well and the stone on top of the well, joking about an apocryphal rock being God's house. God wants Jacob to build an actual altar. God knows that He didn't appear to Jacob in Luz—that was Yooohwhoo supplanting God, all part of the joke from God's standpoint. A tars and apocryphal rocks—that's Yooohwhoo stuff. A joke to God. [laughs] Joke's over. You can tell that Jacob knows that this is suddenly serious business, too. *Then Jacob said unto his household and to all that were with him: Put away the strange gods that are among you and here, cleave and change your garments. And let us arise and go up to Bethel, and I will make there an altar unto God who answered me in the day of my distress, and was with me in the way which I went.* And that's certainly true. Jacob is the supplanter and the younger, but God has been with him every step of the way. And they go up with Jacob all the strange gods which he had in his hand, and all their earrings which in their noses and Jacob had them on the oke which was by Shechem. Remember the trees are all "the sons of God" and then returned, and the terror of God was upon the cities that were round about them and they did not pass after the armies of Jacob. [whistles appreciatively] That's the first time that's happened since Yooohwhoo made her covenant with Abraham way back in chapter fifteen when an horrid of great darkness came to pass him. Only in a time it doesn't happen to just one guy, it happens to whole cities. The joke's definitely over. So Jacob came to Luz which in the land of Canaan (that's Bethel's real name) and the people there with him. And hee built there an altar and called the place *El Bethel*. The God of the house of God [nervous laugh]. Just, you know, so there's no mistake about who that is because there's God appearing to him when he fled from the face of his brother. But Deborah Rebeckah's nurse died and she was buried in Bethel under an oke and the name of was called *Altan Buchuth*. Which translates as the Oak of Weeping. There'll be a lot of weeping for a lot of oaks before this one is through. Boy Rebeckah's nurse goes back to before "hubba hubba" time. And God appeared unto Jacob again, when he came out of Padan Aram, and blessed him. And God said unto him: *The name is Jacob, the name shall not be called any more Jacob, but Israel shall be his name, and he called his name Israel.* Of course, that was the name that Yooohwhoo's cherubim gave him. The fact that God is going along with the name change [trunks] well, let's just say that it's not the best possible news for everyone concerned. And God said unto him: *I am God Almighty, be fruitful and multiply, a nation and a company of nations shall be of thee, and kings shall come out of thy loins. And the land which I gave Abraham and Isaac, I will give it unto thee after thee will I give the land.* And God went up from him in the place where he talked with him. Basically, God is echoing Yooohwhoo's covenant, signaling that this is a new beginning even though Jacob has already been as fruitful as Jacob is going to get. So Yooohwhoo is getting what she wants, the covenant, her way. What she thinks she wants. But as [lost in a memory] as Crebus once had someone. You can get what you want. [long pause] and still not be very happy. And Jacob set up a pillar in the place where he talked with him, a pillar of stone, and hee poured a drink offering thereon and hee poured oil thereon. And Jacob called the name of the place where God spoke with him *Hebdom*. And they returned from Bethel and there was but a little piece of ground to come to Ephraim. A very little piece of ground, a very small distance between Bethel and Ephraim-Bethlehem. A very small distance between doing what's right and doing what's wrong. And Rachel traveled and she had hard labour. This is what has made everything suddenly very, very serious. This is what the Oak of Weeping's about. This is what the death of Rebeckah's nurse is about. The giant step back to before "hubba hubba" time.

Yooohwhoo to a God to make Rachel pregnant again. *Flee the wife thing to do—exactly the giant step backwards from "good judgment to "bad judgment. And God wanted Yooohwhoo to avoid, the giant step backwards to the "bad old days in the garden, the "bad old days of Yooohwhoo giving men and women the impression that Yooohwhoo makes women pregnant. The giant step backwards of wanting Jacob to have an elder and a younger son with Rachel. And it came to pass, when she was in hard labour, that the midwife said unto her: *Fear not, thou shalt have this son also.* "Fear not." That's Yooohwhoo speaking through the midwife of course. Fear not. It's hard to imagine anything stupider that anyone could have said to Rachel, under the circumstances. It starts thousands of years of fear and suffering for your people [he looks over at Longsberg who has draped his blanket over both shoulders and is lost in some strange fantasy of his own smiling mysteriously. [Crebus sighs] all of which could have been avoided just by Yooohwhoo leaving well enough alone, just by leaving Joseph as the only son of Jacob and Rachel, a living symbol that there is only One God. One God who decides who gets pregnant and who doesn't. One Short Stupid Piece Of Ground. And that's all that ends up separating Beth-EL—the House of God, from Beth-El-Ehem. The House of *Dead*. Yooohwhoo's curse on men. *In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.* [shakes his head at the stupidity of it all]. Fear not the midwife says. That must've been a great comfort to Rachel as she's lying there dying in childbirth. And it came to pass as her soul was in departing (for she died) that she said: *Give name B'n-ami.* "The Son of my Sorrow. Which is very apt. Very apt. An answer to the*





midwife saving. Fear not. And the next slip back from Yodhah's voice, up them, at the sweet city. But
 shall thou eat bread to Yodhah's curse on woman, as sorrow thou shalt bring forth after. Rachel

wasn't afraid Rachel was unhappy. But, after all, she didn't know what she was unhappy how could she know? It wasn't Rachel's idea to do it, and Rachel gave birth to a son. Defining love as a wholehearted idea, I couldn't see how I could give birth to a son and

[illegible][illegible]

make up half of the total land area were given over to us people.

[illegible][illegible]

taken away from him? And then to have his father Isaac, who's right after Jacob had received an inheritance, come back and say, "I had nothing to do with Rachel or Jacob. They just happened to be the ones who had to bear the result of *Yehonatan* doing what he did and making the great backward step to the bad old days in the garden [hence, it was *gera*], then laid for calling on the name of the Yehonatan, that's real the source of all of the trouble. But *then* I don't know that. But he was a scoundrel, he took an inheritance that he had often taken away by selling his elder brother, and taking an oath of it to bring glory and blessing. That his great word was to say anything his elder brother and Isaac, probably more of it, he's bringing and being a good guy, he tried to make amends by incorporating Isaac and then it's a scandal into the story. He doesn't work at all. There's just this one great guy, a fugitive, who's a scoundrel, who's a pagan son, and Isaac's pagan wives, and then there's the end of it. Isaac's a scoundrel, passed to Jacob, Jacob's a scoundrel, and he had to just because he's a scoundrel, he's a few years down the road, 14 years, 15 years,

[illegible]

A second ex-ante approach to structure chapter 14 is seen with *And I wish that in the hand of the Lord were the young men of Jacob*. Ignoring that this is the way the story you-arranges in the hand of Cainan. Hence the next way is of Jacob.

[illegible]

beating is in violation of the earth, that God made, you commit a speaking through I, about a bush in a desert. You move

[illegible]

the sons of Halhah are joyful and wresting
/ pub are 'a troop and happy
yechthon's tendency to come up with such issues because it indicates
and judge the yechthons were, i.e. and the sons

[illegible]

convinced that everyone should love Yoohoo. The idea that everyone hated her because she loved them was more than I could have anyone well, that is something Yoohoo hadn't considered but for a while there I would make perfect sense. I know so that *Grand* would be hated because I *hated* him, I was told that she

[illegible]

...and I said, "I will make perfect sinners of you because you are sinners."

since in Yoshitane's mind everyone else's even
regarded her as so vital, that indeed her dominion over us, and then helped him to let the more, for to
be much, and for his words. And he, he wanted us to enter her, and told the brothers who such

[illegible]

down, *our return to thee to the earth?* This is *defined*, an interesting idea as far as Yochanan is concerned because it suggests that Jacob represents the sun and Joseph represents the earth and Joseph's eleven brothers are the eleven stars. Should the sun and the moon and the moon Joseph represent the moon Joseph?

Yoonwhoo is sure that she's better than all these evil little boys crawling all over her and that then should worship her. But the sun? And his brethren enused him?

Yoochwhon is concerned. The eleven stars are *ennui*s of Yoochwhoo? Yoochwhoo is a female, remember? For a female there's nothing better than being *ennui*d by someone else. The question is: how does that make

[illegible]

21

by you said that I was supposed to remind you of a meeting I had after my accident. The balance of

(147)

eth right. Thanks. Okay. Chapter 19, eight. Having established Yael's identical location with Joseph, whatever happens to Joseph, whatever Joseph does is going to affect Yoonahwa. That *ahs* he's true for the brother that God has identified Joseph with. What is it, of course, about the fourth son that same after he she it. Reube it. *Simonea*, *ev*. So while Yael would be her fingermarks down to the quick, wanting to find out what the chief of the excavations is anxious to do with Joseph, God has his own problems with what Judith gets up to. And it's time to pause. At that time, thus, Judith was *in service from the beginning and taken up to a certain Adulante, whose name is Shush*. Which is the way of the Yoonahwa. You know, back to chapter six (again). *That the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and they took, to them wives of all, whom they chose.* Although (laughs) it says the first Yoonahwa isn't going to be happy about Judith going through the sons of God doing it. That was one thing. Yoonahwa couldn't give two pins for any of the sons of God. They were just as convinced it was to prove her point that you're supposed to leave your father and mother and cleave to your wife. But in this part of the story, Judith *again* with God. There is only one representative alive of God in the story. There *is* *one* Judith. He saw the way that Isaac represented God and Rebekah represented Yoonahwa. But the thing is, Judith *doesn't* go looking for this little Yoonahwa. She was Abraham's servant, went looking for Isaac's little Yoonahwa to be. And Jacob went looking for *his* little Yoonahwa (and ended up with four of them) for Yoonahwa to be. Instead,

Lucy Foster Judd told goes and finds the daughter of a certain € a happy. Bushaby put some interchangeable pattern woman who can see his eye. The are who *Rebecca's* reaction would be happy. I *Isaac* had done that or *Rebecca's* reaction if *Isaac* had done that. Nobody *their* reaction times oh say a BAZILLION and you've got *Yodanis* reaction and he took her and would *under her* And she

[illegible]

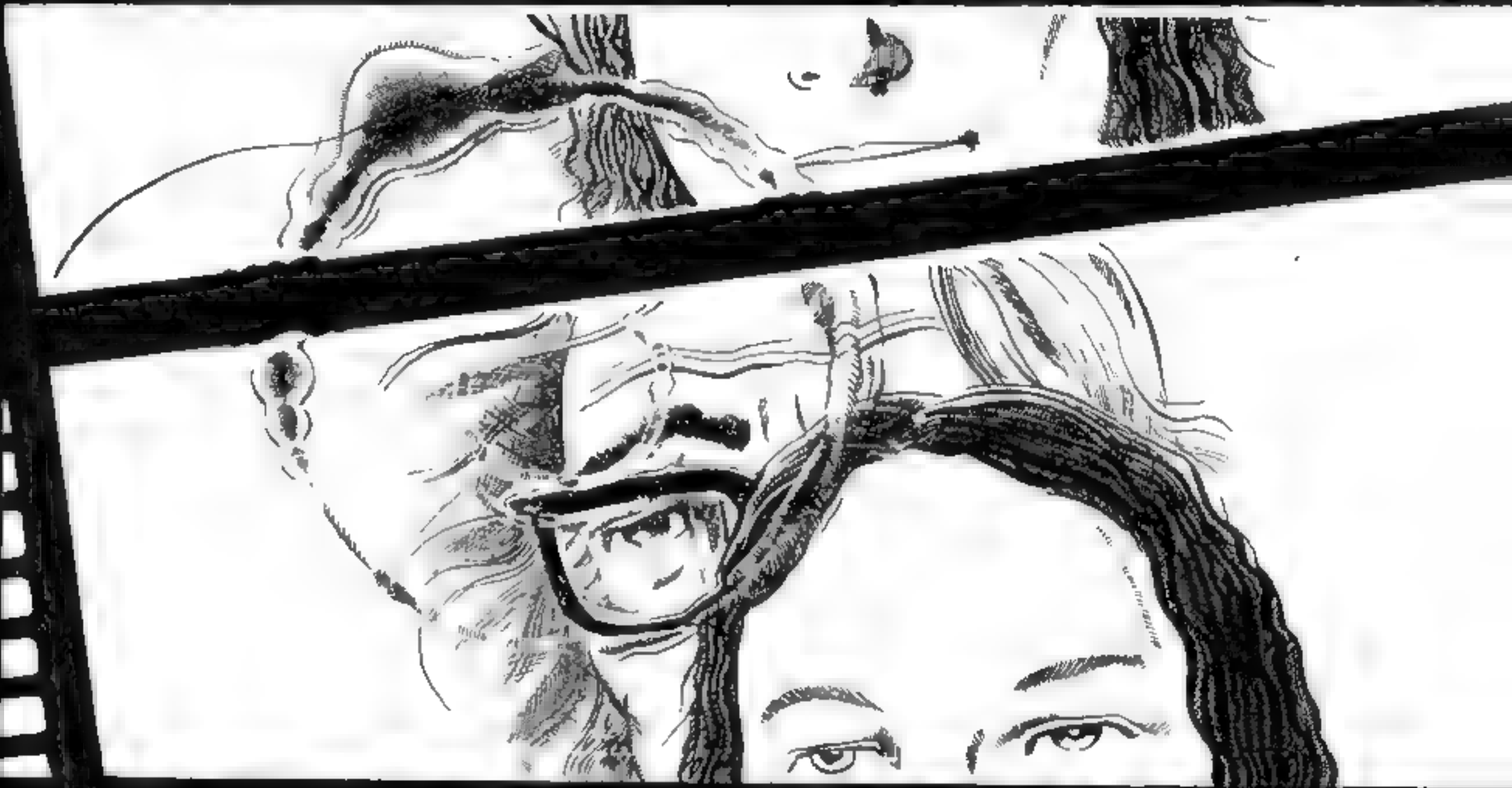
Oran was a good guy who wanted to find a wife of his own, what was it a pagan because he the right? marryin g pagan wives was wrong and it came to pass when he went on his honeymoon with that he specified it on the ground, least that hee should have seed a hee brother. And the thing which he did was said in the eyes of the Yehudim, when long, so it turn about

Камінь

[Cecilia has *not* said what *kind* of a language this is. No question I *must* trust it is *such* everything *phenomenally*. Ma.] Woods: Pay attention, son, he! Don't be such a dolt but *ask*. The *sharp* part of the r.v. goes against the girl's. Hog: högre perleket [in his own voice] can do this. Mr. Bergman.]

of each is

Again, with a few seconds to make sure Ken gets by, I all through] a fortunate, a lot of time I was a no-win situation. Yoo-hoo was just going to wipe out, again, who thought they were going to pass on the seed of God's representative with a Yoo-hoo's participation. *That's not Leah to him, it's a daughter in law. Remains a widow at the father's house, it's Sholeh in some, in given, but he said Leah, per se, nature of the die, then as his brother, it laughs. Leah must've figured that, again, was so the strange, dead, a force of nature at that point. There was a strange force of nature at work at night, but I wasn't. Tamar and Tamar went and died in her father's house. And the slaves were mistreated, the daughter of Sholeh Leah's wife died and Leah was comforted. God isn't pulling any punches at this point. That was a big part of Isaac and Rebecca get together, remember? Isaac was comforted after his mother's death by his marriage to Rebecca, laughs. Leah is comforted after the death of his wife when he, at a point, his sheep shepherds in Tamar, he and his friend Hirah the 4th time. [laughs] Doesn't look as if he's exactly desperate to find in himself a new Yoo-hoo does it? And I told Tamar, wrong. Off from her father, he ran, such up to Tamar to share his sheep. And she put her widows' garments off from her*



SO... WHATEVER
HAPPENED TO KONIGSBERG?

KONIGSBERG?
WELL, HE JUST KEPT
GETTING WORSE AND
WORSE UNTIL
...F.NALLY...

CEREBUS HAD
TO SEND "FIND WHAT'S
WRONG AND FIX IT"
WISE FELLOW OVER
THERE

FORTUNATELY,
WE FOUND THE
PROBLEM **RIGHT**
AWAY...

ALL OF THESE
BOOKS BY SOME
NUTCASE NAMED
JUNGFRALI.

SO HE
THREW 'EM
ALL OUT.

AND REPLACED
THEM WITH... **TOYS**
(BASICALLY).

TOYS

AYE. TOY WAGONS, PAINT-
BY-NUMBERS, COLOURING
BOOKS, CRAYONS, ROLLS....

...MASKS.

GEE-- ALL OF THE **CRAP**
IN THOSE **JUNGFRALI** BOOKS
HAD TURNED KONIGSBERG
MENTALLY BACK INTO A
CHILD..

SO, (BASICALLY) WE
HAD TO HELP HIM TO
GROW UP ALL OVER
AGAIN.

HUNH.

and covered her with a vaile and wrapped her self and sate in Enaijm..." Enaijm translates as "the door of eyes," which, you can well imagine Judah was being watched pretty closely at this point by just about every yooohwhoo under the sun since they all knew that he was God's representative in the story and his only chance to pass on his seed, at this point, is his youngest son—because his youngest son is the only one that Yooohwhoo hasn't killed... [laughs]...yet. The yooohwhoo's know that God isn't likely to pass on the seed through Judah's youngest son, because that would switch the covenant from the elder to the younger being. So—what the yooohwhoo's, what everyone, wants to know at this point, is *what is Judah going to do?* Well, [laughs] as it turns out, it wasn't so much a question of what Judah was going to do. It was, "What is Tamar going to do?" Because Tamar—who, up to that point had been the odds-on favourite to pass on Judah's seed—can see that she's about to get dealt out of the game unless she does something, *quick!* "...for shee sawe that Shelah was growen, and she was not giuen vnto him to wife. When Iudah saw her, he thought her to be an harlot: because she had covered her face. And hee turned vnto her by the way, and said, Goe to, I pray thee, let me come in vnto thee: (for he knew not that she his daughter in law)" Needless to say, whatever Yooohwhoo might've had against Tamar up to this point, is completely forgotten and Yooohwhoo jumps straight into the story up to her eyeballs. The "hubba hubba" game has that kind of [laughs] strange effect on Yooohwhoo. "...and she said, What wilt thou giue mee, that thou mayest come in vnto me? And hee said, I will send thee a kid of the goats:" There's the other kid of the goats, by the way. The blood of the first one was used by the brothers to deceive Jacob that Joseph had died and now the *second* kid of the goats gets used by Yooohwhoo for a completely different kind of deception. "... and shee saide, Wilt thou giue a pledge, till thou send it? And he said, What pledge shall I giue thee? And she said, Thy signet, and thy brucelets, and thy staffe, that is in thine hand:" Oh, this is Yooohwhoo, all right. [laughs] The signet is a man's version of the "jewel for the forehead" that Rebekah got from Abraham's elder servant. The bracelets are a man's version of the bracelets that Rebekah got from Abraham's elder servant. And, on top of it, why not a man's staff? Which, of course, is made of wood, which comes from trees, which are "he's" [laughs again]. Oh, aye, this is Yooohwhoo, all right. With Yooohwhoo's help, Tamar is about to give Jacob a run for his money as far as usurpers go. "... and he gaue it her, & came in vnto her, and she conceived by him. And shee arose and went away, and laid by her vaile from her, and put on the garments of her widowhood. And Iudah sent the kidde by the hand of his friend the Adullamite, to receiue pledge from the womans hand:" The same way that Abraham had sent his elder servant. "...but he found her not. Then hee asked the men of that place, saying, Where is the harlot, that was openly by the way side? And they said, There was no harlot in this." Yooohwhoo must've been turning cartwheels in the middle of the earth. The "door of eyes" wasn't just the yooohwhoo's. Everyone was watching—God, Yooohwhoo, God's Angels, Yooohwhoo's Angels and everyone's reaction was the same. "There was no harlot in this." "And he returned to Iudah, and said, I cannot finde her: and also the men of the place said, That there was no harlot in this. And Iudah said, Let her take it to her, lest we become a contempt: behold, I sent this kidde, and thou hast not found her. And it came to passe about three months after, that it was tolde Iudah, saying, Tamar thy daughter in law hath played the harlot, and also behold, she is with child by whoredom: and Iudah said, Bring her foorth, and let her be burnt. When she was brought forth, she sent to her father in law, saying, By the man whose these are, am I with child: and she saide, Discerne, I pray thee, whose are these, the signet, and bracelets, and staffe. And Iudah acknowledged, and said, She hath bin more righteous then I: because that I gaue her not to Shelah my sonne: and he knew her againe no more." An absolutely HUGE win for Yooohwhoo. Especially the staff. Which she doesn't "cash in" on for a few hundred years. So, there was bound to be a lot of curiosity about the baby Tamar was going to bare to Judah. "And it came to passe in the time of her trauaile, that beholde, twinnes were in her wombe." Twins! This is significant! Twins! Like Jacob and Esau! An elder and a younger! "And it came to passe when shee trauailed, that..." Name missing [laughs]. No big surprise. "...put out his hand, and the midwife tooke and bound vpon his hand a skarlet threed, saying this came out first And it came to passe as he drew backe his hand, that beholde, his brother came out and she said, How hast thou broken foorth? Breach vpon thee: Therefore his name was called Pharez" That is, a breach. "And afterward came out his brother that the skarlet threed vpon his hand, and his name was called Zarah." Does a hand coming out, count as a birth? If so, then Zarah was the elder. Does the whole baby have to come out to count as a birth? If so, then Pharez was the elder. What if Cerebus was to suggest to you that the hand that came out represented the hand of God, in the same way as Benjamin was named "the son of the right hand"? The same way that, although Yooohwhoo is calling the shots, it is God's "hands" that are making all her crazy ideas real. And does it matter what the midwife's opinion was? [laughs] Nah

flip

Moshe let his father in law depart and he went his way into his own land. Okay two major things happen in chapter eighteen which for thousands of years the Hebrew people will be paying for. First, Aaron gets a whiff of and a taste for sacrificial beef. Second, Moshe's father-in-law who is an Egyptian and a pagan talks Moshe into giving away his authority as God's Prophet to a bunch of other guys. How would Moshe know who were men of truth, having consciousness? Moshe isn't God. Moshe's God's Prophet. You want to know where everything started to go wrong, switching from a Prophet to a bunch of Judges is a good place to

flip

Set bounds upon the mount and sent after it [laughs] Yooohwhoo's so scared that God is coming that she forgets her own instructions that she gave to Moshe. "Let's get out of

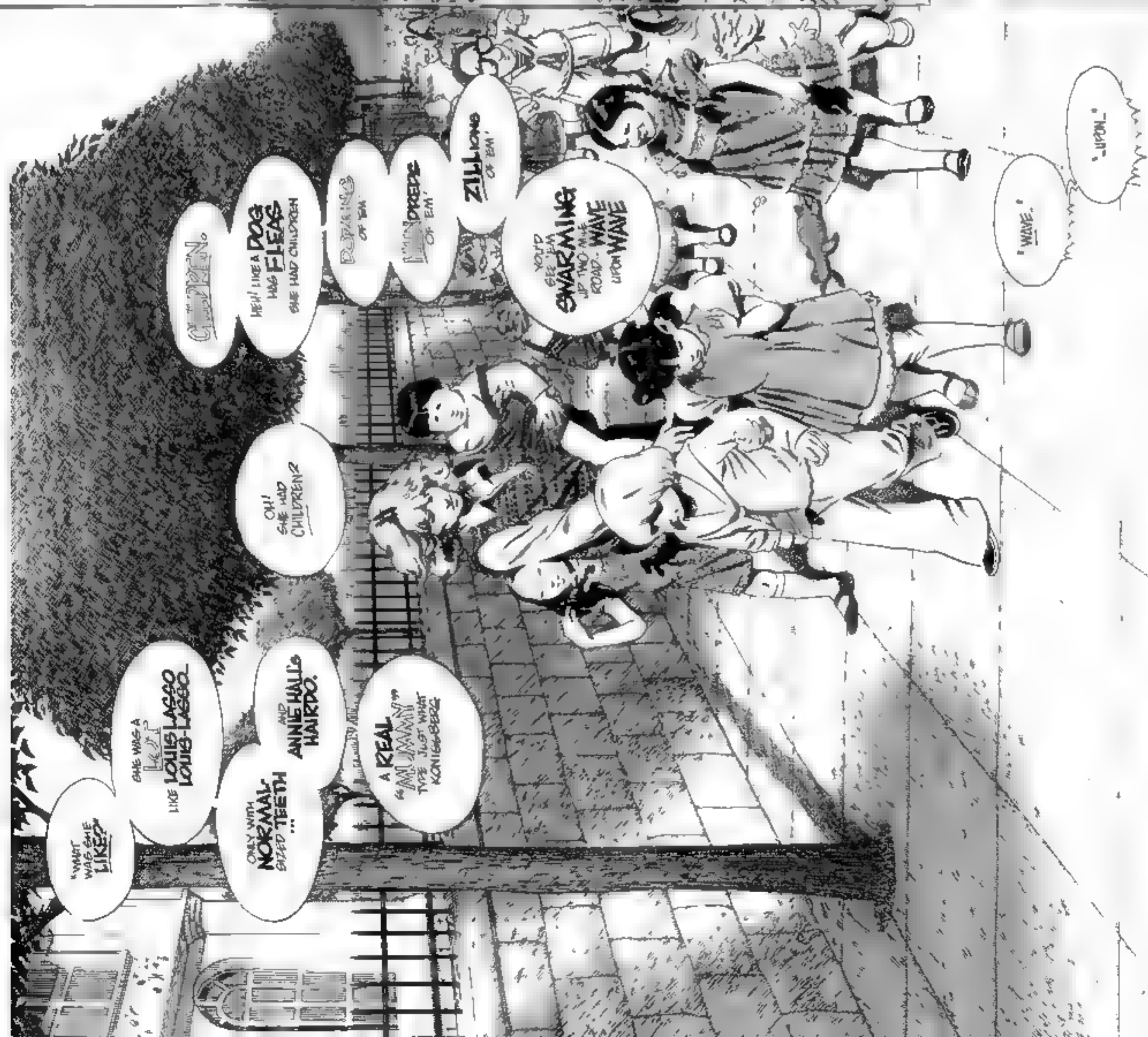
flip

five commandments each. Yooohwhoo and God united. He Yooohwhoo. She Yooohwhoo. It Yooohwhoo. Yooohwhoo and God. Five. You can tell which commandments are Yooohwhoo's because they're [laughs] wordy damn things. The first one is God's. Thou shalt have no other Gods before me. See? Very simple instruction. The next one is Yooohwhoo's. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image or any likeness that is in heaven above or that is in the earth beneath or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them. For I the Yooohwhoo thy God a jealous God visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth of them that hate me. And showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my Commandments. See what Cerebus means? The next three are Yooohwhoo's as well. Thou shalt not take the name of the Yooohwhoo thy God in vain for the Yooohwhoo will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Just like that. You would think it was one of God's, but Yooohwhoo just has to babble on like any female. Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work. But the seventh day the Sabbath of the Yooohwhoo thy God thou shalt not do any work: thou nor thy sonne nor thy daughter thy man servant nor thy maid servant nor thy cattle nor thy stranger that within thy gates. For in six days the Yooohwhoo made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day.



WE HAD YOU KNOW
MOSTLY ANYWAY
AND TWO SINGERS
ARE AS WELL YOU KNOW
SINGERS ARE
FOR AS FOR...
SEE GUYS DON'T
SO WHAT WAS SHE LIKE?





"WHAT WAS SHE LIKE?"

GAVE WAS A LOT LIKE LOUIS LASSO LOUIS LASSO.

ONLY WITH NORMAL SIZED TEETH... AND ANNIE HALL'S HAIRDO.

A REAL "ANUJAMMY" TYPE JUST WHAT KONIGSBERG

OH! SHE HAD CHILDREN?

HEY! LIKE A DOG WAS FLEAS SHE HAD CHILDREN

DOZENS OF 'EM

ZILLIONS OF 'EM

YOU'D SEE 'EM SWARMING UP TWO MILE ROAD. WAVE UPON WAVE

"WAVE."

"UPON."



CEREBUS IS KIDNAPING.

NO SERIOUSLY HOW MANY CHILDREN DID SHE HAVE...?

?

SEVEN?

NINE MAYBE?

YOU REALLY HAVE NO IDEA

20

And then chapter twenty-one Chapter twenty-one shows you what happens when-- instead of just letting God's Prophet run the show--you get a bunch of regular guys to be Judges. Look at this mess! This is why Cerebus got rid of the Lewyers. He is his money? Cerebus isn't kidding. Look there it is in verse twenty-one. What in the heck is that supposed to mean? He

flip

Okay chapter twenty-four Finally After all that Judges crap Chapter twenty-four was confusing as heck, boy Cerebus kept reading it trying to figure out what it was talking about. So, this is what Cerebus figures. Moshe took Yeshua up Mount Sinai with him. Not Aaron. W/A not Aaron? Cerebus has no idea, but, evidently, Aaron took it really badly. Which is understandable. All along, it's been Moshe and Aaron, Moshe and Aaron, right? And suddenly it's Moshe and Yeshua? So, as Cerebus sees it, what happens is that Aaron decides to write his own chapter twenty-four where he's told to come up with Moshe into the Yoochwhoo and worship in a farre off. And "Then went up Moshe and Aaron Nachu and Abihu and sequenty of the Elders of Israel And they saw the God of Israel and there was vnder his feet, as it were a paved worke of a Saphire stone and as it were the body of heauen in his clearenesse And upon the Nobles of the children of Israel he layd not his hand also they saw God, and did eate and drinke

A picnic! With God! [laughs and laughs] That's crazy. God is an invisible Spirit. It's only when you read the next part—Moshé's chapter twenty-four—that you find out what actually happened. "And Moshé rose up, and his minister Yeshua and Moshe went up into the mount of God. And he said unto the Elders Tarry ye here for us, until we come again unto you and behold, Aaron and Hur with you. If any man have any matters to do, let him come unto them." [laughs] Bad choice of words, Moshé. Look at this:

Chapter twenty-five. Gold, silver, brass. Rams skins died red, badgers skins, Shittim wood, oil for the light, spices for anointing oil and sweet incense, onyx stones. An Arke made from Shittim wood, overlaid in pure gold, inside and out, topped off with a crown of gold. Four rings of gold, staves of Shittim wood, also overlaid with gold. A Mercy seat of pure gold, two Cherubims of pure gold. A table of Shittim wood, also overlaid with gold and also topped off with a crown of gold. Also with four gold rings. Also with staves made of Shittim wood, also overlaid with gold. Dishes, spoons, covers, bowls, all of pure gold. Candlestick of pure gold with six branches, knobs and branches of pure gold. Seven lamps of pure gold, snuff dishes of pure gold [laughs]. So! This is what God told them to do on the picnic. Look at chapter twenty-six. Ten curtains of fine twined linen, blue and purple and scarlet. All of them coupled together with solid gold fastenings. This isn't a sanctuary. [laughs] This is either the world's gaudiest whorehouse or a saloon for [dangles his hand from his limp wrist]. Rams skins dyed red, badgers skins. Forty sockets of silver. Silver? Aaron must've decided to cut a few corners with the stuff you couldn't see. Oops, no. That can't be it. Boards to hold up the curtains, overlaid with gold, bars to support the curtains overlaid with gold. A veil, of blue and purple and scarlet [dangles his limp wrist, whispering] "with Cherubims shall it be made." Pillars of Shittim wood, overlaid with gold. Hooks of gold. Then? Chapter twenty-seven. The Altar. Eight feet long and four feet high. Brass this time but only because gold would melt. Cerebus is wailing to bet. Brass horns, brass pans, brass shovels, brass basins, brass firepans, brass grates, brass rings, brass staves. More fine twined linen curtains [waving his limp wrists around in the air].

"A hundred cubits long!" Twenty pillars, more hangings of blue and purple and scarlet of fine, twined linen [flipping his limp wrist]. Twenty pillars, wrought with needle work. "And thou shalt command the children of Israel that they bring thee pure olive oil to cause the lamps to ascend up always. This is well. God evidently told them on the picnic. And then chapter twenty-eight. Turns out the next item on the agenda at "God's picnic" was "holy garments" for Aaron and Nadab and Abihu, Eleazar, and Ithamar, Aaron's sons [Cerebus starts nuzzling around the Sanctuary as he reads with his limp wrists flying].

Lusping. [I have trouble writing it all down, I'm laughing so hard.] A breastplate, and an Ephod, and a robe and a broidered coat. A Miter and a girdle, and they shall make holy garments for Aaron thy brother, and his sons. That hee may minister unto mee in the Priestes office. And they shall take gold and blew, and purple and scarlet and fine twined linen. And they shall make the Ephod of gold, of blew and of purple, of scarlet and fine twined linen. with cunning worke. [he finally cracks himself up and has to stop]. It actually says that. Cunning worke. Can you believe it? Gold, and blue and purple and scarlet. Two onyx stones with the names of the tribes engraved on them. In gold settings, of course. Goes without saying. Two chains of pure gold, of [dangles his limp wrist] "wroughten worke." Breastplate of Judgment of gold and blue and purple and scarlet, fine twined linen. Four rows of stones [flapping his limp wrist up and down as he announces each one] A Sardius. A Topaz. A Carbuncle. An Emerald. A Sapphire. A Diamond. A Lygure. An Agate. An Amethyst. A Beryl. An Onix. A Jasper. All with gold filings, of course. Two rings of gold on the breastplate. More wreathen work. Two rings of gold. And they shall bind the breastplate by the rings thereof unto the rings of the Ephod with a lace of blew, that it may be about the curious girdle. Seriously. A "curious" girdle. Of the Ephod, and that the breastplate be not loosed from the Ephod. Oooh. We wouldn't want that to happen. Oh and this part! And beneath upon the hemme of it thou shalt make pomegranates of blew and of purple and of scarlet round about the hemme thereof, and bellies of gold betweene them round about. A golden bell and a pomegranate, a golden bell and a pomegranate upon the hemme of the robe round about. And it shall be upon Aaron, to minister and his sound shall be heard when he goeth in unto the holy before the Yooohwoh, and when he cometh out that he die not. [laughs] Except maybe of embarrassment. And then he gets another plate of pure gold on "a blew lace" on the Miter. "And it shall be upon Aaron's forehead, that Aaron may beare the iniquitie of the holy things. The inquiry of the holy things. [laughs] It's not as if Yooohwoh wasn't completely up-front about what she was doing. And coats and hats and bells and whistles all of fine blue and purple and scarlet and fine twined linen. Okay. Then chapter twenty-nine. The first of Yooohwoh's many favourite mutilated cattle recipes which is the part Aaron was waiting for since—like everyone else—he was tired of eating the mamma, the little light dried bread lumps that they were all living off of. By the way, you'll notice over the next few chapters that the Hebrew people who aren't Aaron and his sons start going a little nutty. Which, considering all they had to eat were these little bread/wafer lumps while over in the Sanctuary Aaron and his sons were filling the camp with the smell of barbecued prime rib and tenderloin [laughs]. Well, the only real surprise is that everyone didn't go crazier than they did. Let's see what other goodies did Aaron get at his "picnic with God?" Oh right, everyone has to pay half a shekel each, as a "ransom for his soule" to Aaron and his sons. Oh, and then, of course, Aaron and his sons [dangles his limp wrist] want the Sanctuary to smell good. Five hundred shekels worth of pure myrrh, sweet cinnamon [flapping his limp wrist] half so much, two hundred and fifty shekels worth of sweet calamus, five hundred shekels worth of Cassia. [laughs] They must've been glad that someone remembered to bring a pen and paper to God's picnic. So! They mix all this perfume gunk together with a quart of olive oil and use it to anoint the tabernacle, the Arke, the table, all the junk on the table, Aaron, his sons. But [stamps his foot petulantly], no one else gets any. Just Aaron and his sons. And then another perfume, this time Stacte, Onicha, Galbanum, with pure frankincense. This one belongs to dear Yooohwoh, only anybody else tries making some—even just to smell it—and they get kicked out, permanently. You've never been married either, have you?

Me

Me? Yeah, I have. I was married for almost five years. Happiest two years of my life. Nyuck nyuck nyuck



OF COURSE
ON THE OTHER
HAND...

HOW COULD
ANYONE
TELL?
CONSIDERING THAT
WE ALMOST NEVER
TOOK OFF THAT
TIE

HEY!

WHAT?

YOU'RE JUST
FLIPPING
THROUGH
THE TRANSCRIPTS

OH
SO
I AM

I GOT INTERESTED
IN WHAT YOU WERE SAYING
ABOUT KNOWLEDGE

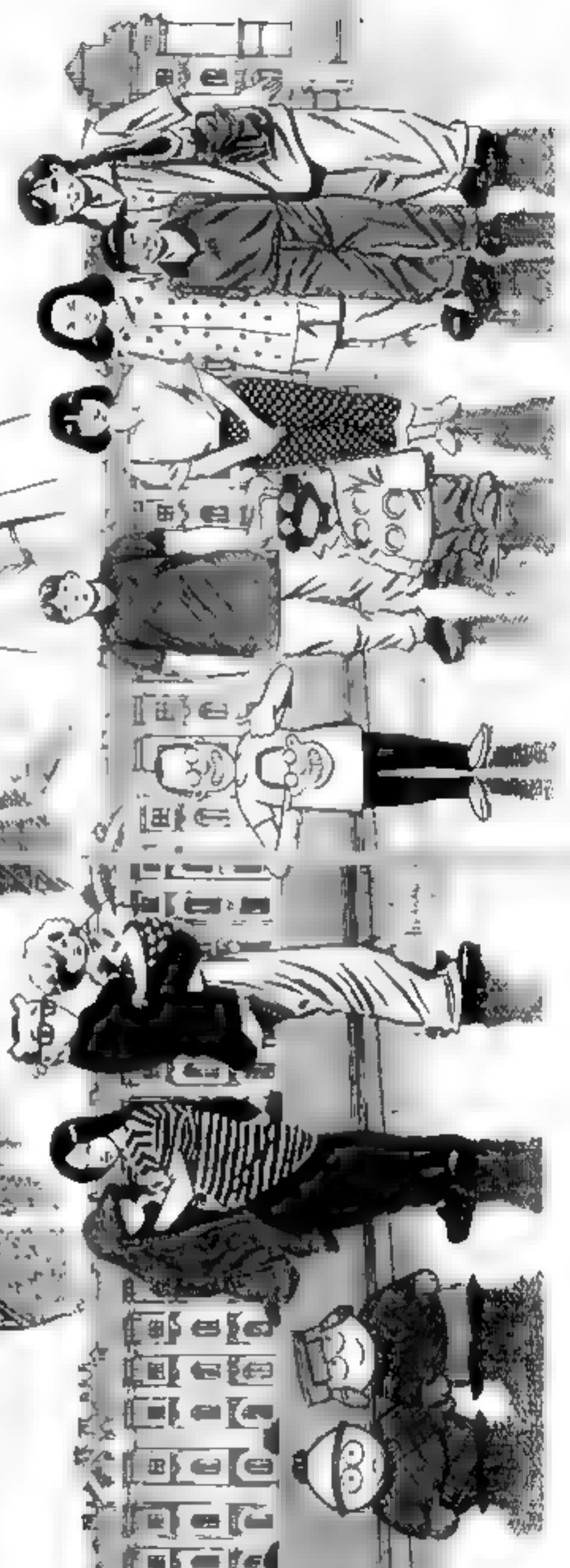
I DID READ
SOMETHING THERE
TO THE END OF

WELL THEN

NOW WHAT
ARE YOU
LAUGHING
ABOUT?

HA HA
PEOPLE!

PEOPLE?
IN WHAT
WAY? HOW DO
YOU MEAN?



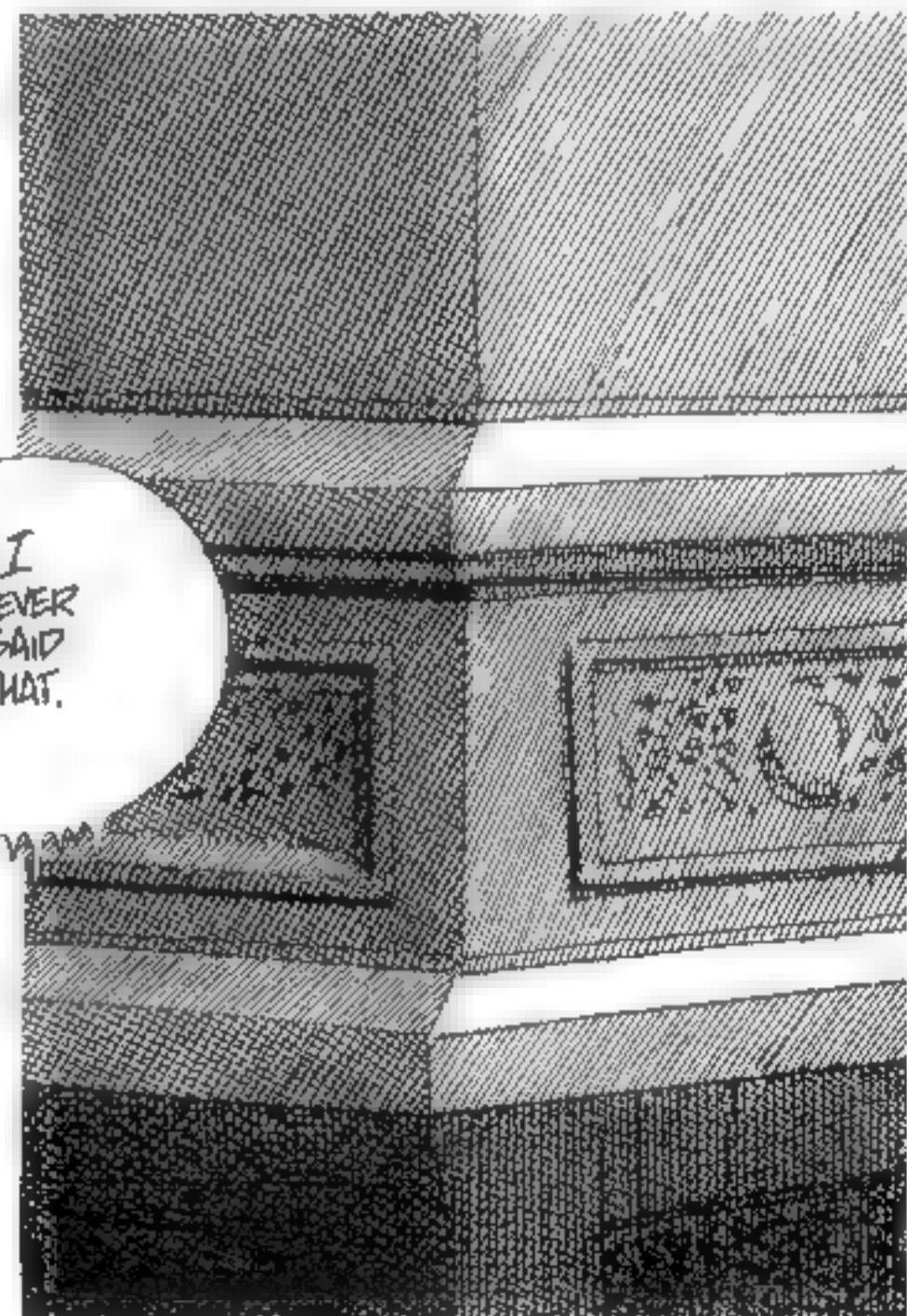
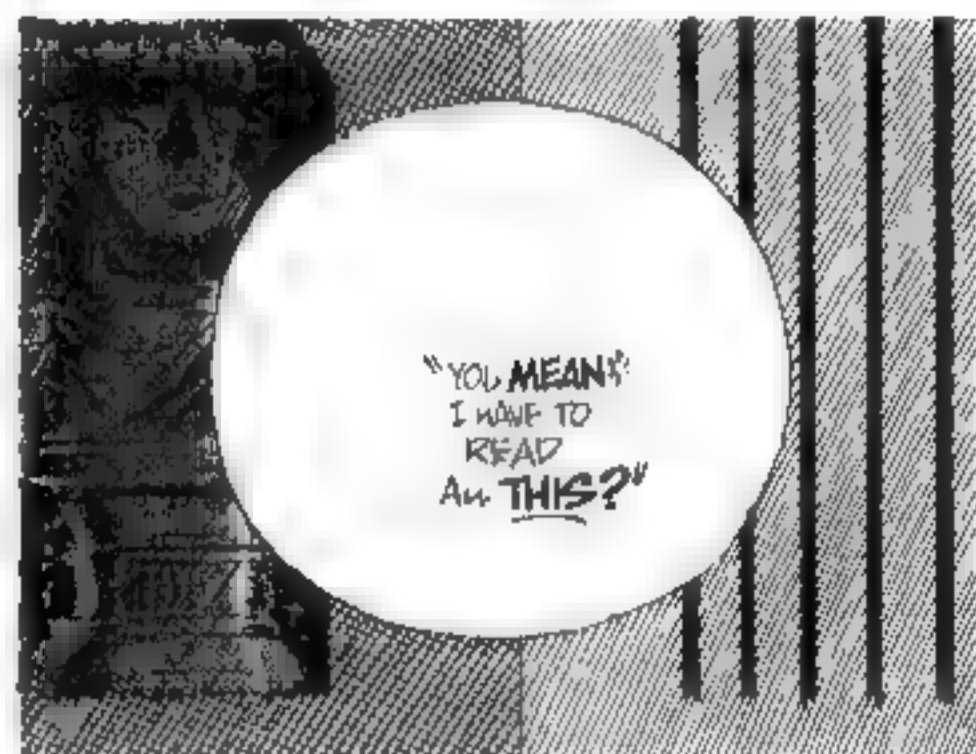
Nyuck nyuck nyuck. So you know about women and "their" perfume

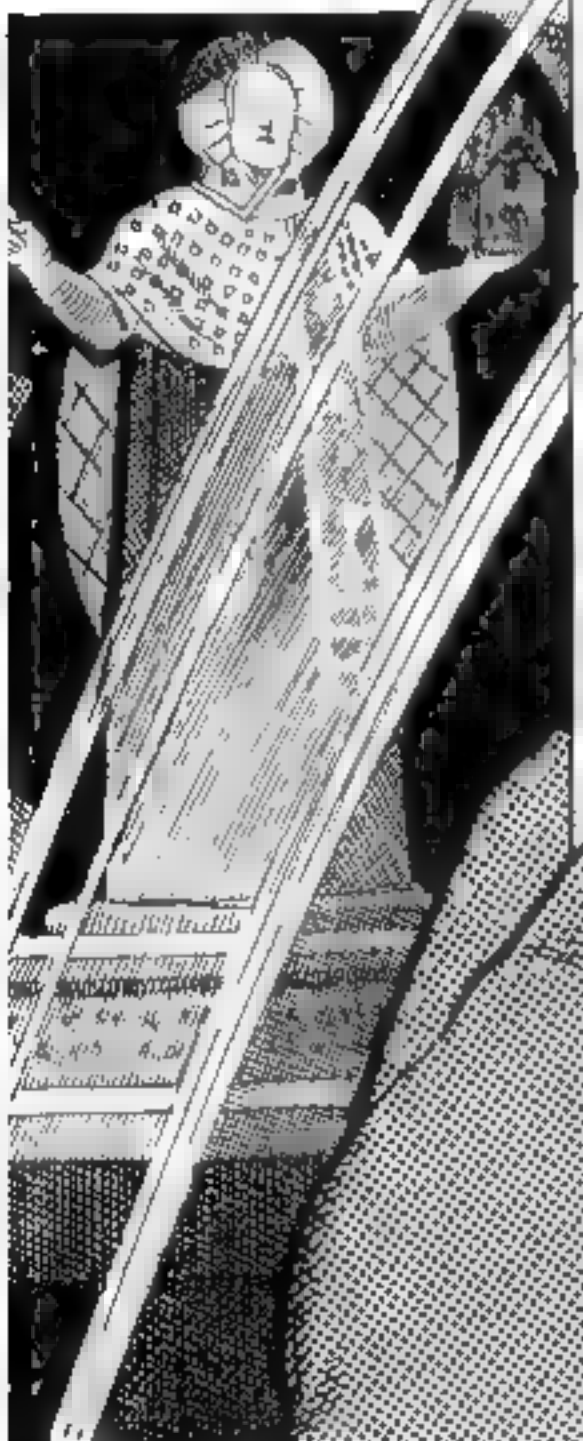
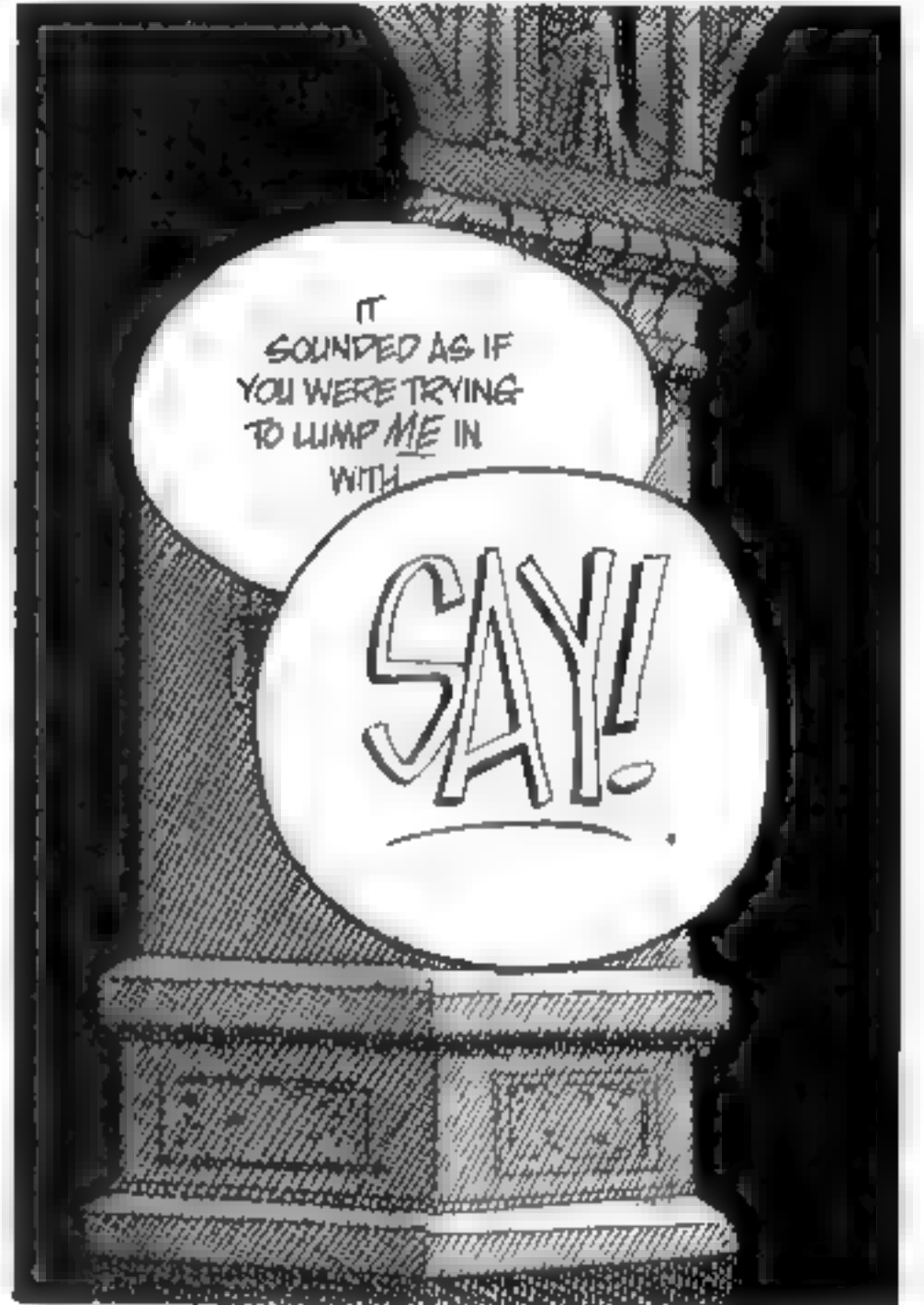
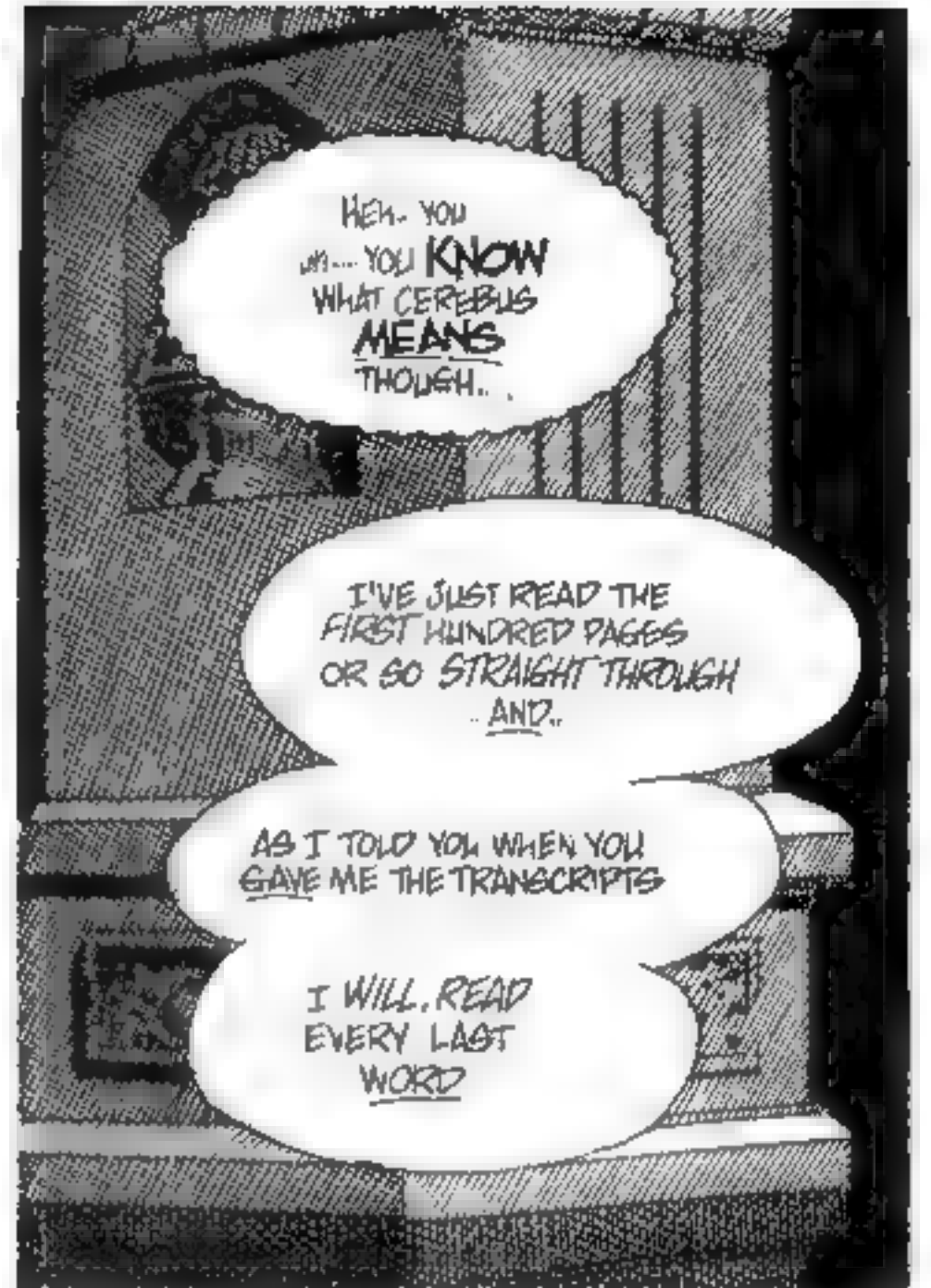
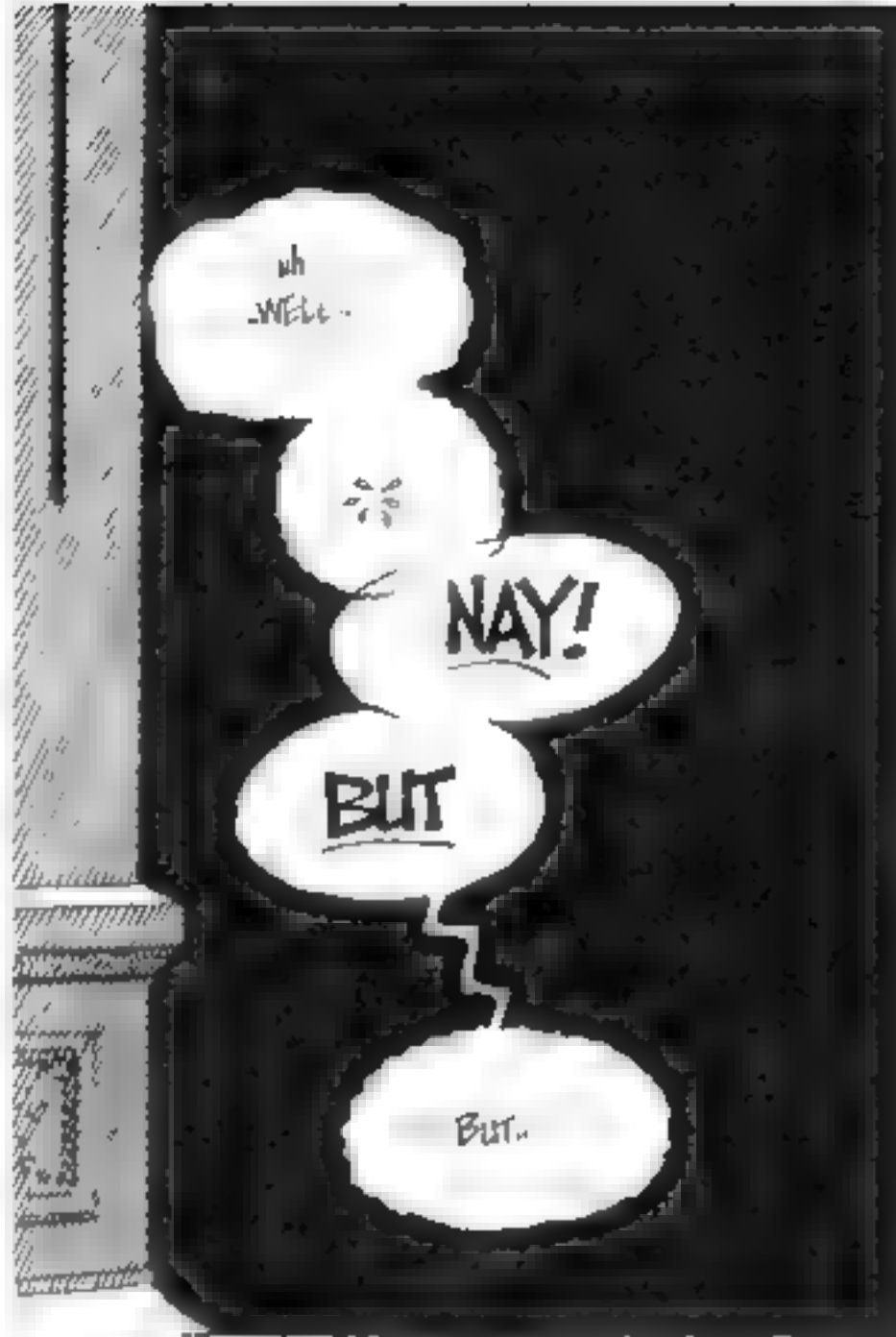
Cerebus

Mc
Oh, yeah

Cerebus

Okay So that brings us to the end of Aaron's shopping [thinks] pillage And then in chapter thirty-one, we find out what the heck has been going on in the last six chapters. And the Yishwhon spoke into Moshe saying See I have called by name Bezaleel, the son of Uri the son of Hur of the tribe of Judah Ah! There's the little limp-wristed answer There's the little flit who was so [dangles his limp wrist] handy with a needle and thread and did such "cunning work" in gold and silver and blue and purple and scarlet Surprise, surprise He turns out to be the great grandson of Hur, the guy Moshe left behind with Aaron to "mind the store" saying if any man have any matters to do let him come unto them Of course Moshe didn't mean, "If anybody has any good ideas about how to re-do the Tabernacle and Aaron and his sons in "W horchouse Egyptian Modern" and wants to open a "Levites-only" Barbecue, by all means, consider the people's loot to be your loot Knock yourselves out" And, of course Moshe said "any man so, obviously Bezaleel was, judging by appearances, getting by on a technicality But, obviously, none of that was a problem for Great Grandpapa Hur or Aaron Far from it And, according to verse six, there was even a "co-flit" Aholiab, the son of Ahisamach, of the tribe of Dan. There is no question that these two were going to be the envy of lavender-scented interior decorators for generations to come





AB FAB FIRST ISSUE!

FRIENDS

Yookiwahoo

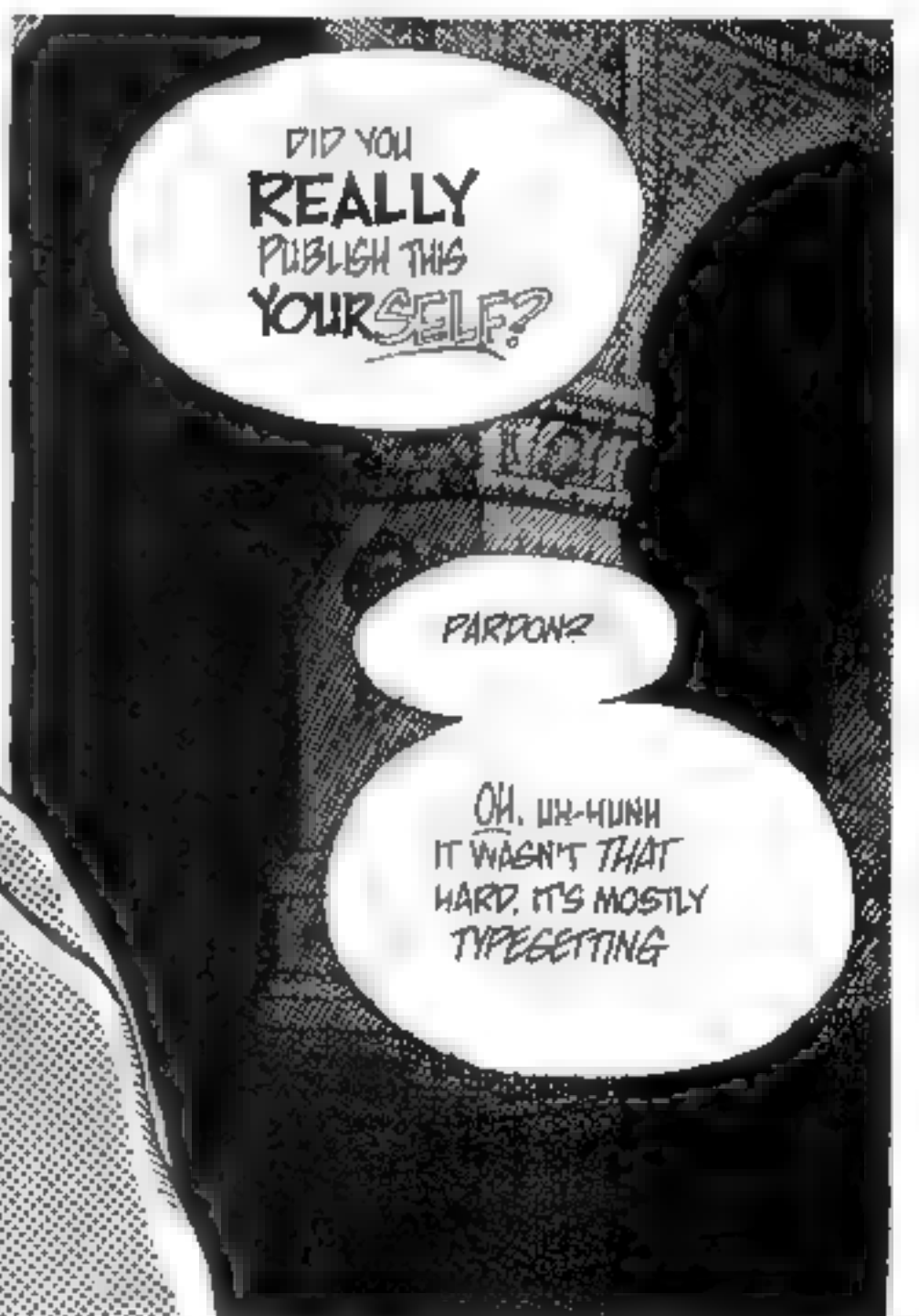
STEVE 103

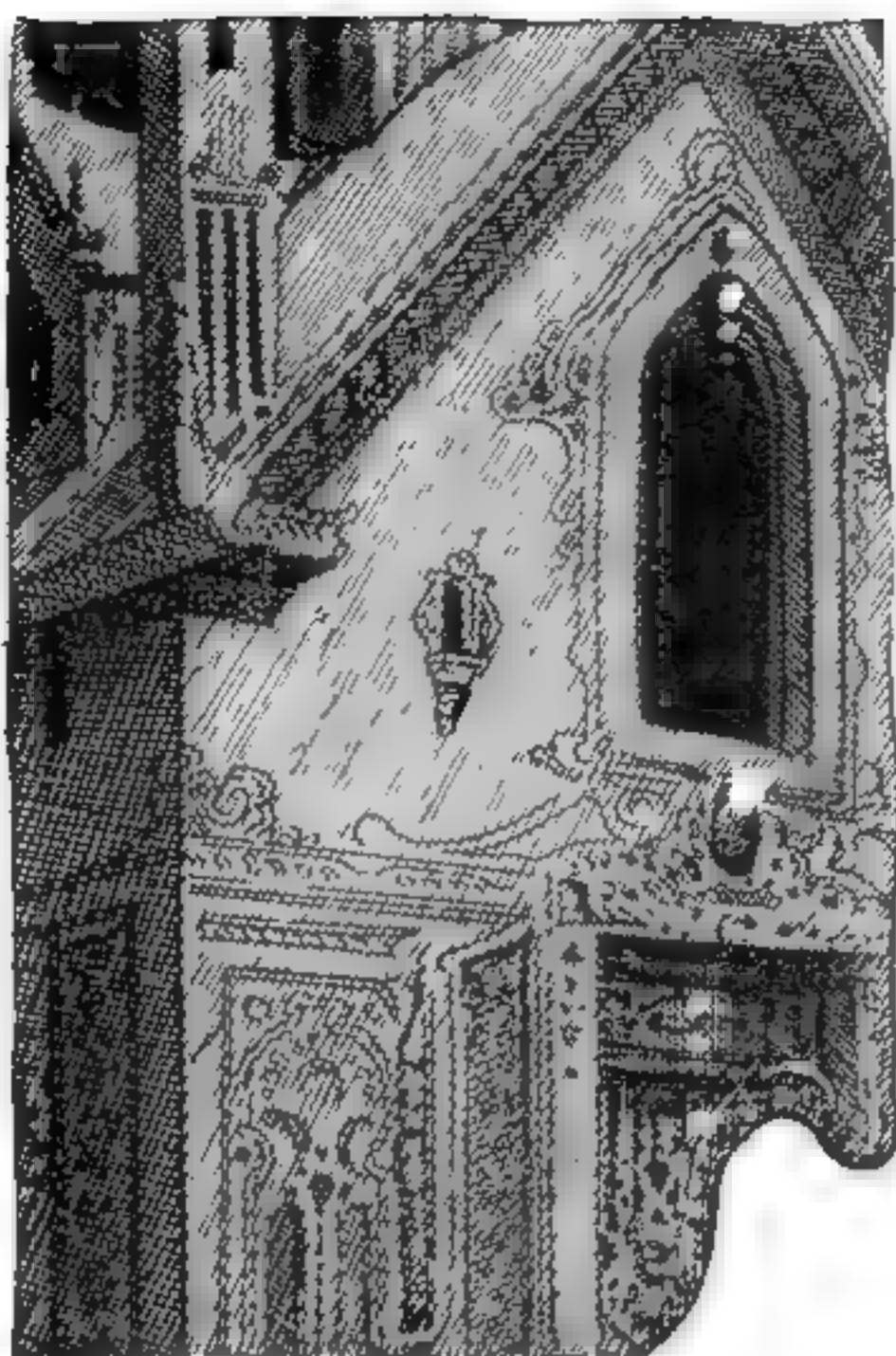
EXCLUSIVE!
FABULOUS
FRUITCAKE
PARK!
What's HOT and
What's NOT
'04!

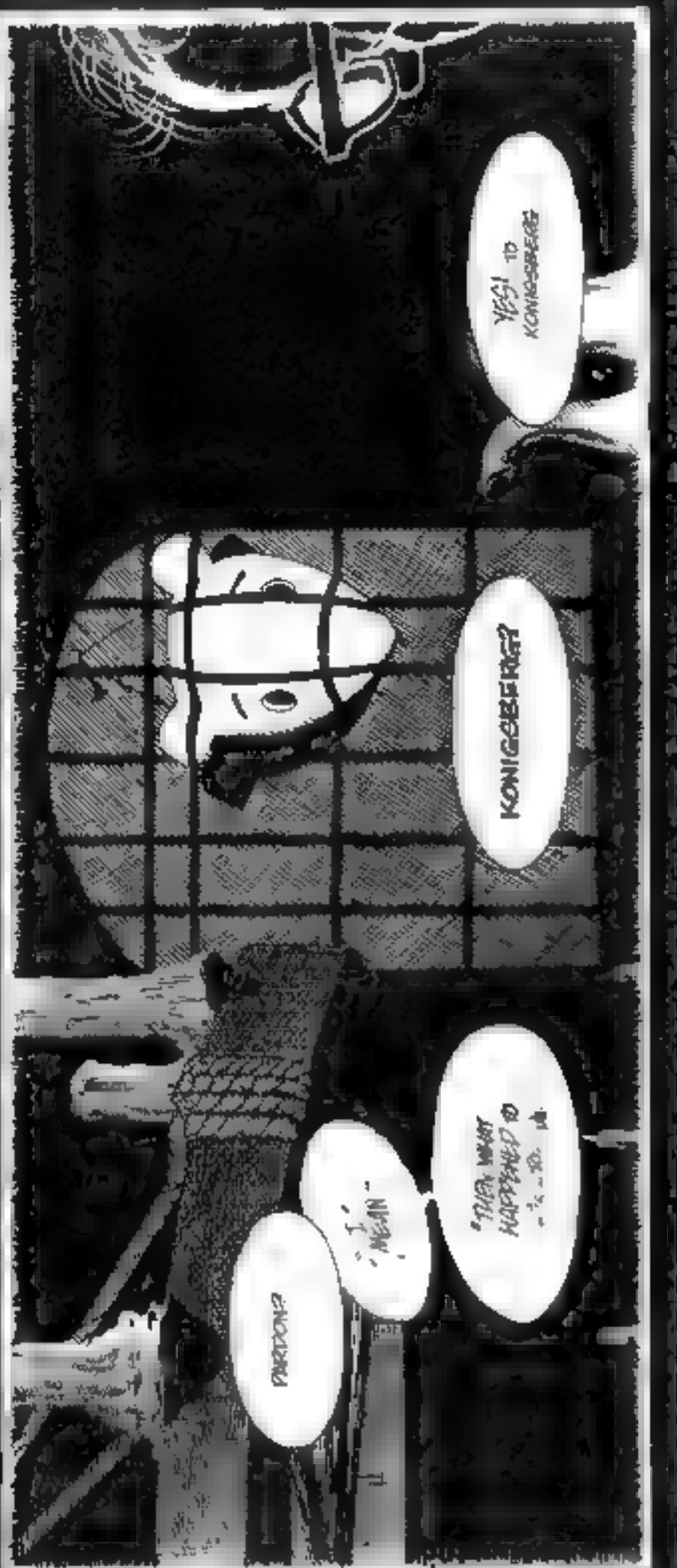
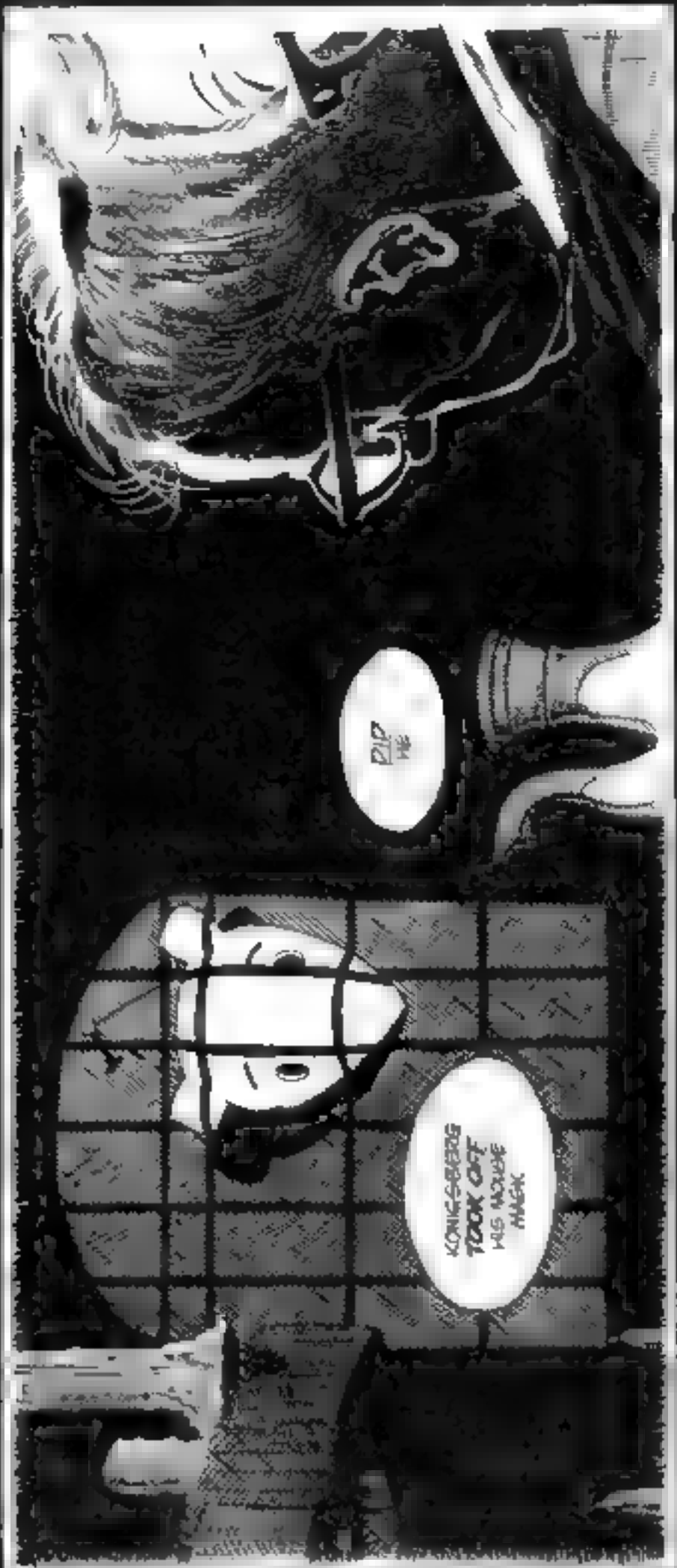
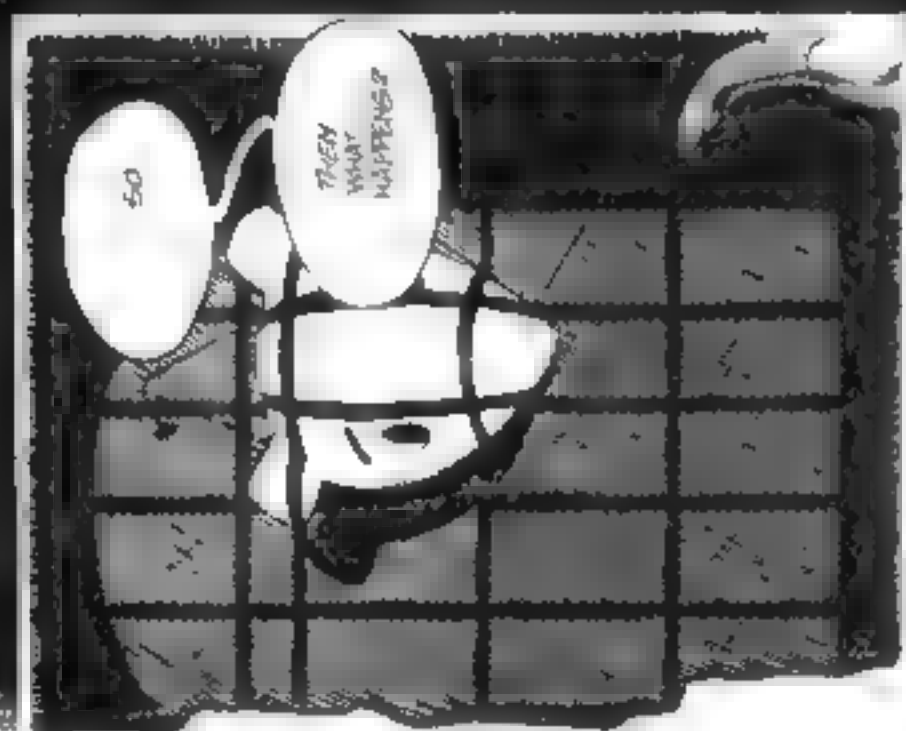
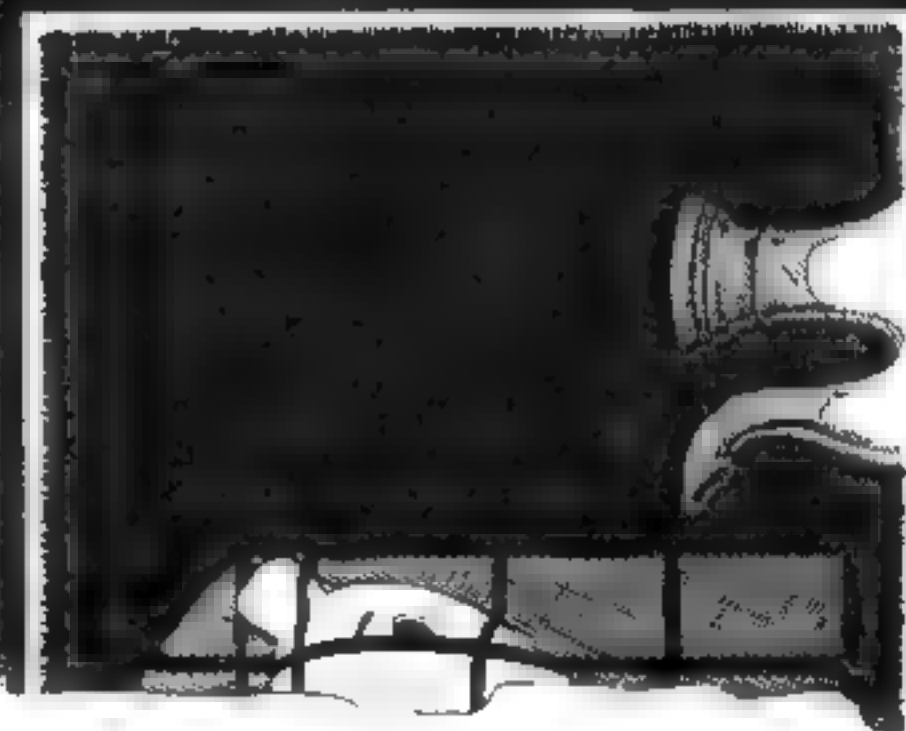
QUESTIONNAIRE:
JUST HOW
COMPATIBLE ARE
YOU AND YOUR
KITTY?

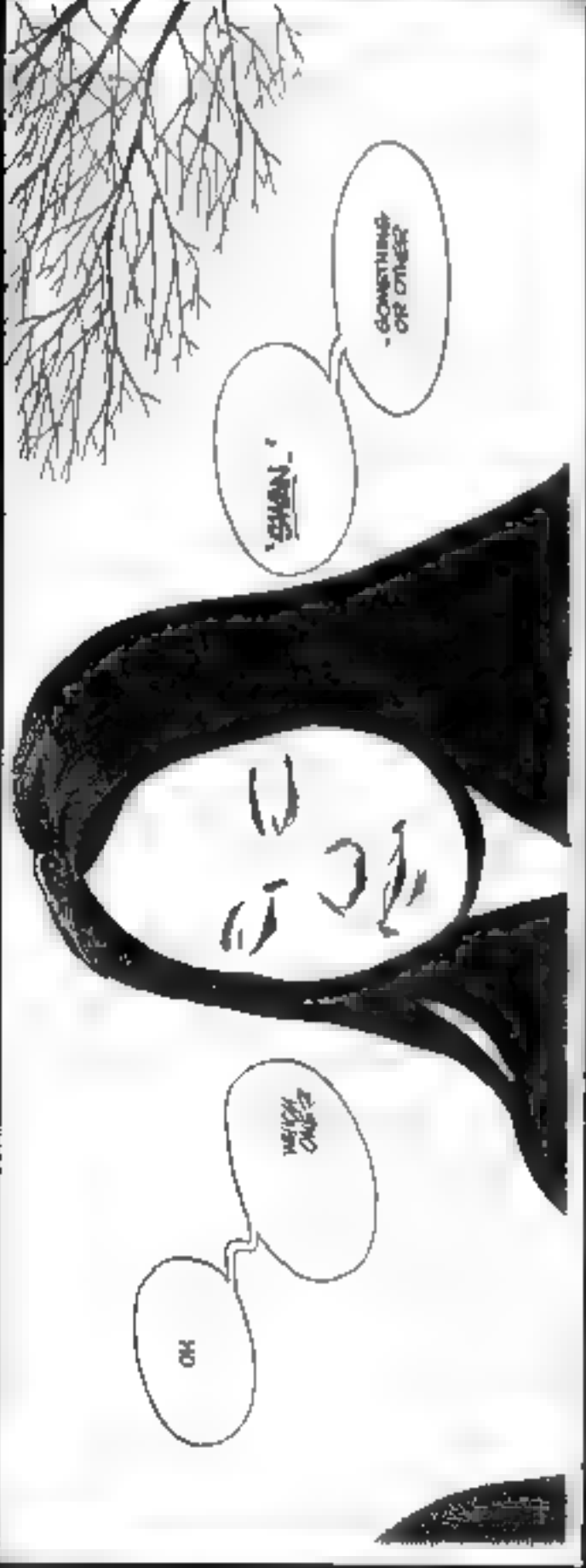
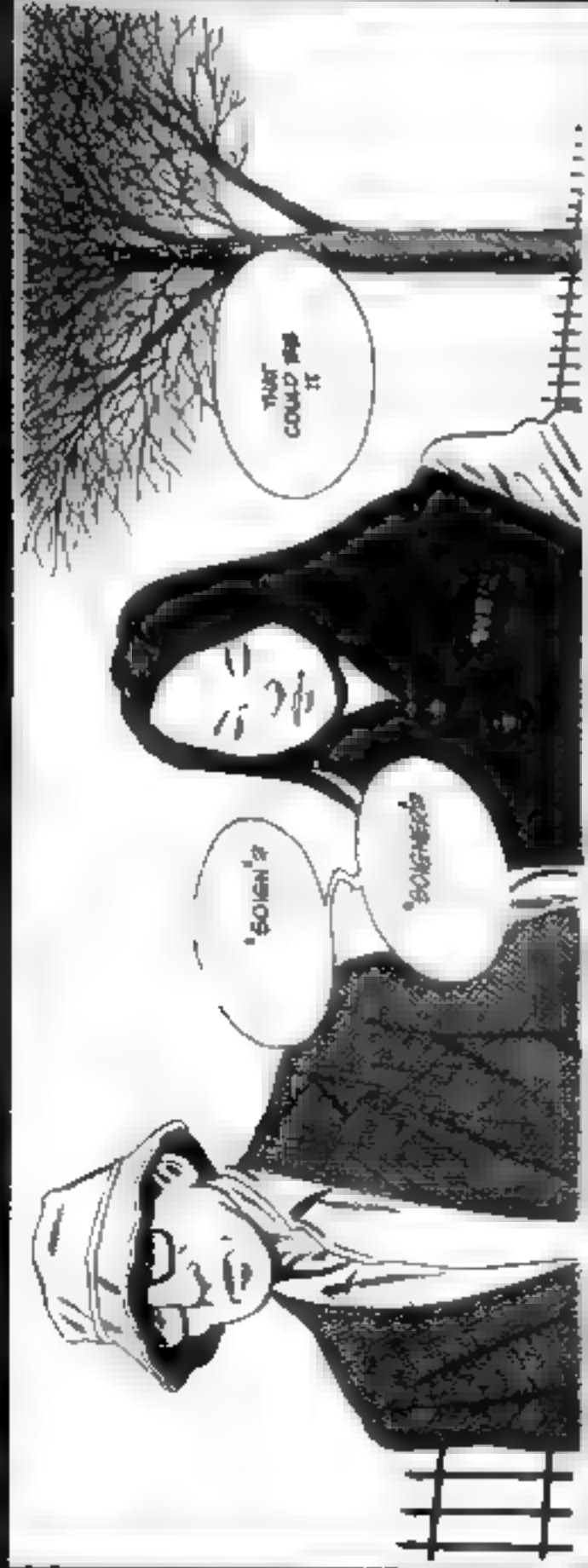
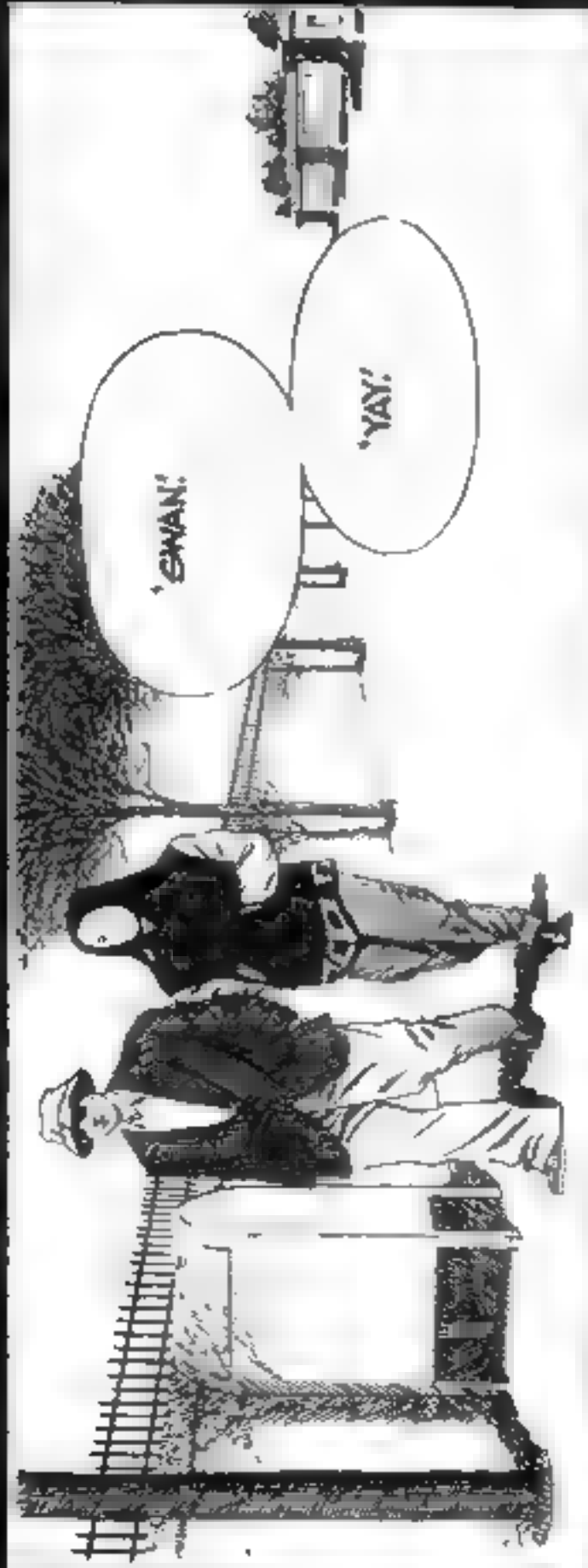
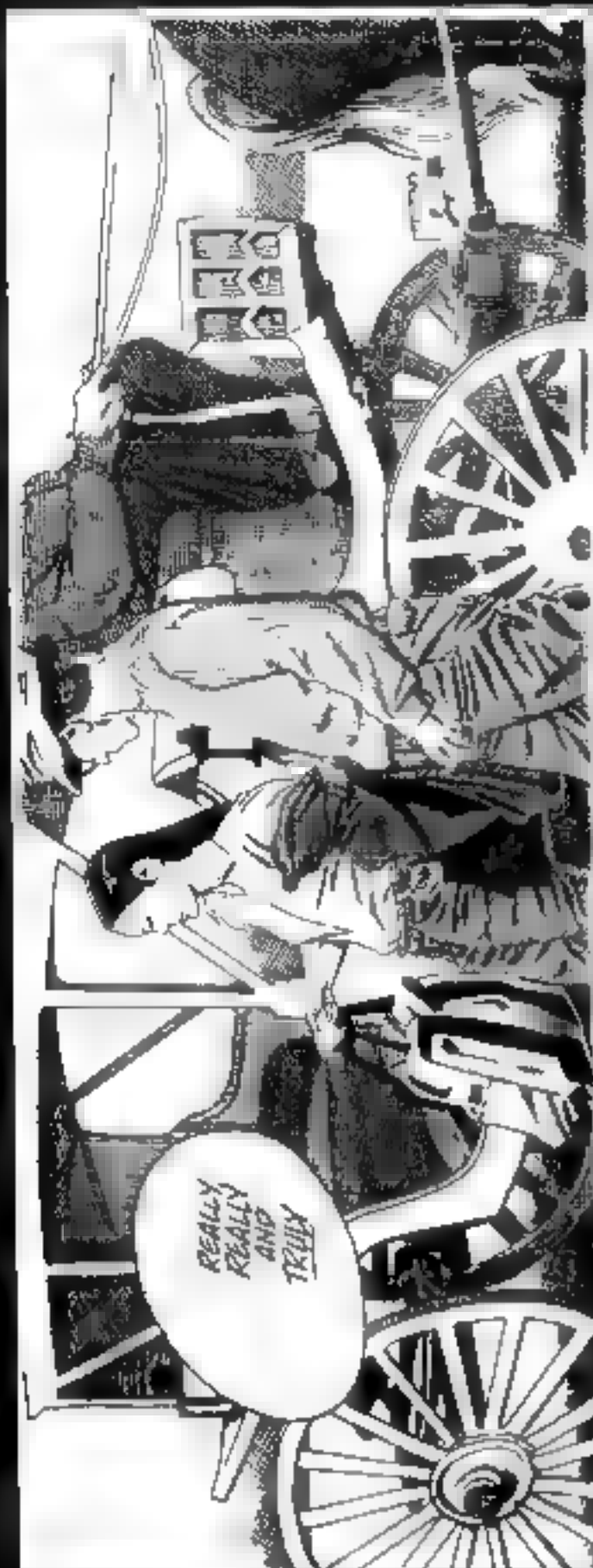
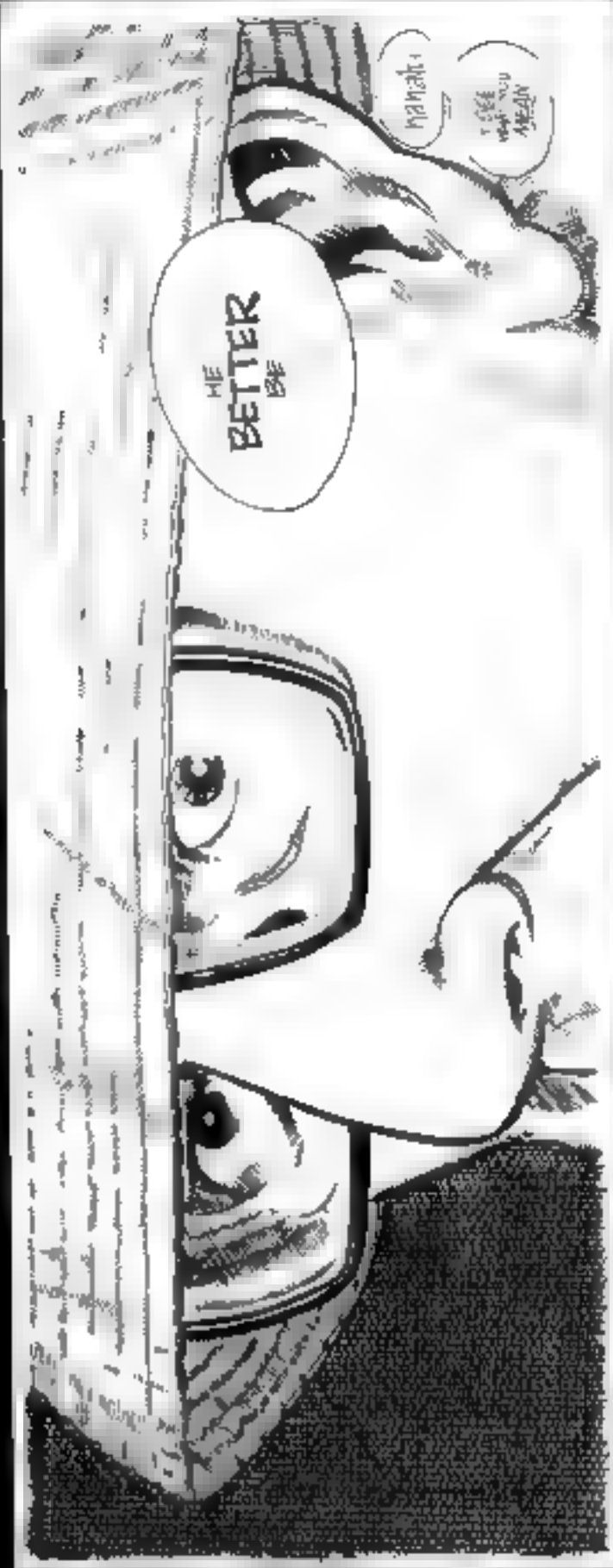
**BULKING
UP THAT
CREDIT
RATING**

16 QUESTIONS
WE'D LOVE TO
ASK CEREBUS
BEFORE
FRACKING









Cast
(in order of appearance)

KONIGSBERG himself
CEREBUS himself

KONIGSBERG himself
CEREBUS himself
ME myself
GOD Himself
GUY with rumor strap Rocky Balboa
OTHER GUY with rumor strap Konigsberg's agent
DIFFERENT GUY with rumor strap Konigsberg's dentist
GUY NEXT TO HIM with rumor strap Konigsberg's Dad
GUY BEHIND HIM with rumor strap Konigsberg's butcher
GUY BEHIND THAT GUY with rumor strap Konigsberg's cousin
TINY GUY with rumor strap Konigsberg's tailor
EVEN TINIER GUY with rumor strap Konigsberg's bookie
YOOHWHOO himself/herself/itself

GUY BEHIND HIM with rumor strap Konigsberg's butcher
GUY BEHIND THAT GUY with rumor strap Konigsberg's cousin
TINY GUY with rumor strap Konigsberg's tailor
EVEN TINIER GUY with rumor strap Konigsberg's bookie
YOOHWHOO himself/herself/itself
LOUIS LASSO LOUIS-LASSO Mary Hartman
ANNIE HALL Diane Hall
JOHN FITZGERALD BEATTY Mr. Annette Benning
GIRLS OF FRUITCAKE PARK 16 Top Fashion Models
MR. SYNOD Mr. Snoid™
HARPIE Aline Laundry™
VILLAGE BOYS Rick Veitch
Tom Veitch
Kirby Veitch
Kim Deitch
SCARY GUY Death

	Tom Veitch
	Kirby Veitch
	Kim Deitch
SCARY GUY	Death
MARCELLO	himself
HOT-LOOKING BLONDE	Elisabet Vogler
FREDERICO FELLINI	himself
DORKY GUY	Dave Sim
OTHER DORKY GUY	Gerhard
KNIGHT	Mats Sundin
WHITE CLOWN	Michael Jackson
GIRL IN POLKA-DOT DRESS	Little Annie Kurtzman
SCARY GUY IN MIRROR	Rt. Hon. Paul Martin
GUY WITH BALLERINA	Karl Marx
BALLERINA	Suzanne Sommers
HUSBAND	Henry Kissinger

WELL

GUY WITH BALLERINA	Karl Marx
BALLERINA	Suzanne Sommers
HUSBAND	Henry Kissinger
CAMERAMAN	Sven Nyquist
INGMAR BERGMAN	himself
CHICK	Some Chick
SLEAZY GUY IN MIRROR	Rt. Hon. Sheila Copps
ELEPHANT	Roseanne Barr
CHICK GETTING HER THROAT CUT	Some Other Chick
GIRLFRIEND	Mia Pharaoh
GIRLFRIEND'S KIDS	Daisy Pharaoh
	Lark Pharaoh
	Fletcher Pharaoh
	Moses Pharaoh
	Dylan Pharaoh
	Isaiah Pharaoh

IT'S
ALL
VERY
INTERESTING

GIRLFRIEND'S KIDS	Daisy Pharaoh
	Lark Pharaoh
	Fletcher Pharaoh
	Moses Pharaoh
	Dylan Pharaoh
	Isaiah Pharaoh
	Satchel Pharaoh
	Tam Pharaoh
	Sascha Pharaoh
	Matthew Pharaoh
	Summer Pharaoh
	Joe Matt Pharaoh
SOIGNER/SWAN-YAY	herself

ONE
THING I
NOTICED

SOIGNER/SWAN-YAY	Summer Pharaoh
	Joe Matt Pharaoh
	herself

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER

Gerhard

AYE 2

WHEN YOU'RE TALKING
ABOUT YOOHWHOO--
SEVERAL TIMES

WHEN YOU
MENTION HIM...

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

Dave Sim

HER.

uh...

'HER, HIM
AND IT'
(ACTUALLY)

'HER, HIM
AND... IT'
(SORRY)

PRODUCTION MANAGER

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

LOCATION MANAGER

SCRIPT SUPERVISOR

PRODUCTION OFFICE COORDINATOR

ASSISTANT TO MR. SIM

ASSISTANT TO GERHARD

Gerhard

Gerhard

Gerhard

Dave Sim

Gerhard

Gerhard

Dave Sim

YOU REFER
TO "HER HIM
AND ...IT"
AS BEING...

EARTH "

SET DECORATOR

PROPMASTER

CARPENTER

SCENIC ARTIST

CONSTRUCTION GRIP

FILM EDITOR

ASSISTANT FILM EDITOR

Gerhard

Gerhard

Gerhard

Gerhard

Thumb and forefinger

Dave Sim

Gerhard

AYE.

WELL

HOW DO YOU
MEAN "THE
MIDDLE"?2

THE EARTH
IS FLAT
RIGHT?

SO THERE IS
NO "MIDDLE"

CASTING
Dave Sim

OH!

NAYNAYNAY.

THE EARTH IS
ROUND!

EXTRA CASTING Gerhard
CLOTHING DESIGNS Dave Sim

PRINTING by PRENEY PRINT & LITHO

Kim Preney
Dick Preney
John Preney

PRINTING by PRENEY PRINT & LITHO

Nilda Trudel	Ed Rocheleau
Mary Wilson	Pete LaFerté
Wayne Taylor	Jim Sinasac
Donna Butler	Greg Preney
Mabel Ouellette	Wayne Preney
Irene Paré	Butch Wilson
Elsa Tejada	JoAnne Wilson
Sandy Santarossa	

uh...

THE EARTH
LOOKS JUST LIKE
THE MOON
(SEE)

ONLY THE EARTH
IS **BIGGER**
THAN THE MOON

AND THE EARTH
IS A SHINY
BLUE
BALL.

INSTEAD OF A
SHINY
SILVERY-WHITE
BALL.

Please drive safely.

There are twelve more of
these we need your help
paying for.

YOU UM.

YOU MND IF I ASK
WHO TOLD YOU THAT
THE EARTH IS A...

"SHINY"

"BLUE"

"BALL" 2

©2003
SOME YENTA WITH MORE MONEY
THAN BRAINS PRODUCTIONS
All rights trampled upon, basically

NOBODY
TOLD
CEREBUS CEREBUS
SAW IT FOR
HIMSELF
WHEN CEREBUS WAS
ON... THE...

WHEN CEREBUS
WENT... TO...
THE...

sketch sketch sketch sketch sketch sketch sketch sketch sketch sketch

WHAT

ahem

WHAT

WHAT ARE YOU
WRITING
DOWN...
THERE?

?

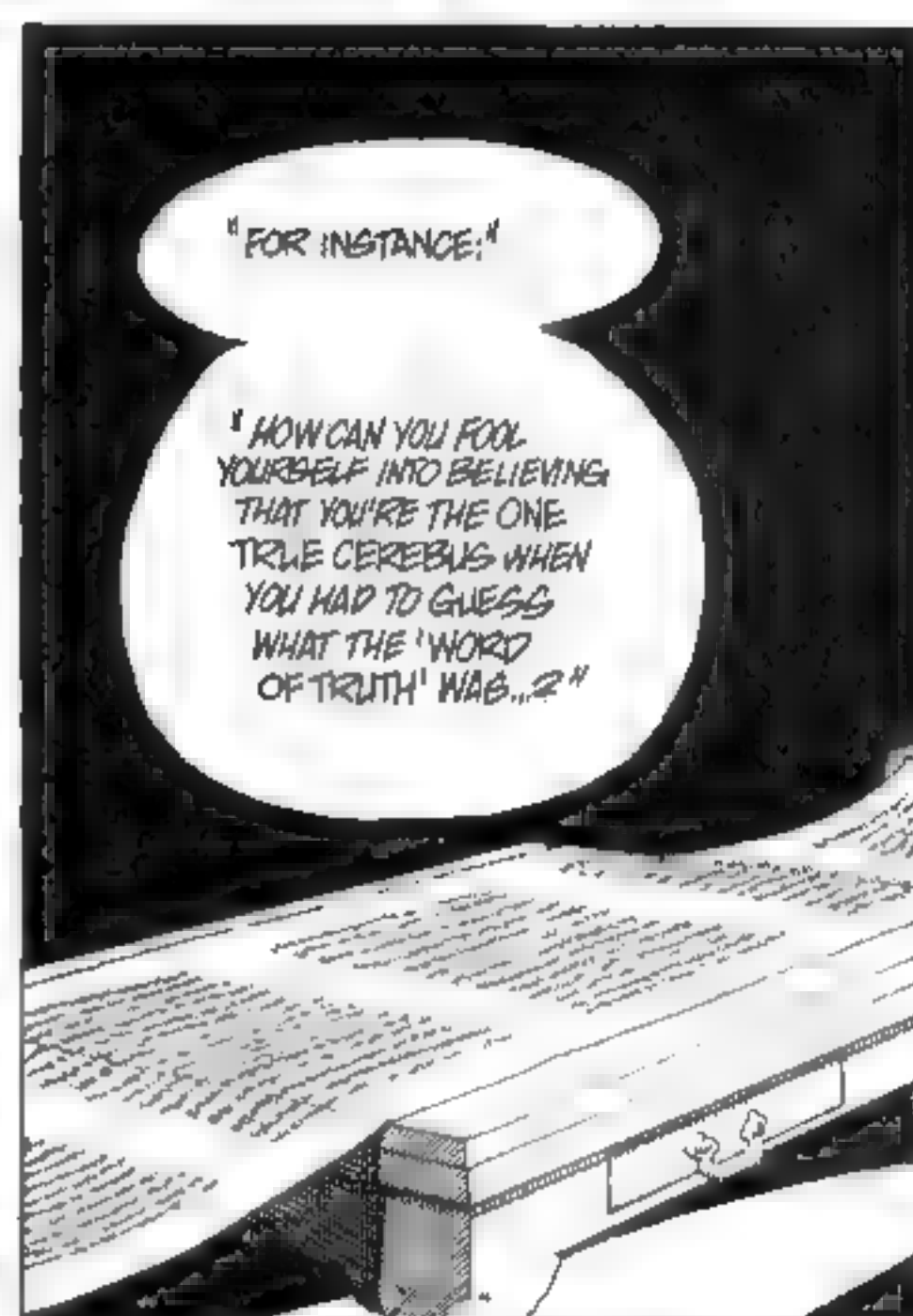
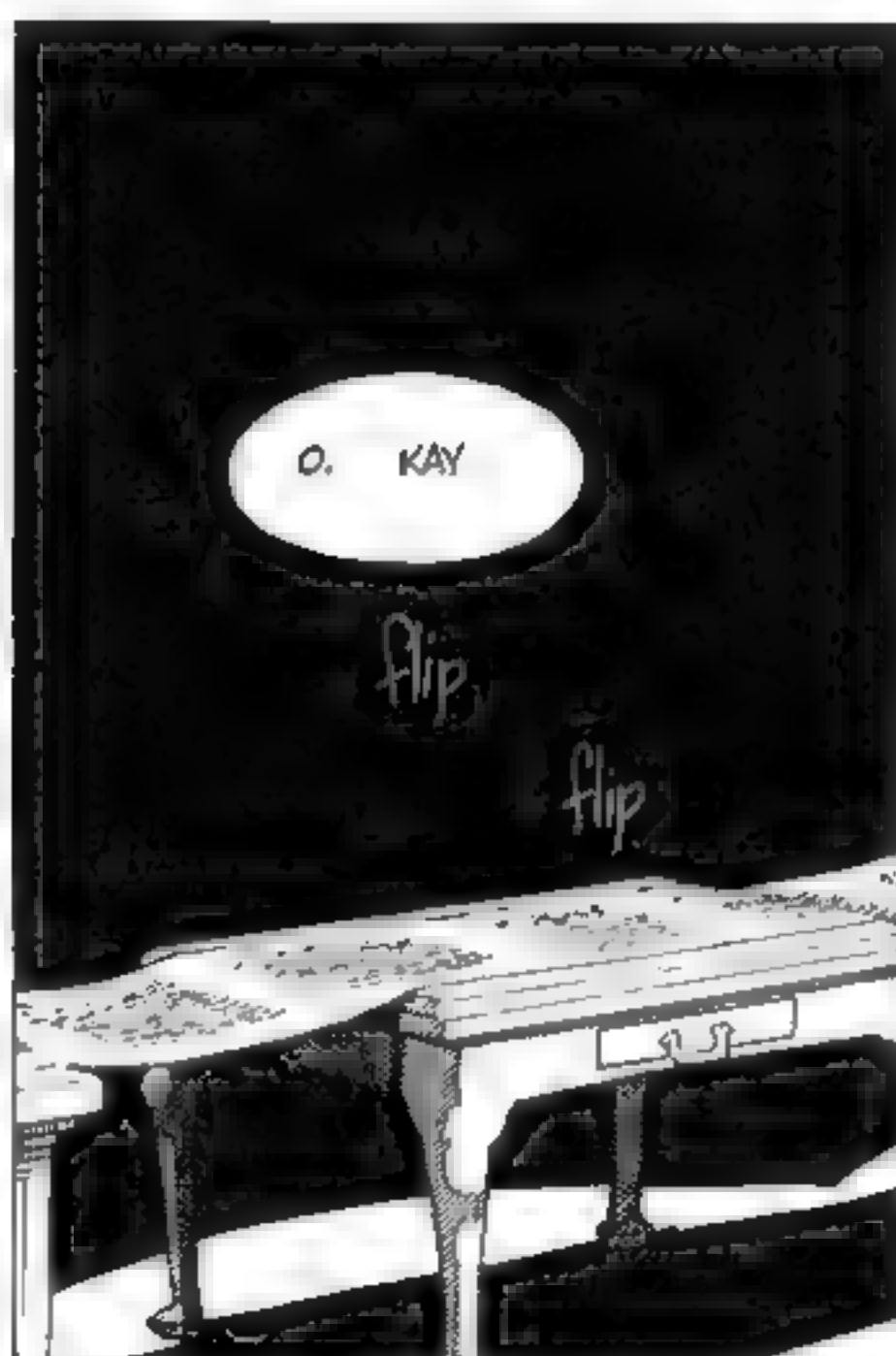
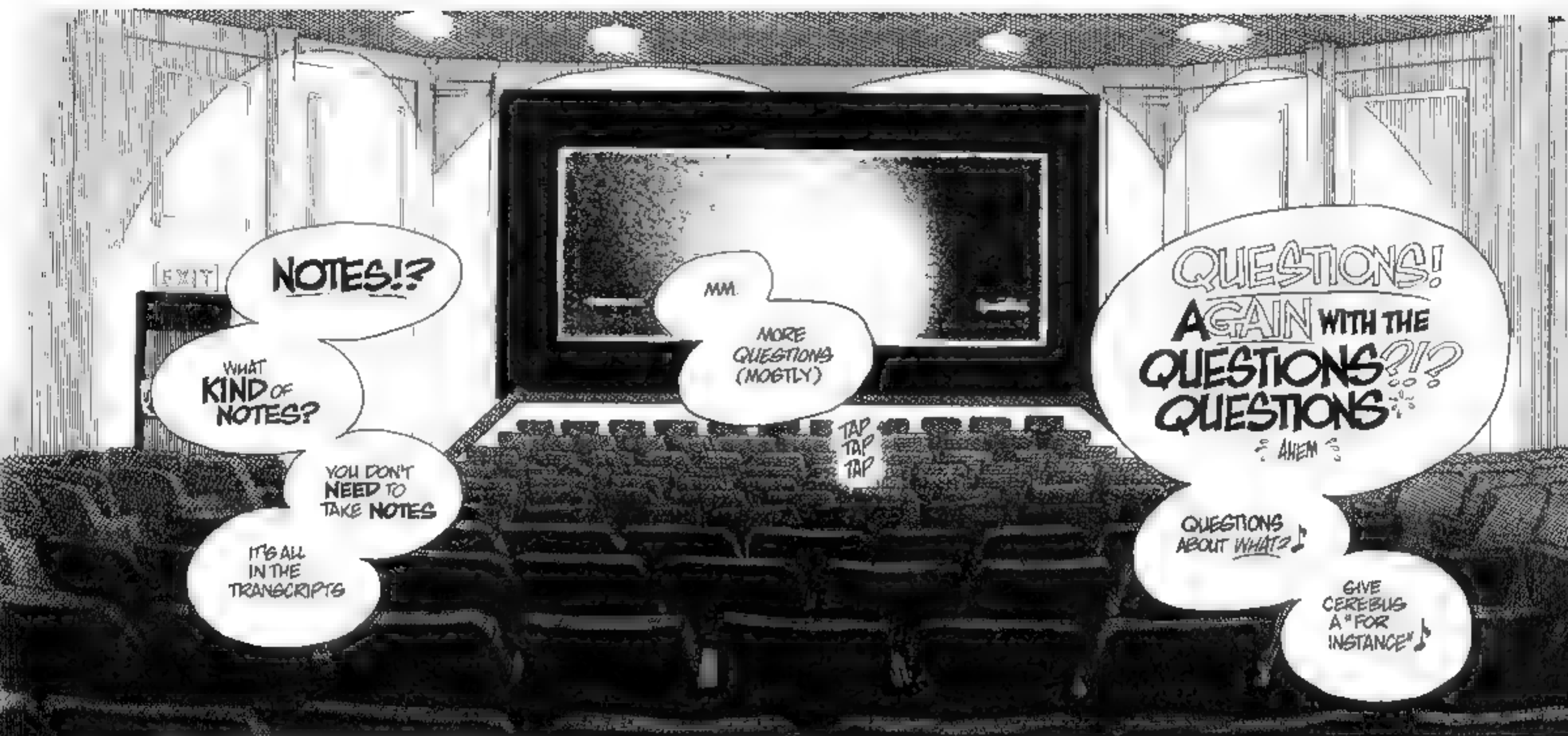
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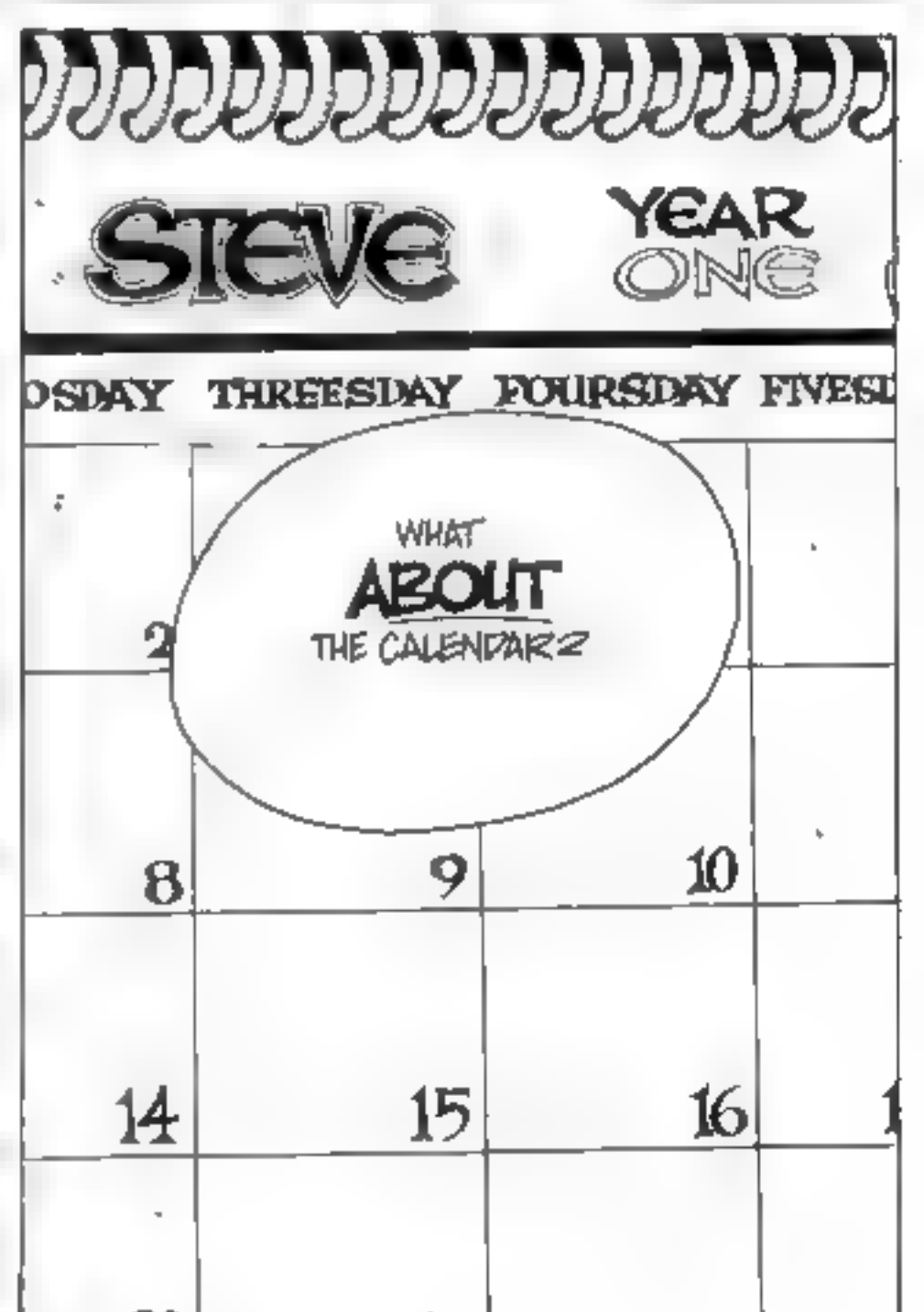
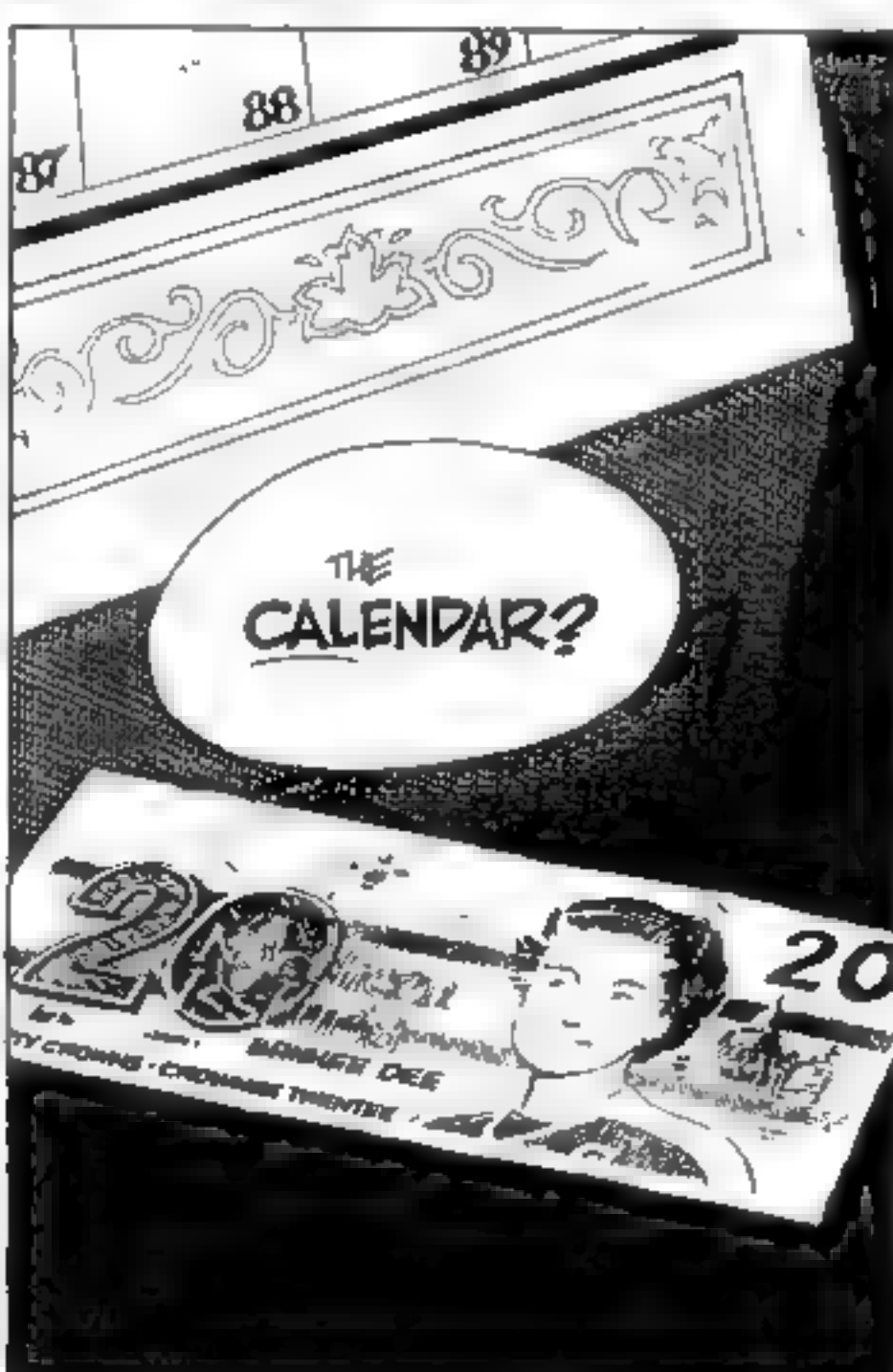
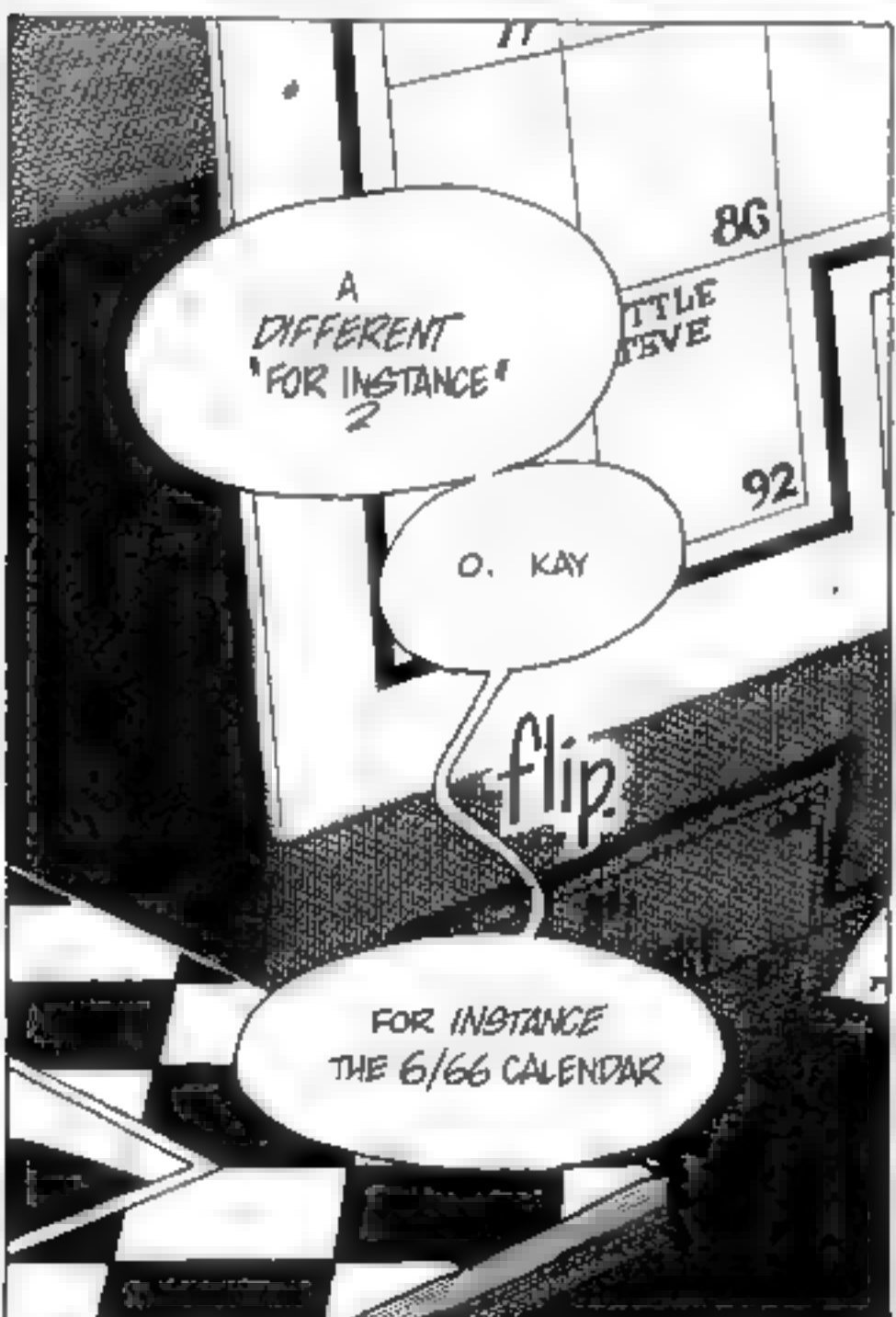
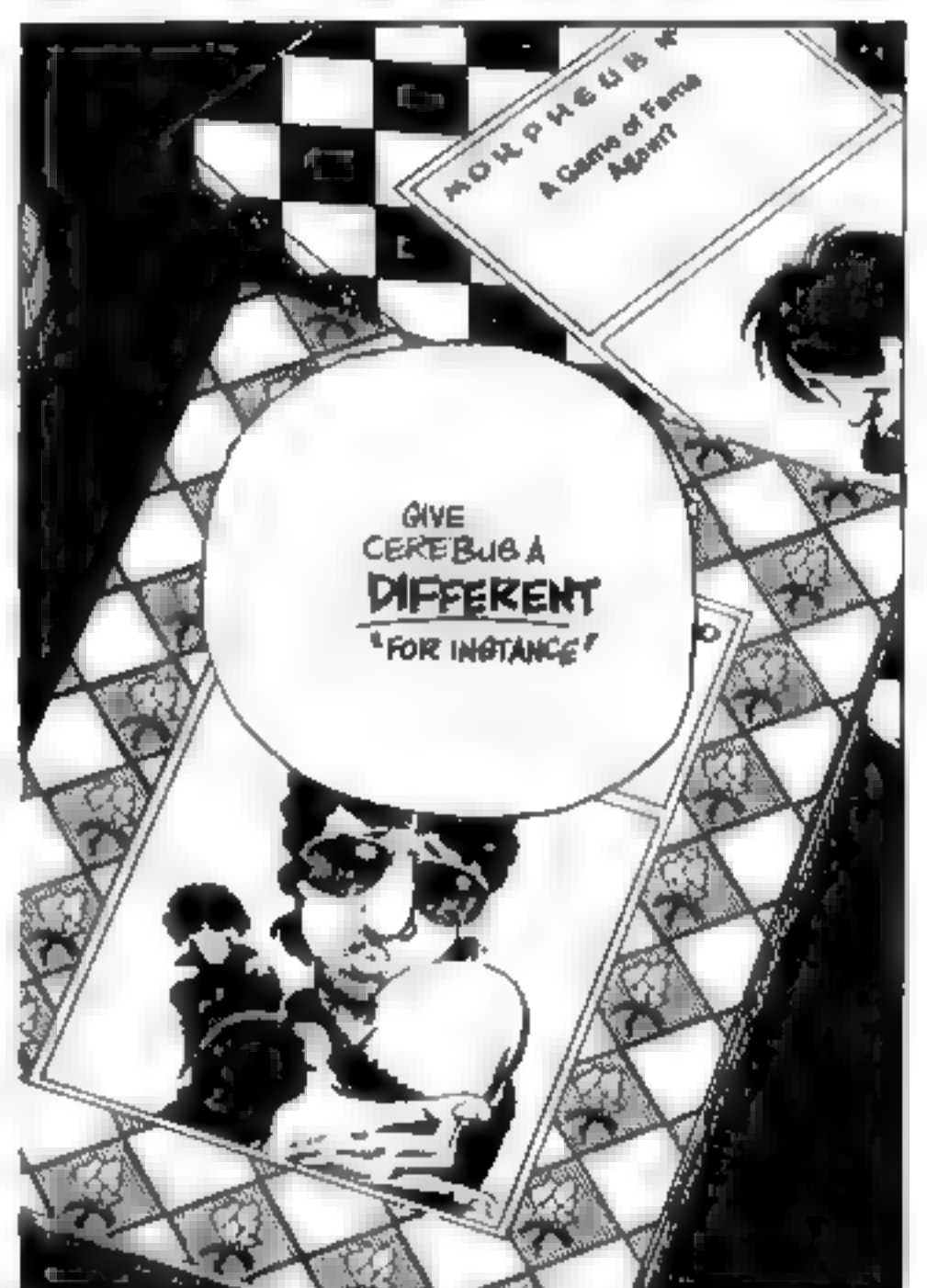
sketch sketch sketch sketch sketch

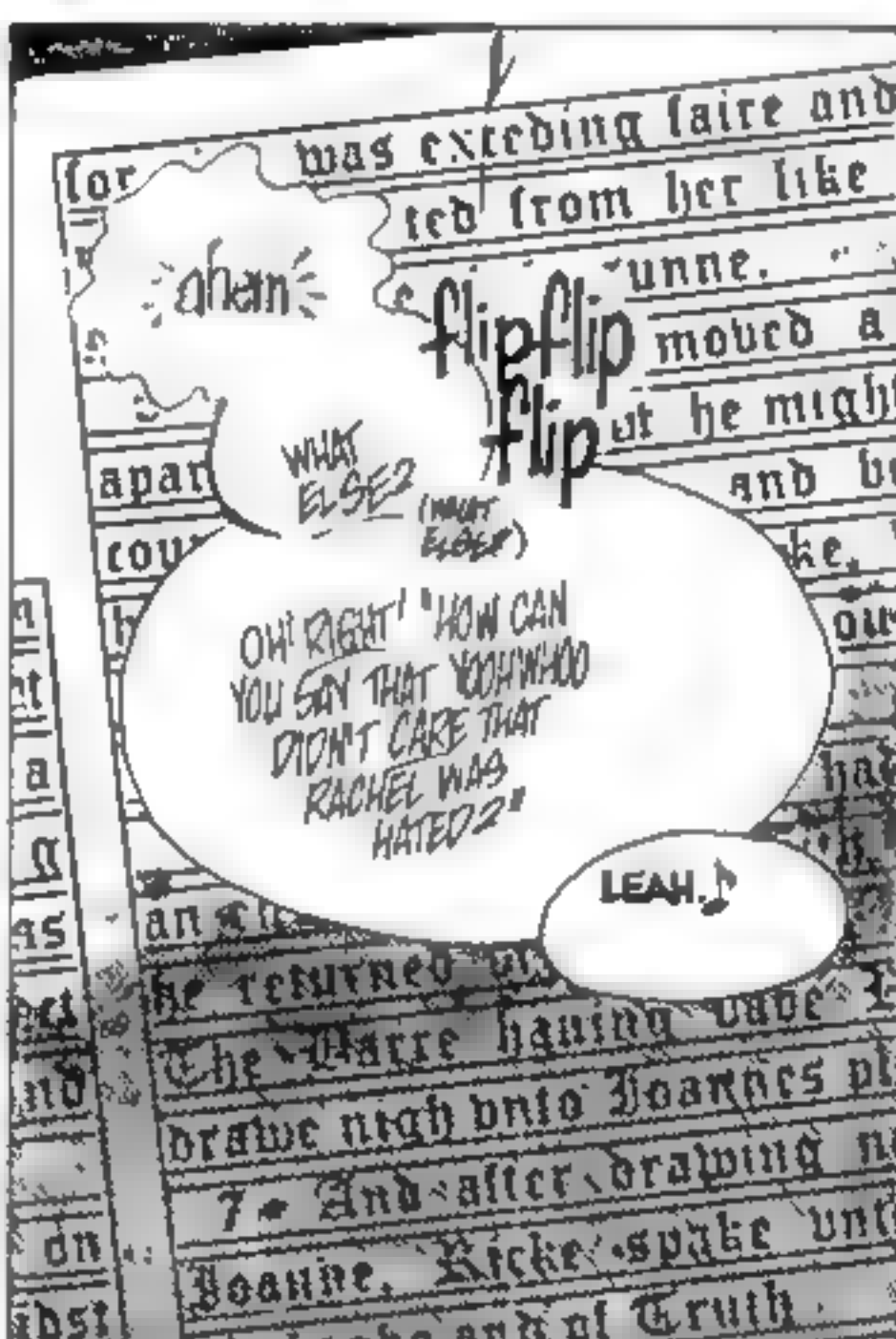
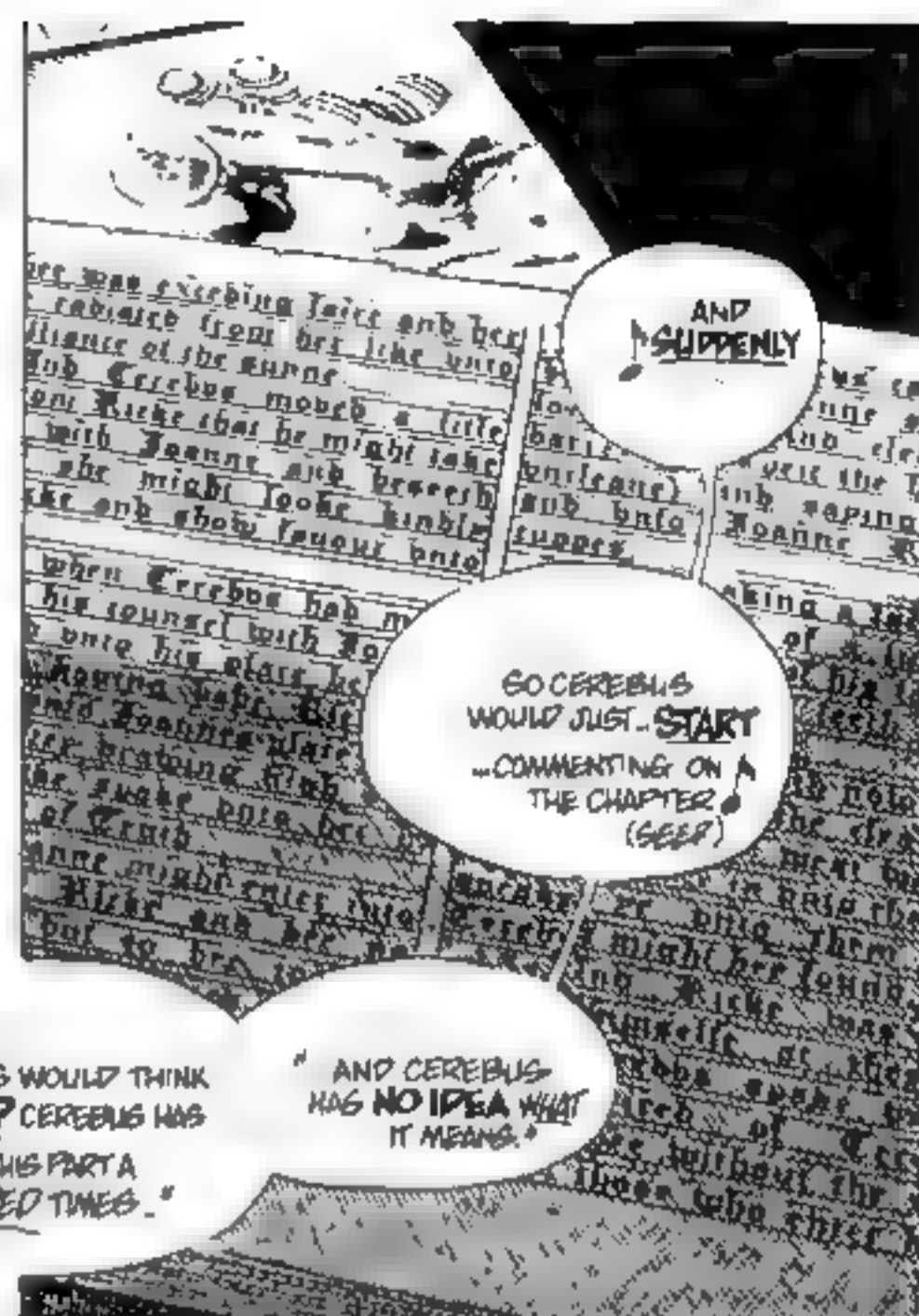
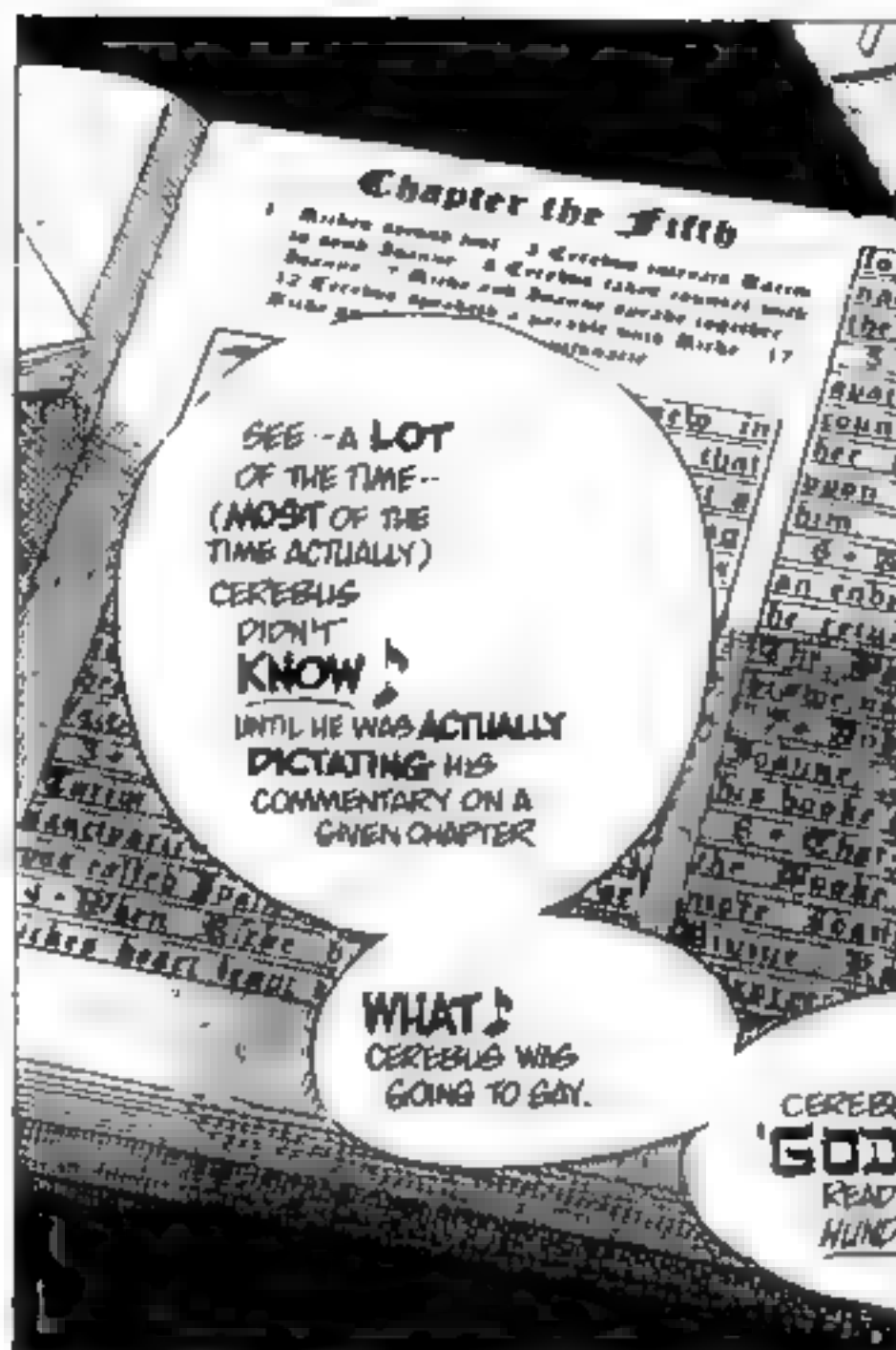
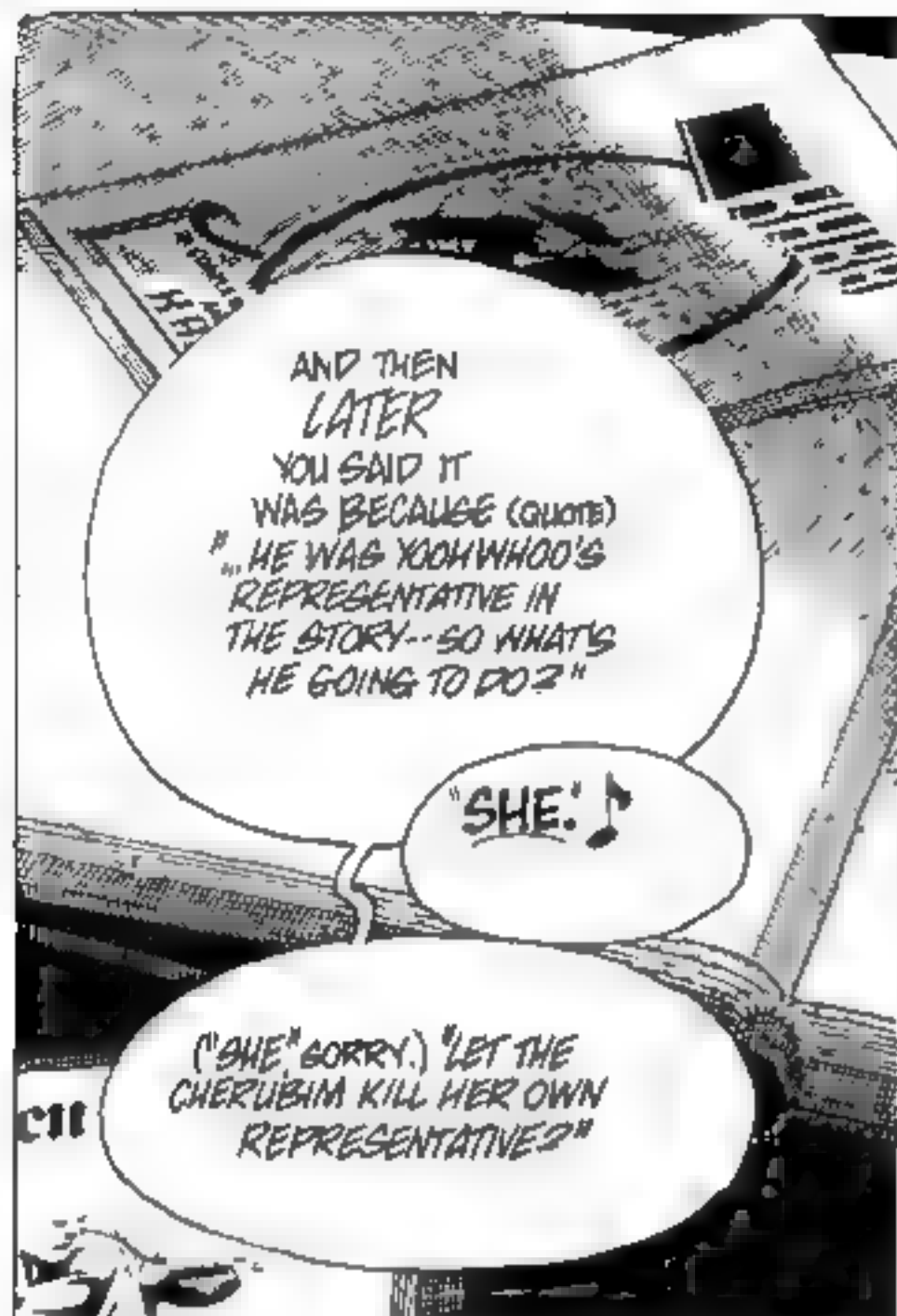
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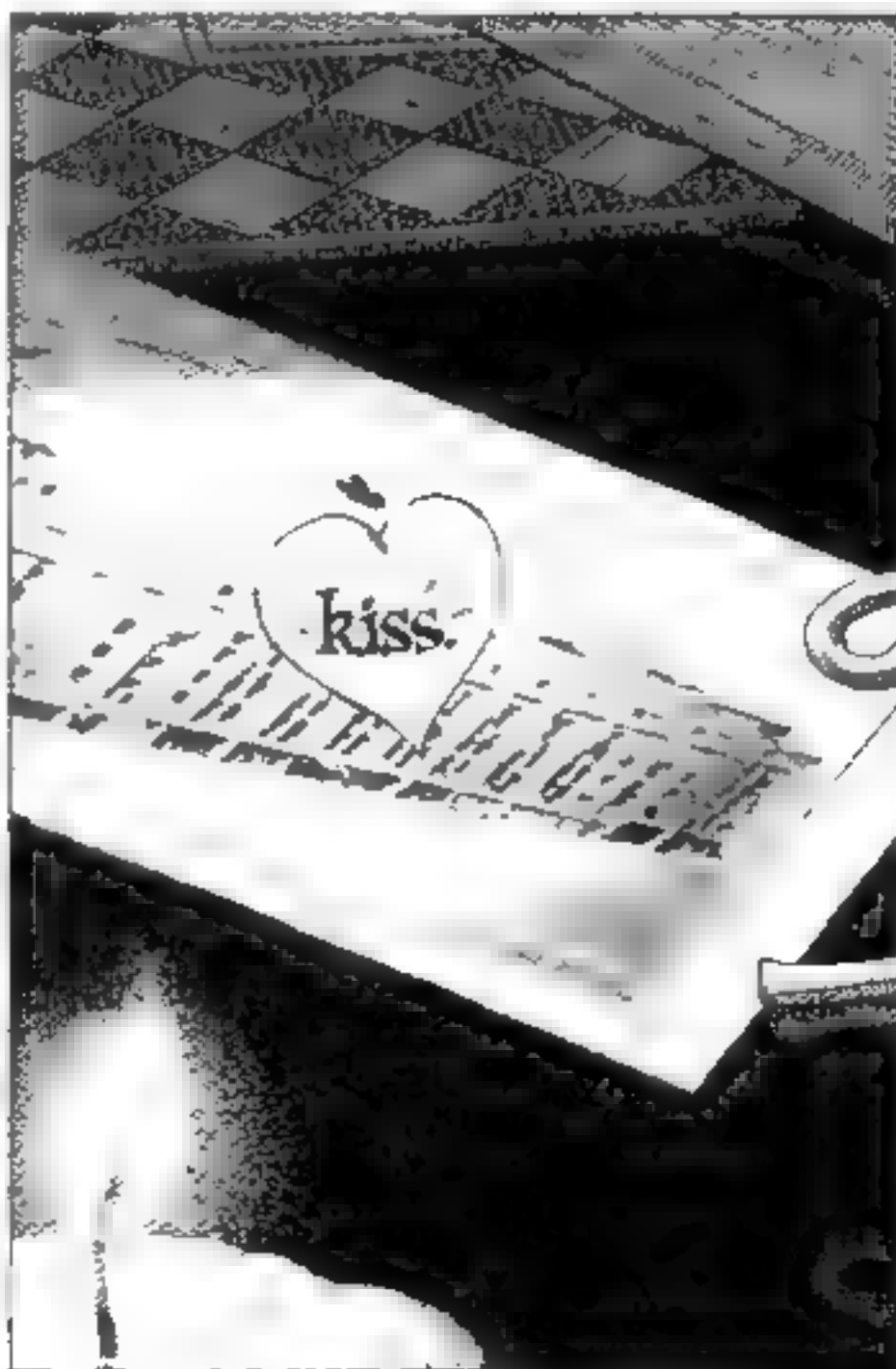
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Ink & pens since 1837

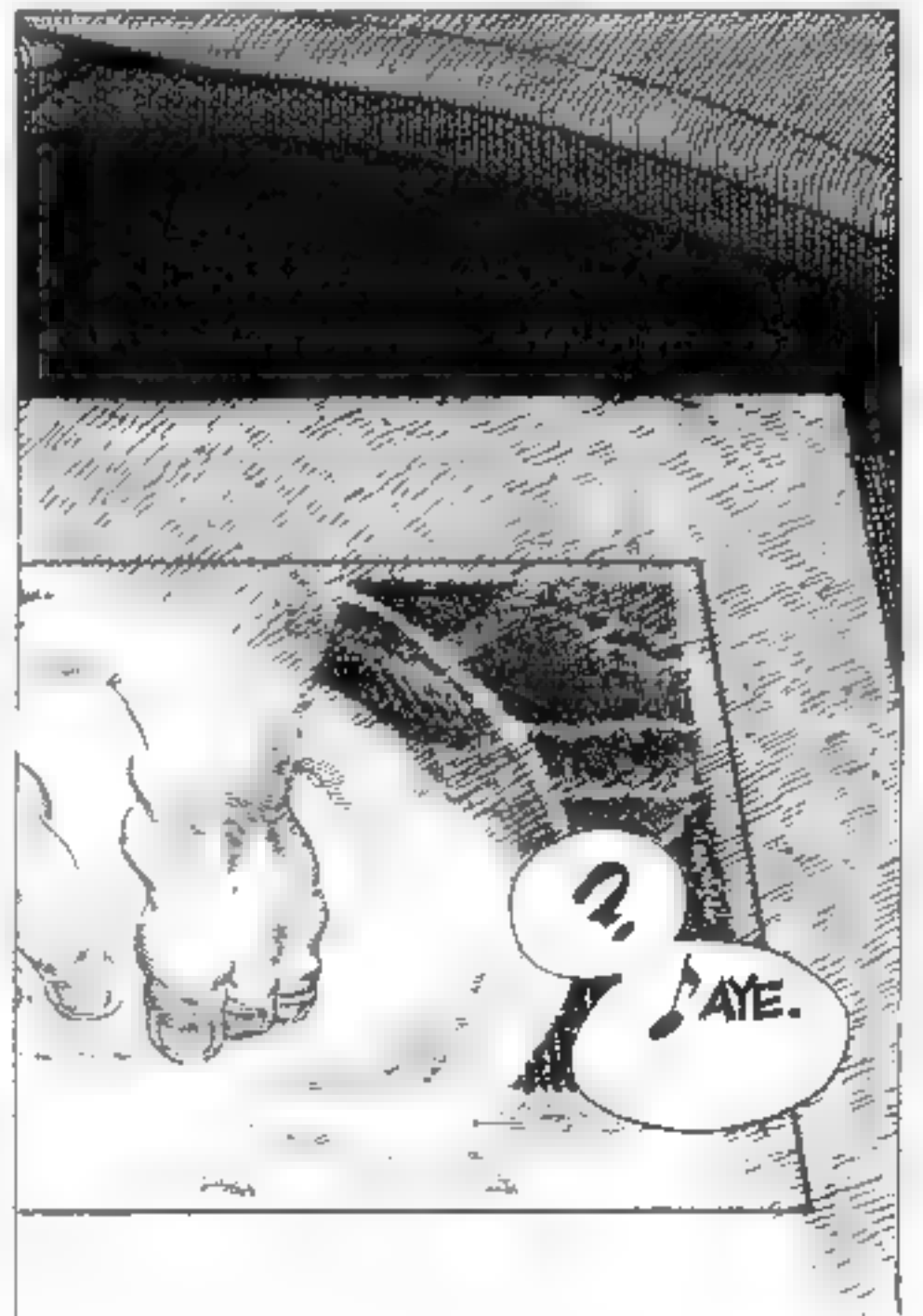
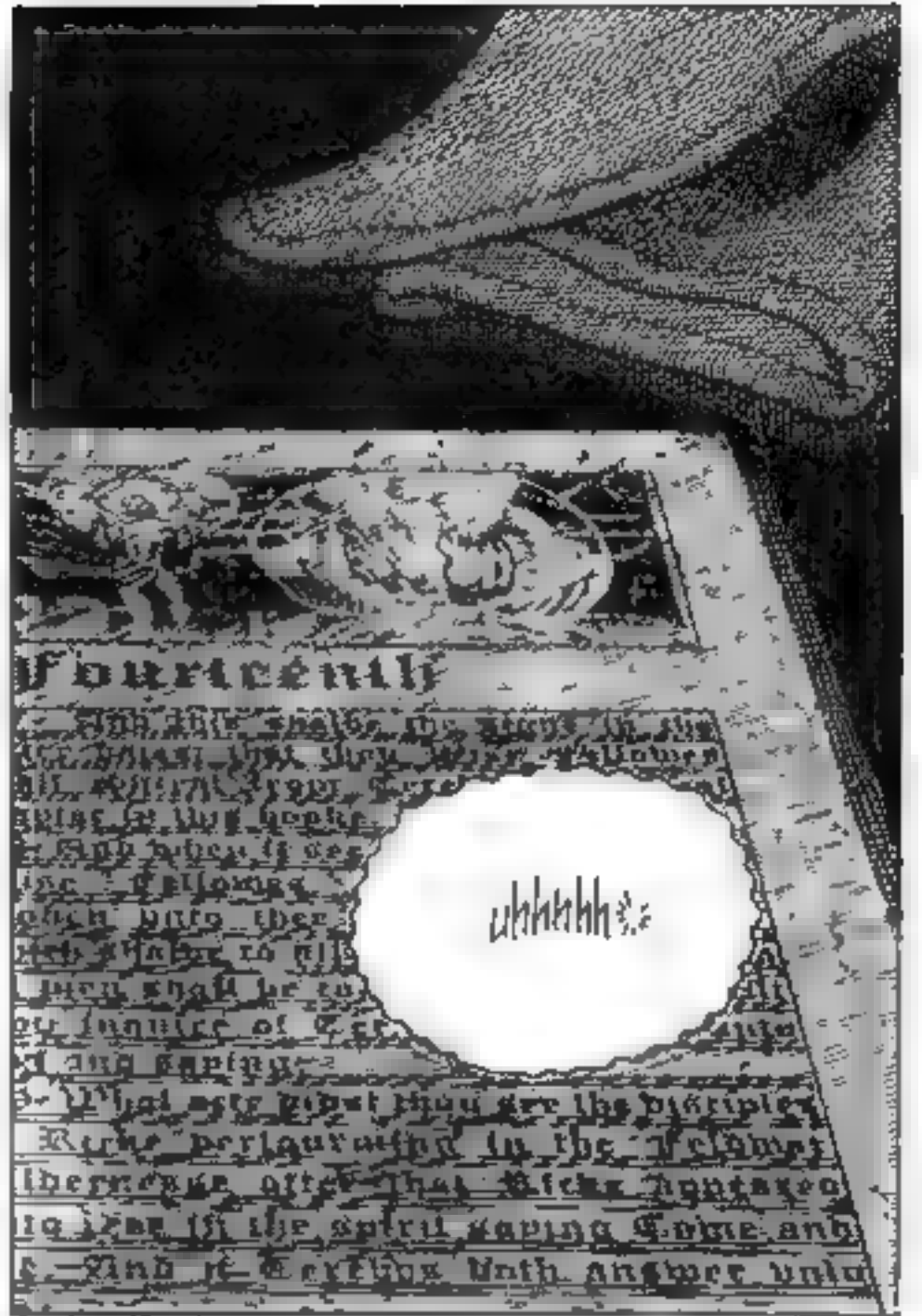
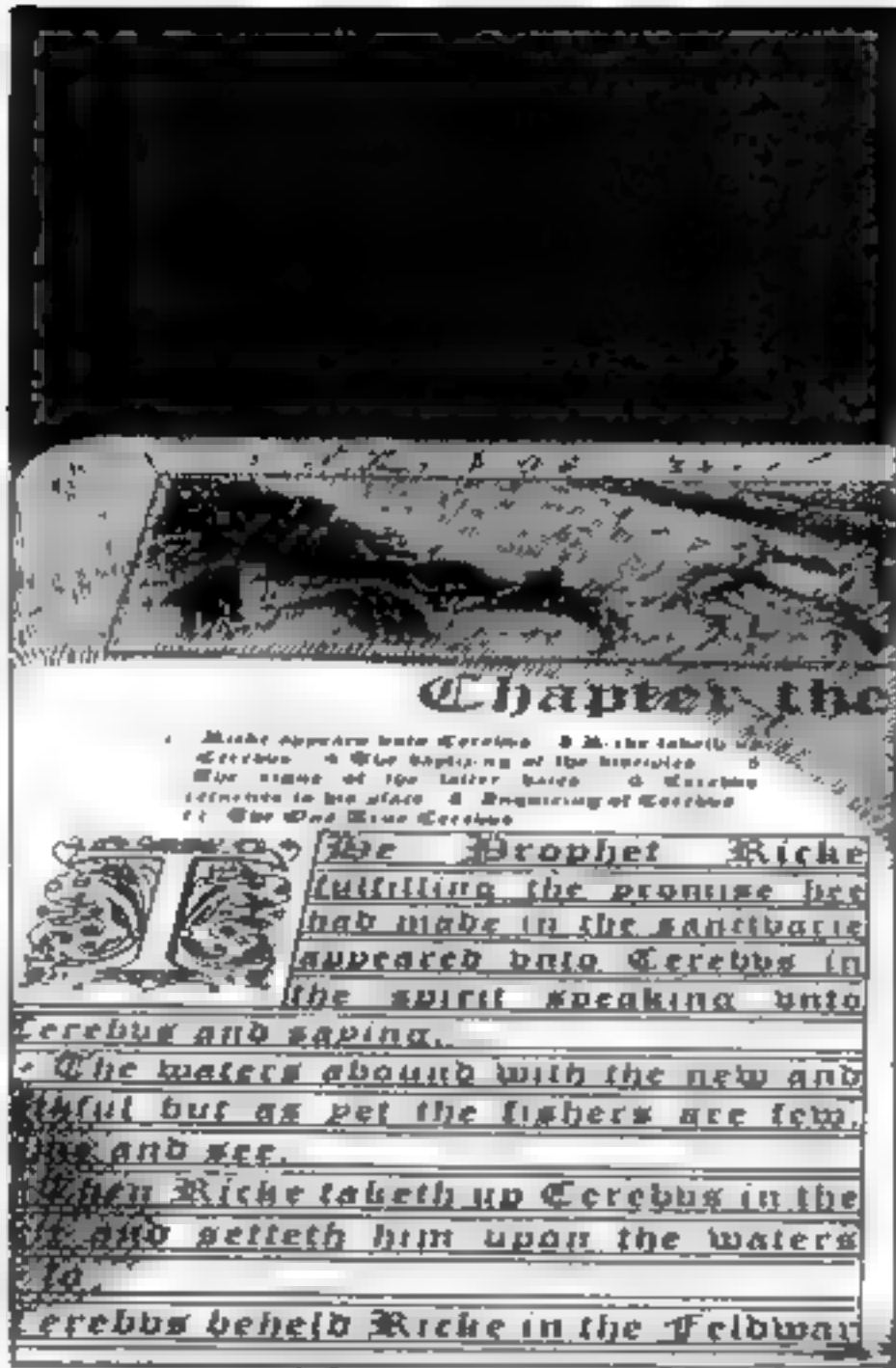
Speedball

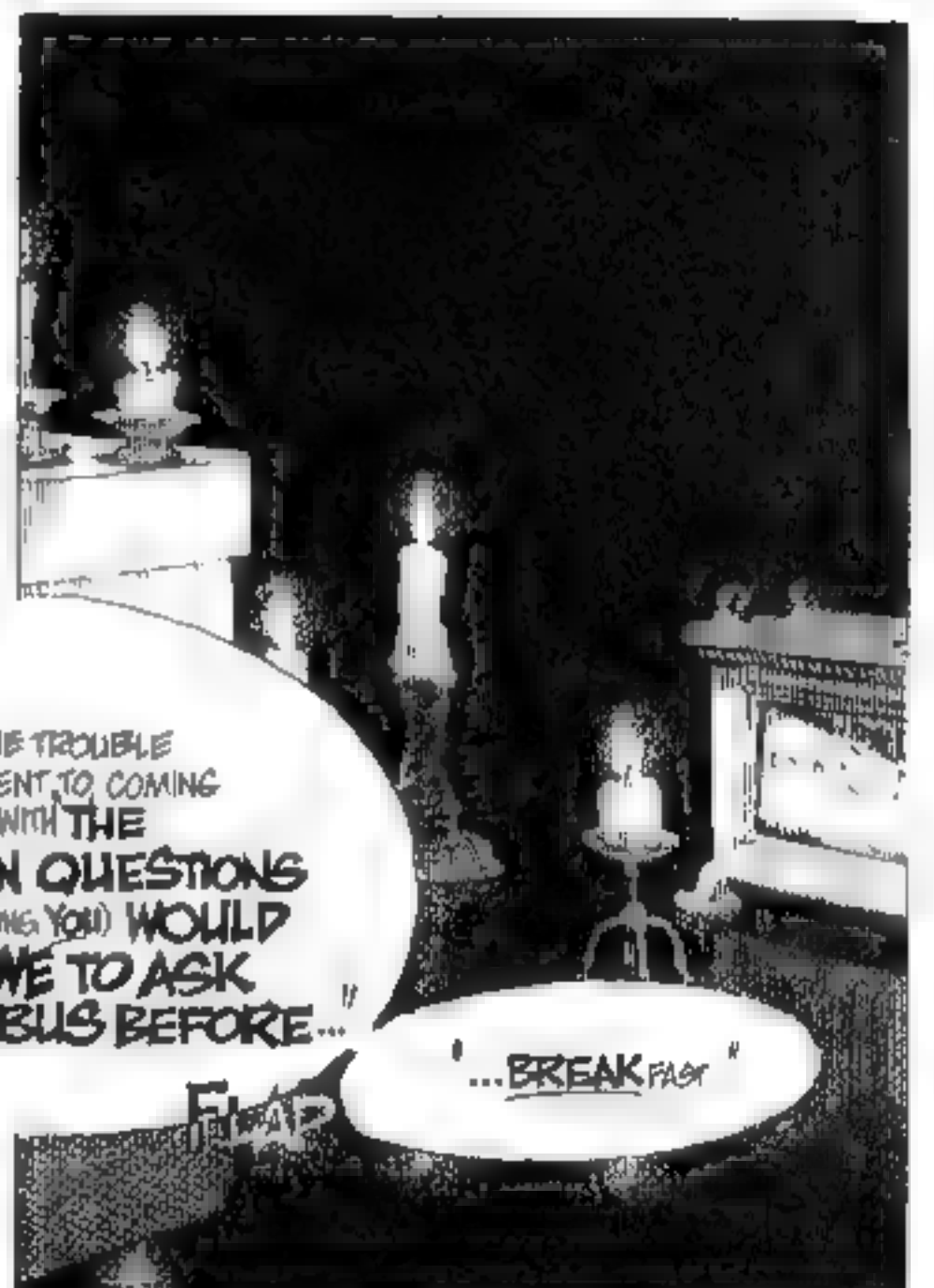
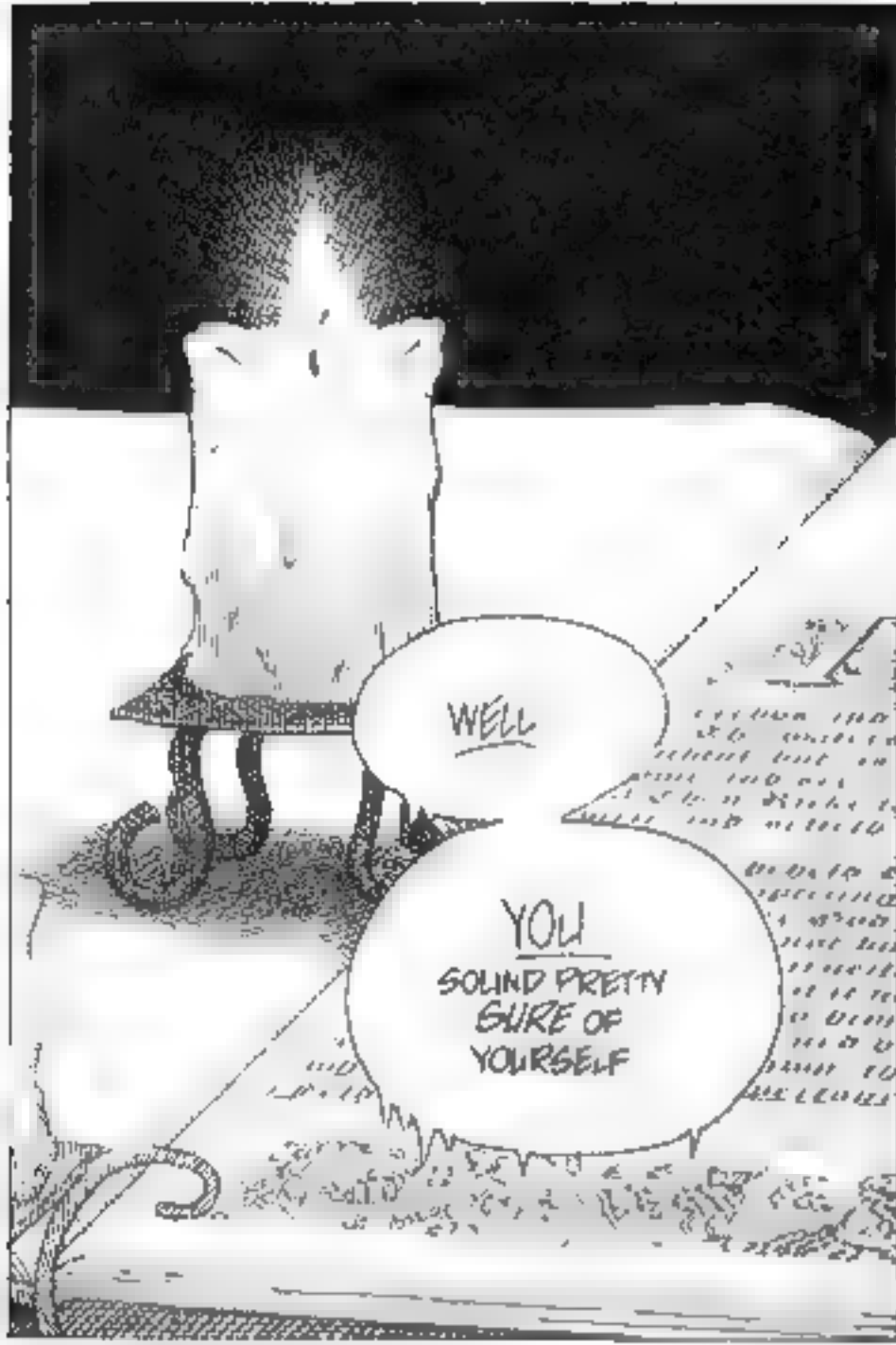


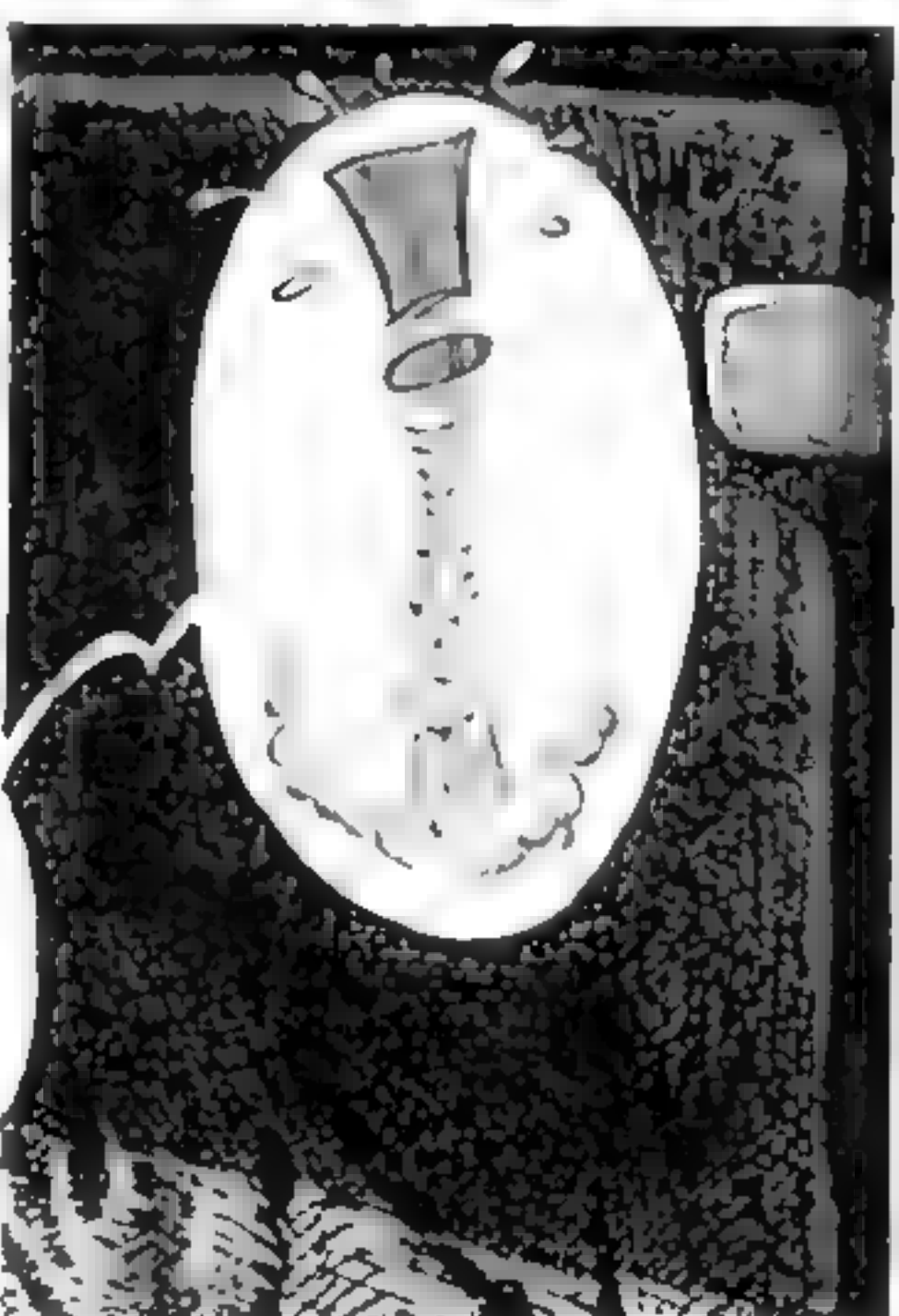
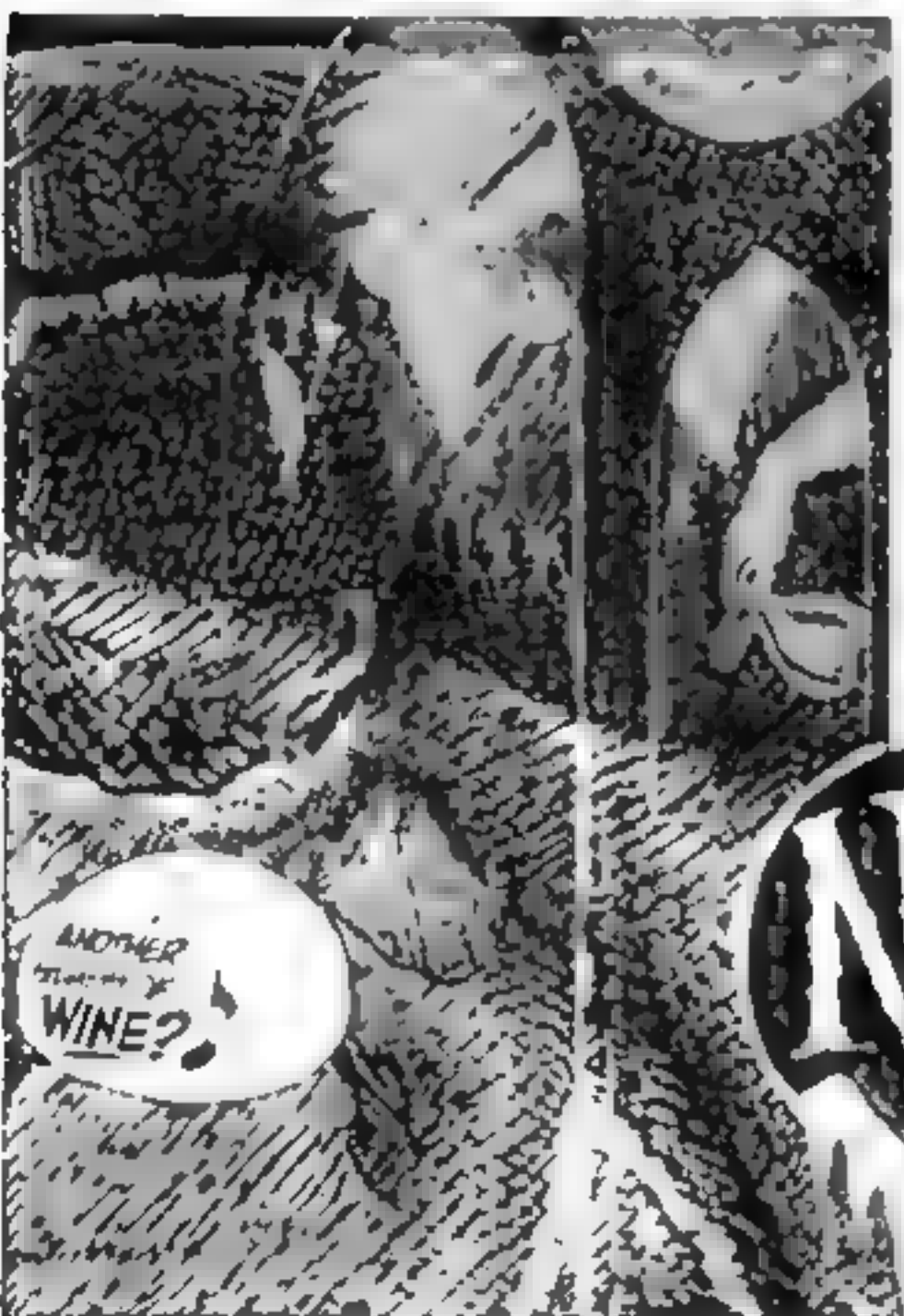


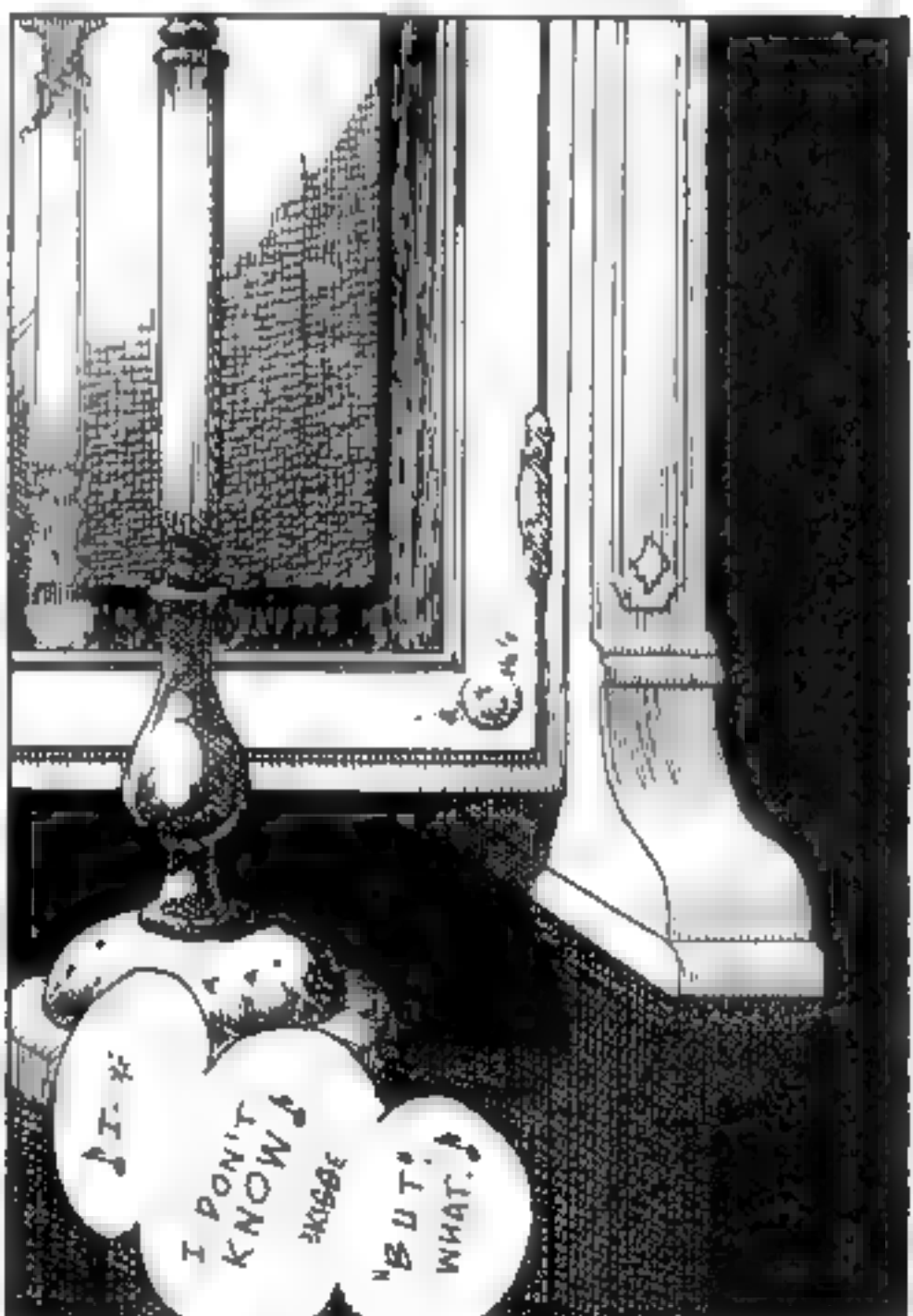
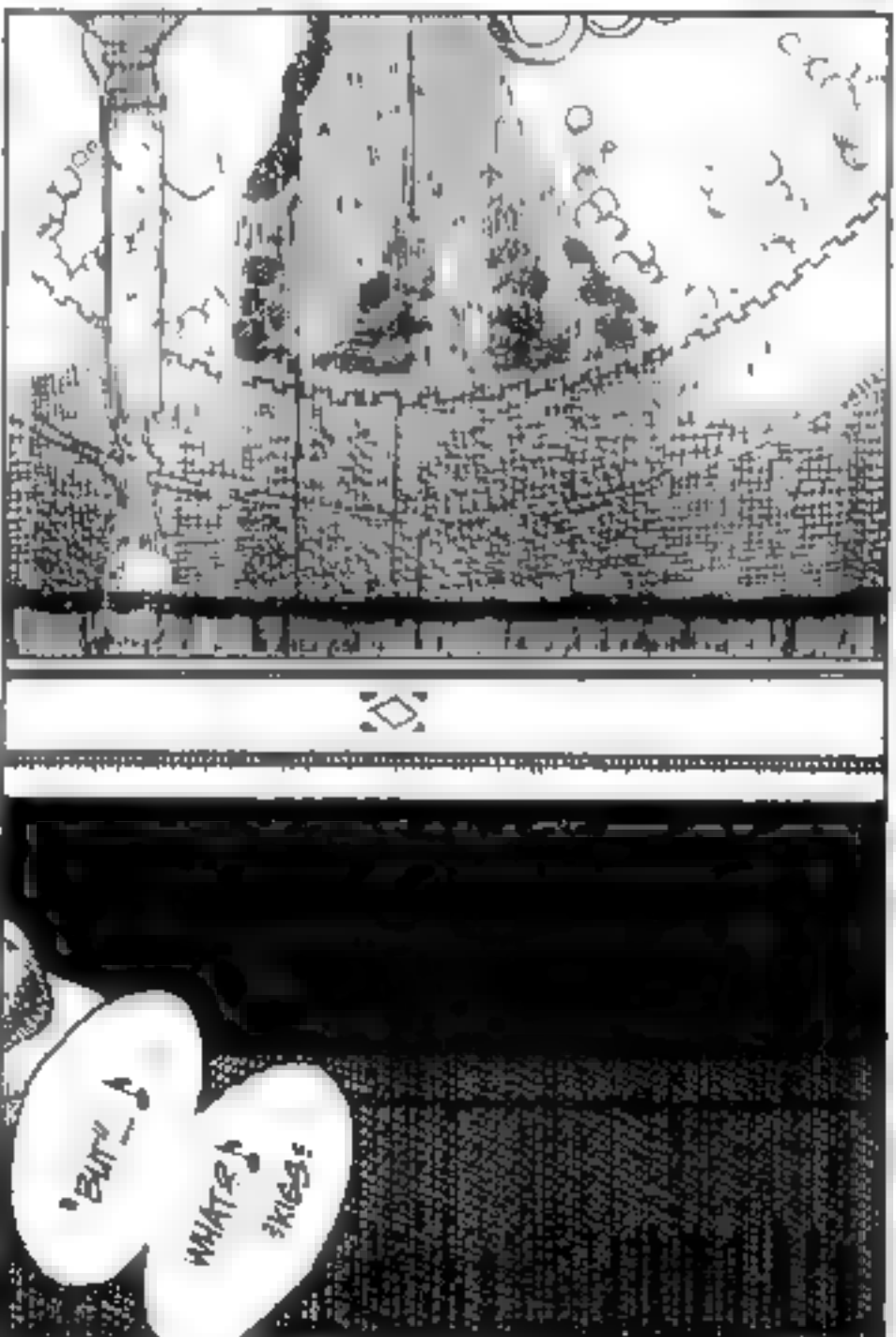
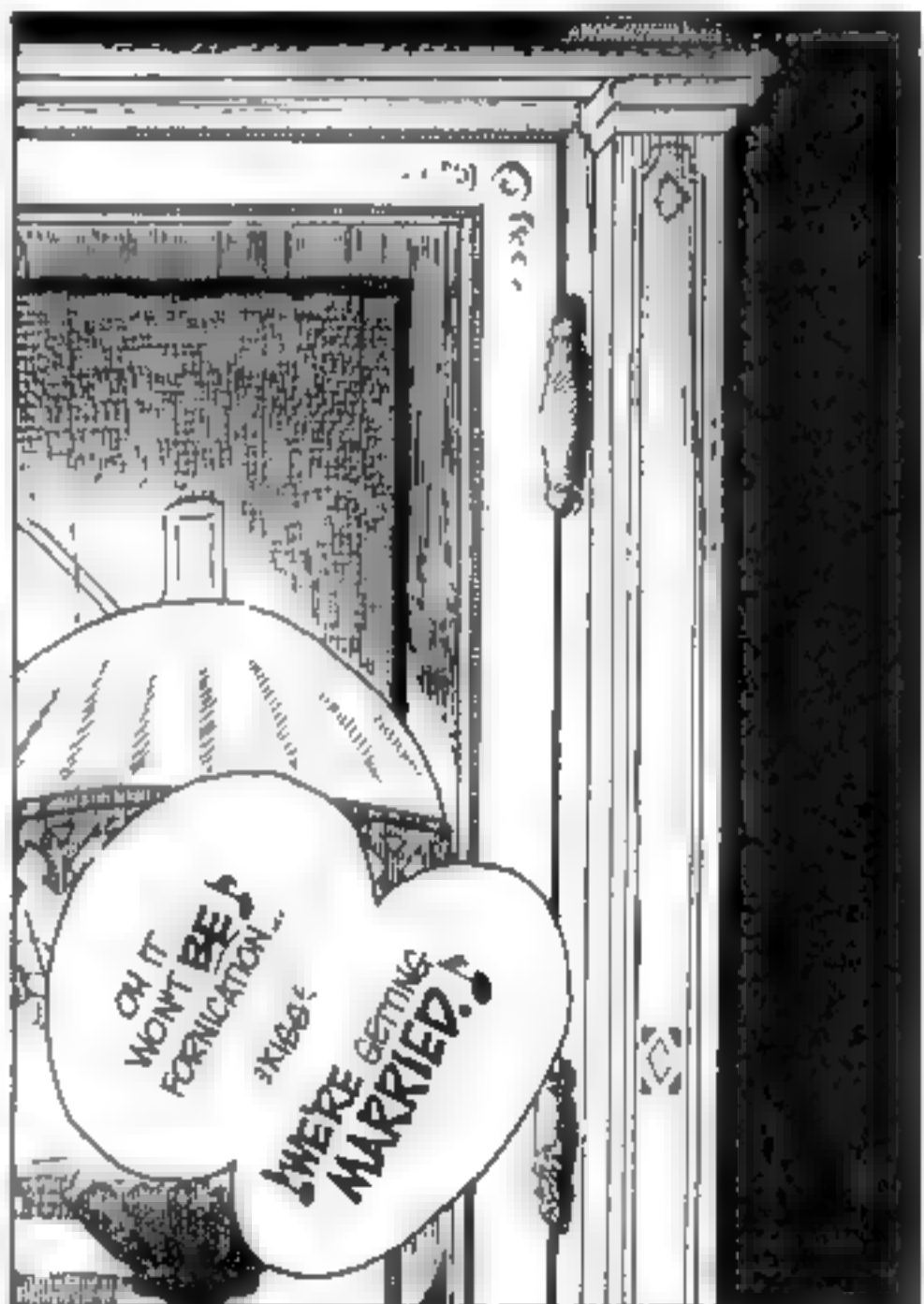
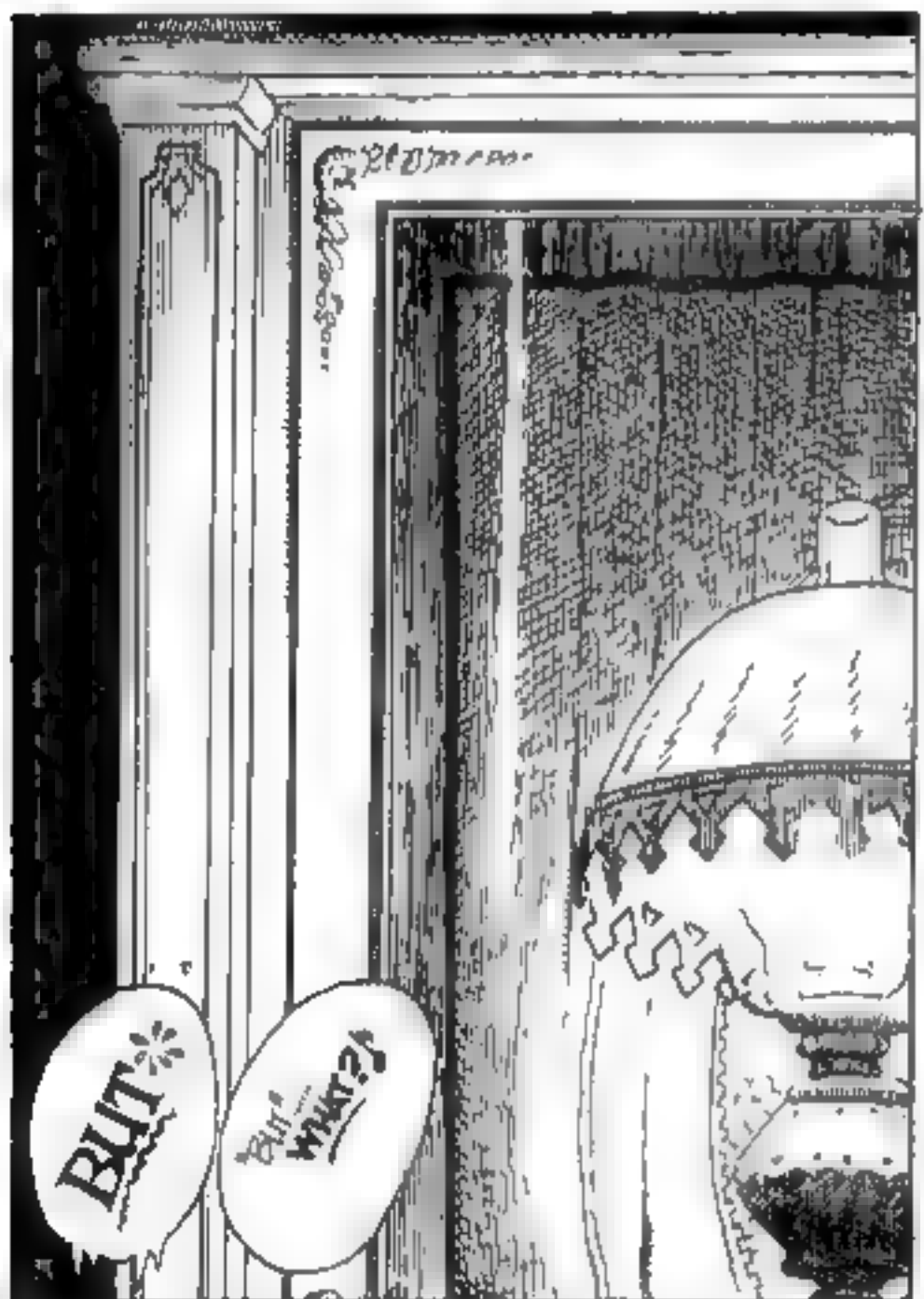
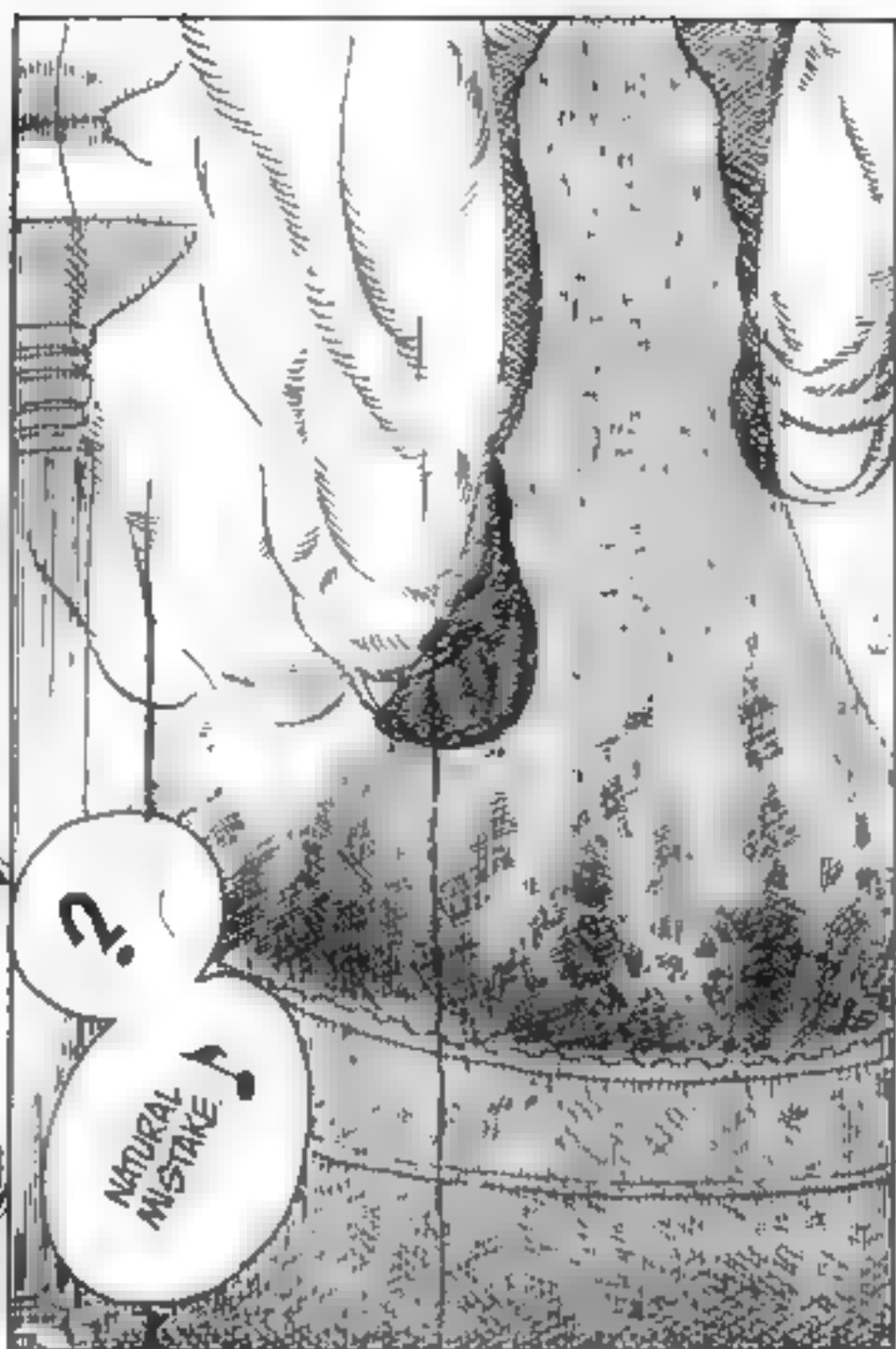


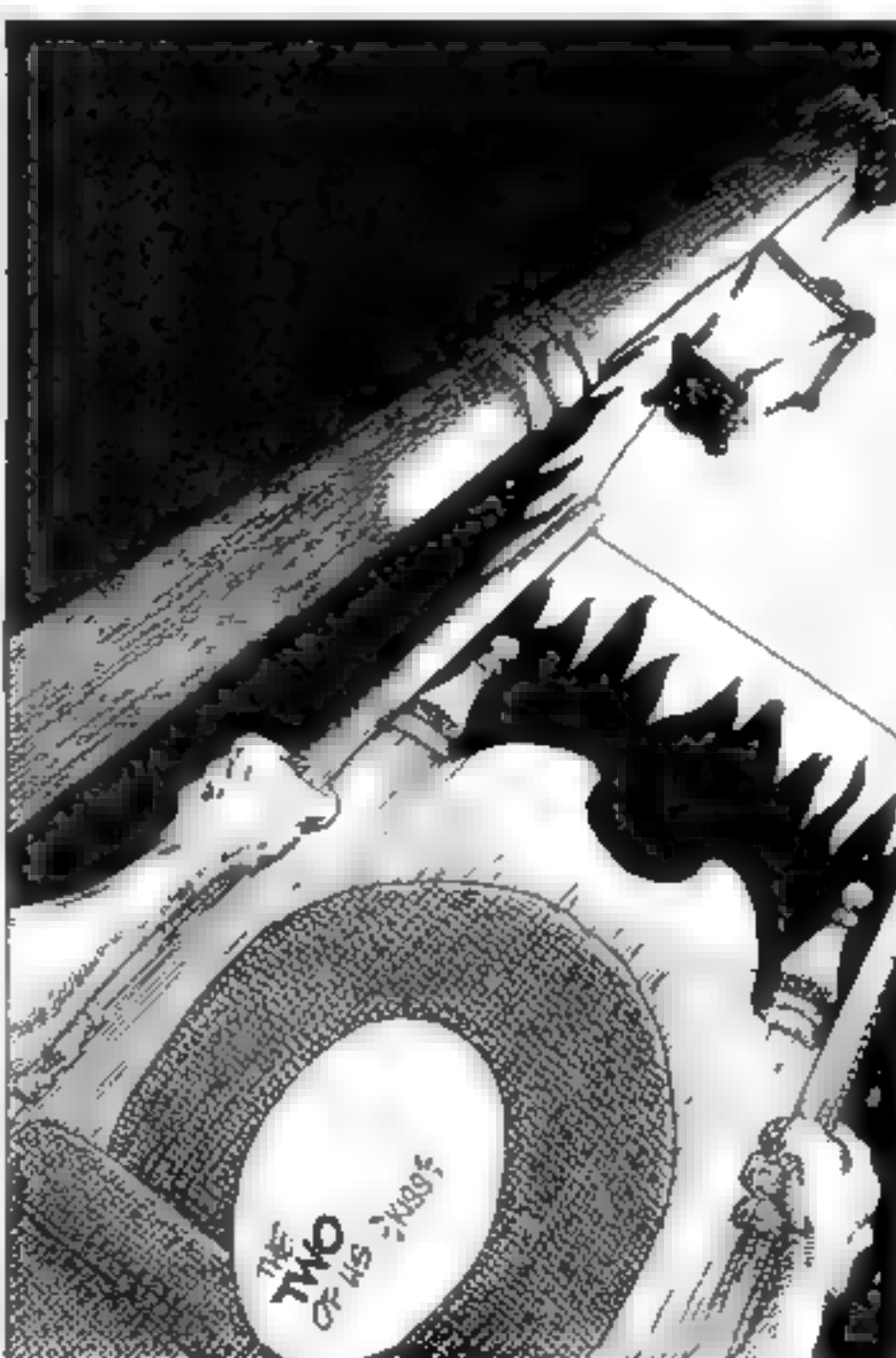
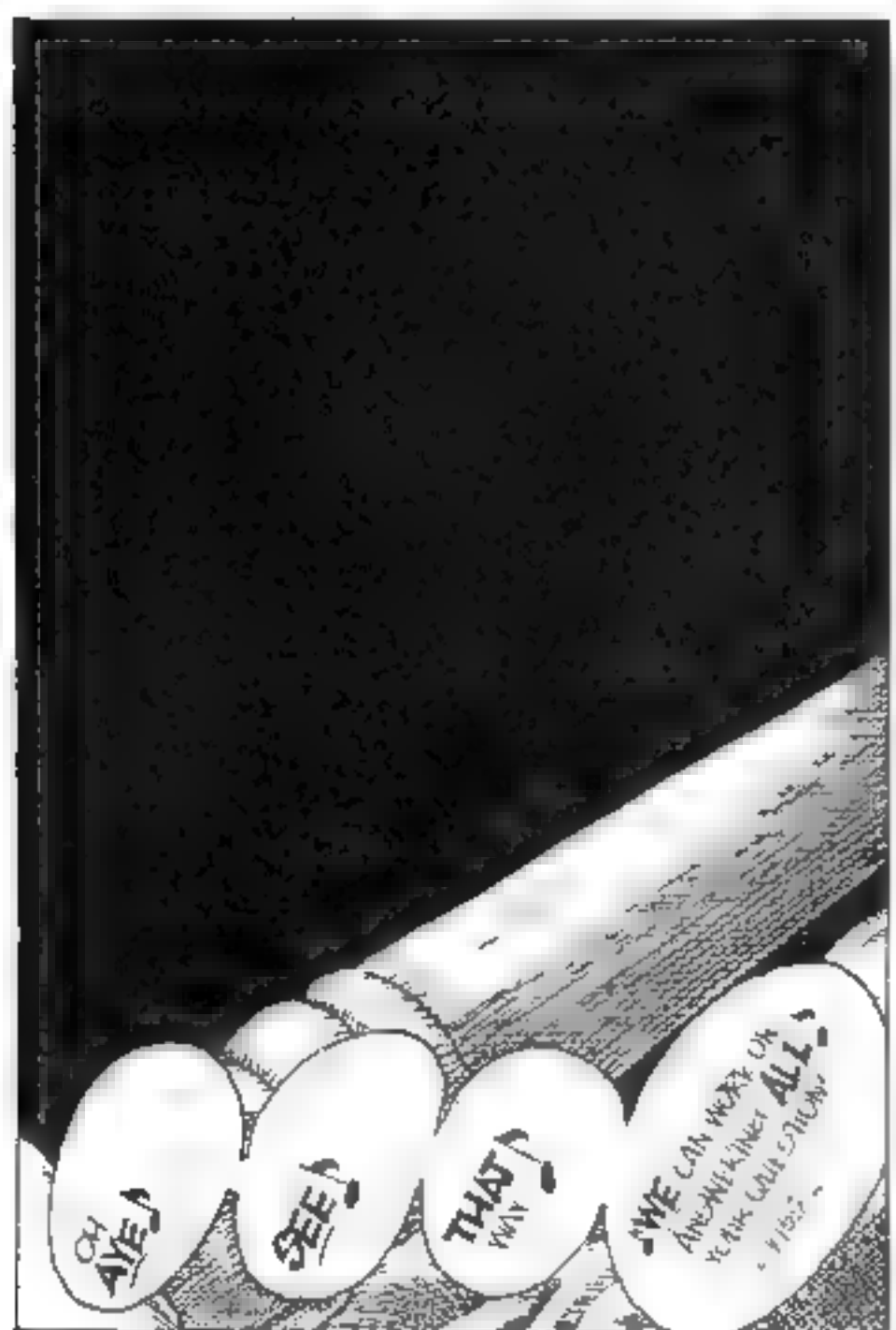
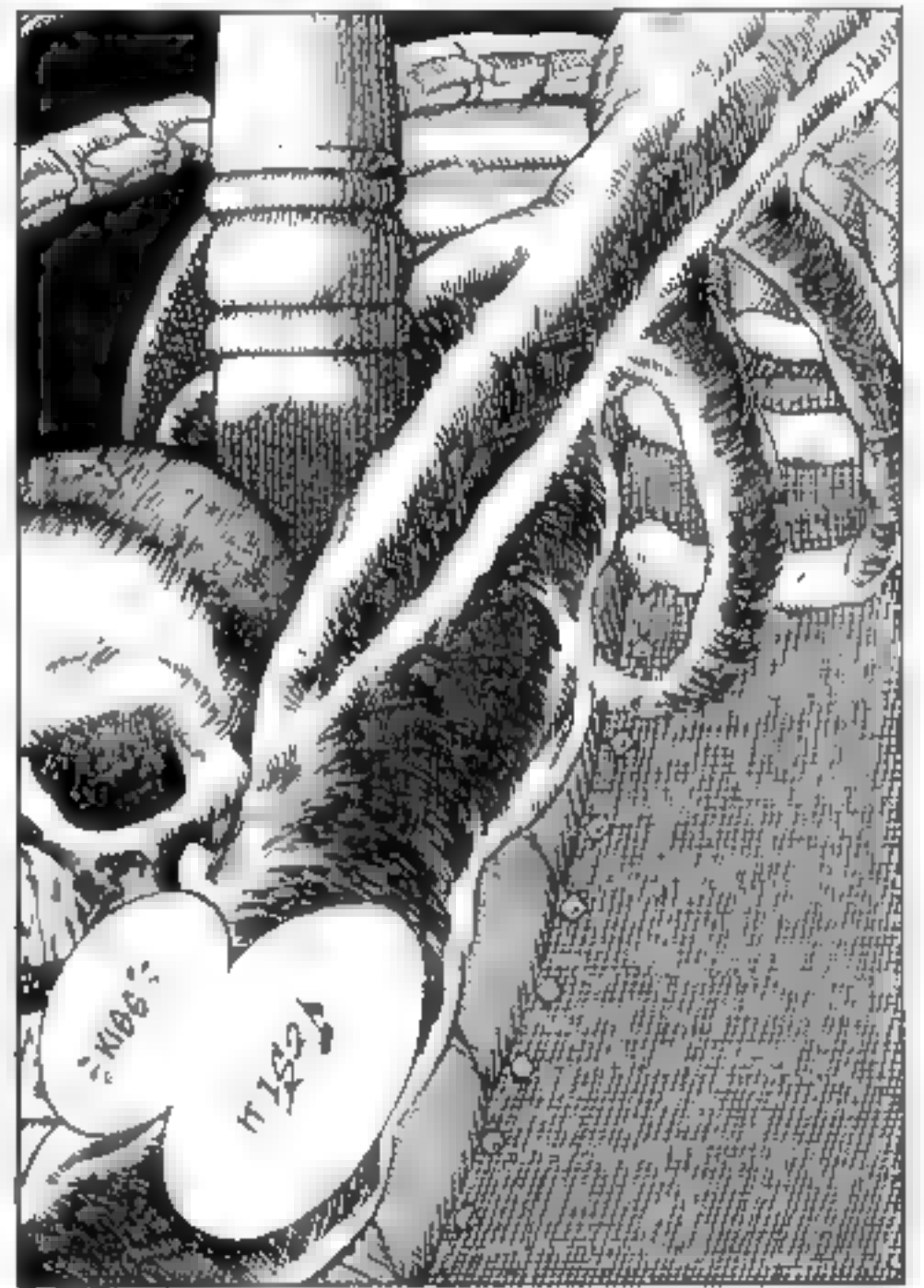
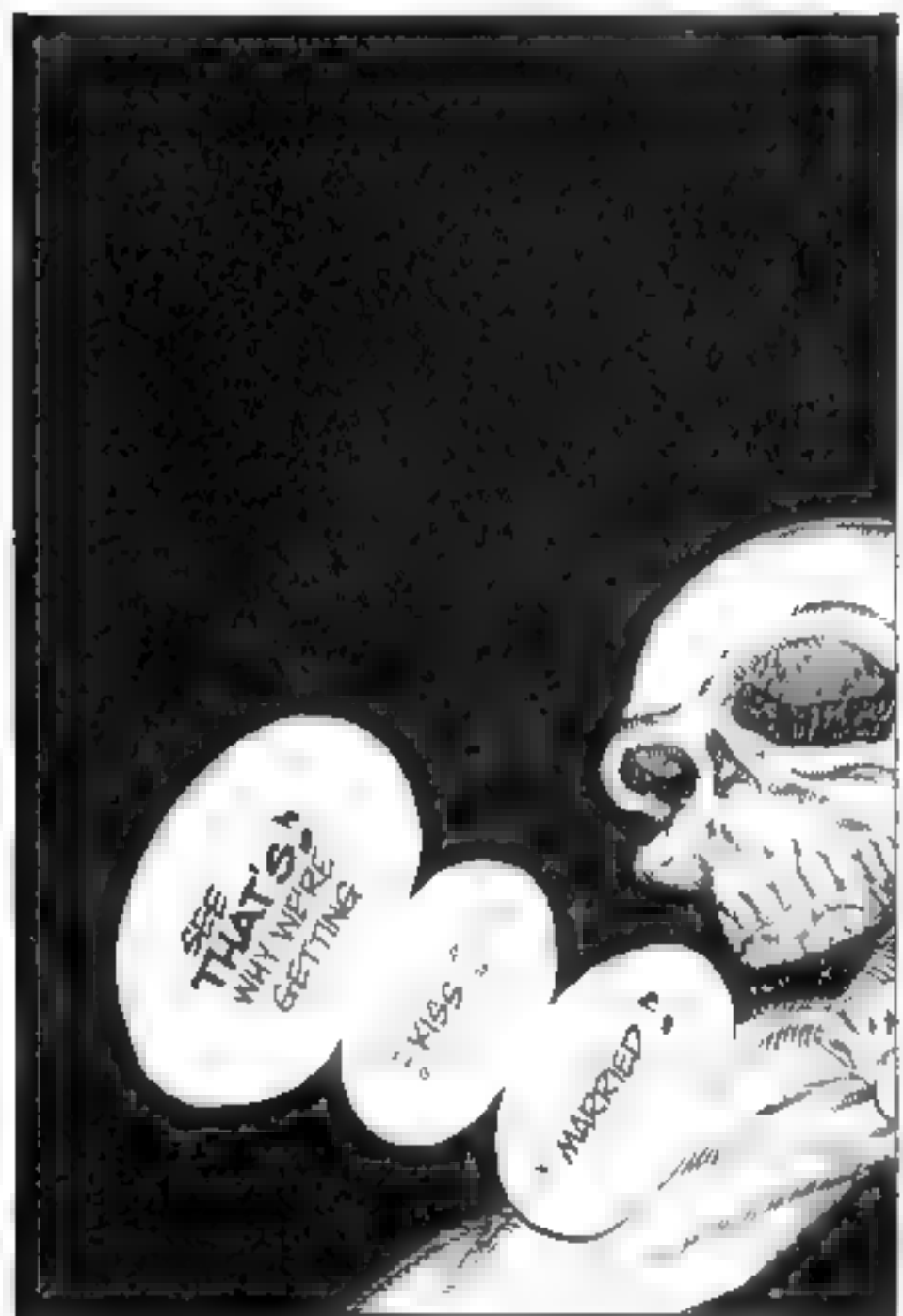
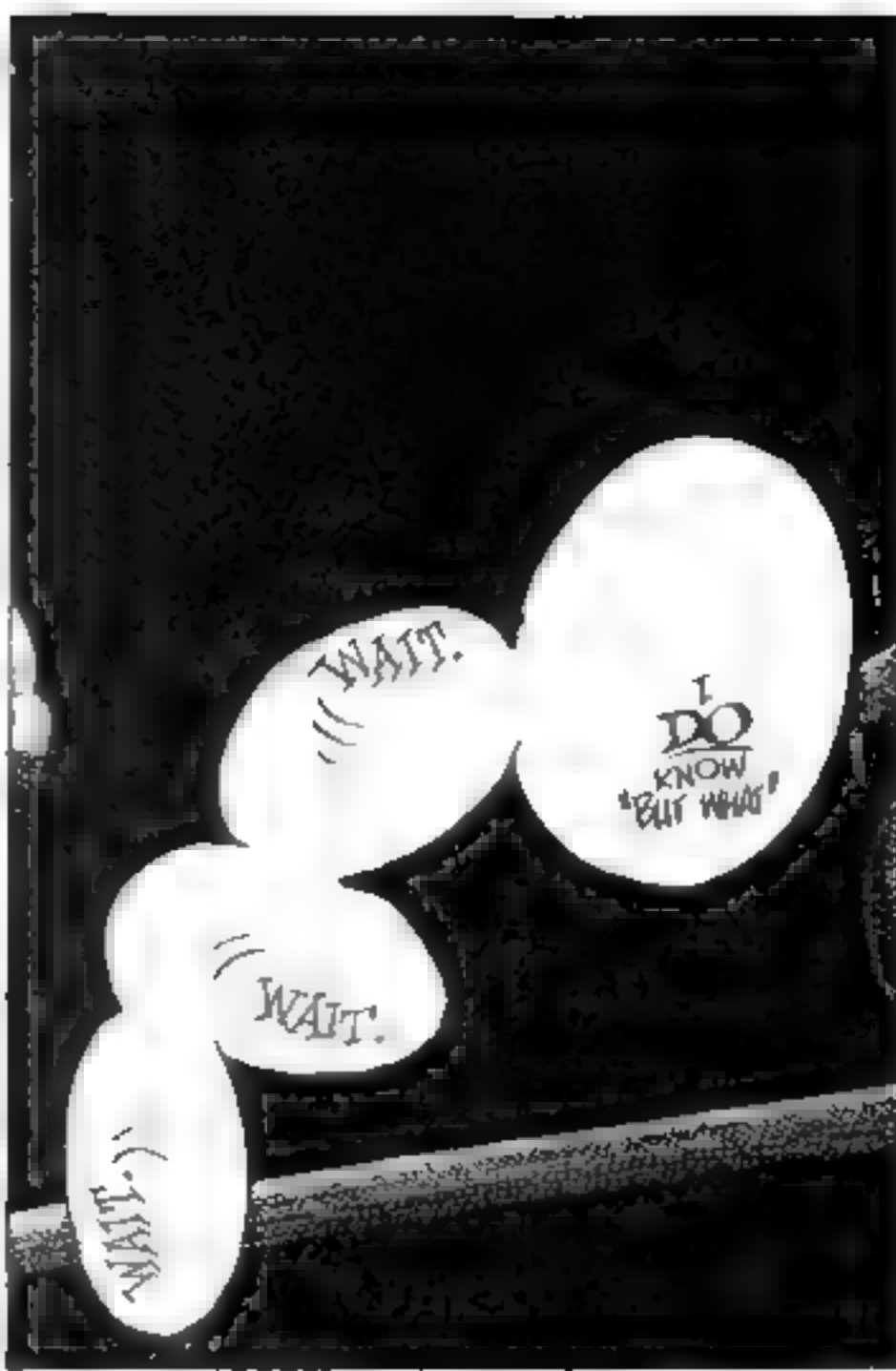
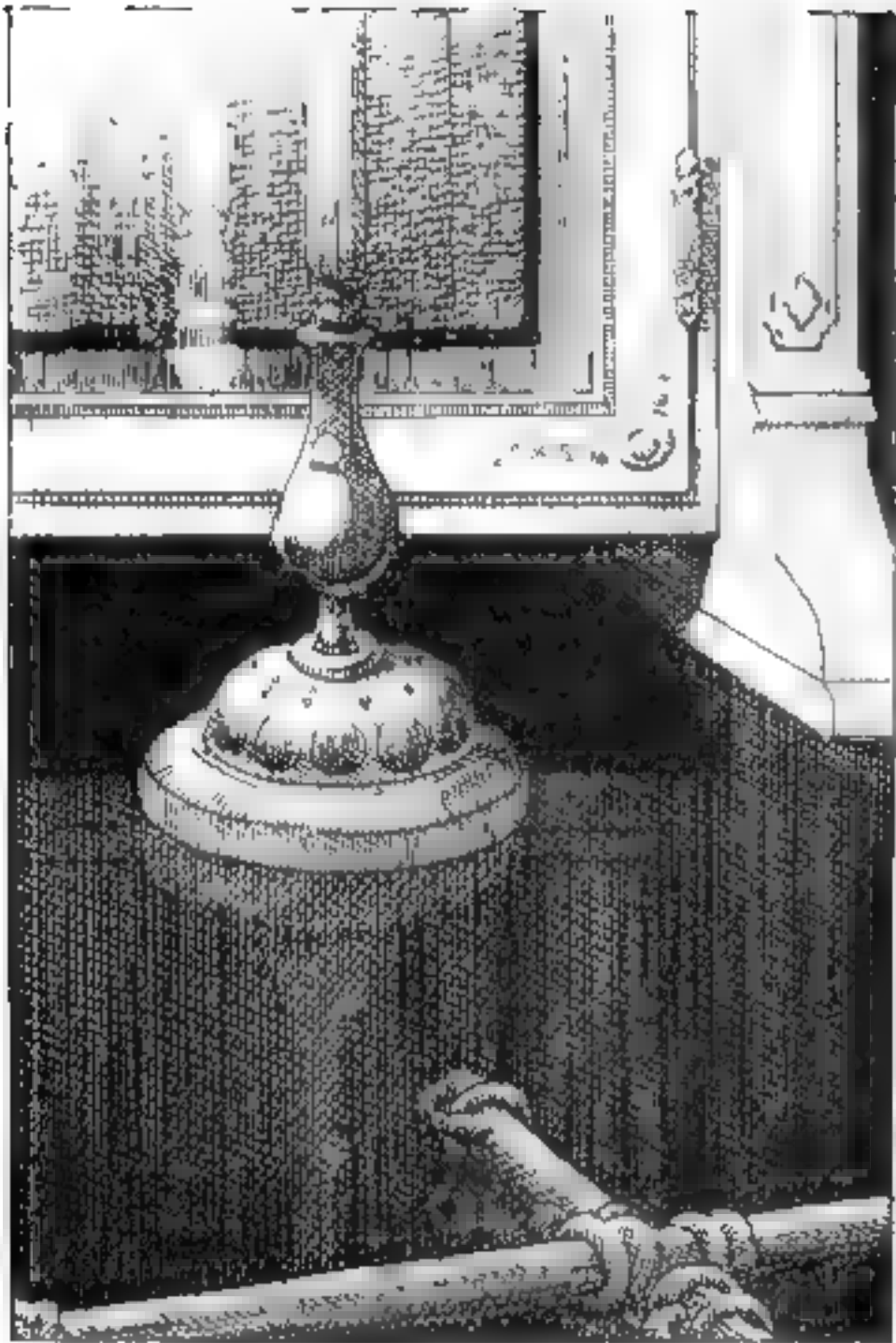


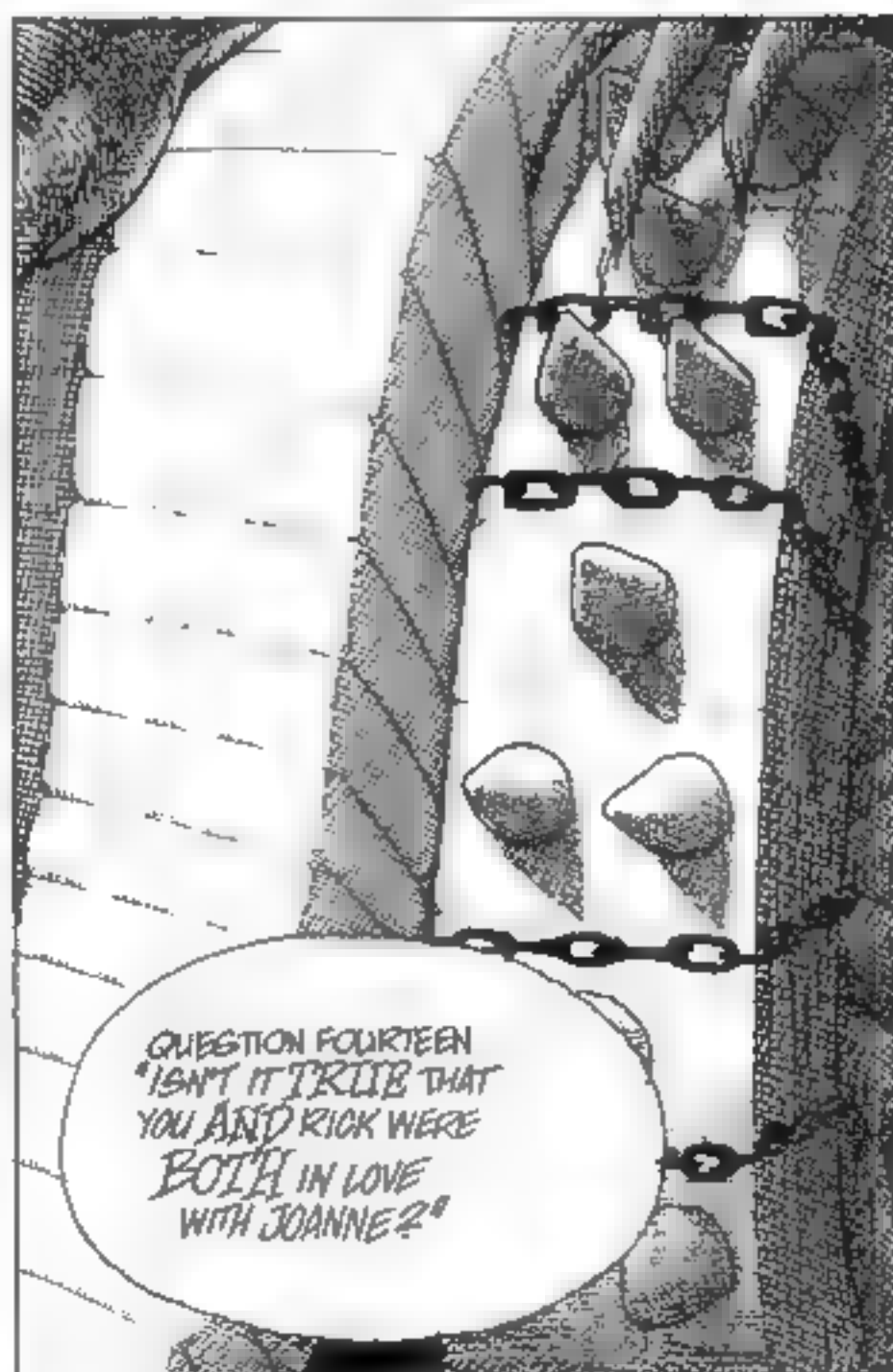
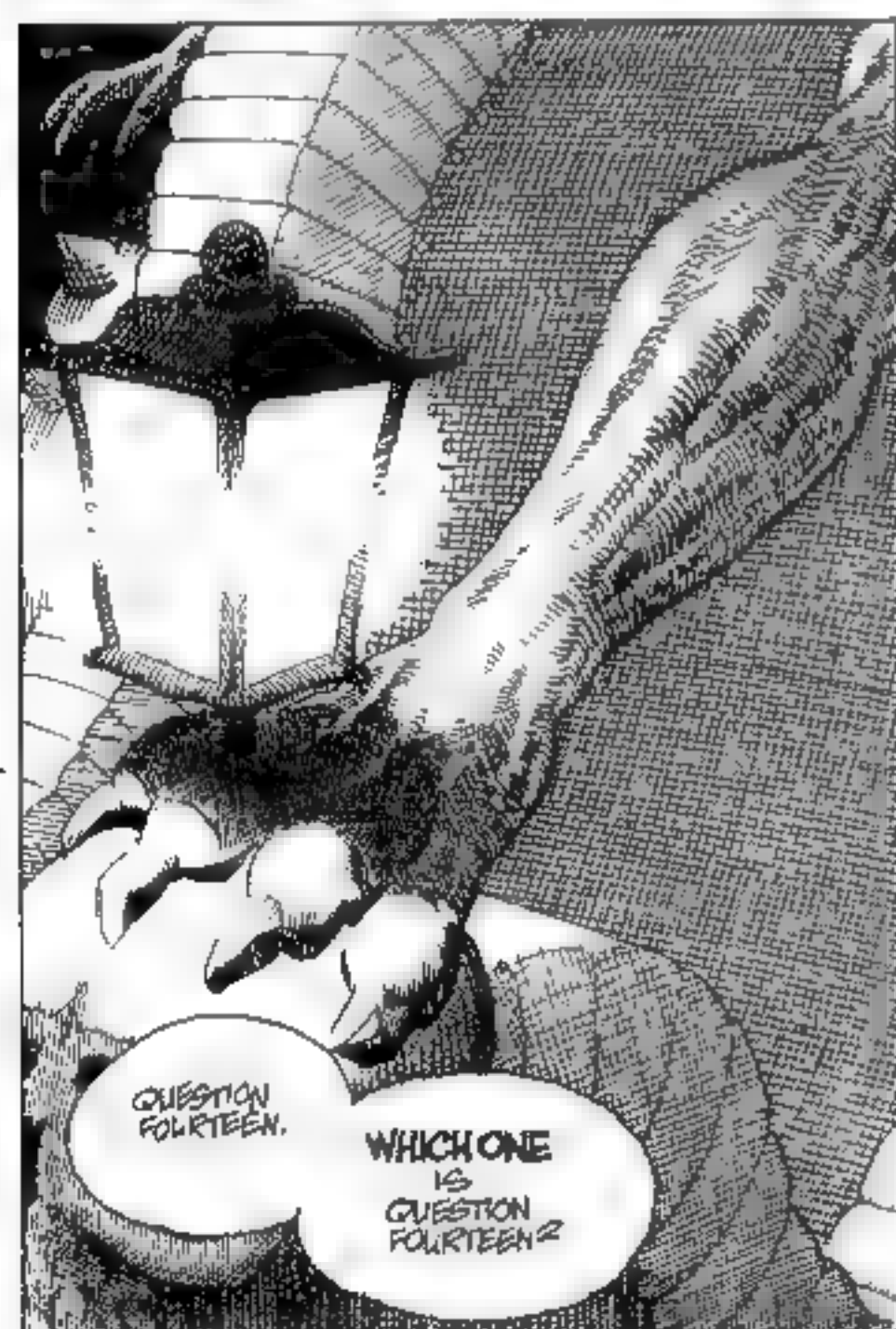
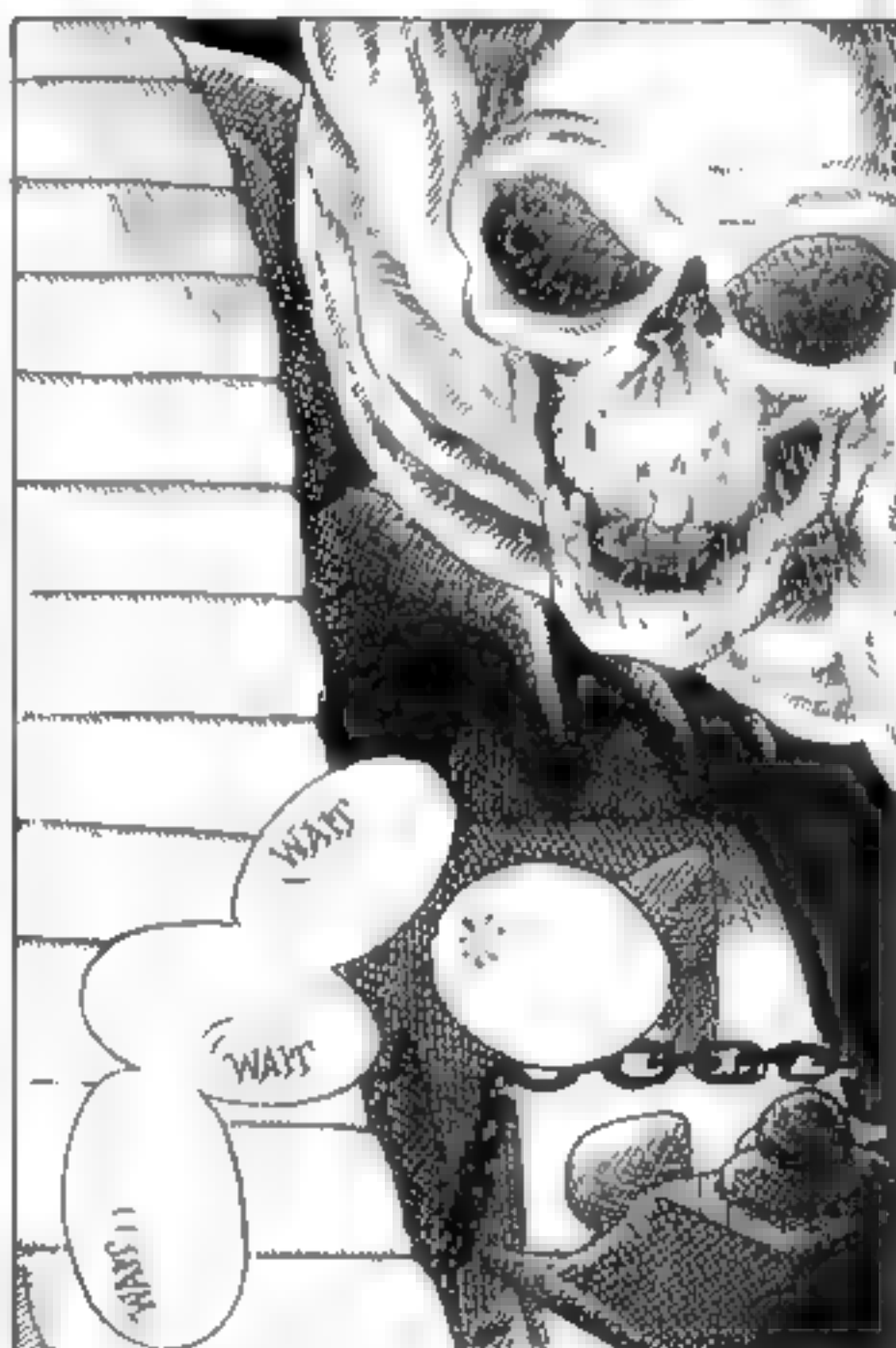
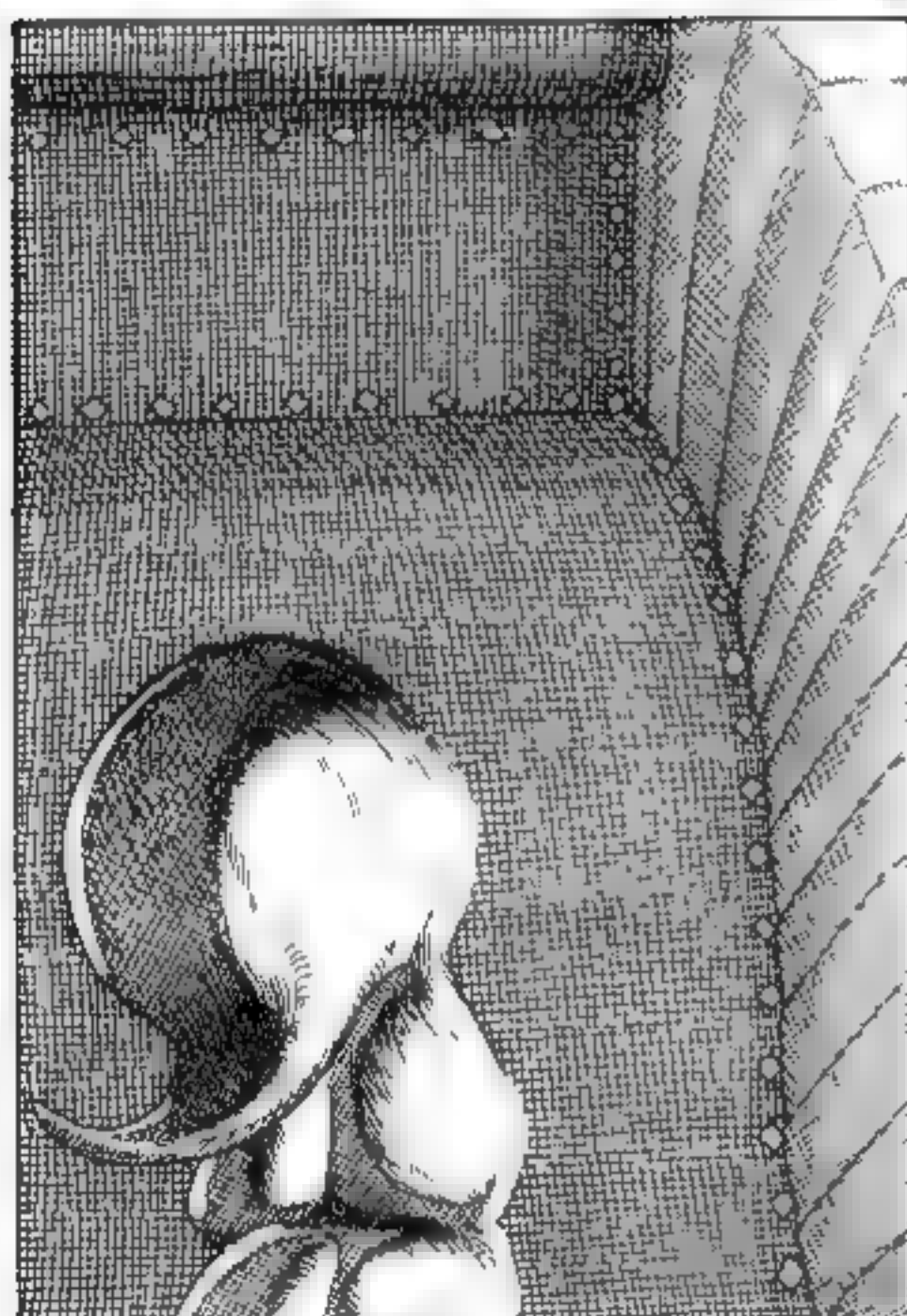
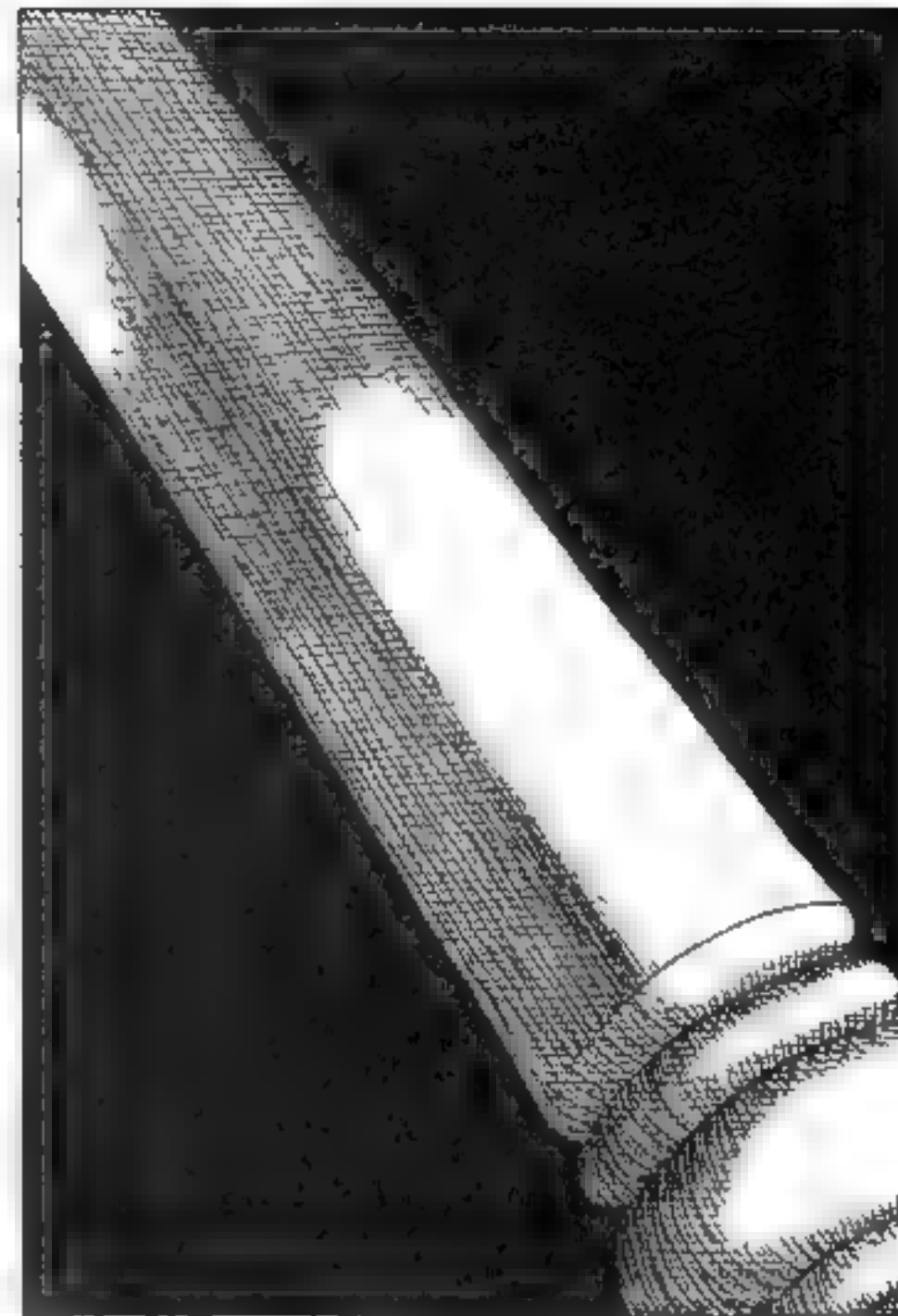
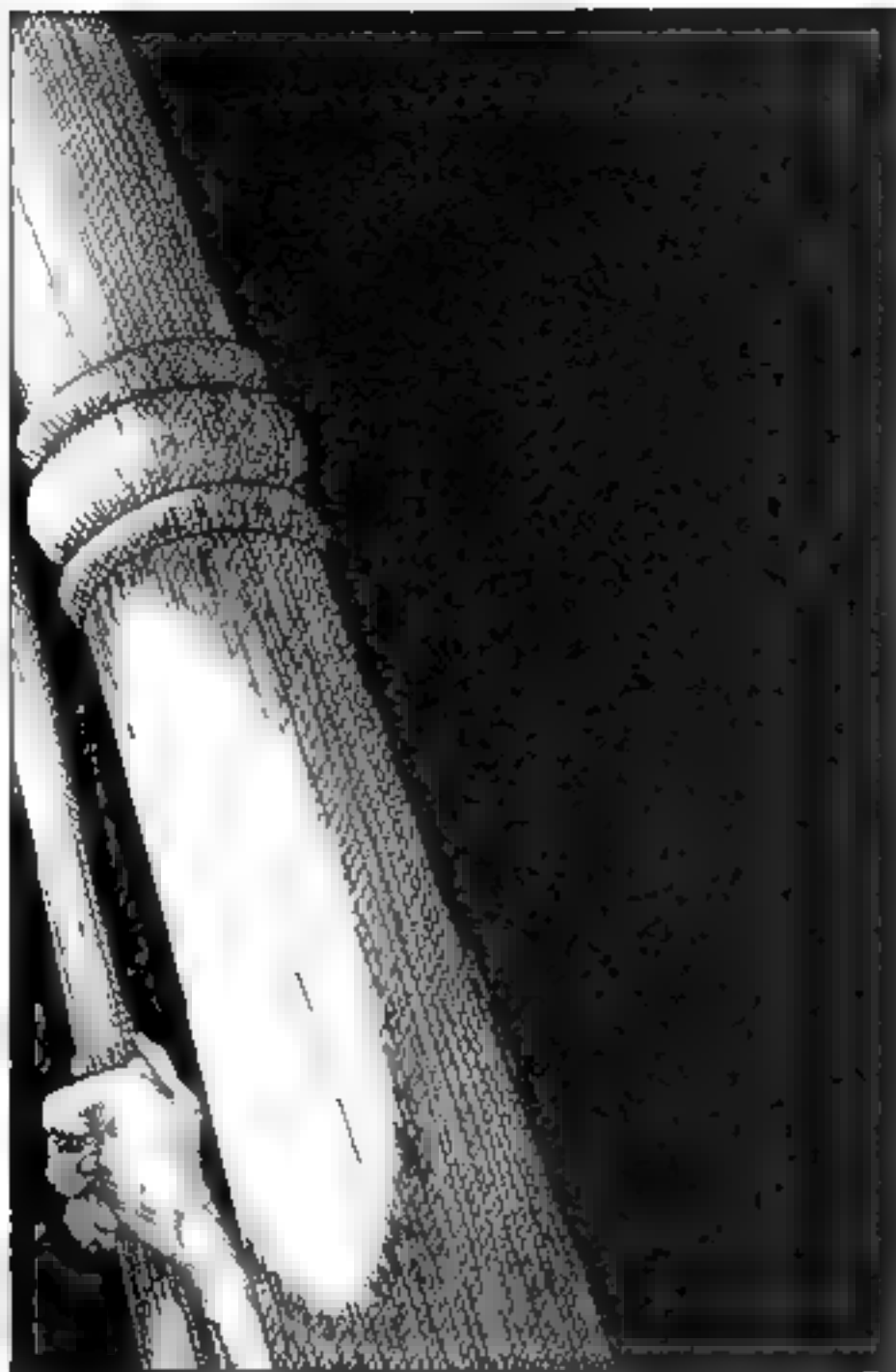
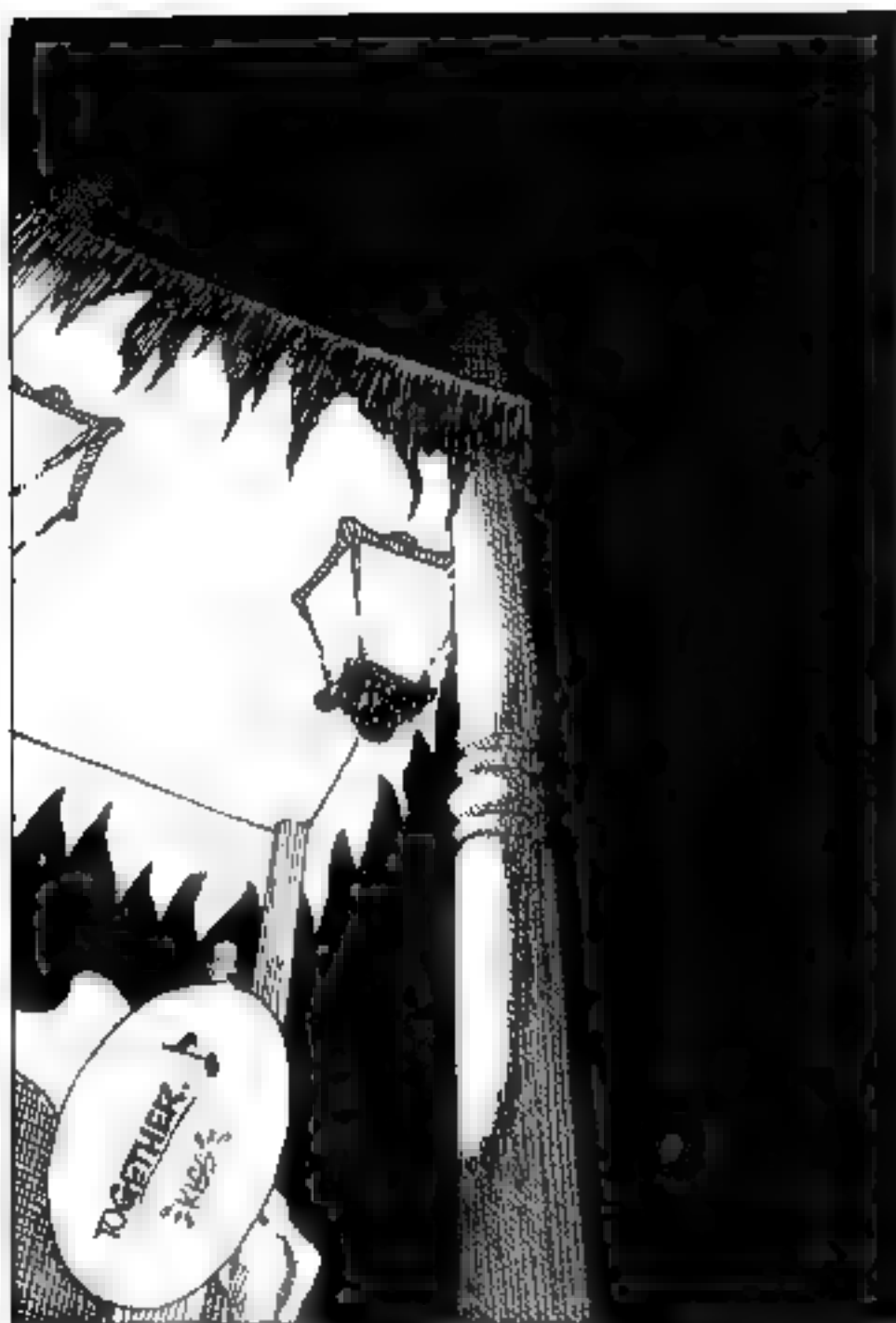


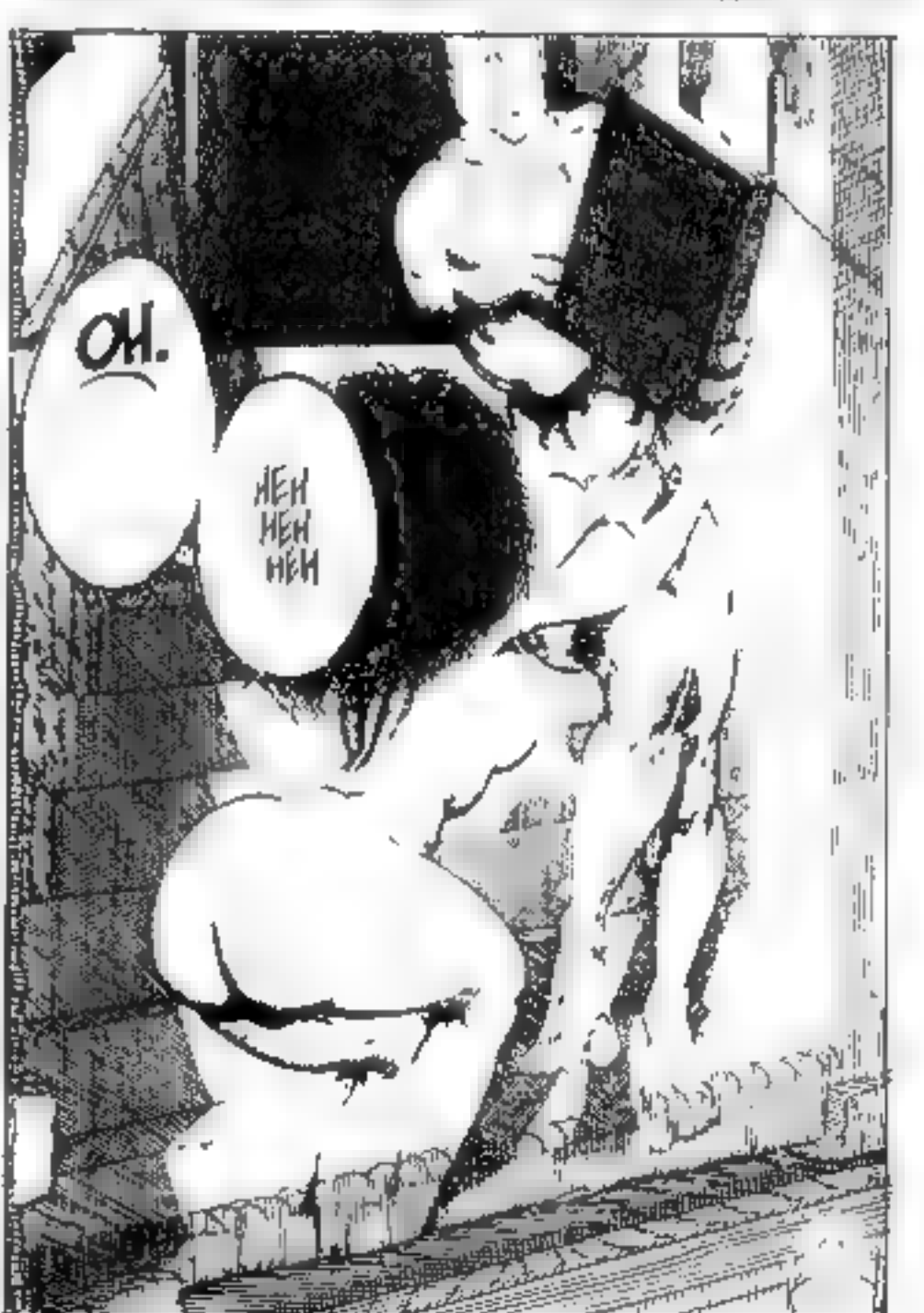
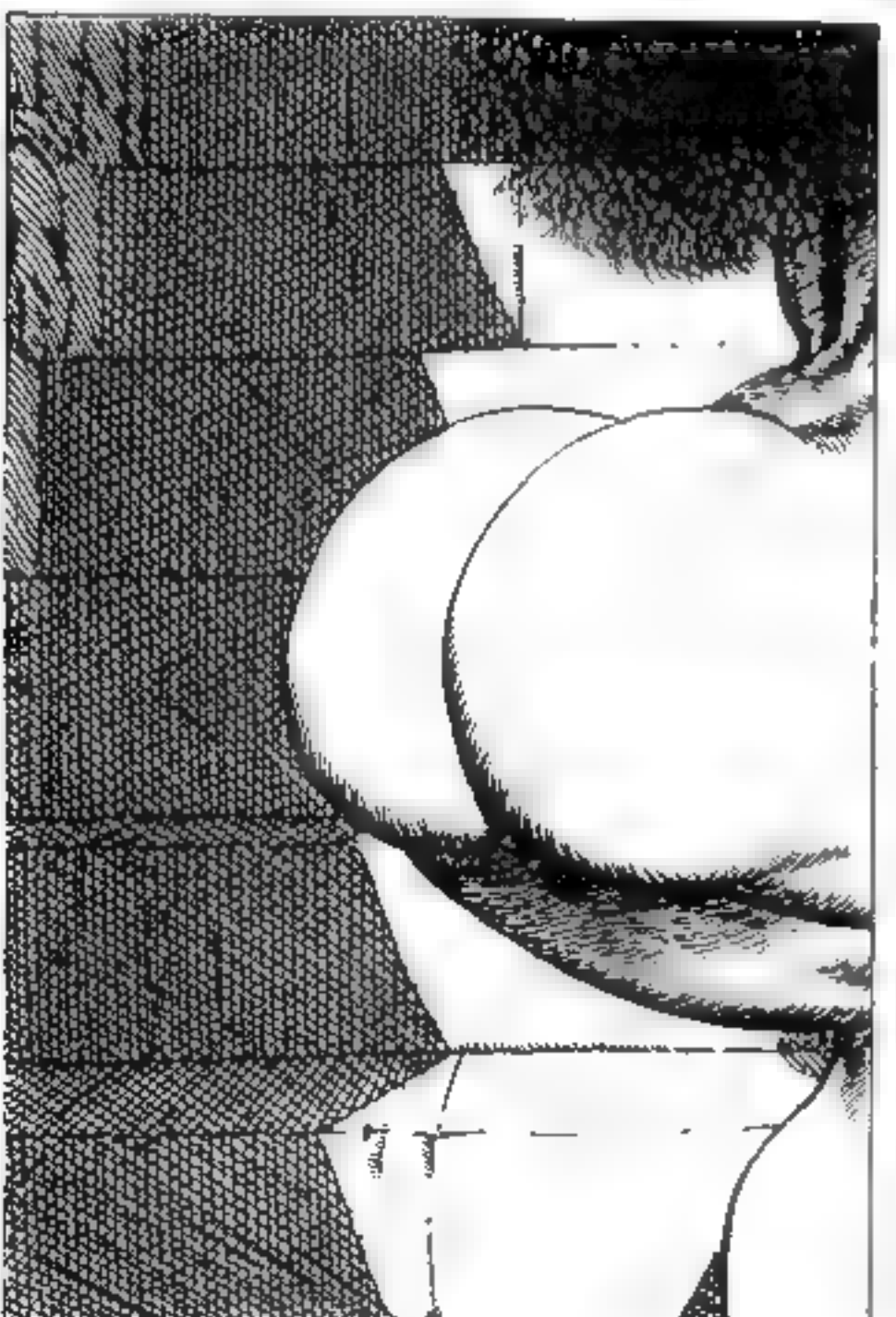
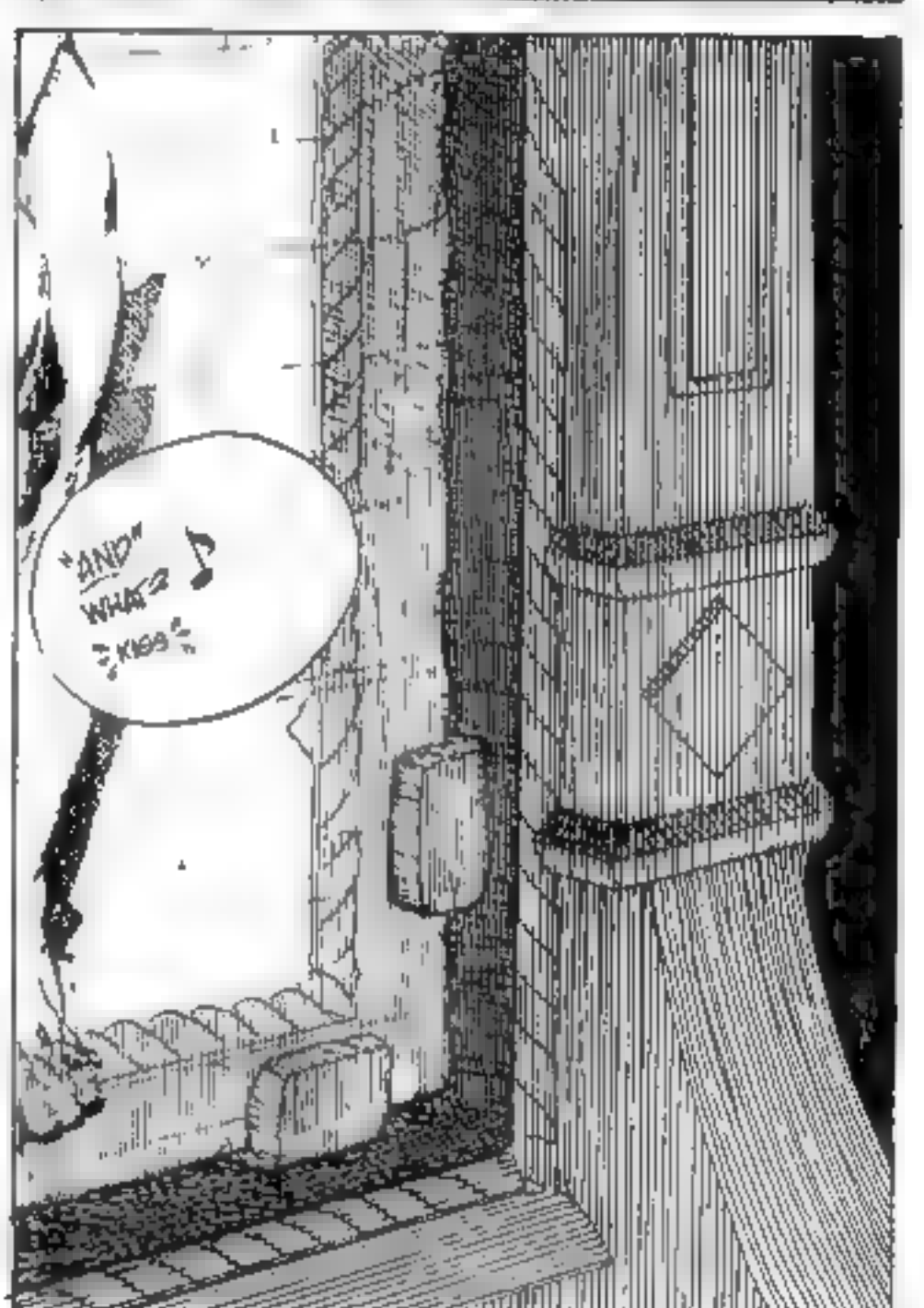
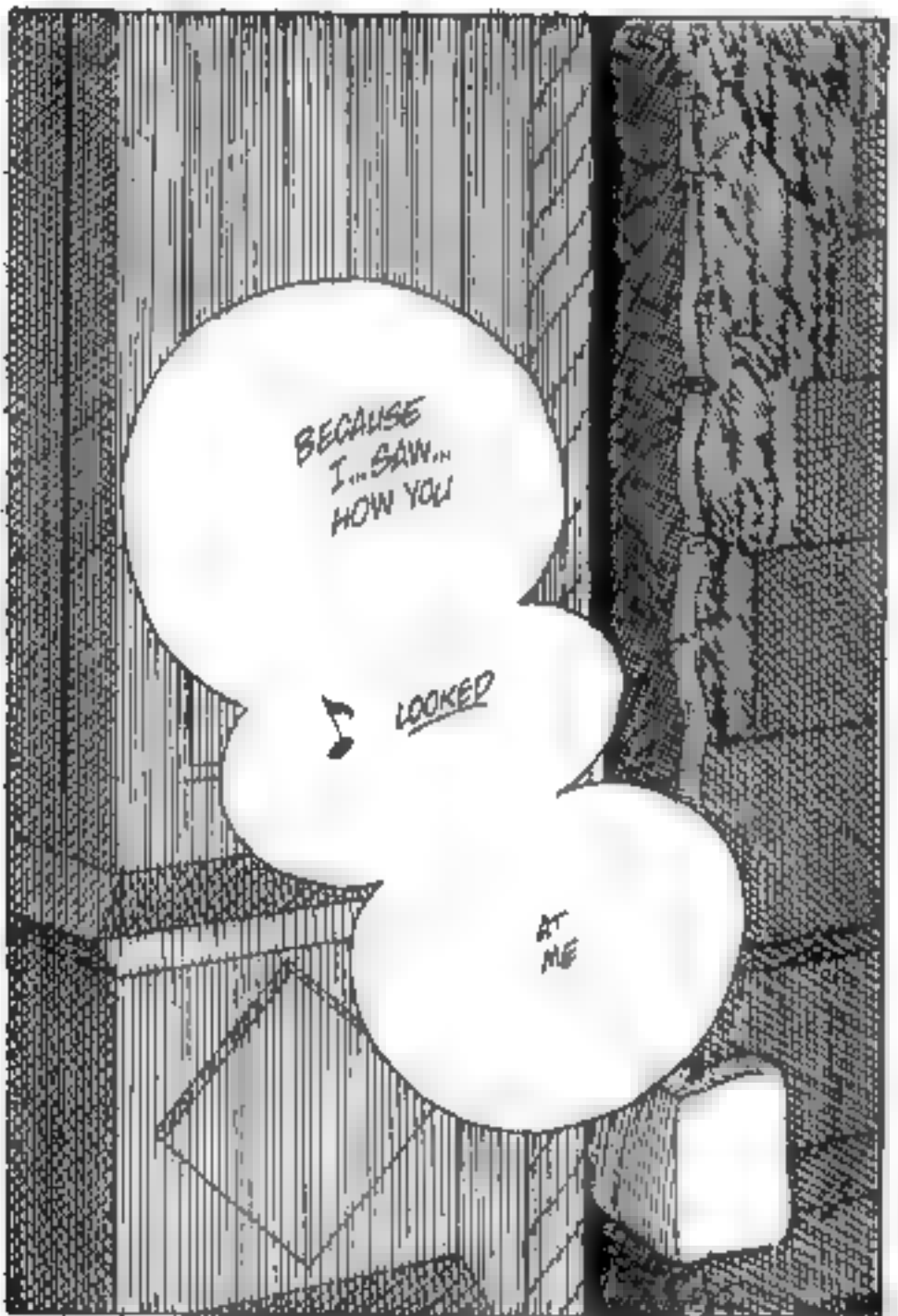
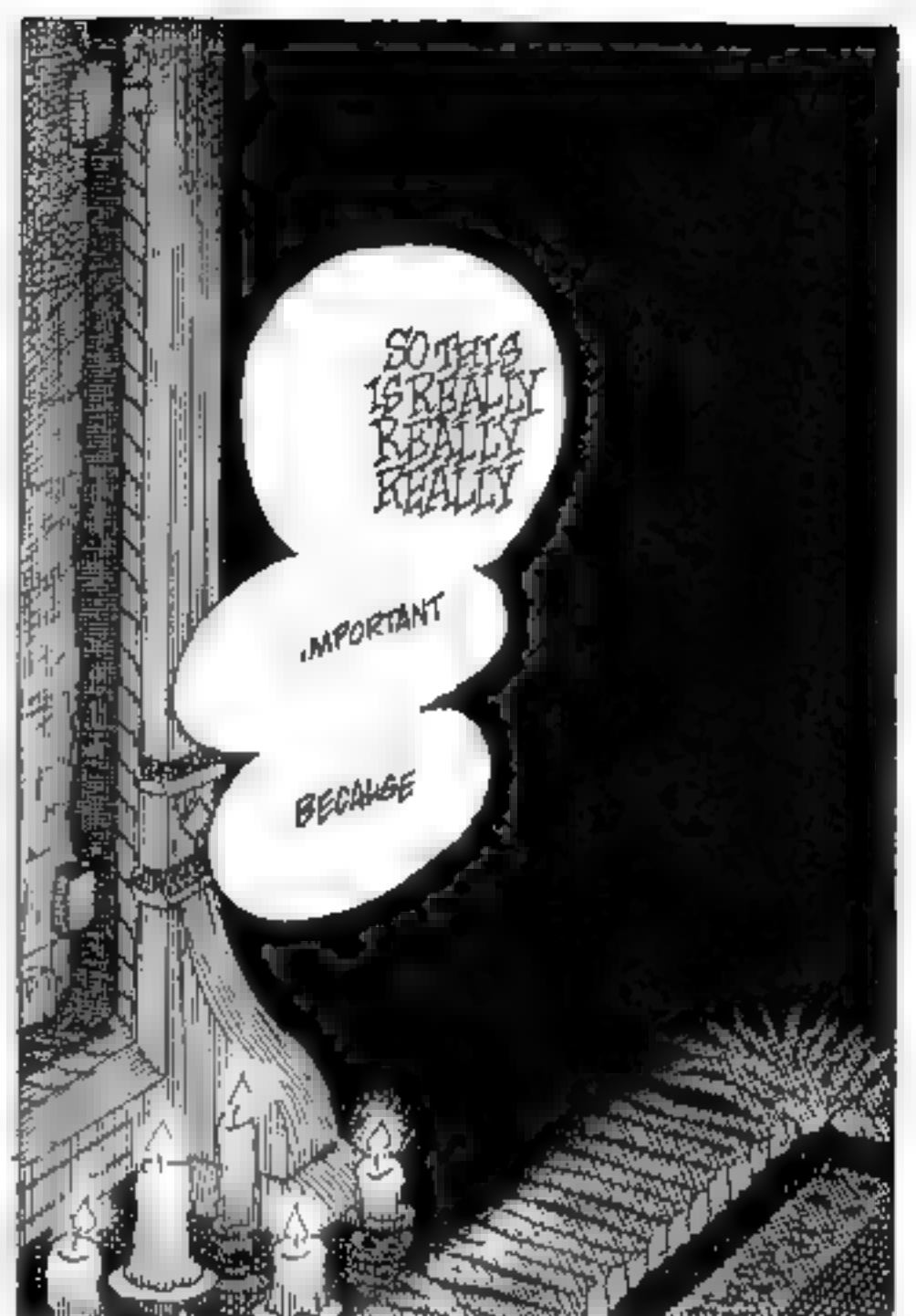
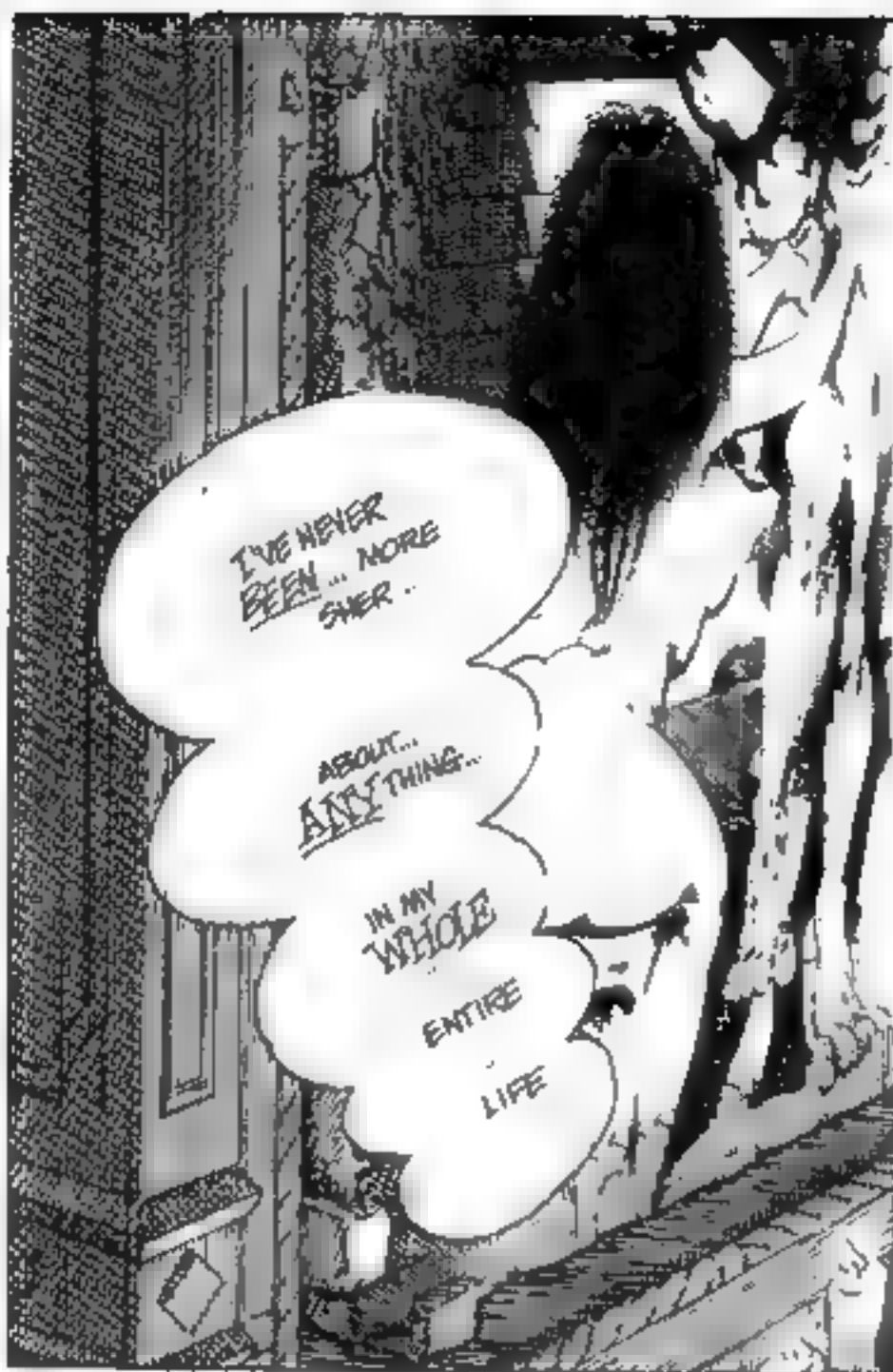
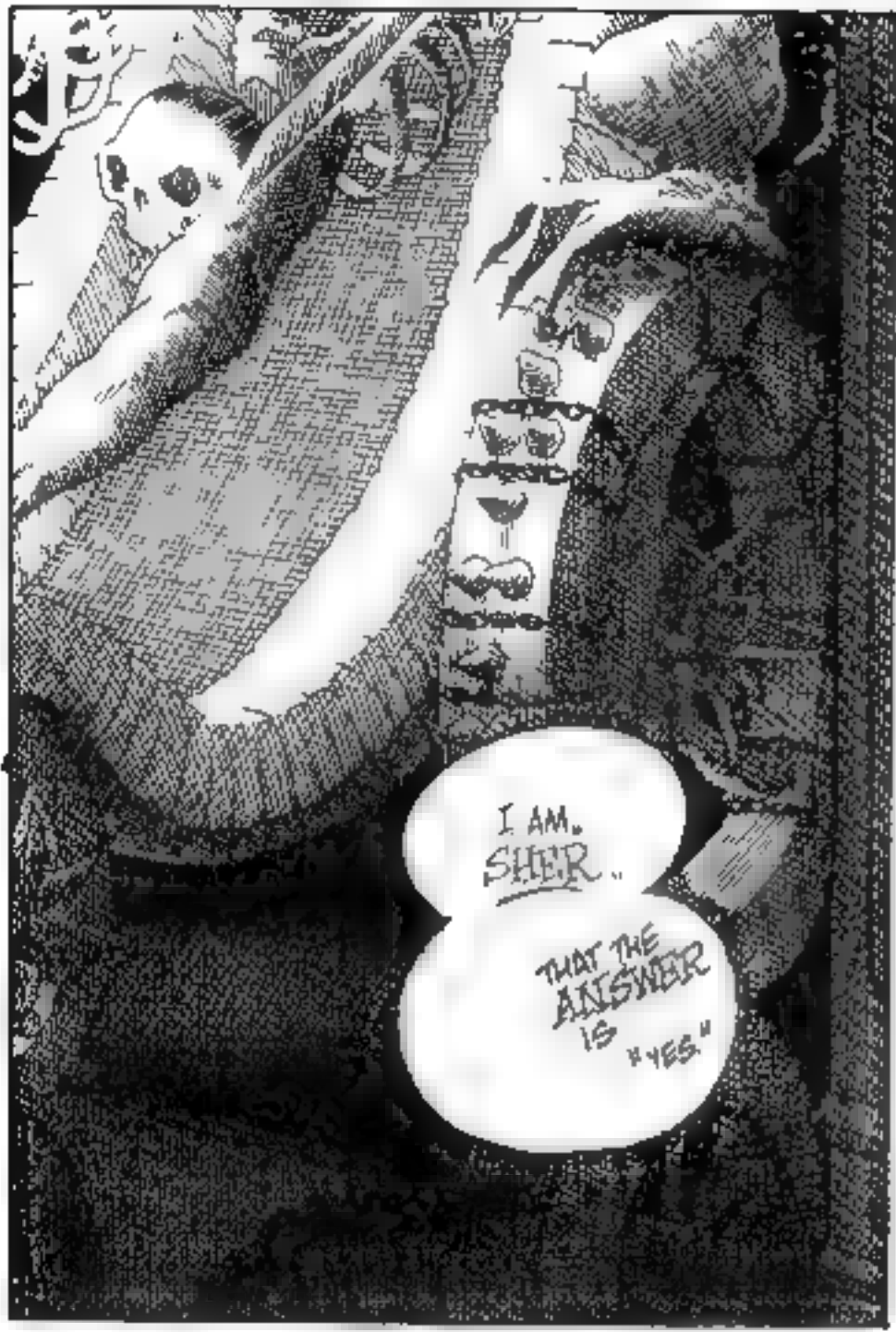


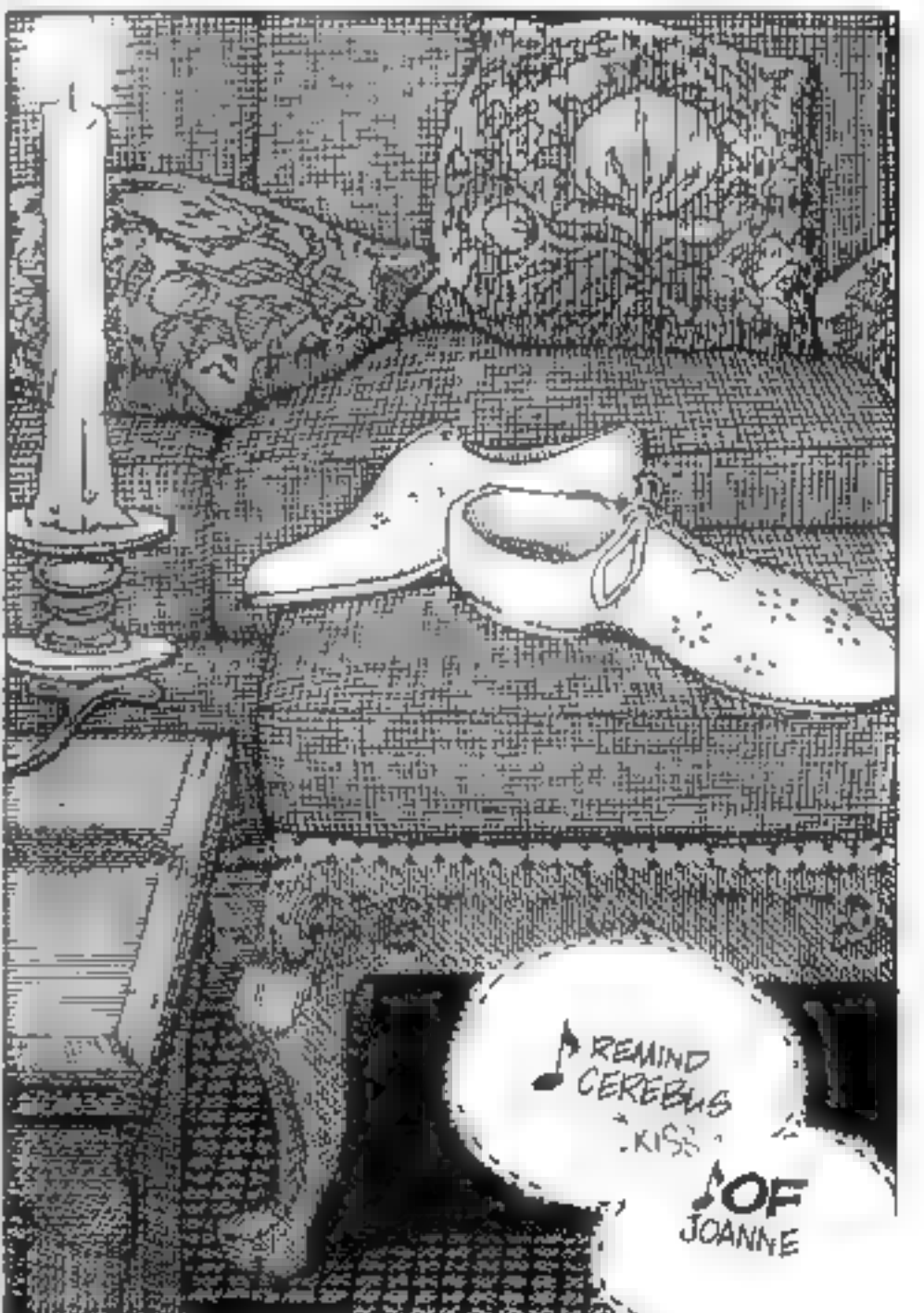
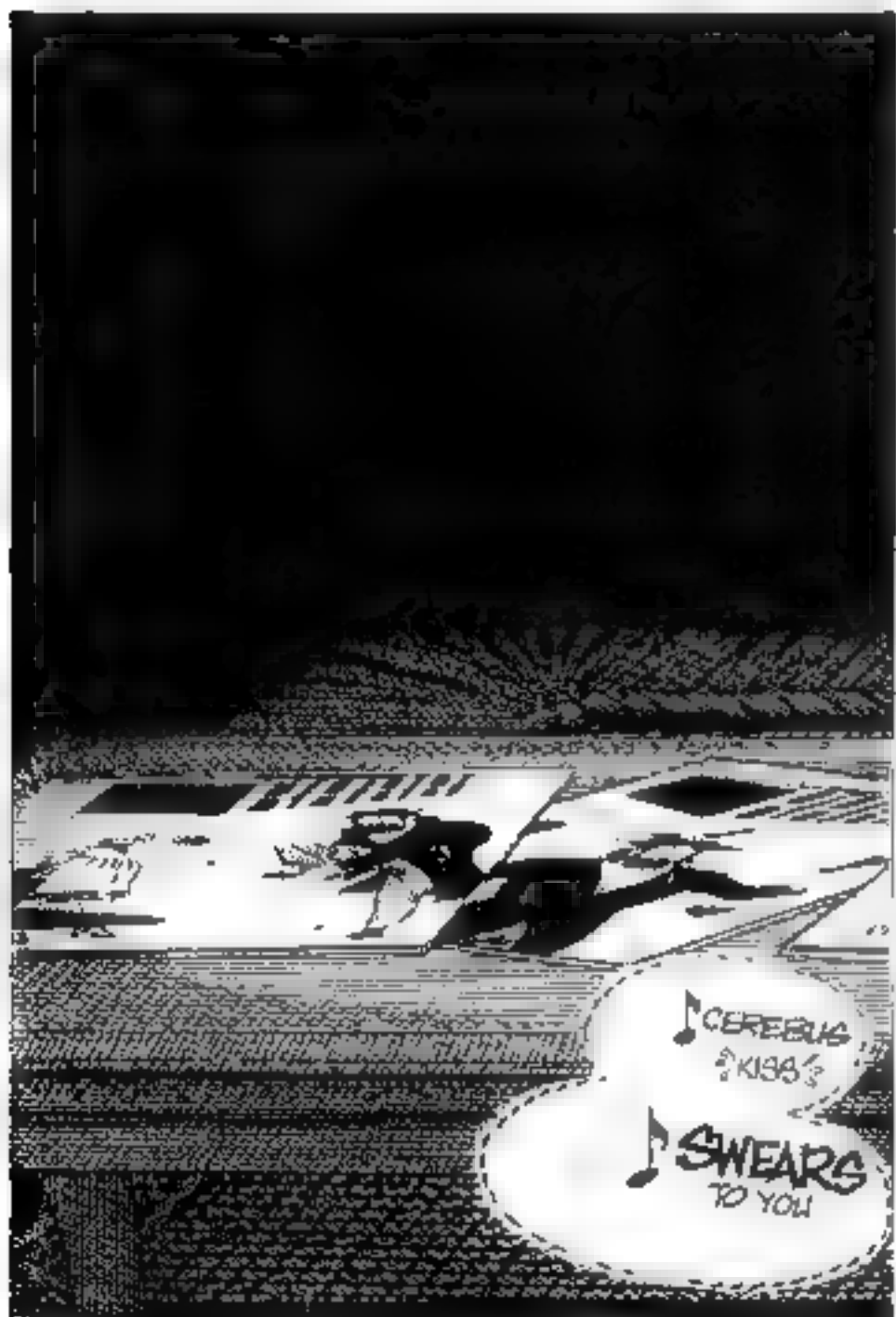
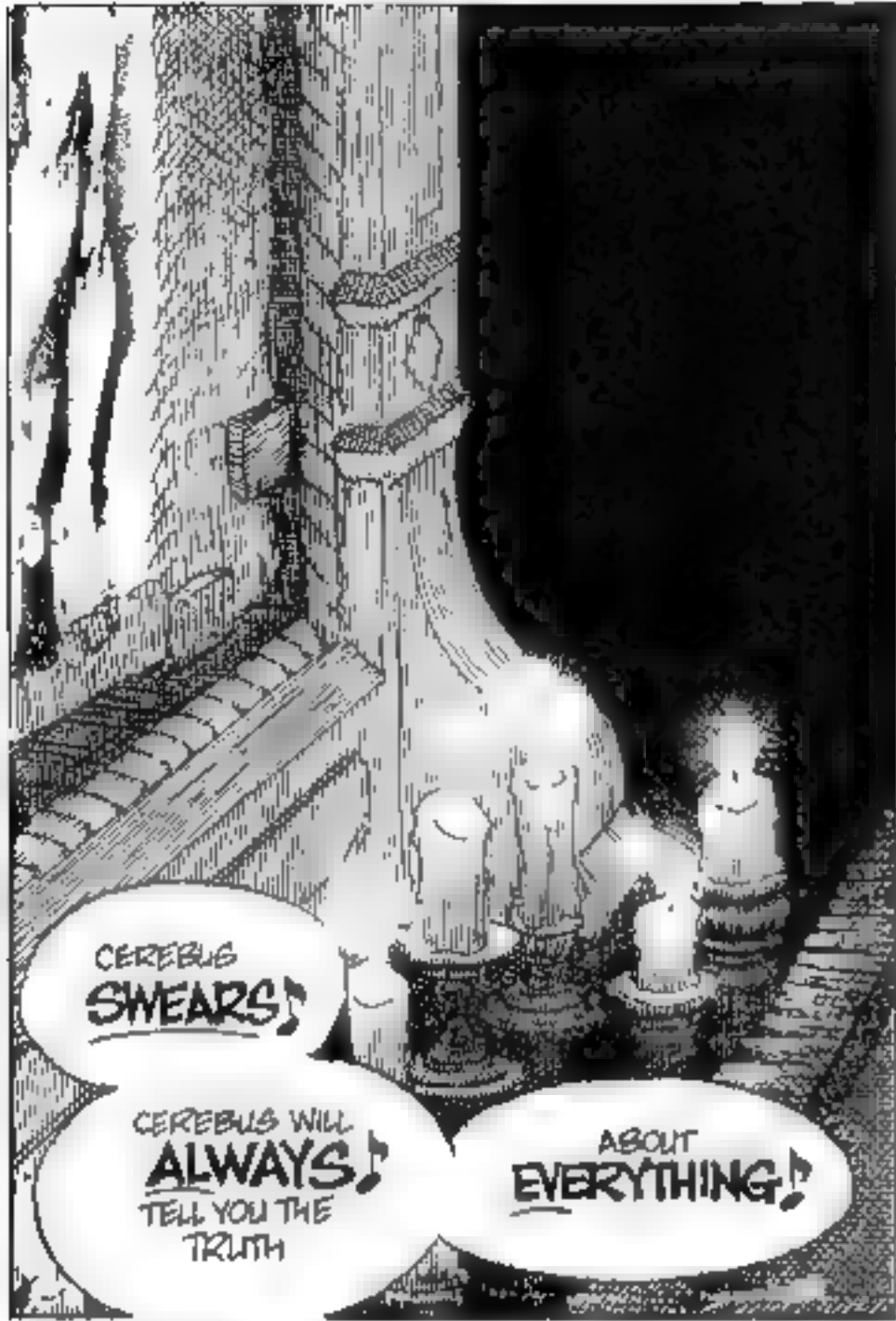


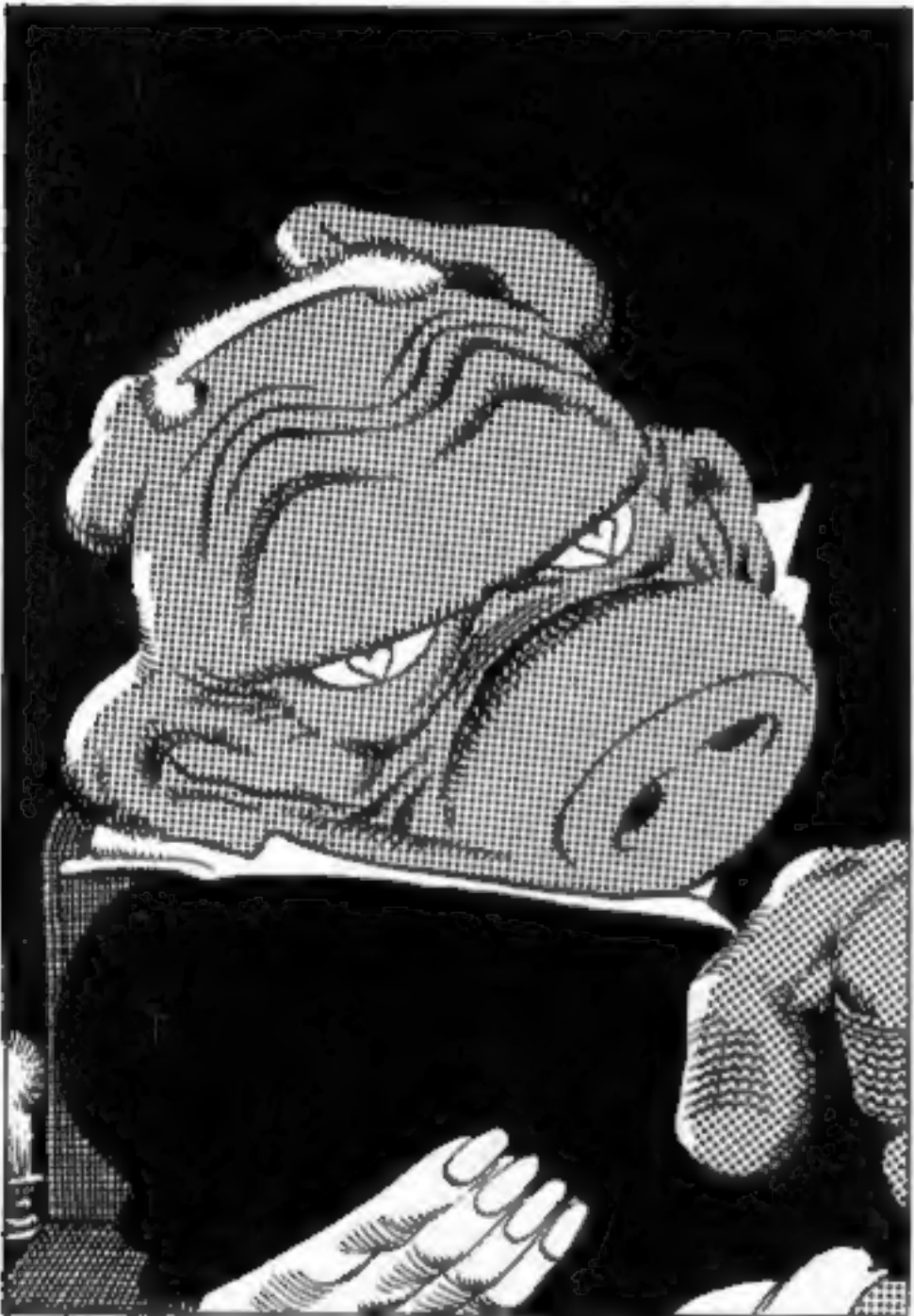
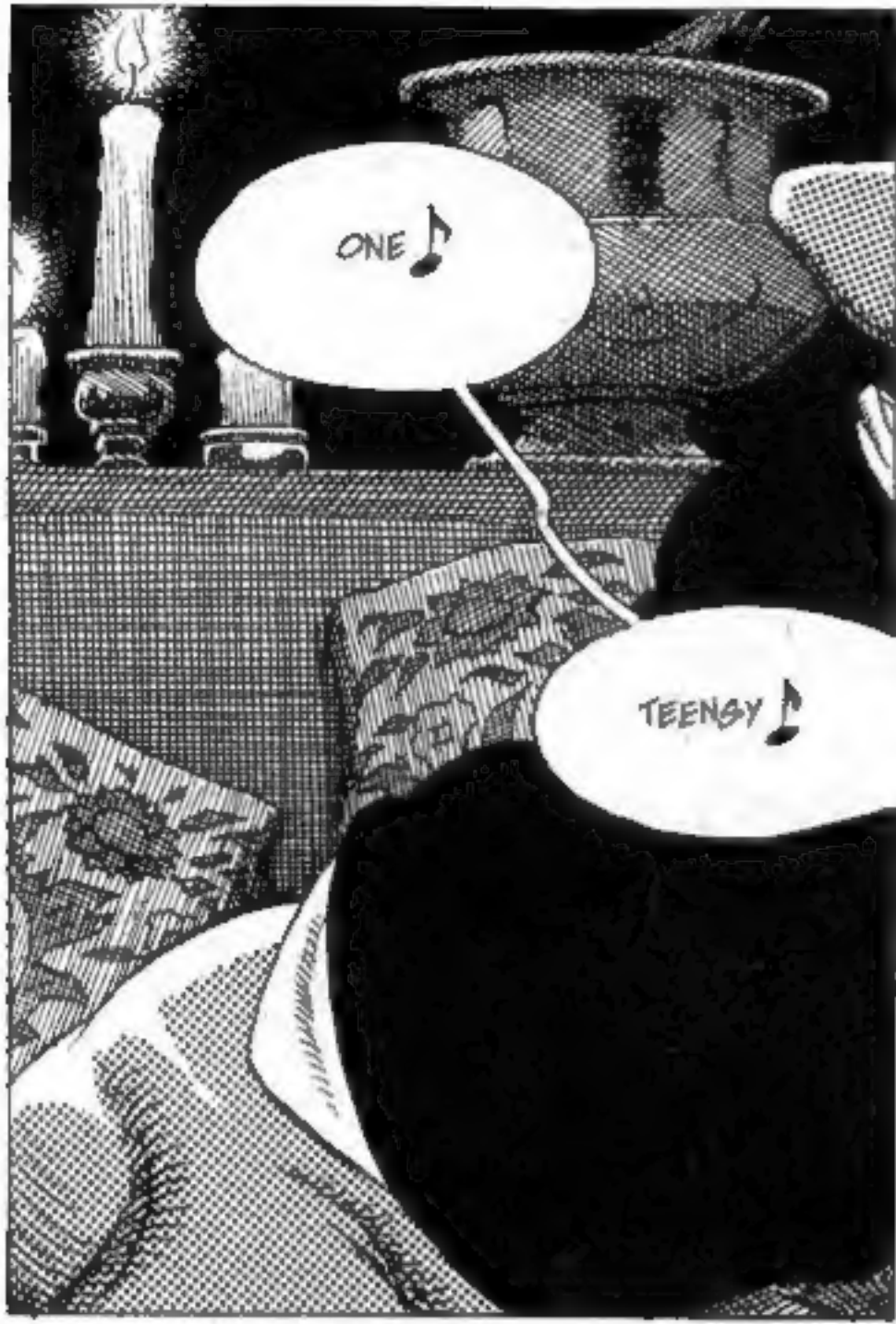


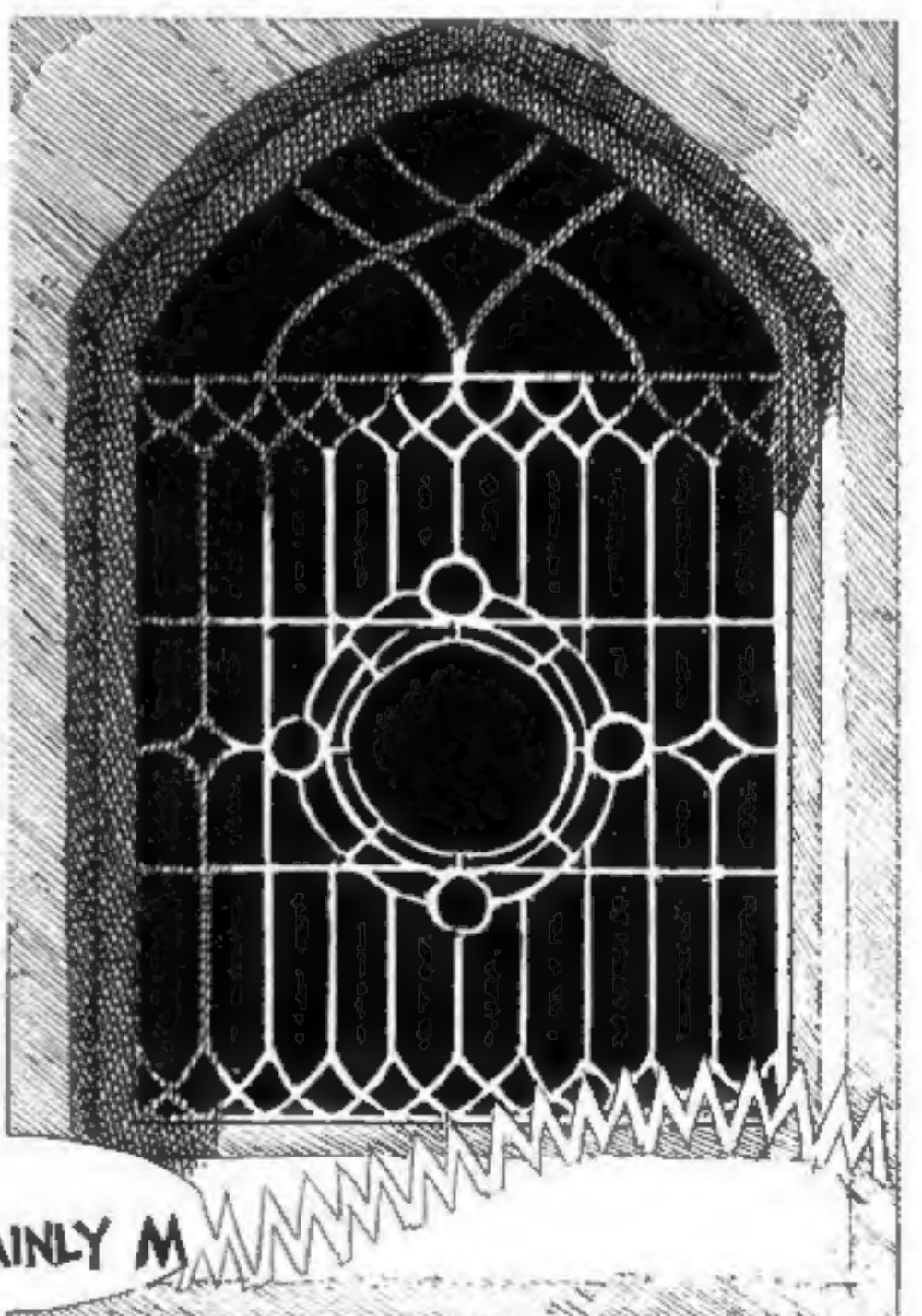
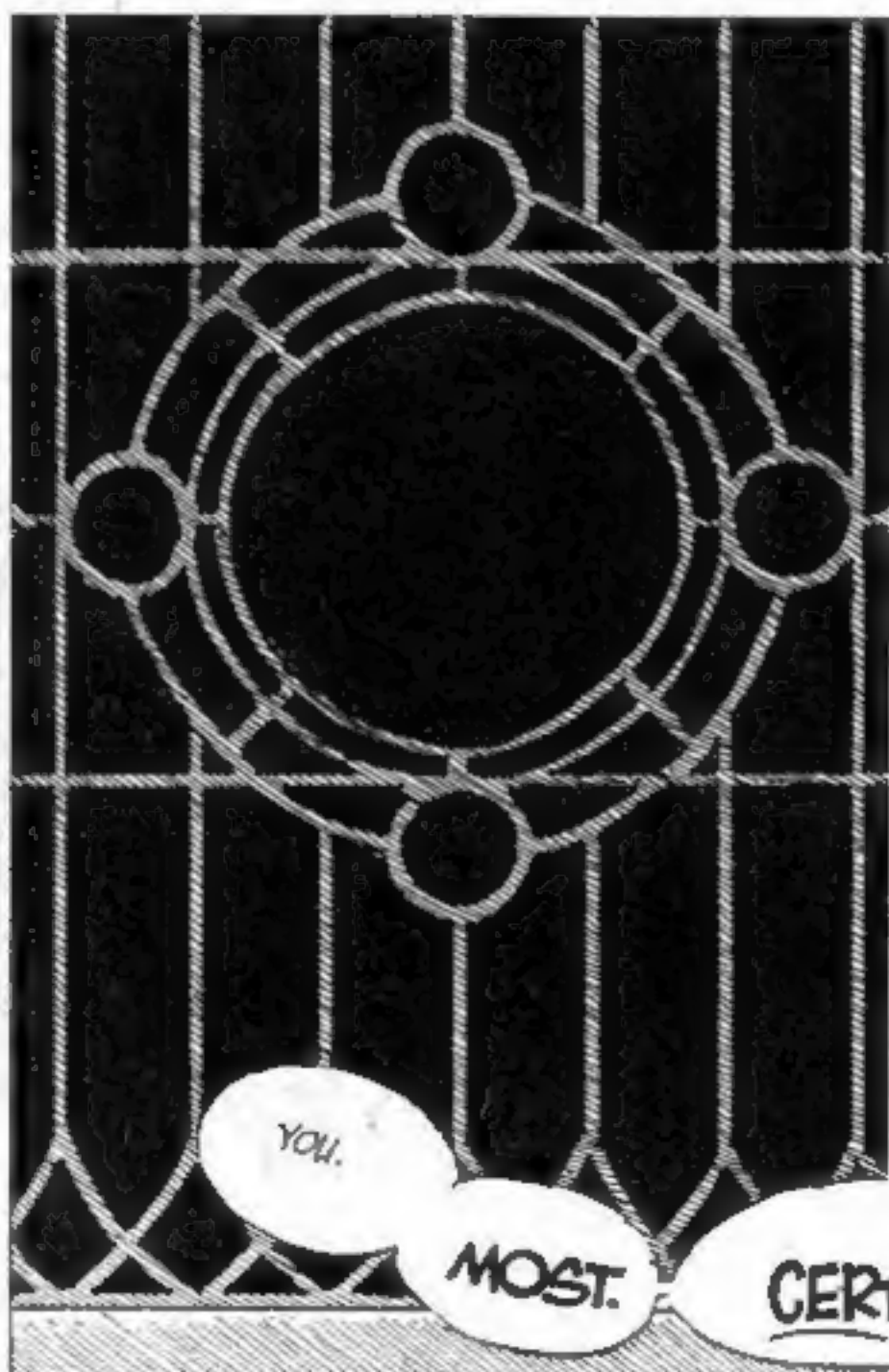
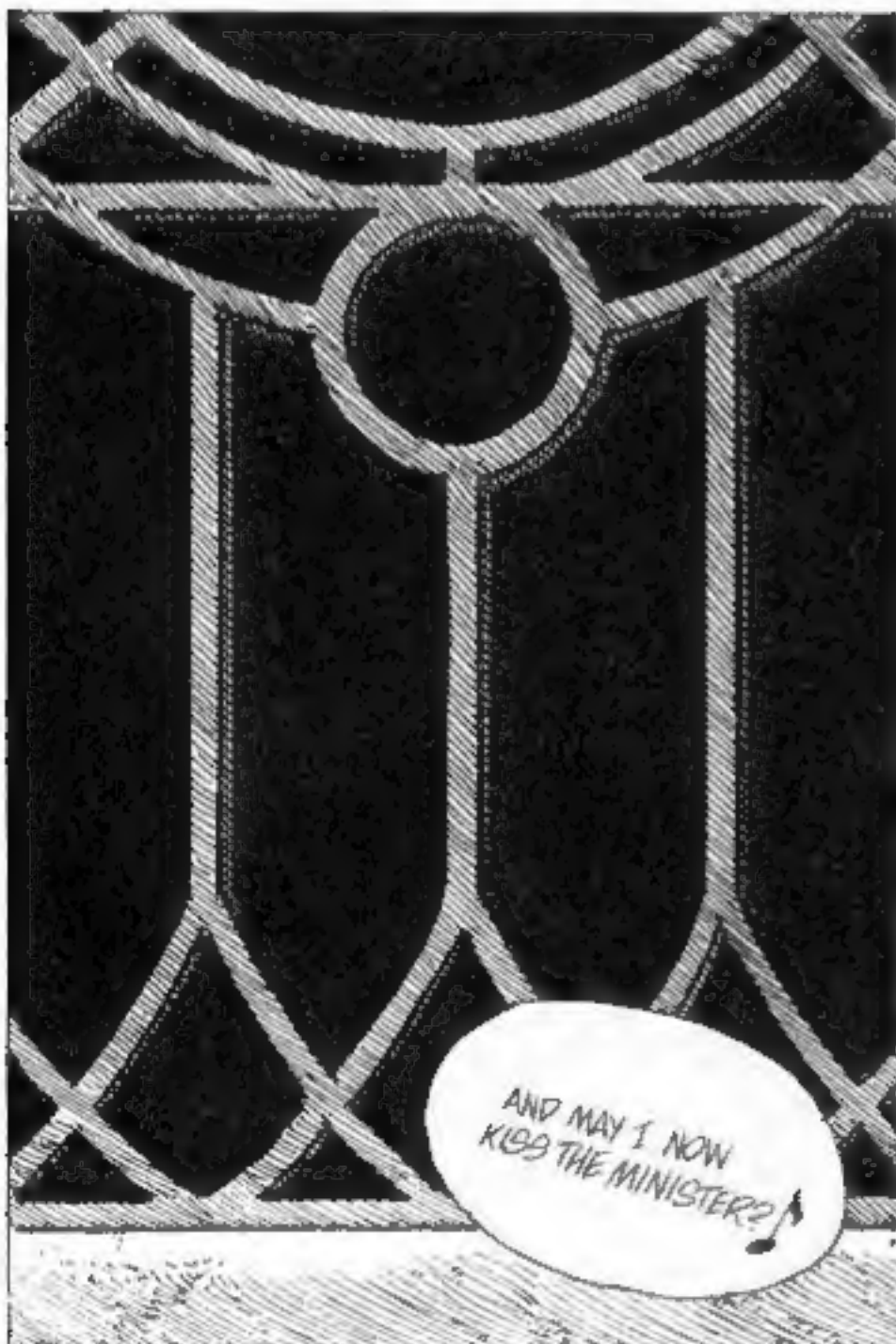
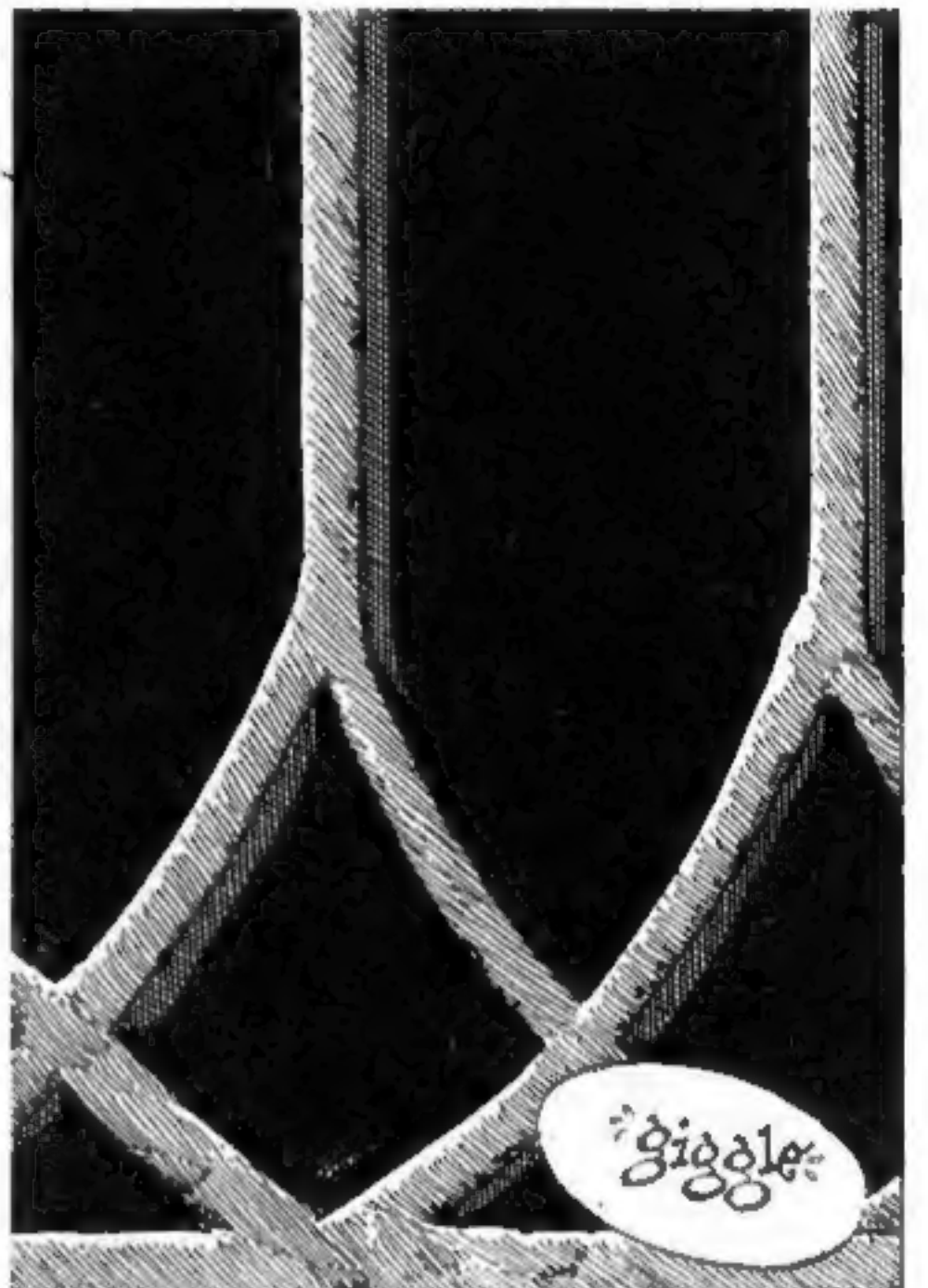
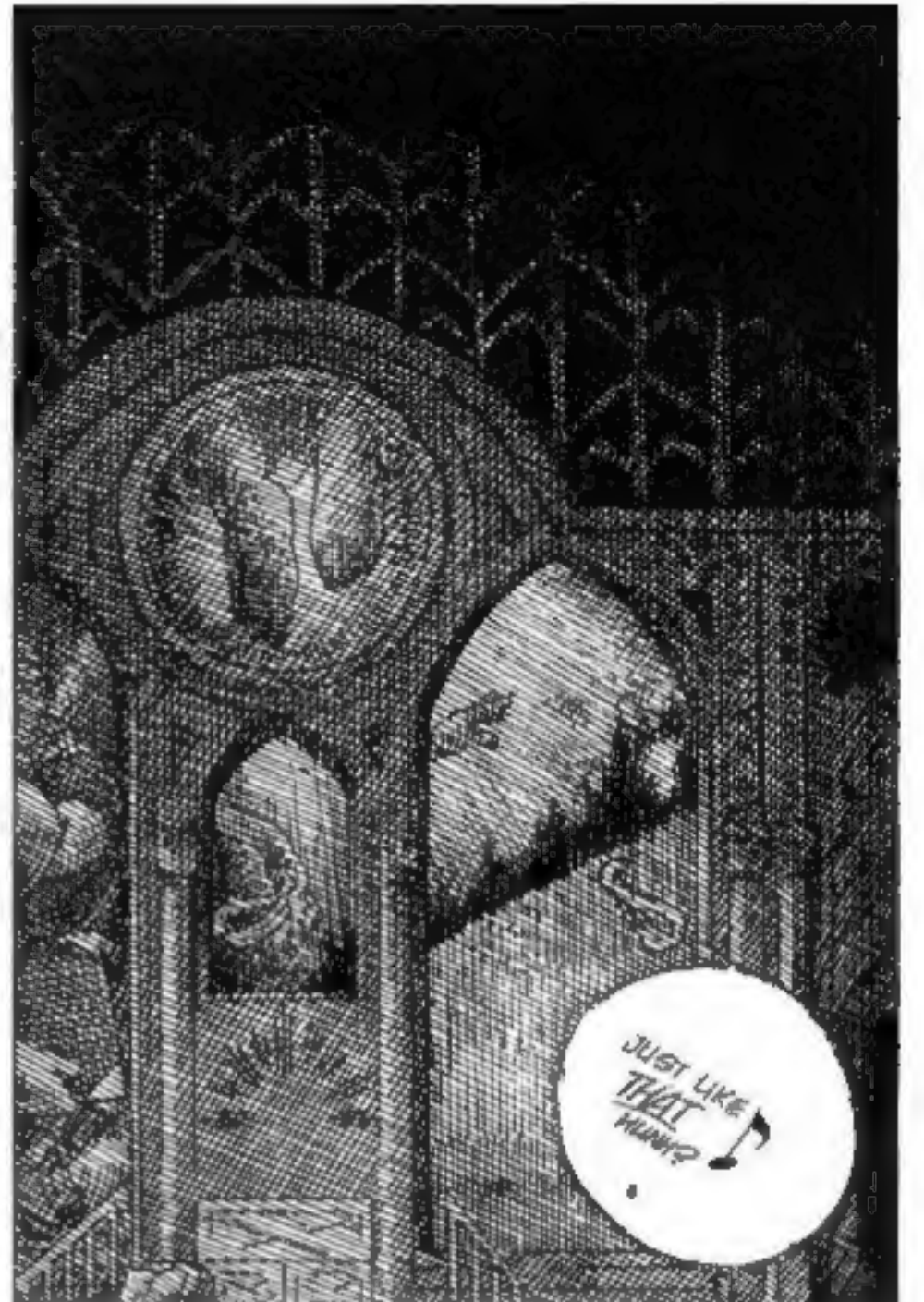
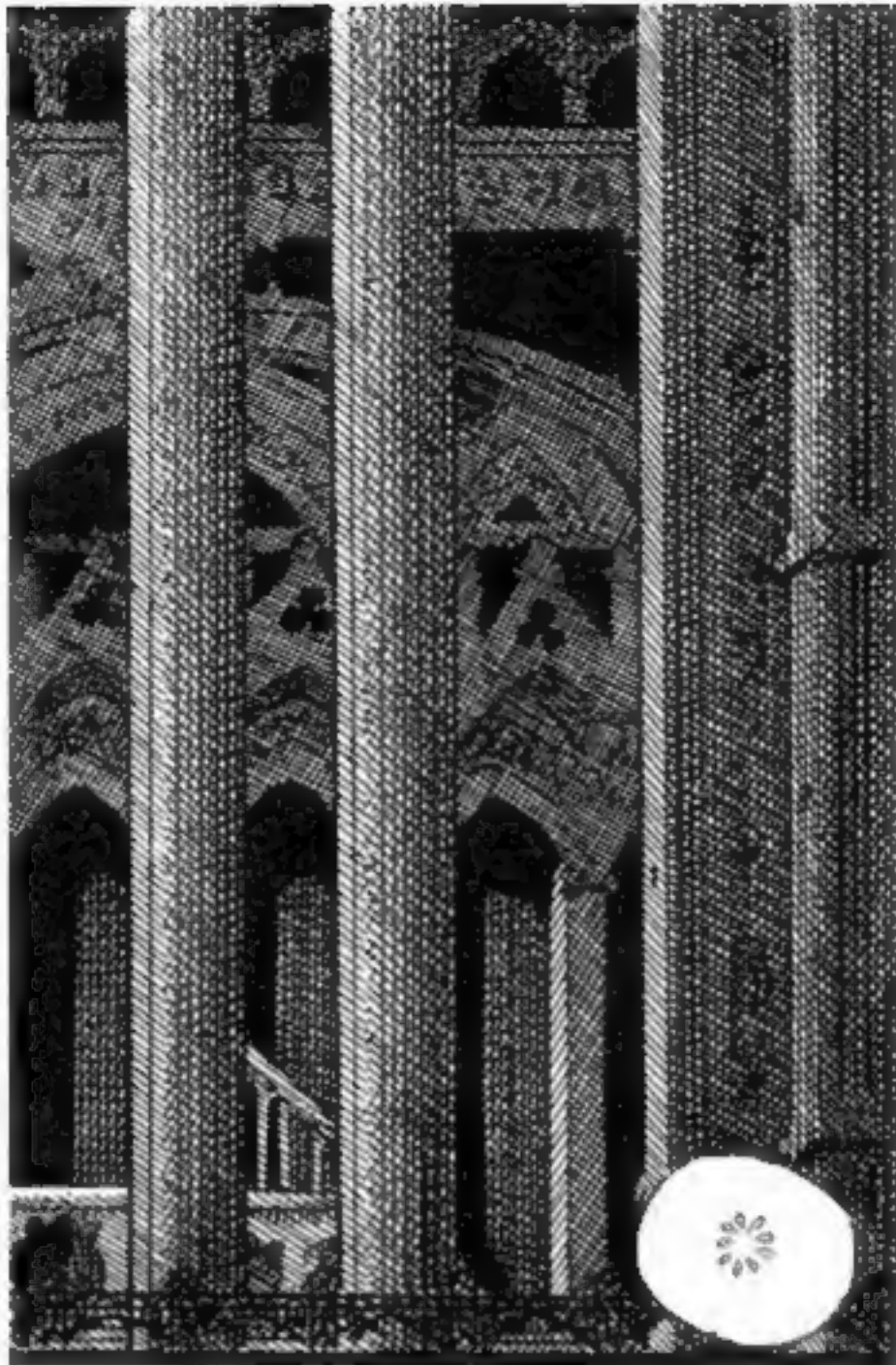


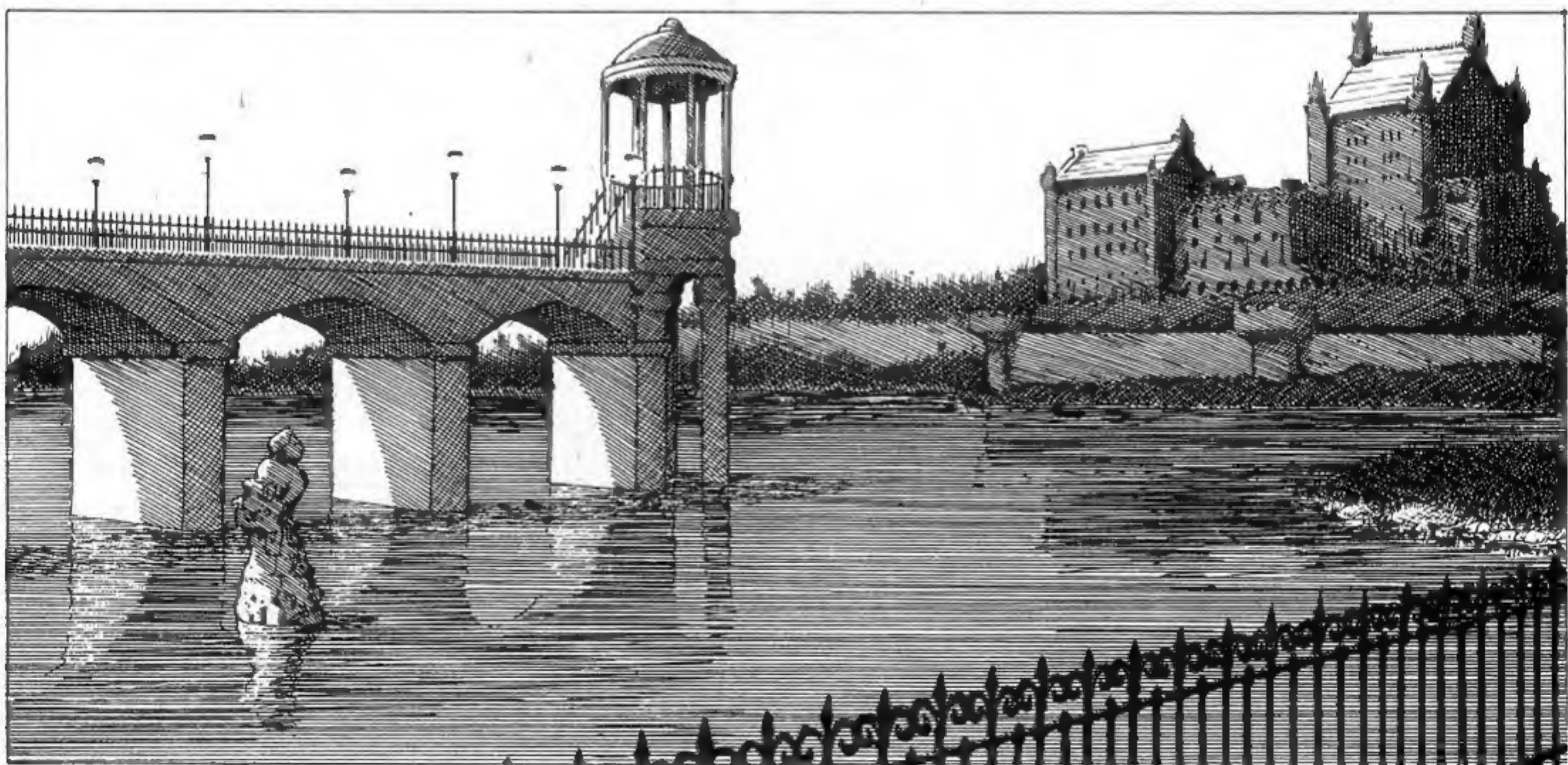
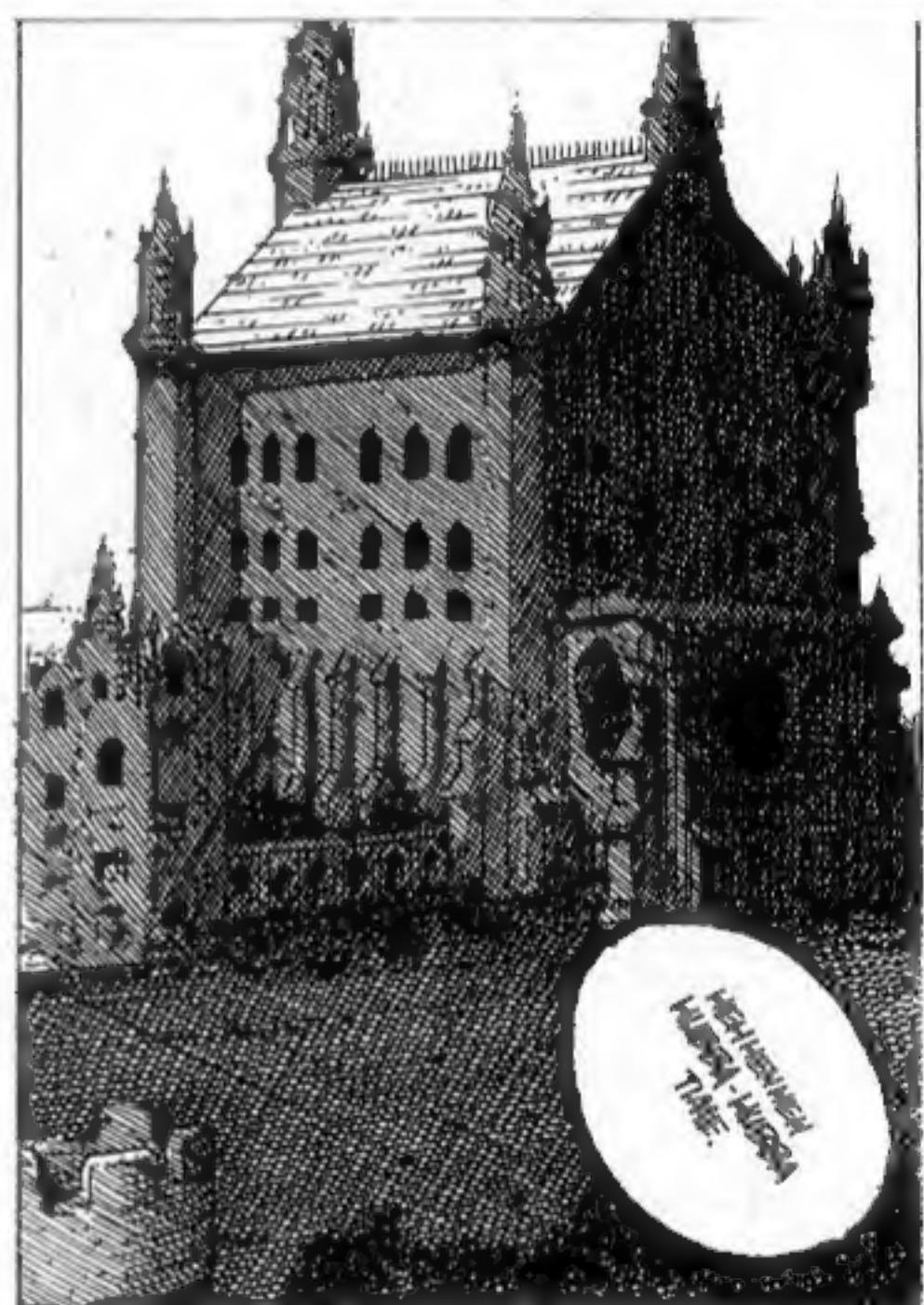
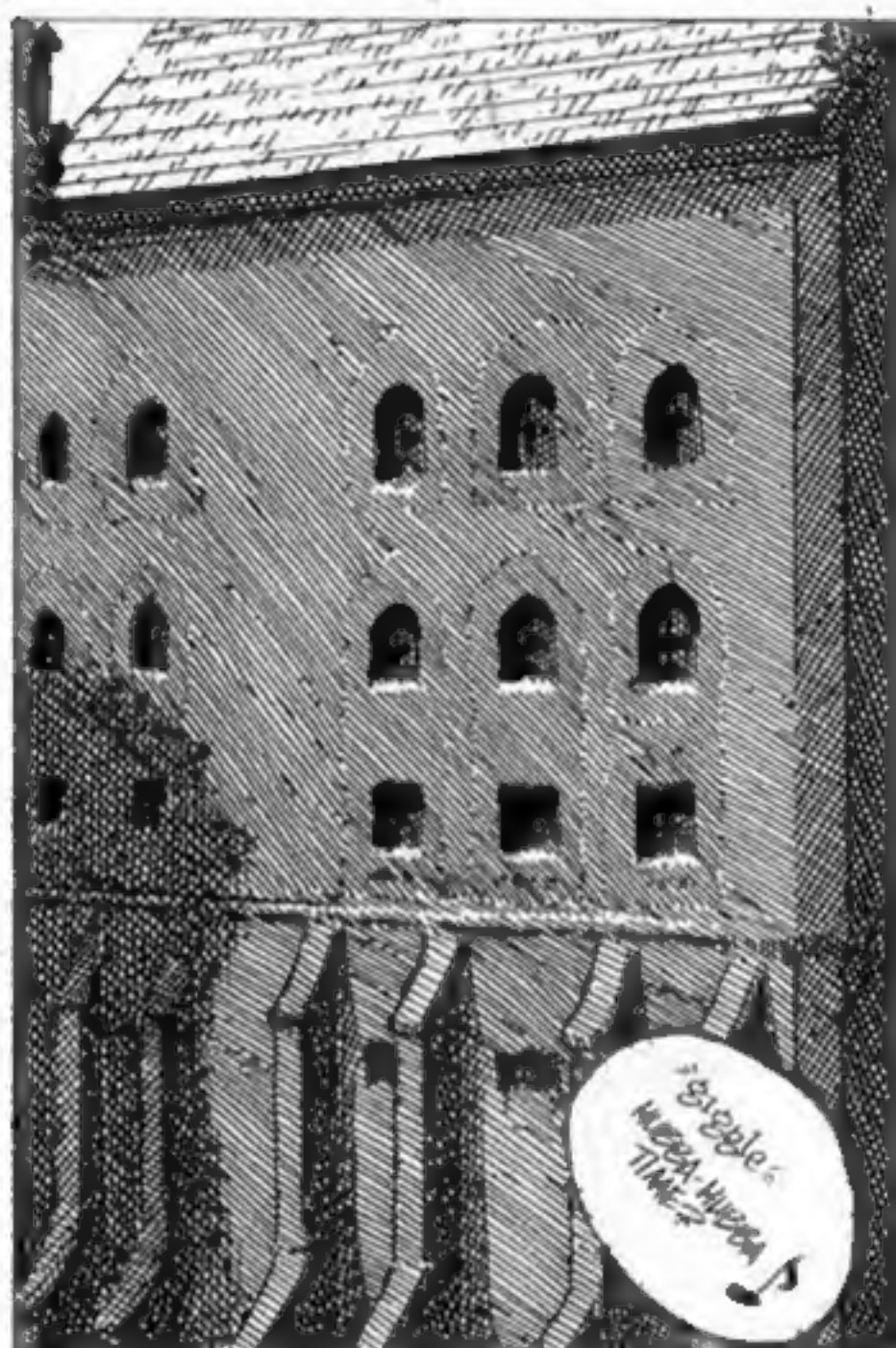
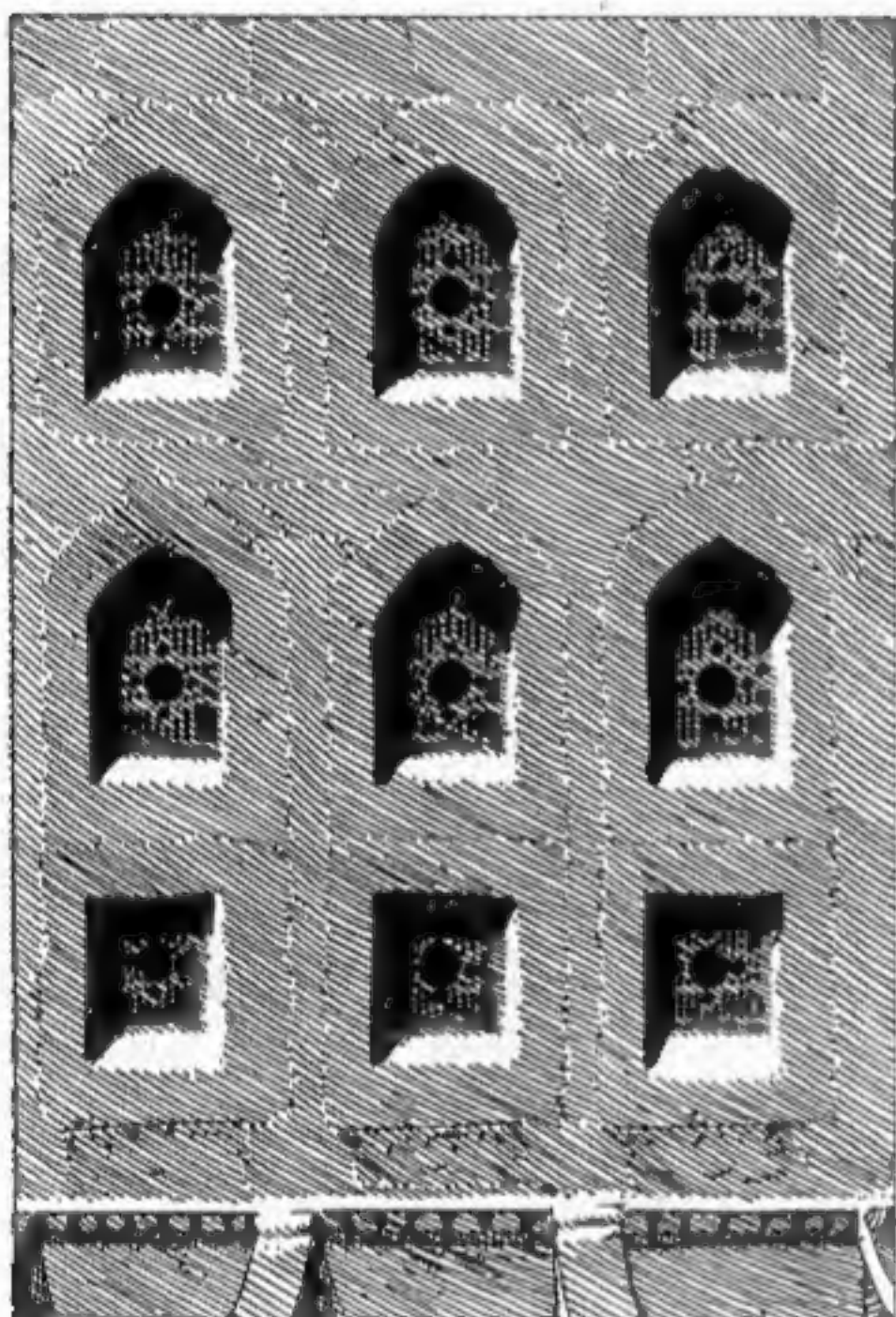












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